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"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."



AUTUMN LEAVES,

PUBLISHED FOR THE YOUTH OF THE

REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Volume 6.

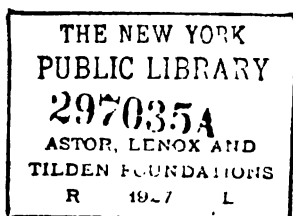


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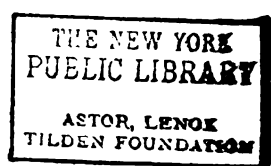




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AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. VI.

LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY, 1893.

No. 1.

ART THOU THE MAN?

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER I.

"O skies be calm! O winds blow free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou sendest some awrack
To nevermore come safely back.
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But bring my love ship home to me."

THE simple incidents which we shall endeavor to narrate will, we trust, be read by more than one husband who knows that he has a trustful, loving wife and, more, it is our hope that those who read may pause long enough to ask the question, "Is it I?"

It is barely possible that our magazine may find its way to some home where the counterpart of the picture may be found. Should it do so, we pray most earnestly that it may help to tear away the veil from the blinded eyes, and give the individual a clear view of the terrible mistake he is making before it is forever too late.

Howard Crosby has very forcibly said:—

"If I were called to point out the most alarming sins of to-day, those which are most deceitful in their influence and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effect, I would not mention drunkenness, with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling, with its crazed victims, nor harlotry, with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of woman. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their tens of thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshiper of self. While doing all this the poor victim is allowed by public

opinion to think himself or herself a Christian, while the drunkard, the gambler, and the prostitute are not deceived by such a thought for a moment." But to our story:—

Softly with subdued light the morning sunshine crept into the room where Josephine Pollard was sitting deeply absorbed in reading from the open pages of a letter just received, and, as she read, a look of pain stole over her face and the tears slowly gathered in her dark brown eyes and fell unheeded on her pale cheeks. A moment later she brushed them aside with a weary movement of her hand and, crying aloud, "O, George how can you!" leaned her head upon the table and gave way to her painful thoughts—thoughts which carried her back in the past and bathed her soul in the radiant memories of other and happier days. Yes, happier days, though they had been passed amid the struggles of poverty, while to-day she was the wife of a man prosperous in business and who provided well for the wants of his household.

We say provided well, for his wife and children were well fed and comfortably clothed, but the woman who came to do the weekly washing was more independent than the mistress who paid her her wages when her day's work was done; for the money was hers and she might follow the bent of her own reasonable desires in spending it, but no such indulgence was granted to the other.

Do you ask why this was so, why she was denied the honest right to share a part of that which she was daily helping to earn? We answer: Because Mr. Pollard was drinking deep from that polluted fountain, love of money and display combined,

and, in order to gratify this lust of riches and display, he was unwittingly crushing beneath his feet the pure blossoms of love and happiness which clustered around his life. Because of this, the cheeks of Josephine were pale and her eyes were many times dimmed with unshed tears.

And yet Mr. Pollard was a member of the church, and it did not once enter his mind that he was not faithful to his trust as a husband and father.

It was only a few days previous to this that a friend had said to Josephine:—

"Won't you give me your name for a volume of *Afterglow*? It promises to be a very fine holiday volume and, you know, it is published in the interest of our missionaries. Can't you take two volumes? It would be such a suitable gift for your mother at Christmas time."

A faint flush stole over the face of Josephine, but she answered as courageously as she could, "I will ask Mr. Pollard when he comes home and let you know."

"I wish you could let me know soon, as I want to get in my order early, so as not to fail of having it filled before Christmas. When will Mr. Pollard be here?"

"It may be two weeks before he returns this time, though he is not usually absent more than a week at a time. I will write and ask him about it," said Josephine.

And so the letter had been written and dispatched and though Josephine expected the result to be as it had been, yet when the letter came in which he said, "I cannot afford such things as this until we are out of debt," the many, many times which she had been denied in this same way came before her mental vision and with this came a sense of utter isolation from the joyous hours of her childhood, the later years of her girlhood, and the blissful dreams of those days, never to be forgotten, when first young love had sought her out and led her heart captive, and it is not to be wondered at that her courage failed her and she wept.

Then she remembered all the glowing colors in which she had painted the future. The home life as she had pictured it with one who would be abundantly able to gratify her every reasonable wish, its hours of blissful leisure for mutual interchange of thought, for reading and

self-improvement, but especially for praise and supplication.

These hours had colored all her girlhood dreams of the sacred spot to be called home. She had been raised by Christian parents. Not Christians merely in name, but in reality. In a home whose most sacred altar was consecrated, next after God, to *love*. The tender reverence with which her mother regarded her noble, manly father was equalled only by the fond affection, gentle watchcare, and ever active, tender sympathy manifested by her father over the wife who had intrusted her all of earthly happiness to his keeping. Hardships had fallen to their lot and toil, but love and mutual sympathy had always lightened these, and hours of praise and prayer had lifted their hearts above every trial and revealed to them the purpose of every cloud.

But hours like these never came now with golden showers of blessings into the life of Josephine. True there were a few moments given to family worship, but they were hurriedly and formally passed over, immediately followed by the hurry of business and the grind of toil. The same pure fountain was open to quench her thirst, but, while she did not know the cause of her weakness, she felt that her own hands were powerless to lift to her lips the full draught for which she was thirsting, and so, from day to day, she was realizing without as yet comprehending the fact that there must be unity of aims and purpose or there can be no perfect union.

Diligence in business she had been taught was the duty of all Christians, but a part of that business to which diligence must be applied she had been taught both by precept and example was "To seek to build up the kingdom of God and to establish his righteousness." Slowly as the cruel contrast forced itself upon her she had in bitterness of spirit cried out, "O, George, how can you!"

But the bitterest pang of all was not in the denial of her request, not that she would be compelled to acknowledge this denial to her friend, but in the thought that her idol was being shattered, that he who had been to her a *prince among men* was tottering from the high throne upon which she had placed him. "Love," she said bitterly, "*is a giver*, and yet in all which George is doing, has he ever a

thought of me as unconnected with himself, with his own plans? I have tried to enter into them, and for his sake to bring my feelings into subjection, but I cannot. I cannot stifle the needs of my soul, my higher being which never can be satisfied with bowing to an idol."

As Josephine rose to leave the room, a card fell to the floor and, picking it up, she saw the face of her husband. He had inclosed the photograph, but she had not seen it when opening his letter and had brushed it into her lap unnoticed.

She looked at it long, scanning earnestly each feature, each line of the dear, familiar face, and, though she would have put the thought away from her, she could not. Only the day before she had read, "When a man pursues money only, his features become narrowed; his eyes shrink and converge; his smile, when he has any, hardens; his language fails of poetry and ornament; his letters to a friend dwindle down to a telegraphic dispatch; he seems to have no time for anything, because his heart has only one thing for which it wishes time," and it came to her memory now like the knell of doom. Came with all the pain and blank, staring anguish which one feels when, in a dream, some horrible phantom draws near and they, powerless to move, stand rooted to the spot.

"Only one thing for which it wishes time," she repeated, and, clasping her hands (still holding his picture) behind her, she stood gazing out beyond the valley towards the blue line of distant hills and the purple haze of the mountains still beyond; while the sunlight flooded with its glory the soft clustering curls of her hair, bathed her face and throat in its brightness, but was powerless to soften the hard lines of pain in the closed lips or the mute, beseeching agony revealed in the far away, distant gaze of her eyes.

The sun shone on with undimmed splendor, when Josephine left the room, but for her the day was overcast and she went to her ceaseless round of duties with a dull pain tugging at her heart while her temples throbbed and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. Hers was a gentle, confiding nature, faithful and clinging in its love, ever ready to make excuses for the loved one and to forgive unasked the wounds so often made. She

loved her husband fondly and was perfectly devoted to her children, but all the more deeply she felt the need of thoughtful care upon his part.

She did not share in his ambitious schemes for wealth and costly surroundings and to her friends who loved her it was plain that her happiness was greatly marred by his utter failure to meet the higher demands of her nature, and yet, so perfectly absorbed was he in his schemes, his worldly ambition, that he failed to see what was only too plain to other eyes that his wife was not happy and that all joyousness of spirit was being crushed out.

When first a tiny, helpless babe she had been laid in her father's arms, how tremulous with love were the tones in which he said, as his fond glance rested on her mother, "We will call her Josephine, because she has added to our joy." And as she grew up to womanhood, in all her life, she never missed the light of love from the horizon of her home. In that home joys were divided, but there all division ceased. No unshared plans nor purse carried by one as though such right belonged to him, was known. Can it be wondered at then that, when transplanted to her new home, Josephine should feel the change? Dimly and slowly it dawned upon her perception, but when the first refusal of a timidly preferred request was made, she was as one uncertain he had heard aright, and it never was repeated but an added pang came with it.

Devoted to the church and its interests, she found it hard to be debarred the privilege of aiding in such enterprises as were intended to advance its usefulness and, especially hard, to find worldly interests allowed to take precedence of spiritual ones, but "O, George, how can you!" were the strongest words of protest which had escaped her lips.

And just here, kind reader, if, "thou art the man," we pause to ask the same question, "How can you?" How can you thus dethrone your manhood? How can you debase the only end which can in any sense justify the pursuit in which you are engaged and upon which all your energies are bent? Do you not know that wealth does not mean success; that business is not an end but a means; that there is something infinitely above and beyond being fed, housed, and clothed;

that God never intended this to absorb the elements of your manhood, to rob your wife and children of their birthright of freedom and that loving care and thoughtfulness, which, failing to bestow, you fail in all else? Has it never entered your heart or mind that you may surround them with every luxury, clothe them in purple and fine linen, and yet, in robbing them of freedom, you rob them of all life has worth living for? Have you never thought that, in doing this, you absolutely bestow nothing upon them, but are simply pandering to *self*—unholy self?

You feed them upon dainty fare, when they sit at the table *with you*, but when their trammelled souls cry out for food which your coarser nature cannot share, Lazarus at the gate of the rich man was supplied just as bountifully as they are. Dainty clothing covers their bodies when they sit at meat, for the table and its appointments are a part of *you*, but their spirits are abased and go shivering in rags so thin that the dogs may lick the bleeding wounds your hands have made and the festering sores your oft neglects have bred, and when they ride in your costly equipage, they are to you a source of pride, just a little removed from the magnificent span of horses you are driving.

If "you are the man," have you ever stopped to ask, What am I gaining by all this and what is to be the end of it? Newman says, "A life of money-getting is a life of care. From the first there is a fretful anticipation of loss in various ways to depress and unsettle the mind, nay, to haunt it, till a man finds he can think about nothing else, and is unable to give his mind to religion from the constant whirl of business in which he is involved. It is well this should be understood." If "you are the man," stop for just a few brief moments and ask yourself if, in this race for wealth, this haste to be rich, you are not confounding happiness with joy and riches with wealth. Bushnell says:—

"Wealth is a subjective term, relating primarily to the quality of the man. It is not an outward but an inward gain. While riches is an objective term and refers exclusively to the external world, to

farms and flocks, to ships and merchandise. So with happiness and joy. Happiness depends upon condition, it comes from what is outward, it is that which happens; while joy depends not upon outward condition, but upon inward character. It is literally, a leap—a spring from within. As the true wealth and worth of the man depend on the culture, on his own self, so does the true joy of the man center in his own moral, mental, and spiritual state. What is more common than to find misery charioted in splendor, couched on down, faring sumptuously and clothed in purple and fine linen? What more common than to find artless, serene, abiding contentment sheltered beneath the thatched roof, fed with the coarsest bread, and with naught but water from the spring to slake her thirst?"

Can you afford to pursue this phantom of happiness which will most surely elude your grasp, while you leave in your pathway the tender blossoms of faith, hope, and human affection, crushed and bleeding? Can you afford to pay the fearful price demanded by this demon of self-aggrandizement, self-love? If aught on earth or in heaven is dear to you, you cannot afford it. If "you are the man," it is to you that the following language of Prof. Swing is addressed. Don't, we beseech you, pass it by without thought and that, too, the earnest and deep thought which will mark you as a wise man, as one who, seeing the danger signal flung to the breeze, steers his bark from the hidden rocks upon which it is drifting before the shock comes which wrecks it forever: "Let us learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life. Let us get rid of our false estimates, let us throw down the god Money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals—a neat home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right which will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has."

CHAPTER II.

"He is dead whose hand is not open wide
 To help the need of a human brother;
 He doubles the life of this life-long ride
 Who gives his fortunate place to another;
 And a thousand, million, lives are his
 Who carries the poor in his sympathies."

Leaving the sad-hearted Josephine in her ample home with every appliance for comfort, we turn to another, a simple cottage of miniature dimensions, but perfect in each appointment which taste and ingenuity, guided by skillful hands, behind which loving hearts were beating, could devise. The little parlor is empty but from the tidy dining room comes the sound of cheery voices and light-hearted laughter. Looking in, we find the room occupied by a young couple in the full glow of health and youthful spirits.

"I have been thinking, Olive," said Mr. Ames to the lovely woman he called his wife, "that it is about time you made choice of presents for your friends at the holiday season. You must choose something especially nice for your mother because I want her to feel that we remember her lovingly at this season of Christmas peace and joy."

There was an added sparkle to Olive's dark eyes as they flashed their bright light up into his face and just the faintest tremor in her voice as she answered:—

"Yes, John, but we cannot afford to spend much in Christmas cheer this year. Our expenses have been heavy for us, and our friends must bide their time."

"Their time is now," Mr. Ames made answer. "Never let it be said of us, Olive, that we forget our loved ones or the poor at this season of love and good will to men. Our purse is light, but we have enough to purchase something for each, and you remember the old couplet:—

"'It matters not how small the gift,
 So love the donor be.'"

"We will make love do its full share and trust our purse to hold out for the rest. Do you know that it seems wonderful to me, how far a little money will go in your hands?"

A flush of pleasure dyed Olive's cheeks at this simple, but sweet praise from her manly young husband, and the blood coursed more rapidly and vigorously through her whole system. She had felt tired when John came home, but by the time supper was finished (which all along

was enlivened by sweet interchange of thought) all feeling of weariness was gone, and, after the dishes were washed, they were both ready for an hour's quiet reading, followed by another spent in mutual interchange of thought before retiring to rest.

This evening, however, they were interrupted by a call from a young friend who soon made her business known.

"I was not able," she said, "to send any money to the 'Gospel Boat Fund,' and am glad to have the opportunity of helping in some way, so I am trying to get subscribers for Afterglow. Have you seen it yet?"

"No," said Olive, "but I have been wishing that I had the time to canvass for it. You are doing a good work."

"Simply that which my hand found to do. I have the time which you have not, and perhaps you have a few dollars to invest, which, at this time, I cannot spare. If you intend to make any Christmas gifts this year, I don't believe you will find a more suitable volume for that purpose anywhere."

During this brief conversation John had been carefully examining the volume and now said to Olive, "We will take a volume of this work for mother and another for Josephine. I am glad you called," he added addressing their visitor, "for I think we could not have found anything more suitable, and when our own publishing house furnishes us such volumes as this, I do not see why we should give our patronage to other houses."

"I don't believe any of the Saints who see this volume will think of doing so. I have sold to almost every family in the place. What style of binding will you order?" said the friend.

"What do you say, Olive, to full morocco for mother's and parchment for Josephine's? The white and gold binding is very dainty."

"Oh, I think they will be such lovely presents and I know Josephine will appreciate your taste! She so loves everything dainty and nice!"

"And has so little chance to gratify her taste," she added under her breath while her heart swelled with emotions which could never be expressed by words as she felt how the tender thoughtfulness of John ran through and mingled with every far reaching fiber of her existence.

And above all in those little things which make up so much of a woman's life.

In the selection of these holiday presents for her mother and her Sister Josephine, no one but she could know all that was implied. They could not know how her heart often suffered pain when she saw how much her elder sister was missing of life's uncounted sweetness. To a casual observer it would have seemed proper to reverse this care. What need had Mrs. Pollard, the fortunate wife of the prosperous man of business (worth his thousands now, with the fair prospect of yet living in a palatial mansion and rolling in a luxurious carriage behind his elegantly caparisoned steeds) what need, we ask, had she of the tender care of her younger sister and that sister's husband who was only a clerk, living upon a salary which, compared with her husband's income, was almost a beggarly pittance?

What need! Ask the captive bird if the freedom to soar in the blue ether, to plunge in the crystal lake, to rest on the topmost bough of the spreading oak and trill forth its songs of praise is compensated for by the brass gilding of the bars which shut it out forever from this freedom and joy!

For a few moments after their visitor departed a silence fell between the two. John stood leaning his elbow upon the mantelpiece, while his right arm encircled the waist of Olive whose look was bent absently upon the embers as they flickered upon the hearth. At last, bending his head toward her, he asked:—

"What are you thinking about, so deeply, Olive?"

"Of many things John, but mostly of you. How very thoughtful and kind of you to select that book for Josephine. Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than this mark of thoughtfulness upon your part. I sometimes wonder how it is that you always seem to know how to do just the right thing at the right time to give me such pleasure? Before we were married I used often to feel the restrictions of a light purse, but I never have such feelings now. Life seems so full and complete that I have no ambition to strive for wealth and I never think of wanting more only when I think that it would lighten your labor, or when I think of the possible time when your responsibilities will be increased. I have

been thinking of George and Josie, and I cannot understand how it is he does not see the great mistake he is making, especially the wrong he is doing to her. How is it that two men can be so very different as you two are, when ostensibly both have the same aims in view and the same principles to guide."

"Let me tell you, Olive, that if I do my part towards making our married life a happy one, we will both have to thank my mother for it.

"Much is said and written in regard to heredity and the influence exerted upon the child before he is born, and I am willing to allow all due weight to these and kindred influences, but, at the same time, I am fully convinced that over and against all these combined may be placed the influence and careful training of a Christian mother. The wife, indeed, may in after years have much to do in strengthening or undoing what has been done, but the molding of the mother's hand will remain until this life ends, and how far into another who may say? Of this let every mother be sure that, in time or eternity, no influence will ever be more potent for good or evil over the child than hers. George has a worldly-minded, ambitious mother and all the worse for both himself and her, she calls herself a Christian. Eager for the honors of this world, she cannot believe the word of God and will not taste and know for herself how pure and soul-satisfying the springs of truth are, and, saddest of all, she would chain her children to the same car of idolatry in which she rides forth in state."

"Why call it idolatry, John?"

"Does she not covet the honors of this world, its praise and its riches as well as place and position for her sons?"

"I am afraid she does," said Olive slowly and unwillingly; for she remembered the expression, "and covetousness which is idolatry."

"All these years," John continued, "she has had George in her training, and what boy but regards his mother as the model of all excellence, all virtue, especially when to a naturally fine appearance is added the advantages of wealth and pleasant surroundings. I am afraid that Josephine owes her unhappiness more to this than to all other influences combined, and I fully believe if George could once be led to see and realize just what he is

doing, he would turn from such a course.'

"O, how earnestly I wish he could," said Olive. "I am sure it is a cause of sorrow to both father and mother, and I have sometimes felt like pleading with him, but have been held back through fear that it might make matters worse."

"It might, Olive. It is hard to say, but there is one ear which is never closed against us and what we most earnestly pray for we generally strive to bring to pass. There may possibly be a way of reaching the case. At all events, we must not forget that the Lord is good to all, full of mercy, tender compassion, and long-suffering."

Simple and somewhat disconnected we leave these chapters, kind reader, with you. Fancy or facts, do you ask? We

would rather refer this answer to you.

David, perhaps, if he had recognized the picture held up to his gaze, might not have answered so readily or passed sentence so swiftly, but if the same Spirit which went with and gave force to the words of the prophet when turning to David he said, "*Thou art the man*," will but accompany this and force home the conviction of truth where truth belongs, you may call it fancy, even as Nathan spoke of the dead man's wife, as "The one little ewe lamb which he had bought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter."

SOME ONE KNOWS.

THE gale had blown itself out with the night, and, as the sun came up out of the still heaving ocean, we went down to the beach to see what had happened to the old wreck, whose bones had been lying a stone's throw away for many a month. There, high up on the sands, where a great wave had flung it just as the tide changed, lay a body—the body of a girl seventeen or eighteen years old. We stood in awe for a long time, and as we advanced, we stepped as softly as if we feared to awaken the dead. There she was, poor girl, her fingers locked together, her eyes half open, her hair down about her shoulders and on her white face a look to call forth all your pity. The waters had been kind to her even in their savage fury.

While beams and planks had been wrenched from the old wreck and dashed in splinters on the shore, she was not even bruised. With tender hands we lifted the body higher up on the sands, and by and by, when the coroner came and the fishermen gathered, we hoped to find out who she was. Never a line nor a scrap to identify her had she carried with her to her death. She had a face which must have been winsome in life. She had a figure which might have brought her flattery. Her wealth of chestnut hair was enough to make her proud. She had worn ear rings, but they were missing, she had worn rings on her slender fingers,

but they had disappeared. It was plain that she had gone about it in a deliberate way to conceal the identity of her corpse, should the sea ever give it up.

"The body of a girl to us unknown," was our verdict, and the body was taken away across the mainland, to be buried in the village cemetery.

And yet some one knows. There's a father somewhere, who is searching—a mother weeping and praying for her who will never return. That was not the face of a wicked girl. She had friends somewhere who loved her. One night, three or four days before the sea gave up the body, the girl leaped to her death because she could no longer face the world. There is a man somewhere who drove her to the awful step, a man who knows that she is dead and who feels safer for it. She cannot rise up to accuse him, the law will not lay its hands upon him. He may go about smiling and laughing. He may even make himself believe he had nothing to do with her death.

But there is a hereafter, and some day that dead girl is to rise from her grave, though it be overgrown and forgotten generations, and she will stand again in the garments she wore as the sea cast her up, her child face wearing that pitiful, despairing look which filled our eyes with tears—and what word can that man utter in defence?

—Los Angeles Herald.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

On Christmas day, the legends say,
 Ere earth's glad bells are rung,
 At Christ's command, by Peter's hand,
 Wide heaven's gates are swung.
 And angels robed in radiant white
 With joy-songs earthward wing their flight.

The soul that's clear of sin may hear
 Upon the charmed air
 The golden song the winged throng
 Uplift as on they fare—
 The golden song they sang the morn
 That Christ, the Lord, to earth was born.

The soul that's white may see a light—
 O, Christ! that I might see!
 The glory of the heavens above
 Drift down on earth and sea!
 The splendor of ten thousand suns
 Bring they to earth, the holy ones.

They enter in where death has been,
 And hearts bowed down with pain
 Are lifted up; the blessed cup
 Of peace once more they drain.
 The tempest of their grief is stilled
 And all their souls with gladness filled.

The mother pale who doth bewail
 Her infant torn away
 Feels in her heart the joy-springs start—
 Unfold for many a day.
 Her soul uplifts a song to bless
 God's mercy and his graciousness.

Unto the seared and grimed and bleared
 Soul beat by storms of sin,
 Bringing the balm of heavenly calm
 The gentle ones steal in.
 It hears a mother's prayer again—
 Tears, holy tears, fall like swift rain.

But most they love to bend above
 The children motherless;
 And they who weep are soothed to sleep
 With heavenly caress.
 The bright ones touch the sleepers' eyes
 And lo! they dream of paradise.

—Chicago News.

A HISTORICAL CITY.

BY AGNES MOORE.

SHOULD you ever go to Canada, be sure to visit Quebec, that quaintly beautiful old city; indeed, so old it seems, that one would be inclined to think it might have been a thriving village long before Columbus ever thought of discovering America, but of course it is not nearly so old as that, as history tells us the ancient city of Quebec was founded by Samuel de Champlain, July 3, 1608.

Quebec has been called the hilly city, and it well deserves that name, as its hills are not only numerous, but exceedingly long, steep, and winding. And such queer, narrow streets! Many American cities have sidewalks almost as wide as the entire width, sidewalks and all, of some of Quebec's streets; but being odd and old-fashioned is one of the chief attractions.

There is hardly a spot or locality about Quebec around which some historical in-

terest does not cling. There is the citadel, with its fortifications, all so picturesquely situated on the highest point far above the city; the battery, with its long row of great cannons, whose mouths point out over the river; there, too, is the steep, almost perpendicular cliff which Montgomery and his brave men tried to scale; and about half way up a sign is placed showing the exact spot where the daring general fell. On one of the principal streets, nestled down between fine modern buildings, stands the queer, aged looking house in which Gen. Montgomery was laid out. Then there is Dufferin Terrace, than which there is no finer promenade in the world, nor one which commands such magnificent views. It is one thousand four hundred feet long, situated along the border of the cliff, two hundred feet above the river St. Lawrence. From it one can look down on

the crowded "Lower Town," as it is called, the busy wharves, the glistening river with its throng of boats, tugs, ferry steamers, and great ocean steamships; then look on across the broad river at Quebec's town sister, Point Levis, or South Quebec, then on, on, over miles and miles of beautiful undulated country dotted closely with comfortable looking homes until the eyes rest with pleasure and admiration upon the distant peaks of the beautiful blue Laurentian Hills.

In the vicinity of the city there are many attractions also, not the least of which are the Martello Towers; the Plains of Abraham, where a famous battle was fought; and only seven miles from the city are the noted Falls of Montmorenci, which are simply grand. Although the Falls are not nearly so wide as Niagara, they are very much deeper and are well worth going a long distance to see.

Years ago, the whole city of Quebec was surrounded by a very high, thick stone wall, with several great arched gateways and massive iron gates which could be shut and locked, and, although the walls and gates are still there (indeed, they are substantial enough to withstand the wear of ages yet) the city has become so overgrown that by far the greater half of it lies outside the gates.

Summer, in Quebec, is short but delightful, and the winters are long and very severe, but the people are accustomed to it and know what to expect and, therefore, are prepared for it, so they do not suffer as much with cold all winter as many people do who live in milder climates, when an unusually cold spell happens to visit them, and finds them unprepared.

The English speaking element of the population of Quebec is small, the large majority being French, a thrifty, industrious people, intensely loyal to "their language, their laws, and their religion," as their banners proclaim. The French do not generally feel very friendly towards their English speaking neighbors, especially the Irish, who insult the French Canadians by calling them "canucks." Of course there are many instances where

French and English families have been as intimate and neighborly as anyone could wish, but, as a rule, they harbor bitter feeling towards each other from the cradle.

I knew a bright little boy in Quebec named Jacky. He was of Irish descent and as he had not yet learned to speak the French language, he stood rather in awe of his French neighbors. But Jacky had one near neighbor, a tall English-speaking policeman, with whom he was very friendly, so one day I was surprised to see that Jacky showed unmistakable signs of fear when a big French policeman was passing by. I asked the little fellow, since he was so afraid of a policeman, how it was that he liked Mr. Ryan so well. "O," said Jacky, "*he's English. They won't hurt you when they're English.*"

Perhaps some English children would feel amused to know the name little French children call each other when they quarrel. They don't call one another mean, nor a goose, nor a little monkey, but they mean all those things and more too when they call each other, "*Le pied de poele,*" which means "the foot of the stove."

The French people of Quebec are living in the hope of sometime having the old city to themselves, and there is a possibility that their hope may be realized, as the English are gradually leaving to find new homes in the United States, Manitoba, and the Canadian Northwest. To people accustomed to living in a rushing, wide-awake American city, no doubt life in Quebec would seem slow and dull, but Quebecers do not find it dull, at least the youthful element does not, especially in winter, when they have a generous supply of amusement with their sleighs, skates, snowshoes, and toboggans.

Long ago, when Quebec was the capital of the Dominion of Canada, and the military was stationed there, it was indeed a gay city; and now, although its days of glory are over, it will ever be highly interesting to travelers, and very dear to anyone who ever lived within its borders.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"What shall I wish you for the coming year?
Twelve months of dreamlike ease? no care? no pain?
Bright spring, calm summer, autumn without rain
Of bitter tears? Wouldst have it thus, my friend?
What lesson, then, were learned at the year's end?

"What shall I wish thee, then? God knoweth well,
If I could have my way, no shade or woe
Should ever dim thy sunshine; but I know
Strong courage is not learned in happy sleep,
Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.

"Ah, would my wishes were of more avail
To keep from thee the many jars of life!
Still let me wish thee courage for the strife,—
The happiness that comes of work well done,
And afterward the peace of victory won!"

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

I DON'T suppose I was very different from other boys, but my experiences in some things may have been a little out of the common line, and, perhaps, a few incidents, connected therewith, may prove interesting to the young and, possibly, instructive to some older ones.

When I was a boy I learned that temptations are thrown in our way all through life, and I had a lesson in that direction while very young which I have never forgotten. It shows how Satan can induce an individual to do that which is wrong even against his own will, and how he will take us unawares and lead us to do that which will bring us to shame, unless we are continually on the alert.

When I was about eight years old, the school I was attending gave an excursion up into one of the canyons in the mountains near the city. Each of the scholars carried his lunch, and all were happy in anticipating a pleasant time among the trees and wild flowers. I remember how poor my little picnic appeared to me on that occasion. My widowed mother had given me the best she had, bread and butter, with a very small portion of the latter, as that was a great luxury in our family at that time, it being all that my mother could do, in her poverty, to support herself and four small children. But

away I went among the rest of the happy group.

When we reached the grounds, we were told to give our bundles to the committee who would prepare the lunch, while we amused ourselves. You can imagine my delight when I learned that all the food had been united and a huge table spread by putting all the lunches together and that everybody was to be equally served. You can think how pleased I was, I had never seen so grand a display of cakes, pies, nuts, raisins, jellies, and almost everything nice to eat that the hundreds present could have thought of bringing.

I had long been accustomed to the more common and coarser food, even seeing the time when dry bread was made sweet by hunger. I was among the unfortunate ones who were told in Utah that if we were not satisfied with dry bread, we could wet it in City Creek.

So the wonderful display of good things spread out before us was a marvel to me. When we approached the table, the first thing that came to my young mind was, "Now I must not be greedy; I must not take too much on my plate, nor take more than I can eat," and I tried to fortify myself against taking more than I needed, but as the lady waiters continued offering one good thing after another, I

soon found my plate too small, and my capacity too slow to dispose of them fast enough to suit my increasing greedy desires. I then did something, and I often wonder why I did it, and wonder now as I write about it.

I had no pockets in my little pants, and as I was led to desire an extra piece of cake, I took it and, unbuttoning my shirt, slipped it into my bosom. You can imagine my confusion and shame, when one of the ladies pointed me out to the teacher, saying "This little boy was getting more than he wanted; I saw him putting it in his bosom."

I was truly ashamed of myself, and sneaked away behind some bushes to try to drown my shame in tears. I then wondered why I had done that. I had not wanted to do it. I had tried to fortify myself against that very thing, and still I had gone to an extreme that I would not have thought possible for me to be guilty of. I would have given anything in my power then if I could have undone that act. I was sorry, ashamed, and truly repentant, and I then knelt down and asked God to forgive me, as I did not wish to steal—for I thought it was stealing. I would have gone and told the teacher, but I was afraid and ashamed to. And now as I look back on that boyish trick, I still wonder why I did it.

I am sometimes inclined to think that I did not do it, but that it was the sin that was in me, as Paul says, "The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when I would do good evil is present with me."—Rom. 7: 19-21.

The experience of that day has been of good service to me ever since, and I hope the relation of it may be of benefit to others, also. Let us each try to remember, when we find a brother or a sister in transgression, that he may not be such a great sinner as he may appear from the act committed. We cannot tell from observation what led him to do it; we do not know how hard he struggled to avoid it, nor how great the temptation was to him; we cannot tell how much he has suffered for his wrongdoing, nor how sincerely he has regretted the act. Possibly he may have shed many silent tears, and suffered

many a heartache for some transgression, committed in an unguarded moment, under strong temptation, which had been successfully resisted many times before. Perhaps he may be truly repentant, and only needs a kind word, or, possibly, only an encouraging smile to bring him to full confession and restoration.

A smile or a gentle word would often restore lost friendship, if given to the erring one, while by being withheld the bonds may never be renewed.

Let me give you another incident. When I was a boy, a neighbor of ours adopted a boy some years younger than myself whom we will call Charlie. I was quite familiar with the family, and, as it was composed partly of boys about my age, I readily learned of everything irregular that occurred at their home. Charlie was a good, kind-hearted little fellow, and soon made himself a general favorite.

About two years later, some bad boys moved near us, and Charlie, in playing on the streets, made friends with them and, before long, fell in with some of their evil ways.

One day they induced him to search the house while the folks were out, to see if he could not find some money with which to buy candy. How long it took them to work him up to a pitch to commit the theft, I do not know, but he yielded to their persuasion, and, searching the house, found twenty-five cents in the lady's drawer. Away they ran down the street to the candy store, where the money was soon spent, and all went to work at feasting on their ill-gotten sweets. But poor little Charlie. He did not enjoy his share at all. It did not taste as good as he thought it would. His conscience kept accusing him, and he began wondering how he could meet the lady who was always so good and kind to him and how he should answer her, if she asked him about the money.

He could not eat all his candy, as he soon choked up with remorse and fear. He did not return to the house until much later than usual, and the lady having missed the money, and, noticing Charlie's unusual lateness, naturally connected him with its disappearance, and, after asking all the family if they knew anything about it and receiving negative answers, told them her fears that Charley had stolen it.

Poor boy! He knew he had committed a sin, and with a heavy heart and much fear he approached the house. When he came in, we were all sitting around the table, and, as he opened the door, all eyes were turned upon him. Poor little sufferer! He needed no one to accuse him; he was self-convicted. His down-cast eyes and confusion told the story of his guilty only too plainly, and when the lady took him aside and questioned him, he broke down completely, and, confessing, told the whole story, not shielding himself at all, but adding that it was after much persuasion and tempting that he yielded and sinned. This was really Charlie's first grievous offence; so, after many promises of good conduct in the future and that he would never steal again, after he had borne his punishment, he was forgiven.

But now comes the sequel to my story. Was Charlie forgiven? Yes, he was forgiven by all except one of the family. One of the boys about three times his age did not seem to possess enough of that Christian grace, charity, and he said, "No, I will not forgive him. He is a little thief, and I don't believe in letting him off so easy. I cannot feel towards him as I used to, and I will keep all my things locked up hereafter."

"I won't touch any of your things," said Charlie, "and I am going to be good again, now."

"Well, we will see about that," the other replied. "When a boy steals once, he is very apt to steal again, if he has a chance!"

So this boy would not forgive the sinner, nor forget the sin, and, worse than all, he never did forgive him. I have seen them meet often after that, but

there was never a smile for Charlie and never a word spoken to him, unless it was absolutely necessary. Poor little fellow! I have seen him many times look up into the face of his hard-hearted companion with such a wistful look for a smile of friendship, but it never came.

In my memory I can see him now with his little eyes half full of tears looking for a sign of recognition, but it never came to him in the way of friendship. I have seen them meet at Sunday school. They did not go together, as they had ceased to be companions, and whenever Charlie would see him, there was always that searching look to see if he was forgiven yet, but no, there was never a smile for him, although he was treated with great kindness by the rest of the family, and I believe he never did any great wrong after his first sin.

About two years after, little Charlie went away, and, taking some kind of sickness, died, and the chance for reconciliation between the two was past.

But what of the other boy. Well, he is older now, and, having seen more of life, has changed wonderfully. He has never forgotten his cruelty to little Charlie, and has learned the lesson of forgiving, and he, in turn, now hopes to be forgiven for his hard-heartedness and lack of charity. Reader, are you kind to the erring ones? Do you forgive those who transgress against you? Have you a kind word for your fellow man who is bowed down with shame for sins he has committed? Let us each remember that we expect that God will "forgive us our trespasses, as *we* forgive those who trespass against us." Don't forget that "to err is human, to forgive is divine."

YORICK.

"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, I WILL TRUST HIM."

"Though he slay me, I will trust him."

Yea, my God, though dark the hour,
Strong the chains of grief that bind me,
Black the clouds that round me lower.

Though my soul to death be stricken,
Though I faint beneath the load,
Deep the waters of affliction,
Dark and long the narrow road,

Love may flee and friendship falter,

Coldly turn the world aside,
Closed may heaven's doors seem to me,
Yet will I in thee abide.

Unto thee my love is given,
Trust I thee whate'er betide,
Hope and strength and life may vanish,
Thou art still my God and guide.

MINA A. PERKINS.

MILKING TIME.

A FLORIDA PASTORAL.

The sun is low and the sky is red;
 Over meadows in rick and mow,
 And out of the lush grass overfed,
 The cattle are winding slow;
 A milky fragrance about them breathes
 As they loiter one by one,
 Over the fallow and out of the sheathes
 Of the lake-grass in the sun.
 And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal,—
 Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brownny, and Barleymeal!

From standing in shadowy pools at noon
 With the water udder deep,
 In the sleepy rivers of easy June,
 With the skies above asleep,—
 Just a leaf astir on orange or oak,
 And the palm-flower thirsting in halves,—
 They wait for the signs of the falling smoke,
 And the evening bleat of the calves.
 And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal,—
 Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brownny, and Barleymeal!

O wife, whose wish still lingers and grieves
 In the chimes that go and come,
 For peace and rest in the twilight eves
 When the cattle are loitering home,
 How little we knew, in the deepening shades.
 How far our ways would lie,—
 My own alone in the everglades
 And your home there in the sky;
 Nor how I would listen alone to the old familiar peal,—
 Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brownny, and Barleymeal!

—The Century.

REMINISCENCES OF PAST BLESSINGS.

BY SR. MIRIAM BRAND.

THE people heard of Elder Brand and the Reorganization all around the county and one day a gentleman came twenty-eight miles to see and talk with Brother Brand. The folks told him he was not there but his wife was, and they added, "She can talk to you about the gospel just as well as he can," so they brought and introduced him to me, telling me he wanted to know about the Reorganized Church. I replied that I was sorry my husband was not there but, if there were any questions he wished to ask, I would

be glad to answer him, if I could. I had to begin and give him a little history. He seemed very meek and humble, and I thought he received the truth. After awhile, he said, "Well, if I believed as you do, I would give up everything in this world and would go and tell everybody of it. It is an important thing to this world, if it is true."

I replied, "That is just what we have done. My husband has given up his business and I have given up mine and instead of making a good living as we

anticipated he is traveling without purse or scrip on the old apostolic plan. Have we not proved our faith by our works?"

I think this man came into the church afterward. I found quite a difference in talking with people; for another came soon after, and as soon as I began to tell him the principles of the gospel, he began to bluster and said, "O, no, that is not what we believe at all," and proceeded to tell what his church believed. I could not put in a word edgewise, so I let him talk till he was through, and then I began again; but no sooner had I commenced talking than he had to tell me how his church believed, so I rested till he got through and after that he seemed glad to hear me talk a little.

I was quite amazed on finding that several had seen me in vision before I came to them. Others have told me they never forgot what I told them about the gospel and that they obtained no rest until they obeyed it.

I was at a sister's house one day and said to her, "Where can we go to-day to do any good?" She said, "There is a very nice lady a little distance from here that has just lost a little child and she is in terrible distress as her minister tells her it has gone to hell, and she will not be comforted as she thinks her child is suffering."

"What a horrible doctrine!" said I. "Let us go at once and take her the doctrine of Jesus Christ and give her comfort and consolation."

So we went and knocked at the door. The lady came herself and surely she did look broken-hearted. She invited us in and the sister introduced me and I said to her, "Peace be to you, and to this house. In the name of Jesus Christ, we have come to comfort you." "O," she said, "my child is in hell. What comfort can I take?" I looked earnestly at her and said, "I have come to tell you that your child is in heaven, instead of in hell." I then began and told her of the redeeming love of Christ whereby the original sin of Adam was washed away and children made pure and innocent, saved through the merits of Christ. I gave her the Bible at the words, "Suffer little children," etc., and referred her to many passages in the Bible. After awhile she seemed to be convinced that we were right and said:—

"Do I dare to hope my child is in heaven?"

"Yes," I said, "not only hope but know of a surety."

"O," she said, "that is the best news I have ever heard!"

She was willing to give everything to know her child was saved. Her tears were dried; her heart was comforted; she insisted on our stopping to dinner, so that we could talk with her husband, which we did and they both believed the glad news we brought and, on rising to go, the lady said:—

"We are commanded to 'entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares,' and how do I know but you are an angel?"

At a small prayer meeting in the house of a Saint, the Spirit was poured out to such a degree that some declared they could feel the presence of angels. While kneeling in prayer, I saw John the Revelator come to the door of the room we were holding the meeting in. He stood there and took a large book from under his arm, listened, and then wrote down the minutes of the meeting. Something said to me three times, "Open the door and invite him in."

I felt timid and thought there were elders there and it was their place, and I did not obey the instruction. As soon as meeting was over I saw him shut the book and walk away. By this time I felt bad to think I had not done as directed and when they began talking, I said, "Why did not one of you elders open the door and invite him in?"

They asked, "Invite whom in? We know there was an angel here, but we did not see him."

"Did you not see John, the Revelator, outside taking minutes of the meeting?" I asked.

"No," said they.

"Something told me three times," said I, "to open the door and invite him in, but I thought you elders would."

"O!" they exclaimed, "we wish you had, he would have come in and given us some instructions. If ever you are called upon like that again, obey the Spirit." That same night Brother Brand saw him in a vision.

One night I dreamed I saw Brother Brand in the water and saw him baptize a whole family of seven or eight except

two small children, and distinctly heard the splash of the water which woke me up. Next morning at breakfast I told the folks I was staying with and said:—

"Suppose we drive down there this morning and see it. It is only four miles."

So we went and sure enough there was Brother Brand and he had baptized the whole family except two small children.

He had to go off to other appointments; but they begged me to stay, so the folks went home reluctantly without me as we had had much joy and rejoicing together.

That night on retiring with the oldest daughter, a young lady of about twenty-two, we lay talking about the gospel for some time, then she dropped asleep, but I was wide awake when I felt something touch my eyes and draw them wide open, but, what was stranger, I could not see the windows or walls of the room at all, but looked a long way off, and, as I looked, a bright light appeared in the distance which I soon found was moving and gradually coming towards me. As it came a little nearer, I found it was a personage of glory brighter than the sun coming to me. The exceeding glory and brightness almost overpowered me though yet a long way off, and as it gradually drew nearer, I shrank and found I could not stand the glory. I asked the Lord twice to take it away before he did. About a week after the same light came again, seemingly about the same distance at which it left me before, and I thought I would try to stand it, but, as it came nearer, I found I could not and asked the Lord to take it away again which he did and I have never seen it since.

I have felt the presence of angels since but have not seen them; their glory has been veiled to me. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants tells us: "That through the manifestations of the Spirit here, we may be able to endure his presence in the world of glory." I fear I have been a poor scholar.

There was to be a conference held in San Francisco, and Brother Brand and I were going and a good number of the Saints determined to go with us. We all took passage on a steamboat to San Francisco. Sitting in the cabin some got their hymn books and wanted to sing, so it happened that after awhile we were

all singing together which brought down the captain and part of the crew and about all of the passengers and all seemed to enjoy the singing.

Presently the captain tapped Brother Brand on the shoulder saying, "Come with me." Leading the way to his office the captain began to ask all manner of questions as to who we were, what we were, where we were going, what we believed in, etc. Brother Brand answered him. Then he said, "Have you paid your fare?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

Turning to his clerk the captain said, "Write out a six month's pass for this gentleman. But stop! Have you a wife?"

"Yes, sir," Brother Brand replied.

"Where is she?"

"In the cabin."

"Clerk, write out a six month's pass for her, too."

So my husband came to me with a six month's pass for each of us, and thus we could go from Petaluma to San Francisco as often as we wished.

At one time I was in San Francisco in our room at a hotel, when there came an earthquake. I was alone and catching onto the bedstead, found I was going down while the other end of the bedstead was up. For a moment, I could not think what it was as I had never felt an earthquake, but I soon found out. My first impulse was to run down stairs, but I prayed the Lord to protect me, and something seemed to catch me and seat me in a chair. My fear and terror were gone and, instead, my soul was filled with the sweetest peace, love, and confidence in God; for I had an assurance given me that God would protect me.

After a time Brother Brand was wanted to take a mission out in Nevada. I said, "What! leave California altogether?"

Brother Brand said, "I do not expect to come back here, and I do not expect to have a settled home again until we get to the borders of the land of Zion."

"Do you expect to get a home then?" I asked.

"I expect to get a home for you there; I do not expect to be there much myself, as I expect to travel and preach, Miriam, as long as I live." So we got ready to leave California, wished the Saints a tearful good-bye, and started for the stage coach.

(To be continued.)

"Ab, too oft a shadow crosses
 Paths that lead to pleasant ways:
 Fear of pain and earthly losses
 Cometh through our shining days.
 Lord, to thee our cares confiding,
 We would lay our hearts to rest:
 For we know the Love abiding
 With the fledglings in the nest."

THE KING'S SOLDIERS.

SUCH rows of bright little faces bend-
 ing toward each other as flowers
 that are swept by the wind! Such glori-
 ous sunshine coming through the south
 window! Such earnest asking eyes—some-
 times it seems as if there were a thousand
 there. You would wonder, if you hap-
 pened to pass that way and peeped in,
 where so many little ones came from and
 why they were there. They belong to
 the army. Not the Salvation Army, O,
 no! They are too small for that. Shall
 I tell you whose soldiers they are? Why,
 the King's! "They cannot fight," you
 say. No? Let us see whether they can-
 not fight as brave battles as ever were
 fought and come off victors, too.

See that boy in the corner. When,

with many loving thoughts in her heart
 and words on her lips the teacher of
 these little soldiers of the King pro-
 moted a class of six to an intermediate
 class, he could easily have kept up with
 them in lessons, but his teacher thought
 he was hardly well enough grounded in
 the work he had been doing, because he
 had joined the class much later than the
 others. She explained some of these
 things to him, told him her need of him
 to help in the class by his example, and
 he gave up his own will so cheerfully and
 with such a bright face that it was a
 pleasure to see him, studying as hard as
 ever and always faithful. Ah Joe, dear
 Joe, you taught your teacher a lesson
 that day! When life's duties come to you

may you ever be as brave and true! "He that controlleth his own spirit is stronger than he that taketh a city."

Here he is; watch him, the little fellow sitting by the table counting the pennies. Always there unless he is sick. When a "Tot," and not so *very* long ago, either, he brought a penny every Sunday for his baby brother, asking that his name be put upon the roll. When his own name was read out, he marched up to the table, laid a penny down, and when the little brother's name was read, his face beamed and his eyes twinkled like stars, as he walked up and laid down another penny. He was so manly about it, I think we all enjoyed seeing him. But now the little brother is old enough to come to Sunday school and what we have lost in one way we have gained in another.

Well, what has he, one of the least of these, done that he should be called a soldier? Very often when the room has been crowded and seats all occupied, I have seen him offer his chair to a late comer and stand up against the table, or perhaps share an offered part of some one's else chair. I put that down in my heart. He fought with the giant we call Selfishness, did he not? And won the victory too.

There is another! A boy with wistful eyes who comes to see me on week days. He said to-day, "I didn't come to school last Sunday, because I had no clothes good enough to wear. I would come if my mamma had let me." You see what courage this boy had. He is not a pretty boy, but he has stolen into my heart, partly because of the shy way he has of tucking his head on one side when he talks with me. I think of some one I know and love, far away, who has the same little trick, and his face comes to me through the mist of memory as I talk with this little soldier of the King.

Ah! Here is a sturdy man! I always like to watch him come in and take his seat. I know he studies his lessons. He walks in in such a way as to almost say, "I know my lesson; so does C——." He looks over at the little sister and they both smile, one happy when the other is, and I know it, because I know of the loving father and mother at home, and their care for the future of these little ones. I know it too because—they *do* know them. His sister is a little quicker than

he and often flashes out an answer while he is thinking about the best way of telling what he knows. But I have yet to see the first symptom of impatience toward her, or a look seeming to say, "You might have waited a minute." Impatience leads to anger and cross words sometimes. Did not this one conquer, too? Ah yes, you say.

His sister is such a merry little one, you can scarcely keep from smiling if you look at her. It seems as if sparkles of shine were always coming from her blue eyes. And if the lesson was one that claimed sympathy, none showed it quicker than she. The big eyes grew solemn and the little twitching corners of her mouth would straighten out. To myself I call her my little flower girl, partly because she so often brought me flowers, sweet as herself, and partly because she was always so willing to give her own pretty bouquet to some one else, if there was a word said to make her think she was wearing one. She did it so gracefully, too, saying, "Never mind; take it; I can get more. Mamma has lots of flowers and she lets us pick all we want."

I have often thought these two children led ideally happy lives. Nearly always together and hand in hand. Both were lovers of flowers, and their mother had always such a pretty flower garden in which they wandered and plucked violets, heliotrope, honeysuckle, dahlia, chrysanthemum as the season came, or whatever suited them best. Wise mother! Teaching them to love the beautiful is to teach them to hate evil and love the Lord. And, flowers are educators.

Do you not think these children will have a harvest of sweet memories in common, who study God in nature in this way? Indeed they will, for all these are silent witnesses of his power and love.

Where shall we stop? There are so many of these little soldiers learning the manual, so that their walk and bearing in life shall conform to that of their Captain and King. Since the days when we first gathered in our own room, over six years ago, four of our dear soldiers have gone home. Two were brothers, dear little ones, who, when the Sabbath came were always ready for lesson and song. Bright, cheerful, willing, and obedient, they have gone to swell the number of those of

whom he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

One, a little maiden, faithful, full of fun and helpful, I always called my brown girl. She had brown hair and eyes; when she was younger her sunny face was always tinted the same color by the sun's kisses, and her mother often dressed her in brown. We could always depend upon her to open our class services with prayer, and this needed some courage, too, in a class of seventy-five.

Those sweet, simple prayers, made with trembling voice, I was sure our heavenly Father could not help but hear and answer.

I saw the dear little body last, after the gentle spirit had gone to the place which is prepared for those who love the King. Her form was at rest in the casket, but the fragrance of her sweet life will remain in the memories of those who knew and loved her for many years. Aye, forever!

There is yet another to make up the number of the absent four. One with whose little soul we were hardly acquainted. He seemed to long to go, spoke of loved ones gone before and wanted to see them; said if he died, he would go to heaven and asked if that was not a better place than this, and if Jesus was not there; he wanted to see him.

Does the teaching in the Sabbath school have any influence upon these young lives? Fathers and mothers rather let us ask, "Can you estimate the help it is to you, if you work with the teacher? Can you afford to ignore any help from whatever source that will teach your children to love and serve the Lord."

God bless our brave little soldiers who will some day be young men and young women, each doing the work that has been appointed to him. Some will put on their armor, leaving home and dear ones to take the message of peace and forgiveness, to those who have not heard the sweet story.

Others there are who will remain at home and sustain by prayer and words of cheer those who have gone. Still others, whose duty it will be to see that the servants of the Lord and their families have as comfortable a support as any.

These little soldiers are early learning that to love the Lord is to serve him. That love which comes from the lips alone

means nothing, but that if we really love him we will "do as he tells us."

And when once well started on this road beautiful, do you think they will ever be content to travel any other?

* * * * *

One Sabbath morning when these little soldiers had all gone to their homes and the church was dotted here and there with groups of interested people talking of the sermon, some one said, "It is a bright day and there will be room for you to ride with us, if you would like to go down to the A—— Sunday school this afternoon." I thought a moment and said, "Yes, I will go."

Such a bright, cool, sunshiny day it was! Such pleasant friends! And they had the baby too, a joyous little fellow, full of dimples and fun. We rode along over the uplands and through the hollows, chatting pleasantly and listening to the hum of nature's voices until we came to the little schoolhouse where we expected to see some more soldiers. Not many, it is true, but more than we found. On opening the door we saw the superintendent of the school and another gentleman, whom we did not know, seated by the stove, one of them reading the *Hope*.

There was one little class of five over in the corner. Their teacher, who was the mother of two of them, was distributing some cards and the *Hopes*. We were sorry to have missed the lesson but the time had been changed from three p. m. to two, so we were only in time for a little talk and the parting song.

After a kindly greeting, the one in charge of these little soldiers said he had decided to close the Sunday school and that this would be their last meeting. So few attended, it was not worth while. One of our number said, "If only one soul was gained would that not be worth while?" I looked toward the corner where sat the teacher who had been faithful ever since the call had gone forth, "We need a Sunday school at A——." She said, "Perhaps I am not doing right to express myself so freely about the matter, but I feel that I can come and teach as long as there is anyone here for me to teach and will be glad to do it."

The room was dingy, the walls defaced, the few embers in the stove dying out, but as the assistant superintendent of the Decatur county association arose and said

"Bro. H——, if you are willing to ring the bell, we will continue to hold the school, as before, let ussing Onward Go." —everything seemed glorified and our hearts were full of love and praise. We felt a renewed desire to be among His people "as one that serveth." To be faithful in just whatever came to our hands to do.

And as the rollicking baby crept up on one of the desks and into his father's arms, taking strong hold of the book and singing lustily though hardly in tune, we thought of what had been said upon our way: "When my boy is old enough to go to Sunday school, I will take him by the hand and go with him." Like Cap'n

Cuttle "I made a note o' that," and thought if all fathers and mothers felt the same way our Sunday schools would be crowded.

Young men and maidens, remember there are plenty such places as this where little ones are already enrolled as "King's Soldiers." They are willing to learn, willing to serve, but the cause languishes for want of a little helpful encouragement, such as was given the A—— school that day, for want of an electric presence that will stir the people to feel a growing need of their faithful attendance at Sabbath school. Is not that a call for you? "Blessed forever that ye answer Him."

A QUIET STORY.

"In this pent sphere of being incomplete—
The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole—
For you rare regions where the perfect meet,
Sighs the lone soul—
Sighs for the perfect! Fair and far it lies;
It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,
No partial insight, no averted eyes,
No loves unmeet."

WE never see daisies by the dusty roadside soiled and stained and switched ragged by passing vehicles without thinking how many human lives there are, white in their opening years as the leaves of the snowy blossom, but, alas, soon soiled and stained by things from which they cannot escape, until they are trampled under foot as an unlovely thing; and we never think of these things without lifting the voice of thanksgiving and praise to God who reserves to himself the right to judge his creatures and who will judge them aright. For we are constrained to believe that he would look upon the ragged flower and see no stain and that upon many a one, blighted and soiled by the influences of early life, there would fall only his glance of loving pity and encouragement as he said, "Neither do I condemn thee."

We have a story to tell, one of ordinary, everyday life, neither all dark nor all bright.

Across our northern borders, in Her Majesty's domains, some years ago there lived a little family of four, the father and mother, a son and daughter. There are men whose energy and love of order so predominate in their natures as to

give them a manner of austerity. There are men who, all their lives have, by this very energy, been leaders and commanders among men and more has been seen of the strength and ruggedness of their natures than of the gentleness and tenderness that yet may have been there. And there are men, even in their years of old age, who have all their lives been undisciplined in many things, whose lives have never yielded the best of which they were capable as harps whose richest strings have seldom been touched, whose sweetest strains have seldom been heard.

Such was the father of this family, a man who by his industry and economy had made good provision for his family and laid by well in store for the days of age, a man who, while he loved his children, let them feel oftener the restraint of his authority than his loving interest in them, a man who, years before, had turned from the narrow religious creed of his fathers, but had taken none in its stead, satisfied to live well this life and leave the future to care for itself. To live well means different things in different communities and with different people. We mourn for a child who comes up in a home where he is taught to hope for no more than this life holds, to fear no law higher than that of man, whose only guide is his conscience and the precepts handed to him by his parents.

It was in this way that the boy George West grew up, a boy of activity and in-

telligence, of merry heart and pleasant face, a boy whose love of fun often led him into ways dangerous for the young feet to travel, whose boyish escapades sometimes brought upon him the displeasure of his father and the earnest reproof of his mother.

Yet what more could be expected of him? True his home was quiet, well regulated, and orderly, all things were provided with neatness and care, but when he stepped over the threshold what did he take with him to guide him in his choice of pleasure, to keep words of truth on his tongue and purity of life before his eyes?

Had he been a dull boy, slow of comprehension, had he been deformed or of inferior appearance, many a temptation might have passed him by, but our bright, quick boys, our impulsive, generous-hearted boys, often more sensitive than their happy-go-lucky ways would indicate, how many pitfalls lurk for their heedless feet, how many allurements dazzle their young eyes!

One thing he did take with him out into the world and to the end of his life, the memory of a good mother, the vision of a face that came to him, the sound of a loving voice saying to him, "My son, remember your good resolutions;" a mother, who in her earnest solicitude taught him the best things she knew, but how truthfully might that boy have said to her, how truthfully might many a child say to its parents, not in bitter tones, but in pity and regret for lost opportunities, for the lack of wise direction, of proper counsel, and correct teaching, "Your childhood was much like mine, I suppose. So much the worse for both of us."

To be more plainly understood we may say that her paternal ancestors had been among those men who for freedom of conscience and liberty of worship had endured the vicissitudes of the French Reformation, for liberty and peaceful enjoyment of their right to follow the dictates of reason they had left their own sunny land and made themselves new homes in the land of freedom, and down through the years had descended to this daughter as an inheritance from her forefathers the virtues developed and cultivated in their battles with pioneer life, the patient endurance, the steady courage,

the peace-loving disposition, while time and the modifying influences of surroundings and intermarriage with those of other races and religions had cooled the Huguenot enthusiasm until in her childhood there was left for her a simple faith in God and a reverence for the traditions of her fathers.

She had endeavored to do for her children the part of a dutiful mother, but alas, too often had she learned that the indifference of her husband to religious matters weakened her instructions which, at best, were based upon a very imperfect understanding of God's law.

The boy, George, went astray. There came a time when the hot young blood rose against the father's austerity and he went out from the home into the wide world, away from the restraining mother-love, without the fear of God in his heart, at the mercy of his own inexperience and indiscretion.

"Think of the feet that fall by misdirection,
Of noblest souls to loss and ruin brought,
Because——"

Of what? Because in the early days when the heart was pure and fresh, the law of God was not written in it, and the young mind, that eager, restless thing, yearning and striving to know, to learn, to struggle out into the sunlight of truth, was not fed with food convenient for it, with the sincere milk of the word. God only knows how to pity when they fall an easy prey to the snares of the enemy of men's souls, when they are led captive by the bright glitter of false pleasures and whirled away with the gay throng that dance away time to strains of entrancing music, that fill their hours with the excess of things wherein is sin, that spend their money for that which is not bread and their labor for that which satisfieth not.

God only knows how to pity them, for many a strict-going Pharisee of modern days veils as much selfishness and impurity of life under his cloak of religion as do those upon whom he looks as "sinners," whom he would not welcome to his home, to whom he would not extend his friendship until they were willing to be obedient to what his mind conceived to be the law. The same envy and malice and jealousy that lurk under the smiles and blushes and soft words of the ball-room split many a church into factions

and set one member at variance with another; and many a glad, happy young life finds its way among the mazes of worldly pleasure because it sees nothing attractive in the chill formality and dull monotony of so-called religious life, because it wants life and animation and beauty, because it hears often the voice of prayer from those who "do not the will" of Him they profess to serve, because it sees selfishness where should be liberality, and narrow creed where should be broad charity.

Interesting no doubt as it would be to follow the young man as he grappled with the experiences that met him as he went forth with only his vigorous young arm and his quick brain to depend upon, we may not notice his vicissitudes of fortune until we find him in a little sleepy village clinging to the foot of a pine-covered bluff on the shores of one of our northern lakes.

The young have naturally in them a love for the novel, the romantic, and it was something of the kind that stirred in the breast of our young prodigal and took him to the place we have mentioned, a lumbering village of Northern Michigan.

In one of the large cities to which the schooners ran that carried the lumber to its depot, he had made the acquaintance of a young man about his own age whose father had been sent by the firm engaged in that business to take charge of the lumbering interests in the village named, and in the mutual exchange of confidence, the young stranger had talked freely of home, and at times had read to him portions of home letters and had shown to him when it came, the picture of a sister, next younger than himself, a girl of nineteen, and that pictured face it was that took him to S——.

Through the influence of his young friend, he obtained employment in the mill, necessarily doing at first the "laboring work" as it was called by those whose understanding of the industry had advanced them to higher work and better pay.

How his face burned and the flush mounted from his cheeks to his forehead when, one day, soon after his arrival, a group of ladies passed about the yards and through the mill and, glancing up for just a moment as they approached, he saw the one who, all unconsciously to

herself, had already been an influence in his life and who was to bring to him and receive from him, deepest pleasure and deepest pain.

They paused slightly beside him and he felt that her eyes rested upon his face that had crimsoned over his menial position as thought sped back to his father's house and contrasted the station of a son with the one he occupied now.

Just a pause and they passed on, but how truly it is said that we are a part of all we meet. Some there are, indeed, whose influence for good or its opposite we may hardly be sensible of, and some there are whose influence has been great in lifting us up to a life higher and truer than we could have known without them, while others have laid upon us the detaining hand that would prevent our rising to the heights that had no attraction for them. Webster says: "I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down."

But we must leave Webster and the thoughts of his matured mind and come back to our narrative, and we return to the thread of the story, feeling with sadness that for many, "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret."

George had blundered often, more frequently in the year that had passed since he left home, in ways that reproved him when he thought of that home. And does anyone think that thoughts of home did not come to him often, that no yearning for its rest and peace came into his soul? Does anyone think he was always satisfied

"Midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who blessed him, none whom he
could bless."

There's many a boy, wandering about in this wide world who has not the eloquence of the poet to tell, who perhaps could hardly tell himself in homely words the meaning of that lonely feeling that comes over him at times, the feeling that he is friendless, that no one would care if he dropped out of the great, busy, careless crowd, that no one would miss him. If they only knew the great tender heart of the Father above, if they only knew

his loving pity, so many might not grow hardened and desperate and lost to the finer feelings and impulses, and more of them would know of him, more of them could understand his love, if more of the same spirit dwelt in human breasts, if more of us could remember that to step aside is human; for "more helpful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us."

But our story, to be true, will not have it so. The country society of the village of S— gathered of all the classes represented in it into its little circle, and so it was that in all social gatherings, at church and in her home, George and the young girl met and were conscious each that the presence of the other was added pleasure, but pleasure that was hardly known until pain came swiftly in its footsteps.

How inconsistent is the heart! Is this young man of whom we write the only one who has ever seen and approved the better but followed the worse? Were those who sat in judgment upon him the only ones who have ever forgotten to be merciful with others because they forgot their own infirmities?

"In life it is difficult to say who do the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best," and it is difficult sometimes for man to know just how far it is right to interfere or to interpose barriers between two that love each other.

On first acquaintance George was received into the home heartily, but evasive answers regarding his past called forth suspicion from some and the little blaze was quickly fanned into a greater one by the jealousy of some with whom he worked and who saw in him one not made to stand in the rear, but the only sad thing to tell is that the folly that leads many a young man astray, the foolish fear of ridicule led him when in the company of the rude and unrefined to do such things as they did, and when his employer began to speak to him gruffly and to frown upon his visits to the home, it stirred up in him the unlovely traits of his nature.

And yet who can tell what might have been if some kind, true man with a fatherly heart had stood beside him to counsel him just then, to help him to be patient? As it was he endured much for the sake of the one to whose grave eyes he could hardly lift his own when

she told him how disappointed and sad she was to hear the rumors that came to her ears, some of which he did not attempt to deny or excuse, when she said to him, "I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first."

If all had been as patient with him, it might have been fruitful of good, but all had not in their hearts the love of which such patience was born, and things only grew more gloomy and dreary until he thought she, too, had turned away, and, unable to bear the thought in patience, he wounded the one true heart that loved him and went away.

No one heard a cry of pain, no one heard a word of complaint, but quietly she went about her duties and suppressed the pain that would come, pain not so much over the separation, but pain because she could not, dared not close her eyes to the fact that he was far below the standard of true manhood.

"Tho' the heart of woman loveth oft
A thing she doth unwillingly despise.
It is a pitiful, imperfect love that hath not
For its corner stone the rock of Faith."

And yet this love lived on through years, not love that was satisfied with the imperfections of its object, but love that hoped, love that looked and prayed for the time when that imperfect character should become purified and educated by the experience of life until it should be worthy of perfect love.

The poet says that "affection never was wasted, that if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment." Life is not to be wasted; and dark as the cloud may be that obscures the brightness of its morning, we have no right to fold our hands in idle melancholy.

The fruitful branch is pruned that it may bear more fruit, and it seems that some hearts are deprived of the things they might idolize in order that their affections may so go out to those about them that many may be blessed instead of few.

No trial that is placed upon us, no evil with which we come in contact, can work injury to us if we are willing to hold ourselves in submission to the will of God and to accept his providence with meekness, and we believe that the heart of the

girl who has figured in our story must have been taught by the inspiration of the good Spirit to pray even in her deepest distress, "Father, I thanked you when he came; I thank you now that he has gone."

Her mind saw dimly then principles and truths that came more clearly to her in after years, when observation and sympathy for others caused her to reflect on the causes of many of the unhappy things of life, and many an evil thing, many an unfortunate one she saw, if traced back to its beginning, would lodge inside the walls of home and, last of all, or first of all, in a mistaken marriage.

A mother-heart had this girl, with a love for little children, and as, one by one, her friends married and the little ones sprang up like blossoms in the home-garden, a sense of loss at times came over her, but O, when she saw the same little ones following in the footsteps of parents when often they led away from truth and uprightness, while she grieved to see the innocent bloom brushed from the young lives, she said to herself, "My gain is greater than my loss; I am spared such exquisite pain."

And she learned from the mistakes of others that love alone may not guide in forming attachments that may end in marriage unless that love is based upon real merit and worth in the character of the one loved; for unless the virtues are in a man's character, the woman who joins her life to his leans on a reed that will break under trial and reverses, and the same is true when the conditions are reversed; for it is not always man who fails to be as noble as he ought, but many a one has crippled himself for life because a beautiful face, a stylish appearance, or pretty feminine ways were the foundation of his love.

She saw women moved by divine pity for men going down to their ruin marry them to save them, and, while in some cases the result was good, she saw often those women suffer, and not only they but their children, because they had given their love to men in whom there was not that which could appreciate and respond to such noble, generous effort. And she saw women sit with mute lips, with dumb agony in their eyes and such fear and pain in their hearts as God only could know, for from very devotion they would not utter the thoughts, the con-

victions forced upon them, that they would, if possible, have denied to themselves, for a loving woman will overlook, will forgive, will endure anything but disloyalty to herself.

And so the years passed, and if there were sad moments, there were also glad ones, if sometimes there were cloudy mornings, there were also fair days and clear sunsets, and if there were times when life seemed all deserted, there were times when it seemed full and complete with blessings, for "we get back our mete as we measure" and she tried to do good.

Be it said to the honor of George West that for years he remembered her, and with the resolve to make himself a better man. He went back to his home, was reconciled to his father, and in the course of time became quite a prosperous young business man. And he sought out his love again. But when she had gazed long upon the face and read once and again the letter, she said to herself: "Yet one thing is lacking. There is not yet the love of 'sweet equality, the love God smiled upon and said that it was good.' I cannot yet feel that his would be a 'hand to shield, to trust, to lay my own within, to stake my life upon,' and feeling so, I dare not advance in an uncertain path." And she wrote him in reply of her own peaceful life, of her endeavors, her hopes, and aspirations, that she had found her way to One "fairer than the sons of men" in whose character she saw the perfection she desired to attain, that he had sent his gospel into the world for the last time that men might become obedient to his laws and acquainted with him and that she felt that she desired to devote all her powers to the establishment of his kingdom among men and that, while her affection had not grown less, she felt it to be unwise for both that they should be "unequally yoked" together.

She endeavored to enlist his attention for the work and told him that if the time should come when he should give his manhood to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, when they together could look up to the same standard of perfection, serving the same Master and governing their lives by the same laws, when they could see eye to eye and together lift up the voice of praise and thanksgiving, when in all the aims of life

they could be as one, then she felt that
God would bless their union.

He never replied and they
"drifted thus apart
Like ships that meet upon some tropic sea

For one brief, passing hour exchange stale news,
Gossip of cargoes, or the last made port,
Then sail away, each on its separate course,
And never dream to meet again."

R. M. S.

THE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

With eyes alight, the morning bright,
Looks over the eastern hills;
All nature wakes, the day garb takes,
The world with her coming thrills.

The light shines down on sere leaves brown,
And touches the hills with glory;
The mists of night, before her light,
Fly back to the old swamps hoary.

May morning light drive shades of night
From every soul away;
And leave them free to welcome thee,
Thou blessed Christmas day.

For blest indeed, o'er other days,
Is this the Christmas morn,
When Christ the child, the undefiled,
In Bethlehem was born.

Then let the day with joy be spent,
With friendly gift and kindly deed,
That warm the heart, and bring content
To weary ones in need.

Let gladsome song touch every heart,
And joy untrammelled be;
These small things teach the greater part,
That Christ has set us free.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD-FASHIONED VISITS.

IN those days the inhabitants of the world were not running to and fro as they are at the present day, and people had time to live and enjoy themselves. There was seldom anything to interfere with the duties of each day, and each day's work was done in its proper time, and thus labor was made light.

We often hear it said of women in the early days of America, how they used to pick and spin the flax and weave the cloth for their sheets and table linen. And also the wool, in the same way for their blankets, and men's wear; yet for all that, and with the disadvantages under which they labored, they kept their work done better, and their houses cleaner and more tidy than does the average woman of to-day; and yet they had more leisure. Why was it? True, fashion is a tyrant;

but, with all the morderen inventions for sewing and lightening labor, one ought to about offset the other. We agree that it does. But the women of to-day have not the opportunity to work that women formerly had, because so much of their time now has to be given to entertaining, and to the extra work caused by visitors and callers.

Go where you will, in never so secluded a nook, or far off country dwelling, and you will invariably hear the remark from the woman of the house, "I have had so much company lately, and people coming and going, that my work is all behind hand." Till the weary housewife, who remembers the quiet days of childhood, looks longingly back to the time when it was such a treat to have "company;" when a verbal or written message would be sent a day or so before, announcing the intended visit.

How I used to enjoy those "company

days"! Everything about the house would be so clean, and in such perfect order; and, though we little folks were plainly dressed, yet we were clean and neat. There was no carpet in the ordinary cottage dwelling, so the floor must be washed the morning that company was to come. And only long enough before the expected arrival to get pretty dry, it looked so much more fresh and inviting. The anticipated company may have been only one individual. When this was the case, old Aunt Lizzie, my mother's aunt, has a very prominent place in my memory. The term "old" was not given her through any disrespect, nor because of any feebleness of body, for she was hale and hearty. Perhaps it was because her experience reached so far back, that it seemed, to children at least, as if she had always lived, and was quite competent to give advice to the rest of the race under any circumstances, and of this she generously gave.

She would come on foot, of course,—for everybody came on foot except the minister,—distance about a mile. Mother would be in the doorway to meet and welcome her, and I felt highly favored if I was allowed to take the large black silk bonnet, the sight of which we had all been familiar with for years, and lay it carefully on the "spare bed." At least that is what I would be told to do with it, and what I would do in process of time. But it was hard to resist the temptation, after getting in the bedroom out of sight, of putting it on my head, just for a minute, and viewing myself in the looking-glass to see how I would look when I got to be a woman and had a bonnet like that, and a long veil just like that too (gathered on a string and tied about half way across the very long bonnet) to hang down over my face. But the small face was so far back in the large bonnet, that it could hardly see its way out. After enjoying a few moments of anticipated grandeur, the bonnet was carefully removed and laid on the bed.

While the bonnet was being carried away, the dresscap, with puffy borders and stiff satin strings hanging straight down at the sides, was produced and donned with much care. This would be brought pinned up in a piece of paper, or in a little round covered basket which had been made by an Indian woman for

the purpose. The black work bag, pending from her arm contained her knitting work. When the cap was satisfactorily arranged, the next process gone through with was to take her ebony snuffbox from a pocket tied at her side, tap it systematically on each side, talking earnestly all the while, leisurely remove the cover, and politely pass it to any who were sitting near.

"No, I thank you, ma'am." (Mother abhorred snuff.)

"Not take any! Well, I find I can't do without it."

Then came a long dissertation on the benefit of snuff. In proof of the position she would take a generous pinch and proceed to draw and push, at intervals, till she got it all up into her head. When the last of the precious (?) dust was snuffed up, the knitting sheath was pinned to her side, the end of one needle inserted in the goosequill, and the cheerful rattle of the needles commenced. The lively motion of the hands, and click of the needles seemed to lend an impetus to the thoughts, and greater vivacity to the conversation. Occasionally the soft bulky ball of yarn would escape from the silken lap, (a black silk apron being a very requisite article of dress for visiting,) and roll across the floor. That was what we little folks were looking for, so we could have the privilege of bringing it back and receiving a "Thank you dearie" for our services.

Were it not for some such accident we might almost doubt if our presence was recognized at all; for children in those days were to be "seen and not heard," when there was company present, especially if that company was Aunt Lizzie, for she was in no way backward about expressing her opinion as to how children should be brought up. So, with scarcely a pause in conversation, the day would glide quietly and happily away. *Very* pleasant it is to me now to recall those incidents. I seem to live them all over again as one in a dream; and I can hear Aunt Lizzie's peculiar voice, and see her with elevated chin and wide open eyes that looked at one straight through her spectacles, instead of peering over the top. But the pleasant look about the mouth toned down the glare of the eyes; and, as a whole, it was a very pleasant self-satisfied looking countenance.

When mealtime came the delicacies, which had been prepared the day before, were set out. The bread was spread while on the loaf then cut in thin slices; then severed in the middle, lengthways, and laid on the plate like so many little clapboards. Preserves were brought from the most choice jars; and even us children were treated to sugar in our tea. Did I say *tea*? I meant *drink*; for mother never gave us tea. It was not considered healthful for *children*. A portion of the world have now become wise enough to know that it is not healthful for grown up people either. As for coffee, it was never used in the house.

Our "drink" was not a slop of poor, skimmed milk and water. It was as carefully made as the tea. If for the evening meal the top was taken off of the morning's milk, and a portion put in a large pitcher and sufficient boiling water poured in it to scald the milk but not make it too thin. Try it, mothers, for your little ones, and see what a palatable drink it makes. *Be sure that the water is boiling.* When thus made, it is as far superior to the milk-and-water drink that is made by pouring the water in the cup and after it stands awhile putting a little cold milk in it, as cream or hot milk is to poor skimmed milk in coffee.

(To be continued.)

O, NIGHT OF NIGHTS.

O Night of nights! O Night
Desired of man so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song;
And shooting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watched their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.

It was so long ago;
But God can make it now,
And as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow.
Take, Lord, these words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
To-day, to-day, to-day!

—Jean Ingelow.

WHICH HAD THE BEST TIME?

BY CHARLOTTE PEARSON.

"**A**RE you going to the party to-night, Mary, down to Uncle Will's?" asked Louise Stuart of her Cousin Mary, as they were walking home from school.

"Why, what sort of a party? I thought Uncle Will was opposed to parties and party going. No, I am not going. I have not been asked, anyway, and I cannot believe it at all."

"Well, I know it is true, because the girls told me this morning to ask you, though they did not much expect you would come, for you are almost as much an old foggy as Uncle Will himself."

"In your opinion, I dare say I am, Louise, but that doesn't make me one though," answered Mary.

"Well, I am going, whether you are or not," said Louise, "and I expect to have a splendid time; I should'n't wonder if we

manage to have a little dancing, too, that is, if Uncle Will does not set his foot down and say it shall not be."

"O Louise," said Mary, "surely you would not do such a thing, and you belong to the church, too!"

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Louise, "one would think I was about to commit an unpardonable sin, to look at your face; it is as long as a fence rail. I just tell you I am going to have a little fun, and I don't care what anyone says. I think we young folks are kept in too much; we never can have any fun like others I know, who belong to other churches. There is Ella Martin and her brother. Now they belong to some church up in town and they go to the theatre and to every party they are asked to and still do not get turned out of their church. For

my part, I do not see any harm in a nice respectable dance with people who are just as good as one's self."

"Louise," said Mary, "do you think you will care to go to prayer meeting to-morrow night after you have been to the party to-night?"

"O, I don't know whether I shall go or not," she answered. "Probably I shall be tired. Mother says if I will go to the party, I must get up in the morning just the same and go to school, so very likely I shall go to bed to sleep as soon as possible to-morrow evening."

"Well then, Louise," said Mary, "don't you see that is the first wrong thing that will result from this party? Surely we Saints ought to care more for our spiritual well-being than for indulging our love of gayety and excitement. You cannot learn any good by dancing, but probably much harm. Suppose we knew that Christ was coming very soon, do you think you would dance to-night? Would you not rather stay at home and go to the meeting to-morrow night?"

"I suppose I would, Mary, but then I do not think he is coming very soon; any way, I am going to-night. I could hardly help it if I wanted to, for I have promised a particular friend that I would go, so I shall keep my word. This is my last year at school, and after that I am going to try to get some fun out of life."

"Yes, this is the last year at school for both of us, Louise; we are almost women and our lives lie before us all untried, and O, how particular we ought to be to make the best possible use of them. Louise dear," pleaded Mary, "don't waste your splendid talents and dull your intellect by too much frivolity; make something of your life, so that some one, or many, may be benefited by your having been in the world."

But her pleadings were in vain, for that time at least; for as Louisa turned in at the gate before her home she said, "It is no use talking, Mary, you and I do not see alike. I hated to tell you about it, for I knew I should get a lecture."

Mary went on her way sorrowfully enough. Louise and she were cousins and had been playmates from babyhood, and it grieved her sorely that Louise could not or would not see alike with her on questions of right and wrong. When they had been baptized years before, she had

thought then, they would be dearer friends than ever, and so they had been until within the last year, when willful Louise chose to accept the attentions of a certain young man of whom no great harm could be said, but he was not at all religious, and often, by his influence, caused her to leave the place of worship for some place of amusement, and Mary felt sure that he was the particular friend that Louise had promised to go to the party with, and she shrewdly guessed that he was the prime mover in getting it up.

"We are going to have a treat to-night, Mary," said her father as he came in to tea. "I have bought tickets for the lecture at the lecture room up on First Street, so if you and your mother would like to go, we can hear as grand a description of travels in foreign lands as ever was listened to; for they tell me Prof. Anderson's descriptive powers are something wonderful. Would you like to go?"

"I should be just delighted to hear him, papa," she answered, "and I am sure mamma will too."

They would have been a very happy party that sat around the well-laid supper table that evening, if the thoughts of that party up at Uncle Will's had not cast a gloom over them. Mary's face was so clouded at times that her mother's watchful eye noticed it, and, at her urging, Mary told them all about it.

"I wish Louise would go with us, instead," said Mr. Malcolm, "I don't think that young man she is with so much is good company for her, but I suppose it is no use to interfere; she is too willful for that."

So Louise went to her party and steady-minded Mary went to the lecture with her father and mother, and they enjoyed a rich treat indeed. The lecturer's powers had not been at all over-estimated, and O the music after the lecture when the Professor in his almost matchless voice rendered a few rich Eastern songs. It seemed to Mary that the beautiful strains filled her soul and made her long for higher things. Good music always has an ennobling effect. It helps us on our journey up hill, inspiring our souls and lifting us above the sordid things of life.

And how is Louise enjoying herself at her chosen amusement? We will leave her to tell it in her own words.

The next day when the two girls met

at school, Mary noticed that Louise looked pale and worn as though she had passed a sleepless night, but she did not speak to her about it, as she thought it better to let Louise tell her trouble herself, if she had any. Very little passed between them besides their common talk over their lessons, but when they were nearly home Louise said, "Mary I want to go home with you; wait a moment till I take my books in and see if mother can spare me; I want to have a talk with you."

When she came out she said, "I wouldn't tell a single word to anyone about last night, but I think you will not say anything to me that will be unkind, and I must just tell some one or my heart will break. I have not the courage to tell mother yet; I don't want to tell you either until we are safe in your own room and no one to interrupt us."

They were soon there, and Mary seated herself in her rocker before the fire with Louise on an ottoman at her feet, and then Louise began, "O, Mary, Mary, if I had only taken your advice and had nothing to do with that party at Uncle Will's! Do you know whom I went with?" she asked.

"I do not know, but I suppose you went with George Morris."

"Yes, I did, and O, Mary, I never knew before that he drank. On our way there, I fancied he had been drinking, but I should have run away from him and gone back home, if I had known he had a bottle in his pocket, and besides he invited to the party some of his friends, young men who were not even as good as himself and they all had liquor with them, and, I suspect, drank a good deal of it when they could get alone, for they got very noisy and coarse jokes seemed to be all they could talk about. O, I was so ashamed to be in such company, but the worst came when two of them got in a drunken fight and uncle came down stairs and put everyone of them out of doors, George Morris with the rest.

"Just as Uncle took hold of him he cried out, 'I'm not going without my girl, anyhow. I brought her here and I must see her home,' and he began to move towards me, but I ran up stairs, filled with disgust and horror, and I did not come until all was quiet.

"When I did come down everybody was

preparing to go home, all their pleasure spoiled, if it could be called pleasure, for they nearly all came with the understanding that we would have dancing but when the violin and its player had been put out doors, of course the fun was ended. I humbly apologized to Uncle Will for my share in it and I believe he will forgive me. George Morris called this morning and asked me to forgive him for making me so much trouble, but I told him plainly I would forgive him when he made a true noble man of himself. He told me he was not used to drinking and had never been in a bar room until about a month ago. I told him to see to it then never to be found in one again. He promised humbly enough that he never would, but it will be a long, long while before I will ever trust him again," and here poor Louise burst into a perfect passion of tears.

Mary let her cry on, for she thought it would give her overcharged feelings relief to shed tears. Poor child, her lesson had been hard enough, but it needs hard lessons to conquer hard natures!

"I hope Louise you will never trust him unless he should become a truly good man, I am afraid he is only sorry, because he thinks he will lose your favor. Do you care for him so much, dear?" she went on as Louise continued sobbing.

"O no, no, Mary, I have lost all respect for him, and I cannot love anyone I don't respect. You remember my foolish sentiments of yesterday? I hope I will never repeat such argument again, I am going to prayer meeting to-night, though, and with you, if you are not afraid someone will whisper, 'There is Louise Stuart. She was at the party last night.' O, Mollie, dear, I am afraid Uncle Will feels it very keenly to think I helped to stain the good reputation of his home, but truly I did not realize what I was doing. It was my first dance and please God it will be my last. I did not know that anyone would dare to take liquor to a private house as those young men did. Did you ever hear of such a thing Mary?"

"Yes, Louise, when we lived away out in the country, long ago, I remember hearing of some just such things as happened last night, but let us drop the subject now, dear Louise, and you lie down while I get tea ready and then you and I together will take a fresh start on life's road,

and we will help each other to do right. I should not be surprised but you will be profited by this experience. God is such a kind Father to bring good out of evil," so she tucked Louise in the bed and giv-

ing her a loving kiss went down stairs with a heart full of joy, and we will leave them, dear reader, to work out the battle of life, believing they will do so successfully because their trust is in God.

LITTLE THINGS.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

"Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right.
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And royal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still."

IT is the evening hour, silent and sweet
A time of reflection! The air is crisp
and bracing, while frost gems sparkle
and the snow lies over all. High above
hill and valley sails the moon, not a cloud
intervening to veil the soft light reflected
back to heaven from myriad crystals of
ice and snow, brilliant as the sparkle of
diamonds. Imagination is busy and over
the quiet valley borne upon the still air
come waves of melody, the sweet Christ-
mas chimes of "Peace on earth good will
to men." Now they wander up the dis-
tant hills and lose themselves in the crags
and crevices until, broken up and scat-
tered among peaks and depressions,
echo brings back their melody in a
thousand notes of prolonged sweetness
and harmony. Beautiful echoes! Lovely
crystals!

Longfellow has written:—

"O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light."

If we might be allowed to change the
wording we would put it,—

O little deeds of love as bright
And crystalline as rays of light!

And too, like those crystals, reflecting
back in uncounted millions of fragments,
the unmeasured love of the tender Father,
which over, above, and around all calmly,
unmoved, unturned from its purpose,
through the days, the years, and the cen-
turies sheds its light and sends its show-
ers upon the evil and the good. And
like the waves of melody broken up into
countless echoes, come floating back
softened and prolonged.

Sweet and soul-satisfying is the love of
God, but if we have never before asked
ourselves the question as to the way in
which this love is manifested, made ap-
preciable to us, let us stop long enough
to do it now.

Every morning his mercies are new,
and when the ravens cry with hunger, he
sends the parent bird, which he has made
to understand the meaning of that cry, to
give them their food. Count up his
mercies and blessings bestowed upon us
and this fact will stand revealed. They
have come to us in innumerable ways,
here a little and there a little, but not
this only; they have come to us through
the medium of others or by reflected
light.

God manifested his great love to all
mankind in the gift of his Son, and our
love to God can be shown in no way so
clearly as in kindness to our fellow man.

Little acts of kindness can be done by
all. Talent has no monopoly here and
education no precedence. The poorest
man, he whose hands are hardened and
horny with toil has it in his power every
day of his life to show to others some act
of kindness or to speak some word of
cheer to brighten the life or make lighter
the toil of some weary pilgrim upon the
journey of life.

Life, indeed, is mostly made up of lit-
tle things, little events. The great events
and changes are stationed at long inter-
vals along the road. How greatly, then,
is he the gainer, who, as he travels on,

remembers faithfully to *do* the little acts of kindness he has the power to do, to lend a helping hand in time of need or speak the kind word which shall fall like sunshine into the heart weary and worn with pain.

In a distant city a young maiden in the abundant joyousness of her own heart sat reading a paper. Not a large paper, neither a sensational one; but small and unpretending, though filled with many pure and true thoughts. As the maiden read on her heart warmed towards the toiling editor, and taking from her drawer a beautiful illuminated card, she wrapped it up carefully and sent it afar on its mission of love with the request that it be tacked up near the editor's desk. A small act of kindness, truly, in these days when beautiful prints are almost as plentiful as richly dyed leaves in autumn. But it was not destined to be weighed in a balance like this, and swiftly the westward bound train bore it upon its mission.

In a quiet room in an unpretentious little village, bending above her work, a woman sat toiling, not with the needle but with the pen. Piles of manuscript and files of unanswered letters filled up the table and above these she was bending with a careworn and anxious look and her courage seemed about failing; for in truth she was greatly perplexed and sometimes awary even unto discouragement. This, however, must not be allowed to appear, for if her mission was not to cheer and encourage others, it was nothing and her work a failure. She was not wise above others, not strong of intellect, but simply trying to do the work which seemed to have come to her hands to do. For some days an unusual depression had rested upon her spirits and perhaps not one of those who might be looking to her for a word of cheer, needed one half so badly as she.

A rap at the door and the daily mail was handed in by a neighbor. It was taken with a kindly spoken thank you mechanically and opened with far less alacrity than usual. One envelope, larger than its fellows, was left to the last; for most likely it contained manuscript not needing immediate attention.

At last, they were all opened and read. The last one had contained a bitter though covert and sarcastic reference to the work she was trying to do, the

work which moved the heart of that young girl, though a perfect stranger to her and not even of her own faith, to send her a dainty note containing words of cheer and appreciation.

And now her hand rests idly upon the large envelope, her eyes have a far away look, for the unkindness has come at a time making it seem doubly unkind, because the heart was already heavy.

She opens it and to her surprise takes out the beautiful card. It was not the lovely picture, the rose so rich and perfect in coloring nor the dainty orange blossoms so delicate in shade which brought the tears to her eyes. Not these, though lovely and perfect in their pictured beauty, but the words beneath them,—

"Peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong," came to her as from the heart of the loving Father himself.

And were they not? Was not the answer sent to Daniel by the hand of an angel, and are not human beings his messengers as well as angels? Did not God know all the despondency of her heart; all its intents and purposes and that she had need of this unexpected and sweet encouragement? May not the cheery words sent forth to others by card, by letter, by paragraphs, under the inspiration of this sweet message to her, attest at some future day the power of what we call a little thing?

A young girl came home from a day's weary round of teaching and sank into her chair beside the table on which several letters were lying. She was tired and tried in spirit, for many things combined to make her so. One of her letters was from a child, a little boy she had never known. His letter was only one among a number from other children written to the department devoted to them in a little Sunday school paper that came to them weekly. It was required of her to examine these letters from the little ones, but she was not expected to reply to each.

But something in the letter from this child touched her; something in the delicately traced lines told her that he was one of the tender flowers that could not bear the rough winds and storms of life.

He wrote of the pleasure he took in his paper, because he could not run about and play the games of hardy childhood, and, moved by a kindly impulse, she drew out a sheet of paper and wrote a little let-

ter to him, words expressing interest in him, a few questions concerning himself, a little gentle sympathy and encouragement.

The letter went its way to the unknown child and in the round of duties was forgotten by the one whose hand had penned it.

Nearly a year afterward a friend who had just been on a journey came to her and repeating the child's name asked her if she remembered having heard it. She had almost forgotten it, but slowly, vaguely there came back the memory of a little sick boy, who had been on the list of child correspondents.

That was all she could recall until the friend said, "You wrote him a letter."

"Did I?" she answered. "I do not remember."

"Yes," said the friend, "you did. I met his mother while absent, his foster-mother, and she told me of it."

And then like a golden sheaf placed in the hands of a weary gleaner who had mourned because she had toiled long and thought she held but leaves, there came the story of the delicate boy and the precious letter that he had read over and over in hours of distress. His mother said he had loved to read his little paper and the letter and to talk of the one who had given him this pleasure. The last time he read it was not long before he died.

O, that little deed of love! It occupied perhaps ten minutes of time and who can say where the waves of its influence will cease? For though it served to brighten weary hours for the little

sufferer, that was not all, perhaps not the greatest result; for did it not return to the heart of the giver after many days like "the rains returning back to their springs to fill them full of refreshment," and impress upon her mind a lesson that might be fruitful of much good to her and to others, it is a blessed thing to give love; "it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

And in it, too, is couched the lesson of patient waiting, of giving "hoping not to receive again."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply;
Heaven's eyes will watch above it,
You shall find it by and by.

"He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh
Will each act of thine remember,
Will your loving deeds repay."

The evening deepens into night and the Christmas chimes are displaced by the bells pealing forth the coming of the New Year, and as we listen to their joyous clangor reverberating through the silent arches of the holy temple of night, there comes to us a sweet clear undertone of melody and a voice is heard by the listening ear of our spirit:—

Do the thing which lieth near thee;
Just the little kindly deed;
Plant each day, in faith believing,
Of some future joy, the seed.

Thou shalt reap, fear not, nor falter,
God himself devised the plan;
All the rich gifts from his altar
Come most oft by hands of man.

Man his messenger and servant,
Man, the crowning work of God,
Man commanded by the Master,
"Walk in ways which I have trod."

PERSEVERANCE.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

We rise by things that are under foot;
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When morning calls us to light and life;

But hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And think that we mount the air on wings;
Beyond the recall of earthly things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

THOUGHT V.

DISPOSITION.

CHEERFULNESS of mind is essential to true happiness. The thinking of and doing good deeds form the sunshine of human existence. The governing of one's appetite is necessary to the production of a happy mood of being. The condition of this world is largely, if not *wholly*, due to the disposition of its populace.

The minds of many people are affected by atmospheric disturbances — bright days, bright folk; cloudy days, clouded, morose minds. This latter condition should not so obtain; for it is a weakness. Cloudy weather requires sunshine in the house, for a twofold darkened state only makes matters worse.

Business men are often found in this melancholy mood as though it would enhance their business interests and dry their rain-besprinkled customers.

Every time a person allows himself to become gloomy, peevish, and unreasonable, he betrays a mental weakness, and disturbs the equilibrium of his nervous system and does himself an injustice.

It may call for effort to resist such tendencies, but victory is only gained by that means.

It has been observed that men succeed in life as much by the control of temper as by the use of talents, and we are inclined to believe it. Equanimity of disposition is surely necessary, as the happiness and true energy of life's work depends chiefly upon this.

You will find people who see good in scarcely anything or anybody. Every ill is magnified; every trial enlarged; every sentence perverted; motives impugned. They are practically "soured" and ought to be sweetened! All this frame of mind is due largely to the cultivation of an unreasoning irritability of soul. Self-conceit of self-sufficiency, and self-complacency have to do with it. It is difficult to get along with such people; for they are usually blind and deaf to either seeing or hearing a lesson of right that may be taught them. They cast the slime of their ungenerous and unwelcome words

and actions over and about others to utter discomfort and perplexity.

If you think well of a friend, they'll seek to pervert your feelings and present a repulsive picture for your viewing. Such folk should be studiously avoided and their selfishness reprov'd.

There are dispositions like the following: Of people who smile in facing you, belittle you to your back; who will do good to the afflicted and needy, and besmirk some one's else character; and assume the robe of a charitably disposed "angel of mercy," while calumniating the life and good work of others, misrepresenting words, misconstruing actions and standing in the way of spiritual progress! Such are dangerous "friends."

Then we have the sun-lit disposition that sees good everywhere, is capable of recognizing and appreciating the good traits in all people; that is willing to overlook a fault, pass by a failure, see good intention, and put a mild interpretation upon misgivings; not hasty in rendering decisions, slow in passing final judgment; that can see sunshine behind dark clouds; that can behold mercy in a tempest, and consistency of purpose in a storm; to which the lightnings are shafts of sublimity, and the crashing thunders are but emphasized utterance of divine compassion!

We read in a work called "Holy Living," of Jeremy Taylor, what an amiable-tempered man he was. After having had his home plundered, his family put out of doors, his entire estate sequestered, he wrote these words of excellent faith and reconciliation: "I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. . . ."

And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loves all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns."

Some may say that cheerfulness is of inborn temperament, yet, even should we so admit, it can be nevertheless true that cheerfulness of mind is susceptible of *cultivation*, and where necessary, it should be. To all who profess the gospel obligation this should be the case especially.

I remember an aged brother's once relating to me of the time the Saints were driven from Far West, Missouri. Ere he and his family left Canada a former pastor, a Presbyterian, told the brother if he went after the Mormons, he would be robbed of all he had. So, upon returning to Canada with his family, he was met by this same minister who remarked: "There, what did I tell you?" "Well, they have not robbed me of all I possessed!" "What have you left?" "My family and above all," laying his hand over his heart, "my *faith* in the gospel of Jesus Christ!" Even mobocracy did not cast a cloud of gloomy doubt or distrust over his soul; there were many who could say the same.

Young people need to be of pleasant disposition; for all the world lies at their feet. Let your every footstep leave a smiling impress to cheer some one else.

If at any time we manifest an unpleasant frame of mind, I am sure there is nothing so uncalled for and unprofitable. It can do no good, improve no condition, change no circumstance, create no good. "Anger *resteth* in the bosom of fools," said Solomon. I presume it may *pass through* the bosoms of the "wise," but they are utterly *unwise* who harbor it.

There are people who create imaginary mounds, for some folks sing:—

"When I upon Mount Zion stand
And count my sufferings o'er."

They like to tell all their "trials" and "vexations;" they'll fondle all their troubles, and huddle them together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings and listens to their chirping. They will acknowledge they are unpleasant things and still prove to you that they like to drag out a lot of "horrors" and place them on exhibition! I don't like those two lines I've quoted; for I believe the

redeemed will have better things to think about and talk of aside from old musty "trials and tribulations;" there will be immortalized life, and God's glory to view; and Paul wrote: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are *not worthy to be compared* with the glory that shall be revealed in us." James wrote: "The trying of your faith worketh patience." Paul wrote: "Patient in tribulation." Patience and cheerfulness go together, alway. Irritability of temperament and patience are strangers to each other and cannot become reconciled.

The work of looking at the brightest side of things instead of the dark should be *encouraged* by everybody. We are acquainted with a young brother whose only and infant child passed away, and the writer officiated at the funeral. That young father looked through the gloom of the hour and told me there were persons present who never had heard the gospel or even one sermon of a Latter Day Saint, and he was in hope some good might reach their souls! I admired that, and prayed God to bless him.

One's temper will be tried; what is there on earth untried? 'Tis then its strength may be tested. Patient, laborious, cheerful minded men are found largely among celebrated authors, men of science and much study. It is said such were Laplace, Descartes, Newton, and others.

To bear bravely up under any calamity that may befall our career is worthy every soul-effort. It is written of one, Abauzit who was, among other matters, greatly devoted to study the barometer and its variations, having in view the deducing of general laws, regulating atmospheric pressure. He had maintained his efforts in this special direction for about twenty-seven years, his observations occurring daily the record being made on sheets expressly prepared therefor.

It happened that, on a day, a new servant who had been employed, went about displaying her good will by putting things in good order; and the professor's study came in for its share of her orderly service. But when Abauzit entered he asked, "What have you done with the paper that was around the barometer?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "it was so dirty

that I burnt it, and put in its place this paper, which you will see is quite new." The scientist stood with folded arms, and after some moments of internal struggle, in calmness of tone, he remarked, "You have destroyed the results of twenty-seven years' labor; in future touch nothing whatever in this room."

Among the things surrounding human existence conducive to cheerfulness of disposition, is the cultivation of love for the true, beautiful, and good in nature and art. The love for flowers, whose beauty and fragrance greet with salutary effect the senses of sight and smell, enlivens thoughts of admiration and provokes exclamations of pleasurable delight that cast a radiance o'er the mental temperament, and thus produce a happy result. Love for birds of sweet song or bright plumage is the cultivation of good "taste."

Music, with all its enrapturing tones of melody, the enlivening strains of sound-harmony and thrilling notes that set the soul a-whirl with ecstatic charm, coursing "every fiber of our being," grants us a foretaste of bliss beyond! Music is of divine origin, else why this image-likeness of the Infinite, possessed of such power of finger touch and lip-expression that exhibit the hidden powers of inner mind by such breakings forth of song from instrument and mouth? I feel sorry for a person whose soul remains untouched by the power of its enchanting spell!

Whate'er we may think of the harsh times in which Martin Luther lived, whate'er may have been the boldness of his exterior, and however intensified were the strong movements of his being in disapprobation of the oppression of his day, he yet found time and tenderness of feeling existing amidst it all to write: "Gayety and courage—innocent gayety, and rational, honorable courage—are the best medicine for young men, and for old men too; for all men against sad thoughts." It has been observed of him that next to music, if *not* before it, Luther loved children and flowers! Thus we find that, the great rigid man had the tenderness of a good woman's heart. A pleasant temper has a very good wearing quality. It is the sun-lit weather of our hearts. It yields harmony of soul, and is a wooing song to which no words may be set. Weary nature may be recruited by its sweet influence to new strength. A per-

son given to worry and discontent only enervates his nerve-forces and bedims his vision, darkening the mind, and making life unhappy and undesirable. The maintenance of equanimity of temper with an habitual cheerfulness enables a person to prosecute life's work with a vigor otherwise impossible to possess! So intricately are interwoven spirit with nerve that the frame of mind has much to do with the nervous condition; and anything of a physical or mental cause that enfeebles the *nervous system* produces gloominess of mind, evil forebodings; gives one "the blues," and distracts, harasses everyone with whom he may come into contact unless others should be guarded. They are like rasping files that cut into every smooth thing they light upon. People require to exercise care in this regard, and Christian people especially. For what right has a child of God to wear a frown, to scowl at everything he sees, and sputter at everyone he meets, or look like vinegar when in a prayer meeting, or "be of a sad countenance?" What is expected to be gained by such *un-christly* living? Surely the hope of immortality and eternal life cannot yield such aspects of countenance, nor sound of words.

The student will find in the writings of Homer, Horace, Shakespeare, and Montaigne, that they were men who relished life and were keenly susceptible of enjoyment; such as everyone should be. We require sunshine as well as the cloud of trying tempest. But we should remember that in nature there is vastly *more* of sunlight than of the shadow of cloud. So with us should there be, and no one holds the moral right to darken his or her own life nor that of others by unpleasant words or hateful deeds.

The eye is a wonderful organ and capable of great expression. A clear, bright, beaming eye can shed brightness and joy upon our life. It can warm cold hearts, and throw sweet melody into the ears of a sad heart; for cannot human hearts receive of song? It can illumine the darkness of ignorance and lend of lustre to the power of intellect. Without the glow of cheerful eyes, beautiful flowers would bloom in vain, and the rapturous sights of the star-lit dome remain unacknowledged. There can be no reasonable doubt that cheerfulness of dispo-

sition is a mighty source of life's enjoyment. It surely seems to be even a safeguard of character. A religious writer said: "Cheerfulness is the first thing, cheerfulness is the second, and cheerfulness is a third." The Apostle Paul evidently knew of this when he wrote the great sermon phrase: "For I have *learned* in whatsoever state I am, therewith to *be content*."

It is written of Sir Walter Scott that: "Everybody loved him." His soul, filled with "the milk of human kindness," won for him the regard and admiration of many.

Scott would say: "Give me an honest laughter."

There is a laughter of the heart that often contains more remedial power than the voice of song.

If "*much* laughter is sin," it is so because prolonged, hearty laughter is liable, and often has produced physical harm, violating a law of nature; and it is written, "*sin* is the transgression of law." O, for a disposition in everybody that can perceive a silver lining to every dark cloud!

Even the dark cloud of death has the golden beaming margin of the hope of immortality and eternal life! The grave has the promise of God's infinite opening power. Pain has its after-ease, sorrow, its music of the soul, reaching out "nearer my God to thee." O, for the cheerful reclining upon the everlasting arms that can say:—

Beneath the darkest cloud,
God's hand I see;
E'en though it be a shroud
That showeth me.

History records of Sydney Smith that "whether working as country curate or as parish rector, he was always kind, laborious, patient, and exemplary, exhibiting in every sphere of life the spirit of a Christian, the kindness of a pastor, and the honor of a gentleman."

At the time the French revolution broke out there was a Frenchman by the name of Adanson. He was a botanist and about seventy years of age. Through the conflict he passed, coming out the worse therefor from the fact that he lost his fortune, high positions, and gardens. But his courage, resignation, and patience stood by him. Cuvier wrote of him: "It was a touching sight to see the poor old

man, bent over the embers of a decaying fire, trying to trace characters with a feeble hand on a little bit of paper which he held, *forgetting* all the pains of life in some new idea in natural history, which came to him like some beneficent fairy to *cheer* him in his loneliness." After a time the Directory gave him a small pension, but Napoleon doubled it. We may note that cheerfulness and hopefulness accompany all large, healthy natures. Such are really contagious.

I once met with an aged gentleman in Northern Ohio some eighteen years ago. He was a confirmed invalid, having been confined to his iron-bound rocker for over twenty years from the effects of rheumatism, which one man declared was worse than atheism. This old man's legs were so stiffened that he could only put the right foot over on to the left ankle; raise one hand to the top of his head, the other to his mouth only; the neck was stiff; the jaw set but open about a quarter of an inch. He could read a newspaper by placing a cane through on the folded side and holding the lower corner of the other side. His food was torn in small particles. One evening I was present when he was eating his supper, and he pushed some food in his mouth and, using a case-knife to finish the injection, laughingly remarked: "Ha, ha, ha; that's the way a boy loads his pop-gun." Cheering sunshine even there! And how much more bearable such a cultivated disposition caused life to be than had he sat murmuringly there.

I once met with a lady who from spinal trouble had been confined to a wheeled chair in the daytime for seventeen years. Patient, cheerful, employed in reading, knitting, etc., she would greet a friend or visitor pleasantly. She told me of a sister who was attacked with symptoms that indicated that a like affliction was coming upon her. She asked the former if she thought she would likely come to a similar condition. The reply was, "Probably." "No," said she, "never will I suffer as you have suffered and are now suffering," and she committed suicide, so gloomy was the outlook; so lacking of cheer, and so vacant of hope. But, O, the terrible result of the harsh act!

There are persons who would fain be pretty dolls, and neither laugh nor talk

for fear of being accounted trivial. They are of the goody-goody sort, of whom Goethe once exclaimed: "Oh! if they had but the *heart* to commit an absurdity!" This, of course referred to that class of people whom he considered to lack heartiness and good nature.

Even the Lord fell not in favor with long-facedness. He said people who practiced for effect's sake "*disfigured* their faces." Be natural! Assume nothing but what you are! And *never* "be of a sad countenance" only *in part* at a funeral, possibly.

We believe "the true basis of cheerfulness is love, hope, and patience." Love cherishes hopeful and generous thoughts of others. "Its face is ever directed towards happiness." Love most surely lives in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. It may cost nothing but at times the struggling of soul-selfishness to overcome, that the ill thing may let the light of the former shine out.

There are times when good and kindly disposed conduct may meet with unfriendly return, but we should care naught for that, for if anyone can afford to act so toward you, you should certainly be able to gently bear therewith as one who *would do* good irrespective of results. You can greatly and generously afford to do so! Leigh Hunt said: "Power itself hath not one half the might of gentleness."

What better thing could Jesus have meant when he said: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," than by referring to the rich harvest of good things that grow out from seeds of cheerful dispositions? Bentham wrote: "Every act of kindness is, in fact, an exercise of power, and a stock of friendship *laid up*; and why should not power exercise itself in the production of pleasure as of pain?"

Kindness may not always find itself expressed in the bestowal of gifts, but in "gentleness and generosity of spirit." Everyone should be his own guard against small troubles, which if you encourage, are likely to grow and seem very great ones. It has been truly said that, "the chief source of worry in the world is not real but imaginary evil—small vexations and trivial afflictions." It is wiser to cast them off than to nurse and pet them, thus distressing your life's power, and unnecessarily taxing your mind

with a useless burden. If this is not done, a person is likely to become querulous, moody and unsympathetic. Your conversation is filled with regrets and rehearsals of large (?) and minor perplexities that may not interest your auditor.

Anybody who broods over his "troubles," real or imaginary, gets to be unsociable and think everyone else is that way. The way to look at all good is to view it from the *small* end of the telescope; and look upon all "ill," "trial," and "difficulty" from the *large* end, thus removing as far off as possible all such things. Progress of any type is never made by *living in the past*. If the past has not been what might have been wished for, the future lies before us full of golden opportunities.

Why should we make our breast a storehouse of pain, anxiety, and awful care? Why heave sighs, and overcharge the heart with more to bear than nature has imposed? If we do this we inflict its ill effects not alone upon ourselves but upon others as well.

This kind of a disposition cannot be encouraged by aught than mere selfishness, a selfishness void of any admixture of sympathetic consideration of those with whom we associate. Would it be too harsh to remark that it looks like "willfulness in the wrong direction?" Is it not willfulness, if we could avoid it but will not? Saint Francis de Sales wrote: "How carefully we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the cross; humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor,—all, in short, of that sort of little virtues. They, like unobtrusive violets, love the shade; like them, are sustained by dew; and though, like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odor on all around." He further observed: "If you would fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigor, and yields to softness. A mild word quenches anger, as water quenches the rage of fire; and by benignity any soil may be rendered fruitful. Truth uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire on the head—or rather throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds?"

Perthes wrote to a young man: "Go forward with hope and confidence. This is the advice of an old man, who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must stand upright, happen what may, and, for this end, we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-colored life. You may call this levity, and you are partly right—for flowers and colors are but trifles light as air—but such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time. While on earth we must still play with earth, and with that which blooms and fades upon its breast. The consciousness of this mortal life being but the way to a higher goal by no means

precludes our playing with it cheerfully; and, indeed, we must do so, otherwise our energy in action will entirely fail." How beautifully and truly expressed!

Great and good men have blessed "this world of ours;" they have cast o'er its ruined places literary flowers; poetic buds that blossom in finite minds, cheering, encouraging, and helping along struggling ones. How grandly the rays of mind-light shine out o'er all "this world of ours"! Let us say from heart and soul:—

"I am ready now to work—

To work with God, and suffer with his Christ;
Adopt his measures, and abide his means."

Be of good cheer and the Lord strengthen thy soul!

Editor's Corner.

It is the lives, like the stars which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Philip Brooke.*

As we look forth this December day upon the pure soft mantle of ermine which covers the earth like a carpet and clings to each bush and shrub, our thoughts go forward to the time when the gentle winds of the south, aided by the indirect rays of the winter sun, will cause them to melt and, mingling with the dust of the earth, they will be trampled by the foot of man and beast into the mire of the street.

Beautiful snowflakes! Spotless and pure, have you no higher destiny than this? Why did not the heavens retain you, the clouds make of you a covering or a white-winged chariot in which to ride forth in the blue dome of heaven? But I pause in my questioning; for the inner voice of my soul is speaking, and I listen and learn. Spotless and pure you fell to earth, obeying the high behest of Him who ordered your existence. When the earth has opened her cold bosom you will trickle through her unseen crevices, opening up her boundless wealth to the toiling hand of industry, and, as the rootlets of plant and shrub, bush and tree push farther and farther down, you will spring to meet them, and while being lifted by them

into the upper world, the light of day, you will impart to them the fertilizing, life-giving particles obtained from your dark and silent prison, and again in purity untouched, your heaven-given mission accomplished, you will sparkle on the tender buds of leaf and plant.

Later the glorious, life-diffusing sun will gather you up in mist and vapor to the great reservoirs of heaven, and, when the earth is parched and dry, when plant and bud are drooping, your crystal drops will come down in refreshing showers to gladden the parched earth and rejoice the hearts of its weary toilers.

Beautiful snow, spotless and pure, emblem and type of heaven's unceasing ministry to man! What lesson shall we learn from you to-day, how conform our lives to this great universal law of divine love?

Not far from nineteen hundred years ago, in the silence of night, while shepherds watched and angels sang their notes of praise, there came to the earth a little babe, spotless and pure as the fairest snowflake resting to-day upon the earth. He was not born in a palace, nor cradled beneath royal trappings, but opened his wondering child-eyes beneath the roof of a stable, where beasts of the field were sheltered. This was not an accident. Men talk of accidents, but no such things have place in the economy of God. The marvelous love and goodness of which Jesus was the type and the embodiment reached even his poor, abused but dumb creatures, if indeed it did not first begin

its silent ministry there. Dumb, but created for and given into the charge of man—man who so often abuses his trust and repays with cruel, unjust treatment their faithful services.

Let us then stop in the stable of Bethlehem long enough to learn, that, if we would be faithful to our mission as the snowflakes, followers and learners at the feet of our great Teacher, the Babe of Bethlehem, we must be kind to and recognize the rights of the humblest creature endowed with life and the power to feel and suffer.

Humble, homely lesson do you say! Perhaps, but Christ began his mission there.

How meager are the fragments of this wonderful history, and how sorely the heart often craves for more. But just as surely as the naturalist can from a single bone of a skeleton classify and name species of the animal to which that bone belonged, just so surely the incidents recorded of his later life, his gracious works and words reveal the fact that, during those years of which we have no record, those years which are lost to our sight in the distance of the ages, even as the snowflakes were lost to our gaze in the dark bosom of the earth, were filled to repletion with acts of tender, loving thoughtfulness and the life was in complete harmony with the grand and holy spirit of His mission.

He came to minister! Are we seeking to follow Him? Are we really soldiers enlisted under His banner? Here is our watchword, our rallying cry: TO MINISTER.

In our quiet corner, we feel this morning like having a little talk with you in whose interest *primarily* the AUTUMN LEAVES are published, namely: the youth of the church. This does not mean the boys and girls of tender years, but you who are verging into manhood and womanhood as well as those who have already passed these bounds but stand within hailing distance of the border land.

It is to you we come at this time and in the name of the Christ-child we ask you, What are your aims and purposes in life? Have you chosen, and, if so, have you made choice of Him? If you have done this, you have made choice of a life of service. Write it upon your banner, engrave it upon your heart. The whole broad world is before you, one vast harvest field white to the sickle, and He who agreed with you for a penny a day is saying to you, "Go work in my vineyard."

The time is past when we may use these words as applicable only to the ministry in the pulpit, for the church, the world are rapidly learning that there is a silent ministry of loving

words and gentle deeds in which all may engage, in which all must engage if they follow Christ, for his footprints are found by the bedside of pain and suffering and his gentle, loving voice comes down to us echoing through the ages, as he said to the transgressors, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." O, what depth of loving administration! What tender, yearning solicitude lest those bruised and sin-wounded feet should again stray from the narrow way into dark and forbidden paths!

You have been discussing the propriety of organizing a society which should bind together and solidify in one active energetic head all the various local societies in the church. This is well, but let us say to you that thus far the zeal and enthusiasm manifested is not adequate to the great aim had in view by this movement. The present is preëminently an age of active, energetic coöperation and, while your plan is a good one, it is but a dead body, a useless form, until you infuse into it the spirit of life and energy by examination, by inquiry, by careful investigation; and last but not least, by prompt and energetic action when the proper time for action comes. This time we understand is April, 1893, not far distant. And yet what has been done? What are you doing, or what are you contemplating doing?

The Department of Correspondence, now in charge of Sr. Eleanor, affords you a fair field for discussing the matter and offering suggestions, comparing notes, etc. In short it is a good balance in which to weigh the matter. If we might be allowed to make a suggestion we would suggest that you who are interested most deeply in this matter appeal to Elders J. F. McDowell and F. M. Sheehy for consultation and advice. The address of Bro. McDowell is 204 Fountain Street, Providence, Rhode Island; of Bro. Sheehy, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

In conclusion, let us say that whatever plans you adopt, whatever class of work you may essay, in short whatever you may do or fail to do by way of planning or organizing, make *service* the corner stone, carry it up through the foundation layer, cement it into the whole superstructure, and let it be the capstone of your edifice. Failing in this, you fail in all. Remember, however, that services differ in kind and that beauty and symmetry are found in variety.

"Right action is better than knowledge, but in order to do what is right we must know what is right;" hence the wisdom of consultation and comparing views.

IN our last issue through an inadvertent oversight, two installments of Bro. Luff's autobiography were used instead of one. No complaint has reached us in reference thereto, indeed we think all were much pleased at the circumstance, and are satisfied that our loss was your gain. To even up matters, however, we have not inserted one this issue, but will resume it in our February number.

FEELING that we made a mistake in the conduct of our magazine in departing from our rule of *payment in advance*, we wish to say to our friends, that after April 1, 1893, all subscriptions will be strictly in advance, or otherwise only by special arrangement. Our friends have from the first been very generous with us. Many have been prodigal of time and trouble, giving both cheerfully to aid the enterprise. We cannot afford any longer to expend the money thus obtained for us, in sending the magazine to many hundreds of subscribers who however good their intentions may be, never come to the point where they carry them out. The ministry will please make a note of this, as after April 1, 1893, no request to send the magazine will receive attention unless accompanied with the money or a special request for time.

To the ministry actively engaged in the field we send the magazine free, asking only that they interest themselves in helping to sustain and extend its circulation.

WE are much pleased with the subject matter contained in the letter from our young friend and brother, Elbert Smith, and we trust that he will continue the well begun work. Not only this, but that others of the young Saints may join him in the effort. Infidelity raises a high head and to those not rooted and grounded in the work brings to bear many plausible arguments. They will not, however, stand the test of the clear sunlight of God's truth. Let our young Saints, therefore, learn to focus these rays clearly upon such arguments and they need not fear the result.

WE wish to call special attention to the advertisement of Brethren Newton and Williams which is running in our magazine. Dear Saints, they are worthy and the article which they offer you is pure. This we do not believe can be said of any other baking powder on the market. Are you in the trade? Here is your opportunity to do good unto all men "*but especially to the household of faith.*"

Department of Correspondence.

EDITED BY ELEANOR.

THE compliments of the season to our correspondents, with all good wishes for a year that shall be profitable in mental and spiritual development! As we read your manuscripts we feel proud of the ability displayed in handling your subjects, and we could not help the thought that when the hands of the pioneers are called to lay down the pen what scores of worthy ones now in training, will be ready to take it up. With this knowledge how complacently we older ones can fold our hands and go to our rest.

The Department begins the new year auspiciously, the present number being rich in subjects of thought; we hope it is an omen of what we are to expect throughout the year 1893.

It is said that a visitor at the Logan reunion expressed astonishment that even our young people can talk doctrine. They certainly can,

judging from the discussion on the meat question. We would recommend that those articles be read in connection with the fourteenth chapter of Romans. We believe that the Doctrine and Covenants also recommends that fruits and vegetables, as well as meat, be partaken of in their season. What have our young people to say to that?

SISTER ELIZABETH WALLER writes: "Brothers and sisters, pray for the isolated ones that they may be instruments in the hand of God of building up his church in the places where they are scattered. I am living in a place where they have never heard the restored gospel, and I think an elder could do much good here. If one will come, we will get him a place to preach, and he will find a hearty welcome at John Waller's, three quarters of a mile south of Moreland, Michigan."

She also expresses her appreciation of Au-

TURN LEAVES, especially the Correspondence Department, and desires its continuance. She sends her subscription in advance of the expiration of her time, which is certainly an effectual way to secure its continuance.

We have been obliged to abridge some articles to insure insertion.

LAMONI, Iowa, Dec., 1892.

Dear Readers of the Department:—We, as a church, are exposed to a double attack; first by the infidel and second by the so-called Christian, the one from whom we might expect brotherly aid, had not experience taught us otherwise.

Of the two, the claims of the former are the more logical and reasonable, and the more likely to make inroads upon our faith; for the reason, that one who has embraced the true gospel of Christ, has no heart to go back to a form of godliness that in reality denies the power of God. If he loses faith in the work he loses faith in God. He who has come to a full knowledge of the plan of creation, maintenance, and ultimate salvation, cannot bring himself to reject a part of the plan and still retain his faith in the remainder. Therefore the attack of the skeptic is the more likely to have an effect upon our faith. And, as these attacks are continually being made, it is well for us to be prepared to meet them in a manner that will be, at least, creditable to our belief.

One of the strong points that we can make is that from time immemorial, man has shown a disposition to worship a creative power. This has been almost universally the case. Indeed, among the different nations and divisions of the human race that have inhabited the earth from time to time, there has been almost no exception. All worshiped some kind of a creator.

Even the savage, who could not tell whence the idea came or why, who could not give his reasons, if, indeed, he paused to question why he believed that of a necessity there was a creator. Even he worshiped the "Great Spirit." The instinct of worship was strong in his heart, as it is and ever has been in the heart of all the brotherhood of man.

Now whence comes this universal instinct, and what does it prove? In my mind the very fact that the instincts of our being lead us to believe in a God, is one of the strongest proofs that there is a God; for the simple reason that these natural instincts, whether of man or of beast, do not err. They can be relied upon at

all times, unless false education has perverted them.

You all can call to mind numberless instances that go to prove this. How surely the pigeon wings its way, over land and water, through storm and darkness or bewildering fogs with absolutely unerring instinct to the home that it had left. The plover flutters in well-feigned distress at the feet of the hunter, until she has lured him from her precious nest. The unhatched bird pecks its way through the confining shell, into the world that it has never seen. The nestling of the year, at the approach of dread winter which it has never known, wings its way to the south where it has never been. How does it know that cold freezes, that winter is coming while yet the days are balmy, that the south is warm while the north is frozen? Not by learning; not by habit; nor yet by example; but because subtle instinct points to the right thing in the right place.

We do not question the correctness of the instincts in the one case; why should we in the other? Why should we doubt this grandest of all instincts that comes to the surface sooner or later in all men, even in the skeptic who has doubted all his life until he feels death's hold tighten upon his vitals and then cries out to his God

After all, the majority of skeptics, after refusing to believe in God, because they cannot understand him, accept a belief in some law a thousand times more intangible and hard to understand. Some machine-like law of necessity that ground out everything from an atom to the universe. Something like the theory advanced by Herbert Spencer and by the poet Shelley, notably the latter, who was a pioneer into the advance ground of thought occupied by the skeptic of to-day, who says in his *Queen Mab*:—

"Spirit of nature! all-sufficing power!
Necessity, thou mother of the world!
Unlike the God of human error, thou
Requir'st no prayers or praises."

Can we not take this class upon their own ground? We evolved from a mere atom. All our instincts, all our powers, all our parts brought into being by force of necessity. To particularize: We developed powers of locomotion, because it was necessary for us to move. We developed powers of speech, laws, sciences, etc., because these things were necessary. May we not go on and say that this instinct was developed by force of necessity, that man, universally, began to believe in a creative power, because there was a creative power to believe in, and because it was neces-

necessary for them to believe in it. This would be illogical, granting for argument's sake that the skeptic's position is correct. But we do not mean to grant that it is.

We believe that this instinct is so universal because, in the beginning, man had CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE that God was his creator, that this knowledge was transmitted from father to son, as knowledge often is, ran through the whole human race and so became the instinct to believe in a creator and in a future life. That, from the time God created Adam and walked with him in the garden of Eden, the divine inspiration to believe in a creator became so grafted into the human soul that the long ages even to this day have failed to wipe it out.

And perhaps our spirits, incomplete without the body, coming from the preëxistent state bring some knowledge with them so that we have the instinct on both sides of our dual natures. Truly God hath written some things in our "inward parts."

But man needs something more complete. His own wisdom cannot find out God; that is, not in the fullest sense, as has been fully enough demonstrated in the past. The more he has tried to find out God by his reasonings *alone*, the farther he has gone from the truth.

What man needed was a revelation of God, From God! And, thanks to him of whom we write, we have received such a revelation in these latter days.

Hoping that what has been written may draw forth a few thoughts, and that the Department may be better upheld in the future than it has been in the past, I will close.

Yours,

ELBERT SMITH.

Dear Readers:—The occasion of my letter to the Department is a remark made by a young girl a few days ago. She said she did not believe God noticed little trifles of everyday life, and as, in my short experience, I have been impressed a number of times with the fact that he does, I want to tell you one of the incidents that have helped me to reach that conclusion.

I was preparing to attend the summer session of the teachers' institute, held in our county seat, and, while packing my valise, I debated in my mind whether or not I should take with me for distribution a package of tracts that I had taken home from Lamoni for that purpose.

When I reflected that I should be the only Latter Day Saint in all that large gathering and

that a natural timidity would be a hindrance to my doing the good I desired to, I mentally reasoned with myself over the advisability of burdening myself with the tracts when I was quite sure I should not have the courage to offer them to anyone and would just be troubled with them and doubtless carry every one home again untouched.

But another thought came to me, and I leave you to decide for yourself whence came these two opposite suggestions. A few weeks before I had heard Bro. Henry Stebbins use as his text to speak from, "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready and God shall send thee flax," and as I stood, tracts in hand, debating what to do, the text came to my mind and I said to myself, "Well, I will get my spindle and distaff ready. I will go, prepared to do what I can, if the way opens."

So I carried the tracts to the institute. I was made very welcome by the lady with whom I had boarded the summer before and assigned a large room on the second floor which at first I occupied alone. But on the second day at noon Mrs. B—— asked me if I would object to having a roommate. She said a young lady had applied to her and was very anxious to come but that she would refuse her if I had objections.

I assured her that I had none and that she was at perfect liberty to use the room to the best advantage. (It was a large room and had two nice beds in it.) The young lady was to come in the evening, but our young girls who have attended teachers' gatherings will be able to understand how it could come about that evening found two young ladies desiring board instead of one, two bright-faced young women, strangers to me and also to each other.

Again Mrs. B—— and I had a little conversation much like the previous one. She did not want to crowd me and I assured her that I should not be, and so it came about that we three strangers were destined for a two weeks' close acquaintance.

Our time was necessarily principally occupied with our work, but we took occasion, a few evenings later, to walk to the post office and on our way passed several fine churches, which elicited the information that one of my companions was a Methodist and the other a Baptist. They were not at all astonished when in answer to their questions I said I was a Latter Day Saint, for they knew nothing of such a church or very little more than its name.

Ever glad to find opportunity to talk on that theme, I pursued it and found the young ladies

eager listeners, so interested that we would have preferred talking in our room to going down to supper, and continued our conversation immediately on returning.

When Saturday came, we went to see an old-fashioned log house being built for a reunion of old settlers that was soon to take place. In our absence Mrs. B— went to the room to do some work and must have seen the tracts to which we had been referring during some of our talks; for in the evening as we sat at our tables busy with our books, she came up and asked me if she might have some for examination by herself and husband.

They were both finely educated people; both were teachers by profession and her request met a hearty response from me. I went down and spent that evening talking with them on the Scriptures and afterwards found a pleasure in the fact that my Inspired Translation lay upon the parlor table until the day that I left them.

As the second week began to close, the teachers in ones, twos and groups left for home and one morning one of my young friends came to me, asking if I would give her some of my tracts to take home. Very gladly I did so, and on the next day the other young lady came making a similar request, and so anxious was she that she wanted just to borrow them and offered to return them when she had read them, but you all know how I hastened to tell her I was more glad to give them to her than she was to receive them, and that I had brought them to give away.

So I distributed my tracts, and it did not occur to me, I think, until I had reached home again that truly God had "sent me the flax." Then to me it seemed all plain that he knew how willing I was in my heart, but how weak was the flesh, and he had assisted because I prepared myself to do the work and did it when he opened the way. It had not been necessary for me to offer the tracts. In each instance where I gave them, it had been in response to a request, and I choose to think that God does notice the manner in which we deliberate even upon what seem often but very little things.

One of those young ladies I have met a number of times since. For some reason she seemed to have formed a more than passing attachment for me, and as I glance up from my writing now I see the end of a little slip of paper bearing her name and address. She missed me last season from the institute and an acquaintance explained to her my absence, and she sent me her address requesting me to write

to her. That little slip says mutely to me, "Tell me more of the gospel," and I will, praying that the hand that first guided us may still so lead each that every succeeding step may bring us nearer to the truth until we stand in His presence in the fulness of light.

ANNA STEDMAN.

FIREWORKS.

One of the brightest events of the Columbus celebration in New York was the grand illumination of Brooklyn Bridge and the magnificent display of fireworks on the night of October 10. O, the very nicest Fourth of July you ever saw was pale and tame beside it. The thousands of people who were near the bridge, either on the New York or Brooklyn side, were fortunate, but there were hundreds who, while desirous of getting at least a glimpse of the grand display, were unwilling to be so far from home when the treat would be over. So we, on Jersey City Heights, had only to go a few blocks from home to secure a fine point of vantage, from which we had a good, though distant view of the beautiful show.

The towers of the bridge were illuminated during the evening, fifteen times, with red, blue, and green lights, alternately; and set over each tower in letters of fire were the dates 1492-1892.

And then the fireworks! Hundreds of rockets, and beautiful Roman candles, all colors, and great bombs which burst into clouds of beautiful silver and varigated stars. A great bouquet of rockets forming an aerial sheaf of wheat, and a battery of Roman candles forming a screen of Roman dust, called forth exclamations of admiration on all sides. At intervals, six gas balloons were sent up, two of them having aerial fireworks. There was a beautiful jewel-topped golden column and then a magnificent facsimile of Niagara Falls which fell in a splendid golden showers, said to be six hundred and twenty-five feet wide.

But the grandest sight was a cascade of silver fire from the tower at the New York end of the bridge. The grand silver torrent poured from all sides of the immense structure a distance of two hundred feet, and is said to be the grandest spectacle of the sort ever witnessed in America.

We were told we would see a statue of Columbus in fireworks, and a representation of the ship in which he sailed, but as time passed and they did not appear, a small friend who was with me made everyone about us laugh, by asking if "Columbus" had gone off yet. A

voice behind us volunteered the information that he had gone off several years ago.

But if we missed seeing the great discoverer and his ship, we saw enough to remember for a long time. And yet, as I looked, and admired the lovely effects of man's ingenuity and skill, I thought how small it all was, after all, compared with the beauties of nature that night; the vast expanse of deep blue sky, studded with millions of bright silvery stars, and the great, clear, full moon shining down on the world with a soft radiance. How lightly we look upon these glorious evidences of divine power. Because they are always with us, and are given to all of us so freely, we are unappreciative and careless. We live half our days with our eyes shut to the charms of the world God has given us; but by taking notice, and appreciating all that is bright and beautiful above and around us, the most barren life will have much to cheer and brighten it.

AGNES MOORE.

[THIS was unavoidably crowded out last month, and though now somewhat out of date we think it too good to be lost. We hope the correspondent will favor our department again. —Ed.]

St. Louis, Mo., Jan., 1893.

Once again the New Year has come; let us welcome him, even though we know not what he brings. We are willing to trust that to a higher power, and what remains for us to do is to strive bravely.

Some adopt new resolutions on this day; it is a good idea. Let us then make this resolution, that we will do our quota of work towards sustaining this Department. How many are there of you who have never written? How many of you who would like to write but fear they can say nothing interesting? Nonsense! Write with a prayerful heart, and it cannot but prove to be so.

Young people, this Department *must* be continued. I say *MUST*, because there are plenty of you to do it; then why not try? Write once, write again, and it is with this as with all other accomplishments, practice makes perfect. It behooves you, as young people; it is your duty to assist in the progress of this particular division. It is your own sphere; here you can come, express your thoughts, and not fear the criticism of the older folks, but listen, criticism, when just, and combined with charity, is a tonic, an incentive, and those who point out your mistakes, with an encouraging nod, are your very best friends. Why, bless your

hearts, children, you need it; it is the very best thing for you when properly given. You want to improve; you do not want to stay in the same old rut, year in and year out. You want to grow intellectually and unless you improve your opportunities you will not. And here is an opportunity. What you intend to do will never benefit you; what you do do is what counts. I know that there are hundreds of noble young men and women in this church, who are able to take up this work, and I hope that if this catches their eye, that the words will sink deep into the innermost recesses of their minds. Let some of the enthusiasm which now pervades me penetrate into your very soul, and arouse you to life, to activity, to work.

I am convinced in my own mind, that it is mere thoughtlessness on your part my children, that you neglect this part of your DUTY. It is a duty, and I wish all, all of you would look at it in this light. You can do good, you must. Start right now, and each one of you strive to make it interesting. Young people generally possess a greater portion of energy and push than us older ones, and we want to see you exhibit it in this line. It will make us feel young again, and bless you, we will be young and enjoy the fruits just as much as you, and let me tell you, if you do do your share, the Master will bless you with that peace which the world cannot give. It passeth understanding.

An apology; perhaps as an elderly person I have no place with you, but was constrained to write you, and I know you will forgive my short visit. I trust it will do good.

As I conclude there floats before me a picture of all of you; you who are going to write, who are willing and will contribute to these columns. God bless each of you, and may you at last be gathered into the Holy City whose King is the Christ, Immanuel! A happy, happy New Year.

LANARK, October, 1892.

Dear Readers:—It is not with any selfish motive in view, but rather that you might be encouraged to do as God wills that we should, that the writer assumes the privilege of criticizing the first letter in the "Department" in the November number. It appears to me that he finds a conflict between Paul and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants in regard to eating meat, and would have us believe that Paul was right and the Doctrine and Covenants was wrong in the manner of eating meat.

The Word of Wisdom does not require us to refrain entirely from eating meat. "And it is

pleasing to me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold or famine." Our feelings are not the judge in this matter, if so, the use of tobacco, liquor, and even the gratification of the lusts of the flesh and many other wrongs might be justified.

Who knows best in the matter, the Infinite One, who designed and made man, the most wonderful of His creations, or weak, puny man whose ignorance of himself is so great that language cannot express it? It is a very simple proposition. Is it true or false? If the latter, then the whole latter-day work is a farce, and not worthy of honest men's consideration. If the former, we should not be apologists for what God has said, but defenders of every word that he has uttered.

"Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled."—D. C. Sec. 1: 7. The brother says his personal experience has not taught him that meat has in any way injured him. In order for us to know that to be an absolute fact it would be necessary for him to demonstrate that his knowledge of the human system is so great that it would not be possible for him to err in judgment. The writer might offer his experience in evidence, but it would be worthless if in conflict with what God has said. For fifteen years I have observed the Word of Wisdom, but, no doubt, not in its entirety, and in that time have not lost one week's work because of sickness; and in that time have worked among many hundreds of men nearly all of whom have lost much time, and I was a daily witness of their violation of that word.

Let us believe like Paul that God is true, though every man is a liar.

Your brother,
PAUL PARKER.

MACON, MO., Oct., 1892.

Dear Readers:—It not infrequently happens that we are satisfied with a thing and accept it to be a fact, with no further investigation than of the thing itself; it appearing reasonable, it never occurs to us to make an examination from a different point of view.

Sometimes we are indifferent to more extended research because an inner feeling tells us that something is true. But, in an unexpected moment, when there is no time for reflection, this ignorance, being unprepared to give a basis in all directions for one's convictions, may, and often does, result in mortification and defeat.

Hence it is, that criticism becomes a healthful and essential factor, stinging, as it is does, our pride, that the wisdom of our belief is doubted, and the object of our loyalty depreciated, we are spurred to a deeper examination for defense that results in a better understanding than we might have ever otherwise acquired.

To some little extent, such was my condition upon reading a certain letter in November's *Autumn Leaves*, in which the writer expressed dissatisfaction with a comparison with the Scriptures of that portion of the Word of Wisdom regarding meat. Since looking into the matter more thoroughly, my faith in the divine authenticity of that revelation, in its accordance with Scripture, in its entirety (I could not accept one part of it, if I had to reject some other) is, just in proportion to my examination, further strengthened.

The scriptural passage that causes the writer's doubt is 1 Timothy 4:4 and reads thus: (1) "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; (2) Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared as with a hot iron: (3) Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to receive with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. (4) For every creature is good and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."

We must all acknowledge that we sympathize with a young gentleman who does not wish to get himself into a class that "forbid to marry," etc. But I don't believe that the Apostle Paul meant to identify him with such, for, from personal acquaintance with Bro. "Archy," I believe he has no intention of ever becoming a Catholic priest.

To this class of celibates and to their parent church do these inspired statements refer, I believe. So many other references, each differently worded but of similar nature as "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith" occur in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; and at the head of the chapter one index says, "Paul telleth the apostasy," and this apostasy and all such allusions to it are commonly interpreted as referring to the papal or Roman Catholic church.

Setting this aside, let us see if the statements in question do not themselves indicate to whom they refer. "Forbidding to marry." Where, in our doctrine, is there any command given

that any shall not marry save one wife, and I do not think Paul believed in any more.

The Catholic Church makes celibacy of its clergy imperative, so much so, that "a marriage contracted after ordination is invalid by the church law."

"Commanded to abstain from meats." That word *command*—is it used once either in fact or sense in the entire Word of Wisdom, or is there any sentence that could be given the construction of a command?

But it does say, "I have warned you and forewarned you" (not commanded). Also, "And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, [of the gospel,] shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge," etc.

For those who are not satisfied with mediocrity in spiritual things, for those who have caught a large portion of the real spirit of the gospel with its elevating, inspiring influence, the Word of Wisdom comes as a welcome ray of light, revealing laws of nature by which health may be preserved and disease guarded against, the mind cleared and the understanding brightened, laws by which the sincere may receive more of wisdom, of divine favor, and draw into closer communion with the Father.

"Given for a principle with a promise," bearing out in its every sentiment the great principle of God's dealing with man, *free agency*.

In striking contrast is the edict of the Pope to his subjects, "Meat shall not be eaten on Wednesdays, Fridays, nor during Lent."

This performance is not required as a benefit working principle continually, either physically, mentally, or spiritually. Neither is it advised as a resort in time of trial and perplexity, but is a sort of sacrifice, empty and purposeless.

Nevertheless, the Catholic devotee must, ignoring his own willingness, go through this prescribed form, regardless of any sensible desire for spiritual favor, or what his condition may be to appreciate such and feel its influence. The one eagerly seeks a promise; the other mechanically complies with a command. To whom did the apostle allude?

In 1 Timothy 4, a portion of the third paragraph reads thus in reference to meat: "Which God has created to be received with thanksgiving of them that shall believe and know the truth." A corresponding passage in the Word of Wisdom reads, "Yea, flesh also, of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord hath ordained for the use of man, with thanksgiving. Nevertheless they are to be used sparingly."

This quotation is in substance the same as that found in Timothy and seems more explanatory of that particular assertion of Paul's, "Received with thanksgiving of them that shall believe and know the truth."

Paul here signifies that there was an underlying secret, something not commonly understood, something only known fully by "them that shall believe and know the truth." From this we infer that there was something yet to be explained at which he had only hinted.

The Word of Wisdom in reference to the use of meat, explains that something to which he alluded, and, it seems to me, completes the instruction begun by Paul.

The fourth paragraph reads, "For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving"

To assume that "every creature" of God's creation is good for man's consumption so long as his use of them is accompanied with a spirit of thanksgiving merely, is manifestly absurd. We believe that all things were designed for the use of man, but in their proper place and way.

When the cultured and enlightened European landed upon the shores of the great American continent, he found people that were wild and savage as the brute animal whose forest companions they were, and he found that like them, these people ate raw flesh.

The disposition of the brute differs to the degree that it is carnivorous or herbivorous. A change from meat to grain diet has a wonderful influence on an animal constituted by nature to live on the former. Professor Leibig says: "A bear, kept in the anatomical department of this university, exhibited a very gentle disposition as long as he was fed exclusively on bread. A few days feeding with flesh rendered him savage, prone to bite, and even dangerous to his keeper."

Meat inflames the blood, stimulates the passions, and especially in children, appeals to the animal propensities.

One of our authorities is of the opinion that the use that is made of animal food is and always has been, one of the greatest causes of the pugnacity that has always characterized man, even in the higher, more refined conditions of life.

He further says, "The excessive use of animal food is a great social evil; it is sinful, and leads man to forget his present duty and his heavenly destiny because it excites those lower faculties which are so prone to dethrone reason."

We have taken brief notice of a few scientific

beliefs, of the Word of Wisdom, and the Bible; we have compared them, and placing the three side by side, we can find but one chord, and that—harmony.

LOUISE PALFREY.

LATTER DAY SAINTS' LITERARY EXCHANGE FUND.

Amount to date, December, 1892.	\$1 20
Arthur Adame, Minn.....	\$2 00
	<u>2 00</u>
Amount to date, January, 1893.	<u>\$3 20</u>

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

A loving heart counts more than lavish gifts.—*Quarles.*

Ring on O bells in the steeples
In honor of Jesus' birth:
Let the music of your message
Encircle all the earth.

Sing it on Christmas morning,
The grand old song again,
"Glory to God in the highest!"
"Peace, and good will to men!"

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

"Peace on earth good will to men." If this song of the angels has found a meaning in our hearts, we must let it flow out to others in loving thoughtful deeds as well as words. Let us think of the year just going. Have the loving thoughts, with which our hearts were full last Christmastide, borne fruit? Have we done what we could, remembering that "it is more blessed to give than to receive"?

This applies not only to the giving of gifts in this happy season but in a greater degree to the Christ-kindliness which we should show to all, at all times. Some one has wisely said, if the blessing of a great joy or a great sorrow come to us, it is doubtful whether they prove a blessing to us, or fulfil the purpose of their mission, unless they teach us to be more Christ-like to others, help us to have more of the gentle compassionate Spirit of the Master.

Memories of harsh words, unlovely actions, and neglected opportunities unrepented of are not pleasant notes to ring out in the accompaniment of this song of "Peace on earth."

If these are not ours, then can we say joyfully, and with full hearts, as did Tiny Tim "A merry Christmas to us all my dears. God bless us every one."

WHAT TO GIVE GRANDMA AND GRANDPA FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is hard to select presents for those who have passed the "sunny" side of life and who no longer take an active interest in its frivolities, its fads, and its changes of fashion.

Grandma and grandpa are dear old people, with hearts as young as the youngest and minds capable of enjoying everything. But one can scarcely expect grandpa to begin wearing a new style watch chain in a new way, nor will grandma want a set of the new fangled hairpins.

"Such things are pretty on young people," say grandma and grandpa, with a smile and a sigh. "But—the old way is best for us after all."

What then, can one select for the occupants of the arm-chair? What can one give them which will be just the thing needed for comfort and luxury?

To begin with, a clock is always an acceptable present. It need not be an expensive one, as long as it has a big, plain face, and a pair of hands which point out the time a long way off. Do not get a loud ticker and do try to find one which will run a week without winding.

Both grandma and grandpa like nice pocket handkerchiefs. Notice the kind which seems to be a favorite with grandpa, and get him half a dozen just like them with his initial done in big letters upon one corner. Let grandma's be of lace as delicate as you can afford.

Grandpa does not care for many ornaments, but he is fond of a nice necktie. Get him one or two, just like those he usually wears and give them to him with a gold letter pin standing for his last name, which can be used for a scarf pin if he fancies it.

Always humor grandpa's tastes a little, because he probably knows to a nicety what pleases him, and it is kind and delicate to fall in with his wishes.

Grandpa probably has a cane. But has he a nice black silk umbrella? Has he a storm-coat? Does he own a pair of the new kind of high cloth overshoes? Has he a pair of lined gloves for cold weather? Has he a cap which sets snugly on his head when the wind blows?

Notice the styles in these things, gently sound his tastes and buy accordingly.

A cup and saucer, an oatmeal set, a handsome goblet, a handsome plate for fruit, ornaments for his table and nice, warm foot-rugs are very sure to be appreciated by him.

So much for grandpa!

Grandma likes neck trimmings, if they be after her style. Observe and select the right things. Take a gold dollar and have your initial put on it. Have it made into a pin and you may be sure grandma will treasure it as long as she lives.

Give grandma a few yards of fine broad lace for her cape, her neckerchiefs, or her aprons. Buy material for a pretty house dress for her

and let her have the pleasure of making it up into a gown.

If she has no chair of her own in the dining room, give her one which shall be more comfortable, perhaps, than the dining chairs. Give her an individual set of pretty plates, cup and saucer, and butter-dish for her own use. Notice if she has plenty of cushions and footstools in her room.

Give her three or four pots of hyacinths not yet bloomed, or if she be a semi-invalid, a bird in a golden cage or, mayhap, a jar of gold-fish would interest her.

Grandma loves pretty pictures. A sweet-faced child in a white frame. A group of graceful pets or an etching of something quaint and interesting—all these things please her.

There are little creature-comforts, too, of which grandma is very fond. She could make use of a tiny gas stove for warming teas and broths. And a broth-cup, with a saucer which fits on top, is sure to be treasured. Warm, soft slippers, gay to behold, lambs' wool petticoats, snug woolen jackets and great downy robes for the bath are deemed very delightful for grandma, who should have every simple luxury.

Both grandma and grandpa have foibles. You probably know what they are. Watch for them and then it will be easy to select your gifts—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

"The home decorator, who fully understands the variety and the possibilities of decorative art, may be fitly said to comprehend the poet's meaning of

"Sermons in stone,
Lessons in running brooks,
And good in everything.

Glass cases for jewelry, gloves, letters, handkerchiefs, photographs, or odds and ends, are used; cut pasteboard patterns, the exact size of the various pieces of glass required, and have a painter cut by them rather than by measurements, for in this way a more accurate result will be obtained. If the case is to be used for jewelry, make it triangular in shape, cutting but two patterns—one for the top and bottom and one for the sides. If the case is for handkerchiefs, it should be nearly square, while for gloves it should be a narrow oblong. Bind the edges of the glass with inch-wide ribbon, being careful to make the ribbon perfectly smooth, particularly at the corners. Tack the bound pieces of glass in the shape desired by stitching over and over at the corners, this joining being quite sufficient to hold the box in shape, and hide the stitches by tacking a tiny bow of ribbon over each corner. Cover four bullet-shaped buttons with the ribbon, and sew one to each corner of the bottom to serve as a leg. For jewelry, place a tiny pad in the bottom of quilted silk."

COMFORT CUSHIONS

"Are intended especially for the use of invalids or feeble persons who drive much, and they are well-chosen gifts for those whose need for

them is apparent. They are square pillows of the softest down, and are covered with scarlet or gold satin with a loop of ribbon on one corner to carry them by. And there are cushions of dark green silk stuffed with pine needles, and needing no other label than the 'odor of fir and balsam' to proclaim their use."

"A pretty pincushion is made by covering two pieces of cardboard, letter size, with white silk, carefully joining the edges together and painting in black paint, or painting in gold on the back the name and address of the one for whom it is intended. The pins are stuck around the edges, and it is made to further resemble a letter by having the exact marks of a registered letter copied upon it."

"For portieres and bookcase draperies the imitations of Eastern work, are very pretty. They are made in stripes, joined together, like the Bagdad draperies which they remotely resemble.

"The stripes are made of a coarse, plain, worsted material which is sold for covering cheap furniture. Each stripe is six inches wide with a narrow hem on each side, except in case of the pieces which have one selvage. It is desirable to buy single width goods for the sake of obtaining more selvages. A variety of colors is necessary; light and dark blue, scarlet, dull orange and cream, are colors that combine well, and there may be two stripes of each.

"After the stripes are hemmed, decorating them will be pretty 'catch up' work, as close attention to detail is not needed after the idea is once grasped that it is railroad work, and the longer stitches that can be employed in carrying out the design the better. Crewels are to be used, and the color of one stripe is to be used in the decoration of another, except on black and cream; in that case a mixture of several colors may be used. The stitch is simply an enormous exaggeration of the varieties of herringbone or briar stitch, and by examining a crazy quilt, enlarging from the copy sufficiently to nearly occupy the width of the stripe, as many and as pretty patterns will be found as are necessary. Some of the designs will be close enough to keep in place, but where the stitches stretch very far, the same pattern reduced or another smaller one should be run through the center of the large one. By turning over a real Persian rug and copying the outline of some portions of the border, very handsome patterns can be found, which, if impossible of execution in the crazy work stitches, can be followed in long loose outline stitch.

"When the stripes are all decorated join them with light brown druggist's cord, threaded into a worsted needle. Take an overhand seam over a coarse steel knitting needle, which you will pull out whenever you reach its end in sewing the pieces together. The object of putting in the knitting needle is to make the loose open seam between the stripes, which is a feature of the genuine Oriental hangings."

212

s. II. 381, 825, 748.
Andante pastorale.

ECSTASY. 4-6s & 2-8s, or H. M.

JOHN TULLIDGE.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante pastorale'.

- System 1:** Features a melody in the treble staff with notes numbered 1 through 6. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.
- System 2:** Continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes notes numbered 4, 5, 6, and 7. A marking 'H. M. 5' is visible.
- System 3:** Further development of the piece. The treble staff includes notes numbered 6, 7, and 8. A marking 'H. M. 5' is also present.
- System 4:** The final system on the page, continuing the melodic and harmonic lines with notes numbered 6, 7, and 8.



ANCIENT CRYPT IN NORMANDY.

My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine.

—Tennyson.

AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 2.

WHITTIER AND TENNYSON.

WITHIN a few weeks two great poets have passed from the ranks of the living to the life beyond. Each in widely different ways voiced, as poets may, the hopes, doubts, fears, or ultimate trust and faith of nineteenth-century thought. Born within two years of each other and dying within a month, there seems enough relation between the American John G. Whittier and the Englishman Alfred Tennyson to warrant some thoughts on the resemblances and still more important differences in their characters and their work.

Whittier was the older. Born in 1807 when there was no American literature worthy the name, it was a rare good providence that early put into his hands the homely melodies of Robert Burns. Turning his disadvantages to his gain, as many a man born in poverty has done, young Whittier early mastered a homely, rugged style. He had much of the fire of the later Hebrew prophets, whose thought pervaded his writings, as it was the fountain where he first drew his strength. The English poet was a scholar. He had more of the sense of melody that may be thought essential in a poet. Yet it seems sometimes as if Tennyson's advantage in this had been turned to loss, and that his fancy was the slave, not the master, of the melody he loved to make. Much of his poetry seems the play of a *dilettante*. Even the lightest touch of Whittier's fancy bears the earnest purpose of a master-workman. All of Whittier's work is characterized by intense earnestness, and this atones, in the eyes of the masses, for defects which critics note. His verses are alive. We do not expect the faultless, smooth immobility in living man or woman, that is the especial merit marble statues may attain.

The apparent lack of earnestness in much that Tennyson wrote, detracts from its value in the estimation of a people where "art for use" counts for more than "art for art's sake."

Tennyson's genius, like that of most English poets at the beginning of this century, was inspired by Byron. He was an admirer of the great lyric poet, whose personality impressed all it touched, and whose genius winged his words wherever the English language was spoken. Tennyson has told how profoundly the death of Byron affected him. It occurred before he was twenty years old, at a time of life when genius is most susceptible. When he learned of Byron's death he wrote: "Byron is dead! I thought the whole world was at an end! I thought everything was done and finished for everyone! that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved 'Byron is dead!' in the sandstone."

No one can fail to see traces of the Byronic fashion of morbid thought in this remarkable incident. To Tennyson's impressible nature the memory of Byron was a spell never afterwards wholly thrown off.

The death of Arthur Hallam occurred in 1833. He was a college mate of the poet, and was engaged to be married to Tennyson's sister. He was two years younger than the poet. How profoundly this death affected Tennyson may be guessed from the fact that it sent him for seventeen years into comparative seclusion, and affected the entire current of his after life. "In Memoriam," embalming Arthur Hallam's memory, was completed in 1849 and published a year later. Of necessity this poem is morbid, the product of a mind partly unbalanced by sorrow, and expressing this sorrow to

the world as no writer had ever done before. It is the rule of originality that a writer must put something of himself in his work; but Tennyson turned himself spiritually inside out, so that people witness the contortions of his mind much as the accident to Alexis St. Martin a generation ago exposed his digestive organs and enabled curious doctors to note the hidden processes of digestion. It was a sight fit only for doctors to see. In Tennyson's case, too, there was much doubt at the last whether what was recorded was the normal process, unaffected by the exposure. The doctors generally agreed that the process of digestion was probably interfered with by exposing the digestive organs to unnatural condition. Certainly thousands have borne as great sorrow as did Tennyson, and have come through suffering to greater strength and clearer faith than did the author of "In Memoriam."

Before the death of Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson was full of the aspirations and hopes which properly mark young manhood. He was in step with the liberal progressive spirit of the early part of the nineteenth century. That death came as a pall to his hopes. He lost step with his time, and became to a certain extent morbid. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" marks his earlier radicalism. In "Locksley Hall" there are signs of a conflict between the lower and higher elements of his nature; but in the end the higher nature barely triumphs. It is the human experience of duality that is found as far back as the Zoroastrian philosophy, and whose expression has always been a favorite subject with the poets. Whittier's great poem, "The Voices," is based on the idea of duality. It is superior to "Locksley Hall," nor is it hard to distinguish in what this superiority lies. The young English poet recounts his temptation under a rejected love to put behind him the ennobling refinements of civilization, and in barbarism lead a life of sensual pleasure. This has been the temptation of millions when purer love was not for them. Though he put the temptation behind him with the scornful line—

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay,

he has himself told us why:—

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye
could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be.

Whittier's was a nobler temptation. It was rather from ambition appealing to the higher part of his nature than sensualism appealing to the lower. And "the voice" that Whittier heard was not an airy vision that must seem only half real either to himself or others. It was the awful voice of God through his conscience, calling him to his work, which, when once heard can never be forgotten. So while Tennyson could become a *dilettante*, this was impossible to our greater American poet, with his call to sacrifice his life for human good. It is not irreverent to say that Whittier's conscience is the same voice that eighteen hundred years ago replied to like temptation with the scornful words, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was in each case the voice of Love indignantly refusing to accept worldly honors to the sacrifice of the poor and lost, and choosing rather to be the sacrifice for their salvation. Contrast anything in "Locksley Hall" with this voice of God as heard by the poet Whittier in spurning his great temptation:—

Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

* * * *

The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

What is it, that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won:
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Whittier, in common with the early anti-slavery agitators, thus giving his life for the poorest of God's children found the promise true. The life lost for love's sake was returned in more abundant

measure than he could have dreamed when driven from the city by a Concord mob of its most respected and wealthy residents in 1835. Tennyson by his long searching had not found out God. He could only reach to—

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
"Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

And again—

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Against this cry, almost of despair,
rings the strong, clear voice of Whittier
in the "Eternal Goodness"—

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

Well may men say of Whittier, "Whence had this man such faith." It is Job's faith over again. "Though he slay me yet will I trust him," and Whittier's faith, like Job's, came from a life stripped of all save God. Whittier's career shows how surely spiritual strength grows as does that of the physical system by use and exercise. Early in life he took upon himself the burdens of an oppressed race, and as life advanced his sympathies broadened until his heart went out to the struggling poor and the downtrodden of every land and clime. Tennyson vainly sought perfect comfort for his personal bereavement. Whittier found happiness under far heavier burdens. Over and over again he has spoken of his life as one of great happiness. Well it might be, filled with God's peace even when all men were against him. He might say with Paul, "At my first answer no man stood with me; but all forsook me and fled." Yet he could also add as did Paul, "Howbeit the Lord was with me and strengthened me." One of Mr. Whittier's most touching personal reminiscences is his hymn for the celebration of emancipation at Newburyport in 1865.

Not unto us, who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us weak, and frail, and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became.
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our love for man and trust in God.

The hymn closes thus:—

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light;
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! is thine alone.
In thy own way thy work is done!
Our poor gifts at thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory, first and last!

It was because Whittier loved all men that he had this strong faith in the final dominance of love. Whoever sees this, not merely sees God, but has the strength that only God can give. There is no need in Whittier's case to indulge idle fancies that his life had suffered personal bereavement out of which had grown his faith. Such fruit could not be produced except by that broad sympathy which included all mankind, and that could make the bold appeal as did the Apostle Paul, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"

Tennyson is not to be judged by contrast with Whittier, but by the adverse conditions of his age and time. No man can hope to escape these conditions save as he early grasps the arm of the Almighty love that it would be blasphemy for human thought to think of conditioning. Contrasted with what preceded him, Tennyson's weaker faith seemed bold and daring. It may even have been helpful to Whittier in reaching his own loftier flights. We cannot forego our gratitude to Tennyson for the measure of religious truth he taught mankind in his song.

Politically Tennyson contrasts more poorly with Whittier than he does in his

faith. Tennyson lost step with the forward march of mankind. Like Moses from Pisgah, he saw the future in vision, but d'd not enter the promised land. The promised future is not so far advanced in England as it is here. Whittier lived in the enchanted grounds of Bunyan's pilgrim in his latter years, but he knew that yet greater glories were coming. Tennyson wrote in early manhood these lines to Lady Clara Vere de Vere:—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

And then in his old age he was pleased to be made Lord Tennyson, and sit and vote among the hereditary rulers of Great Britain. He wrote in "Locksley Hall" of the Coming Federation of the World, and lived to become the implacable enemy of Home Rule for Ireland and an opponent of what is yet to be the Federation of Great Britain, and ultimately may hope to become a part of the Federation of all English-speaking peoples.

All this was, in Tennyson's case, the fearful cost of centering his thought about his personal bereavement. It gave us "In Memoriam," truly the pearl of monodies, but like a pearl a product of morbid conditions. An oyster's existence may well be sacrificed to produce a pearl. Though the pearl that Tennyson has given the world is far more valuable, it is a pity that a human life should be marred to make it.

The world will never outgrow Whittier's thought, because it is based on pure love for mankind. The world never can outgrow that. Other things may fail, but love is from God; love is God, and God endureth forever. But England has already outgrown so much that Tennyson in his later years lived for, that it is generally believed there will be no successor to his post as poet laureate. His lines are, and always will be, valuable as expressing in beautiful and melodious language ideas that the world has outgrown, or is outgrowing, but he will hardly be a teacher of future thought. His eyes turned not to the golden future that Whittier's clear-eyed faith saw. He rather faced the gilded past. As evidence of Whittier's forecast of the coming good, there is nothing finer in any

poet than his hymn "My Triumph." These verses men and women may sing a thousand years hence:—

Hail to the coming singers:
Hail to the brave light-bringers:
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples.
Sound, trumpets far off blown;
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

The lesson of these contrasted lives is that there is no consolation for sorrowing hearts like work, especially as the poet Whittier found it in work that helps mankind. It is not alone that work absorbs the faculties and prevents brooding over past sorrow; a thrill of keenest exultation rightly belongs to all who, in even the humblest capacity, are doing what they may to fulfil the round of human duties, make the earth warmer and sweeter, and human lives everywhere better worth living. Such men and women, wherever they be, are coworkers with God, and, workers with God, come in time to share the divine strength and with it the belief in the ultimate extinction of evil or its transmutation into good.

Mrs. Stowe in "Dred," a tale of the Great Dismal Swamp, written before the war, tells a beautiful and true story of Milly, an old colored woman who had escaped after serving years in bondage and after all her children had been sold from her. She worked hard in her old age, spending her money to bring up and send into the world, with all the advantages she could give, as many colored children as she could secure. "You see," said she, "dis yer's de way I took to get my heart whole. I found it was getting so sore for my chil'en I'd had took from me, 'pears like the older I grow'd the more I thought about 'em; but long's I keeps doing for chil'en it kinder eases it.

I calls 'em all mine; so I's got a good many chil'en now."

This poor colored woman had found the secret of happiness so long as sin and sorrow exist in the world. It consists in labor to help men to better, higher lives. In this effort God and all good angels are engaged. Who, then, can prevent its final success? Who, too, shall dare doubt the happiness and success of lives thus engaged in cworking with God, the Almighty love?

But Tennyson also, though in lesser degree, in earlier life grasped this thought. Perhaps a hundred years hence the two lines of "Locksley Hall" that will be most widely quoted will be these:—

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

So, then, love overcoming self was the earlier Tennyson's ideal. Alas! how few of us realize or even recognize in later life the ideals of youth. He who would do so must subordinate self and strive for that which will ennoble and uplift others. Byron learned this truth; he sacrificed self to establish Grecian liberty, and died a martyr to freedom, redeeming in that sacrifice much of the evil that his verse had done. All mothers know this happy secret. It helps to sustain them in the dark hours that come to all. Revery is not sacrifice. Introspection, if carried to extremes, is morbid and injurious. But in working for human welfare the highest energies of the soul may be employed without waste or loss of power. No rust can corrode a life based on love for one's fellow men, practically exemplified in work to better their condition.

The most remarkable modern religious movement is the instance on subordinating dogmatic faith to the practical faith that works by love in efforts to benefit humanity.

Human progress thus far has been largely made through overcoming evil. Had there been no holding of men and women as chattels under the slavery system that a generation ago prevailed, such a mission as Whittier's would have been impossible. Sweet singers will come after him, but none can every take his place. The advance of humanity in the past half century is an earnest of

greater things to come. As Whittier wrote in one of the most prophetic strains:—

O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holler shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

The faith, hope, and in fact the future humanity will doubtless be greater every way than men of the present day can realize, even as they are now greater than in the past. But every advance that future witnesses will owe much to these poets and prophets of the nineteenth century. The later years of Mr. Whittier were filled with the happy consciousness of this future of mankind to which he had contributed all that was possible for one life to give. In his earlier years his tone was belligerent, even almost to defiance. He had his message to deliver, his work to do, for the poor and oppressed. Yet even then his belligerency was based on love. It was like the fierce defiance of the lioness guarding her young, or, rather, like a mother battling for her children; for over all the oppressed Whittier's love seemed like that of a woman for her child.

But when the chain was broken and the oppressed were freed, he who so long had been their champion was given the sweet rest and peace that the voice of God bespoke for him at the close of his poem "The Voices":—

Hast thou not, on some week of storm
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of thy tent of prayer?

So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of delight.

Into this Sabbath of delight both Whittier and Tennyson have entered; for the ideal of Tennyson, also, was the Almighty love that

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
passed in music out of sight.

The difference was that while Tennyson sung as an ideal the elimination of self, Whittier realized it in his work; and as to do is more than to sing, Whittier's was the nobler life. Yet, doubtless, the American worker owed much to the English singer. How large a part of the modern spirit of self-sacrifice is owed to this line from "Locksley Hall" only the future will reveal. It has been the inspiration to millions of men and women, and of uncounted noble deeds.

It is most curious to note the boyish shyness and disrelish of praise for himself that came to Mr. Whittier in the closing years of his life. It is ever thus. A great work to do, a great message to deliver, makes men bold. But after the work is done and the message delivered, the soul by that fact rises to new heights and sees vaster vistas of God's work in the world. He must needs become as a child again, and say, "These things are

too wonderful for me," as he takes refuge in the infinite love that we have been taught to call "Our Father."

There is in the line from "Locksley Hall" about love striking out the chord of Self a subtle suggestiveness that haunts men's minds until the riddle be solved. Does not the passing away, so nearly together, of these two great poets, one the sweetest singer of his time, the other a worker of a great poem in his life, as in his words, suggest what the answer must be? Both have gone beyond mortal vision. But they have gone to the land where the clear-eyed vision with which our Bible closes saw innumerable hosts singing songs of praise. Is it wrong for those who loved Whittier and Tennyson to think of them as not idle in their new homes, already, mayhap, engaged in the old familiar work, but now writing new songs for angelic choirs, to be set to more melodious music than has ever been heard by mortal ears?

William J. Fowler, in December Arena.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY ADDIE GRAY.

KIND READERS:—

MAY the same Spirit that prompts me to write this, my experience, manifest to those who may read it that it is true. My calmest and most peaceful thoughts are how I may attain to that glorious resurrection and the life that characterizes and is incident to such an end.

When I was a child about thirteen or fourteen years of age, there was a Methodist revival in the neighborhood where I lived with my father and mother. I attended regularly, as it was near; for the little church was built upon father's farm. I thought, as I listened to the preaching night after night, that I would like to become a follower of the Savior, and when I would remain in their classmeetings and listen to the experiences of others, I would think of the many hundreds that belong to the many denominations. I would wonder if they were all converted people, for the word *converted* seemed a very large one to me. I thought that it included morality in its widest sense and all the Christian graces and virtues

(as near as the erring children of earth could keep them) that distinguished our Savior from many of the apparently zealous worshipers of God in his day.

In the fall I went to live with my aunt at a distance of about eighty or ninety miles, so I met no more with them in classmeeting. But, as years rolled by, my desire grew stronger to receive a knowledge of the existence of a God and a Savior in whom I believed; for we must "believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." But I both saw clearly and understood the wide difference between a belief and a knowledge.

I continued to ask the great Creator of all things to reveal the Savior to me in such a way that I would never forget, however rough my path in this life might be, and, if it were my lot to meet with hardships and injustice, that I could look up and say, "All is well," and if my motives were misunderstood, that I could wait with sweet peace and resignation, knowing that all things were seen and

known. Then it seemed to me to be such a comfort to be able to speak to those who were in affliction when you could tell them the real truth, give them a true knowledge; for the affection and friendship of the young can be reached as well as those in maturer years, even allowing that Providence has favored them in every way save in the loss of a dear friend or near relative.

On one occasion while at home one Sabbath, after the morning's work was done I took my Bible and went up stairs, for my mind seemed clearer and my thoughts more collected while alone. What is written in the Bible is not all inspiration but a part of it is history or an account of what occurred. I often would read the teaching of our Savior to his disciples during the three years and a half of his ministry and while reading and meditating on the same, a calm gentle influence rested on me strongly enough to convince me that it came from some all-ruling power. I wondered at this and took courage to go on and strive to become better acquainted with the mystery of godliness.

I did not feel inclined to speak my mind to anybody; for I thought that no person understood me, and that people would only make light of it, although I longed to see some one to whom I could unfold my mind and feel edified; so I went to God and cried to him to teach me and truly I found there is none that teacheth like him.

In talking one time with mother, who had been brought up in the Baptist faith, she told me that it was not of him that willeth or of him that runneth but of God that sheweth mercy and that there was more blood shed for some than others. With this I saw that, evidently, unless God in his infinite grace had chosen me to be a vessel of mercy, though I should desire and strive until my heart should break, no good could come of it.

But it did not affect me very much, for from my earliest remembrance of reason, I never could believe in predestination, but I believed that there are some who put predestination in the place of a foreknowledge. That God would predestine man to wickedness and then punish him for it seemed to be void of mercy and justice. But I thought the Lord was a God of justice and that what mother told

me only showed his supreme power over his creatures and that would have to be mingled with mercy and strict justice or the rest of the Scriptures would be a blank. So I inwardly concluded that I would so try to live according to the written word that I might be able to know if there was really a reality in religion.

As time passed by, I went to live in the city of London. Truly the Lord sometimes works in a mysterious way. I became more in earnest than ever, and continually asked our Heavenly Father to reveal himself to me in such a way that it would be a stay and comfort to me while life should last. My conscience was never so tender as now. If I heard any trifling with the truth or using bad language, it seemed dreadful to me. To see that vain expression stamped on the features of some of our fellow-creatures appeared to me, if I may use the expression, like a piece of ground that was very, very dirty and would require, O, such hard work to clean it.

I was troubled with such wicked thoughts that I knew were not my own, for I hated them, until it sometimes seemed I would almost have to say "No, no, I will not, I cannot yield!" I would become almost weak in body and mind, struggling with the strong suggestions that I would have to resist; for they were thoughts that tended to almost extreme wickedness in both thought and actions.

Then I would ask our heavenly Father for strength and help to resist and overcome them. Then these words would seem as if they talked with me, "My grace is sufficient for you." Oh, the comfort and strength I received from those words! How solemn and thoughtful I feel as I write, filled with a kind of joy; for it seems so fresh in my memory. The remembrance of those evil temptations with the striking contrast of the glorious manifestation of the goodness of God which I afterwards received has strengthened me many times since and does to this present time. They seem as an anchor to my soul.

Although thirteen or fourteen years have passed since then, for I was about twenty at that time, I knew of no person that I felt directed to open my mind to except to God in prayer. I thought that I would like to unite with one of the Christian churches in the city. In this

way I went on for some time, my conscience being so tender that I was almost afraid to turn for fear of stepping out of the right path. I began to feel strange and being almost confident that God would soon release me from those evil temptations and reveal himself to me, I watched for my long-continued praying to be answered. One evening I went up to my room and as I was about to rise from my knees, I felt an influence rest on me, calm at first but stronger and stronger until my whole body was filled and I rejoiced with a joy that language fails me to describe, but even under this glorious influence the temptation was so strong that I should soon have forgot it. "You will soon forget this" kept running through my mind over and over again with such force and strength that I thought I would step to the door of the lady I was then living with and ask her to come to my room; for I thought that her presence would so impress this strong manifestation of the goodness of God on my memory that I could not forget.

Although I would gladly have remained in my room, I then went back and she came with the lamp in her hand and remained for some time while I looked up to her with eyes streaming with that joy that passeth all understanding. I do not remember that I spoke, while this influence rested on me with more assurance than ever of a loving and merciful Savior. I then knew with a clearer and more perfect understanding of the real existence of a God than of the knowledge I had of that lady's presence with me, and I felt like saying, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men," and "Oh, that my ways were directed that my time might all be used for the good and happiness of others!" I often asked God to direct and keep me and I did what I believed to be right, leaving it with God to take care of the consequences thereof. I felt the true meaning of these words, "Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth." What comfort we have in knowing that the prophets and the Bible are true. Those evil temptations all left me and never had I to contend

with them from that time to this. As I mentioned before, my desire was to meet with those who worshiped God, so I now united with one of the churches in the city and met with them in prayer meeting and Sunday school, and just as I was preparing for church one Sunday evening, Miss Kennedy called for me to go with her to the little Latter Day Saints church that she had lately become a member of (she is now Sr. Willard Smith) but I did not feel inclined to go. Not that I was prejudiced; for I had not as yet heard either good or evil about their belief, but I felt satisfied with myself and satisfied that I knew that my Heavenly Father had acknowledged me, and as we walked along, we talked of the gospel and its effects. However I thought there might be some excitement connected with this new faith of which she talked; for I had so often seen and been in revival meetings but they never seemed to have that same firmness or caution that a good quiet sermon might have and again I thought of the years it took me striving to live as near as I could according to the writings of our Savior and the apostles before I received the blessing that I had continually asked for, and that she should be acknowledged in such a short time after becoming a member of the Latter Day Saints Church. (She told me that others also did.) I could not understand.

We talked until we came to the church that I attended and I wanted to go in, but she insisted and pleaded so for me to go with her that I concluded to go. Elder J. J. Cornish preached that evening and he appeared to me to have such a free, sociable, open-looking countenance.

There was a baptism that evening and Jennie and I went with the rest to the water's edge. They had to cut the ice before they could baptize. After this I occasionally went with Jennie to the Saints' church, for my mind was as disturbed water and I was troubled to know what to do. I felt that it would be a great and sore trial to leave the church that I had so lately united with, for I had testified before them all of what I had experienced and now to leave them and go with a people and church who were considered so impure in practices and doctrine by many who I believe are honest as far as they know was almost more than I could bear.

But I had resolved to give my life to God and I must not suffer anything or anyone to come between us. I had a supreme love for my Redeemer who had delivered me from those wicked temptations that I had to contend with and had put a new song in my mouth, and I felt that a high sense of duty should ever be the controlling motive of my life.

Indelibly stamped on my memory is that great manifestation of the Spirit of God that I received which I have mentioned. The lady that witnessed it kissed me next morning and asked me if I was as happy as I was the evening previous, and I may say here that it was this evidence of the existence of a true and living Creator that caused me to a great extent to obey the gospel; for I soon began to hear all manner of stories and the lady that I lived with told me that she thought too much of me to have me go with such people. Among my relatives and friends I knew of none that belonged to the Saints, and I, being a young girl, felt alone and that I would be alone for years to come.

The tears will sometimes start as I write this afternoon. I found no place in my heart to hate those that represented the Latter Day Saints' doctrine as many of the world seem to do and I wondered, if the Saints were as bad as others said they were, why those professing to be real Christians did not set to work with a spirit of love for their souls and try to win them back to the paths of virtue and truth.

However I concluded that if the Lord would reveal it to me that this was the gospel that should be committed to the earth in the latter days, according to the prophecies recorded in the Bible, that I would obey it and leave the consequences with him. I went to God in prayer and asked him to reveal it to me and told him I was ready to obey, and it was made plain to me and so clear that I tried to forget what I thought the members of the

church that I belonged to would say and think of me.

I thought in my dream that there was a place at a distance that I desired very much to reach, but at the entrance of the road that I fully believed was the right one for me to travel (for there were two roads apparently fair to start with) I almost doubted if one of them was opened all the way through to the end of my journey. But I saw that I was not dressed and I stood at the entrance of the doubtful road, and at the entrance of the road that I believed was the right one a group of people stood. They seemed quietly talking with each other. I stood for some time bewildered to know what to do, for to pass those people and enter the right road I could not, although I tried to force myself to do so. I started with a heavy heart on the doubtful road, but had not traveled a very great distance before I saw that I could not get to the place that I wanted to go to, for there were great high banks on either side and I could not get over. I began to repent of what I had done and to reason with myself thus, "If I had never noticed the shame and had passed the group of people, I should have been on the right road."

I left the church that I was then a member of and was baptized into the Saints Church by J. J. Cornish and confirmed the following Sunday, April, 1877.

Shortly after I was baptized, while coming from the Saints' prayer meeting one Sunday afternoon, I felt directed to tell the pastor of the church that I had formerly belonged to that I had left his church and was now a baptized member of the Saints Church. I called at his private residence as I passed. He seemed pleased to see me. We spent a short time in conversation and, as he took my hand, he said, "Addie, I am sorry, sorry. I shall never think any the less of you," and he knelt down and prayed with me. My faith has never wavered in the restoration of the gospel.

LEADBURY, Canada, June 10, 1892.

"WHEN Latimer was on trial for heresy, he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record book in which our every syllable is taken."

"THE shaping of our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty, it is a thing of shame—as we ourselves make it."

TRUE SOURCE OF POWER.

Oration delivered by E. R. Jones before the North Missouri State Normal School, at Kirksville, Missouri, June 9, 1891; published by permission. Out of a number of productions this one secured first prize.

THOUGHT is a great stream rising where God first breathed life into man, and ever after flowing down the ages increasing in strength and volume.

Let the current of a great river be turned from its proper channel, and ruin is in its track; the surrounding fields are laid waste, and homes are desolated. But, confined within its banks, it is a blessing to all. So with human thought. Flowing in proper channels, it makes a nation prosperous, its people enlightened, its homes happy; but, turned from this source, riot, revolution, and ruin are its fruits.

The student plods his way through the problems of mathematics, the sentences of grammar, and the mysteries of science, only to start in proper channels those thoughts which henceforth shall flow from his mind. He reads the pages of classic literature and marvels at the beauty and harmony of their execution; amazement confronts him when he thinks of a mind capable of originating such ideas.

"More sublime than all its works is the mind of man." See the engine as it stands on the track. Every part seems quivering with animation; on the passing of a word, it starts forward; the steam shrieks, the bell rings, and it is gone. We say this is wonderful, but the mind that first conceived the idea of an engine is far more wonderful. We enter a great city, whose towers and spires rise heavenward. Its long lines of stately mansions are beautiful to look upon; but higher than its spires and statelier than its streets are the aspirations of human thought. Some minds, lifted far above the common plain of humanity, exert a great influence on all who surround them. They are like lighted towers,—to be seen from a great distance. They mold the ideas of their age and live throughout eternity.

Upon the character of the thought of its great men does the future of a nation depend; for the ideals of one generation are embodied in the next. Who then can measure the power of mind, trained to think? Some thoughts come like the tornado, tearing and devastating

in their mad career; others come from poisoned sources and spread their loathsome influences among the people; while others like the showers of springtime, "Bless him that gives and him that takes."

Thought makes nations its servants; it causes the desert to blossom like the rose; it sends messages on the wings of lightning; it builds cities; it dethrones kings; it defies the strong and defends the weak; it looks out into the cold depths of space and reads the handwriting of God on the rolling spheres; it dives to the bottom of the ocean; pierces the mountain side; bridges the turbid stream; maps the tempest; tracks the tide, and forces even the very hindrances which nature seems to throw in its way to become its slaves.

When the sun is sinking behind the western hills, and the heavens decorate themselves with peaceful, floating clouds that take all the colors of the rainbow, the scene is beautiful to behold. Now we see towers tipped with silver, rising from a city built of gold, yonder are the billows of the ocean pictured on the bended heavens; again, we see whiteness, rising in mountains of perfect purity. The scene beggars description! Majesty, power, beauty, peace, harmony, all blended together. But still brighter visions rise in the mind, trained to pure thought. The soul is carried heavenward by the afflatus of its own conceptions, and lives in realms of eternal sunlight.

When man, in search of knowledge, grasps a great idea, he is lifted to its level. His eyes sparkle, his voice rings, and his being lives with a new life. Character, founded on good thought, is as enduring as the hills and as firm as the mountains. Sincerity, truth, and right are watchwords of such a character. Man, created in the image of his Maker, stands noblest of all creation. Thought, that attribute of divinity, makes him a little lower than the angels, and clothes him with power beyond his own comprehension. It shows him wisdom in the opening of a floweret, or the hum of an insect; it sees harmony in the bursting

leaves; beholds beauty in the rugged cliff; reads a lesson from the sodden clay; finds a plan through all nature and *God* in everything. It puts a bloom in the face of youth, and adorns the brow of age with a crown of sparkling rubies. Every vibration of music, every word that's spoken, every line that's penned comes from that same source.

Amid the smoke and carnage of battle the soldier springs to prominence and renown; on the site of ruined cities rise the temples of his fame. Broken-hearted mothers and widows weep in the land that sounds his praise; in characters of blood his record is written. But not so with thinkers and scholars; "Their ways are ways of pleasantness and all their paths are peace." Thought has marshalled thinkers in one grand and glorious array, whose soldiers are all drilled by the same discipline, and they march to the music of the spheres. On that muster roll are millions whose bodies "sleep the sleep that knows no waking, dream of battle fields no more;" but in thought they still survive the wreck of matter. One flank of this array skirts the frozen northern sea, the other bounds the southern peninsulas. Its rear guard stands on the templed hills of the Orient, while its advance has reached the fertile plains of the Occident. Its enemies are ignorance, superstition, and sin. Its commander-in-chief is **TRUTH**, that great captain general who guides the world of thought. The

standard bearers are the leading thinkers of every age. The hoary head of Socrates, the power of Luther, the sublimity of Milton, the genius of Bacon, and the counsel of Emerson still stand in the ranks and lead us on. No trampled fields mark the place of its victories. It has marched in sombre silence from mind to mind and captured one by one the citadels of sin, reared in the human heart. The advance of this line is marked by the retreat of ignorance and barbarism. It found a wilderness haunted by wild beasts and roamed by painted savages; but there now stands the altar of prayer,—a bulwark against all attacks of the enemy. There stands the shrine of learning,—a rallying place for the soldiers of thought. It has made the wilderness a land of liberty, of beauty, and of song. It has crowned the vales with school-houses and the hills with churches. Yes, its field of battle is the human breast, and on that field no clarion trumpet sounds a truce till the victory is complete. But when the last battle is fought, and the last foe lies stricken down, then will the harbinger of peace come and proclaim the victory of thought, and it will be the victory of day over darkness; of right over wrong, of blessings over curses, of love over hatred, of angels over demons, of heaven over hell; and we shall see that thought has survived the ages and sits enthroned in the mind of man.

THE LIVING AND DEAD.

BY JOHN ATKINSON.

Many loved me well in days gone by
As a child, a boy, a youth, a man.
I number them over now, and I
Call them to come to me, all who can,
But many are dead.

Many were comrades in days gone by,
Loyal and true in glorious war.
I number them over now, and I
Call them together from fields afar
But many are dead.

There are loving hearts of days gone by
Loving me still as the years roll on.
I number them over now, and I
Cling closer to them for the dear ones gone,
For the dear ones dead.

DETROIT, Michigan.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

An Address delivered by Elder Joseph Luff, before the Young People's Literary Society of Independence, Missouri, Friday evening, December 16, 1892, at the Saints' Chapel.

WHATEVER affects human character may safely be pronounced important, and whether its mission be for good or ill, the duty of instructors remains the same. To pass lightly over the heinousness of a vice is as great a mistake as to ignore the magnitude of a virtue. He who wisely cultivates the soil devotes as much of time to the suppression of weeds as to the nourishment of the flower. The neglected soil that yields the rankest noxious growth can, under cultivation's discipline, be made prolific of the rarest beauty. In the words of Bowring:—

"Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers, lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.

Development, as comprehended in the text given me for this evening, lies in the direction of virtue. It is *needed* development. Its opposite is not a necessity. It has been said that "one part of true knowledge consists in remaining ignorant of such things as are not worth knowing." Everything that helps true development is worth knowing. Education does not always come from books. Culture does not entirely depend upon colleges. Growth may continue independent of either.

Development implies education, culture, growth, and is not made entirely dependent on years; for some are old at twenty while others are young at forty, in the sense of development.

Some grasp by observation in a day what others plod for weeks through books to learn. Many a boy who was never permitted to enter a schoolroom has lived to acquire wealth, and honestly too, while his college-bred chum has barely earned a livelihood. Many of the most useful inventions of our time are the product of brains and hands that could not parse a sentence or solve a problem in geometry according to classic rules. The illustrious ones of the past and present

have not all received their training in seminaries, by any means; yet they were educated.

This, however, argues not against either books or schools. The secret of their success lay in utilizing the means within their reach. While others waited for more favorable conditions, they diligently applied themselves to things as they were and disclosed possibilities not dreamed of before.

The achievements of the past are but a hint at the possibilities of the present, and those possibilities are not confined to rank or station. I may be addressing an embryo statesman to-night. There may be present one who will some day electrify the world with the magnetism of his presence and utterance. It is just possible that before me is the intellect that will yet startle the earth with the achievements of its inventive genius. From the girls in our midst may yet be chosen those whose names shall be given to fame, because of their contributions to the world of music, painting or literature, or whose seal shall be placed upon offspring who shall scale the heights of renown.

But whether their separate achievements shall command prominence among men or not, is no more important than to determine whether the aggregate of individual influence on the part of our young people is being exerted so as to develop a showing that will challenge respect and secure the admiration of good people everywhere, as well as win favor at the hands of God.

If I cannot be a Moses and work miracles each day, I may be an Aaron or a Hur to stay his hands while Israel prevails against Amalek, and share in the honor of victory when it comes. If I cannot be a general, I may be a captain, and if not that, I may be an armor-bearer, a private, faithful when the conflict is on, and the nation's benediction is my portion as much as if in any other station.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Tossing on the foaming billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet,

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored safe within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

Credit belongs to us for filling well the station we are in. Promotion will come in due time, if we can better serve elsewhere.

As members of Christ's body, our young people can contribute a measure of influence, individually, which, in the aggregate, lifts the church higher, and they share in the increase of divine favor that comes in consequence. They develop with the exercise, and each task performed leaves them stronger for the next, like the woman of whom Byron wrote:—

"She taught the child to read and taught so well
That she, herself, by teaching, learned to spell."

It brings its own reward, and whether we are slow to observe it ourselves or not, others witness it, and our life's purpose is well served, God is honored, the claim of the church is vindicated, and the world is blessed.

Development to be even, should embrace every department of nature proportionately, the spiritual or moral, the intellectual, the social, and the physical.

To disproportionately tax any one department, will be to stunt the growth or produce an abnormality. The boy whose physical strength is overtaxed for a long time is apt to be dwarfed in consequence. Bow-legged people are usually the product of overstrained limbs at an immature age.

A slender, delicate physique is often the result of a too close application of the intellect. Nature, in its effort to reinforce the organs of mentality which are under constant and uneven tension, draws from the other parts of the organism that which leaves them debilitated and incapable of normal service, and, as development depends largely upon normal activity, the inactive organs remain undeveloped and become enfeebled.

On the other hand and referring to the physical, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." To make a boy feel that his life is to be confined to drudgery or hard physical labor continually, will have the effect of darkening his mind and making him morose of spirit. To compel a girl to stay in the kitchen through all her years and to wash or scrub without intermission will be to rob life of its

beauty and to tie millstones to a heart born unto freedom. Physical toil is burdensome, if prolonged, but never more so than mental. The present age reveals more physical wrecks, resultant from overtaxed mentality than from constant manual labor.

Even development makes change from one branch of work to another a relaxation and recreation. The washtub can thus be made a means of reinforcement to the brain that has been concentrating and exhausting its nerve energy in an effort to educate eye, ear, and fingers over a piano keyboard, and the wood pile offers an easy escape from the *ennui* occasioned by the sedentary habits of our bookworm boys.

Sports, also, may serve a good purpose in the way of even development. The football or baseball and croquet or lawn tennis may be made to assist. The parlor games wherein boys and girls combine to let "nater caper" awhile, are to be commended. The hearty laugh of the roguish boy, who has innocently victimized the company is better for his health, and theirs, too, if they join in it, than all the pills and potions of the drug shop, and whatever contributes to the physical health of the youth, may, under the persuasive force of spiritual influences, be made an important factor in developing the better nature, also. The harmless capering that fills our girls with glee and provokes an enlistment of brain, heart, eyes, and tongue, in an explosion of mirth will do its part in the work of even development as creditably as can either sermons or lessons leaves do theirs. A real side-shaking, lung-expanding, tear-starting laugh will lay the ax closer to the root of dyspepsia and liver complaint, than Hostettters Stomach Bitters or Smith's Bile Beans ever did. Dyspepsia of the stomach is very apt to cast its shadow over the spirit or disposition, and the Saint who is troubled therewith, be he or she young or old, is often in poor condition to digest strong gospel meat, and frequently even the "*sincere milk of the word*" curdles and ferments within them, till they belch sourness all around and breed malaria.

We have physical victims of malaria and dyspepsia in the world to-day, who are suffering as a result of tight lacing and improper home ventilation in the

past, and we have spiritual dyspeptics and bilious Christians, also, who are suffering as a consequence of too much catechism and too little "hide and go seek" when they were younger. These are the kind of Christians whose mouth-corners always turn down, and whose faces are the index of surplus bile within, under whose shadow infidels are born and agnostics are multiplied.

Ingersoll would probably never have been an atheist if they had allowed him to whistle on Sunday when he was a boy. There is a remedy for such Christians however, and our gospel furnishes it, though some of them may need heavy doses, which will make them well shake after they take, for awhile.

The physical dyspeptic is not always an imbecile Christian; but it requires more grace to preserve him or her from that condition than to keep cheerful and patient the one whose liver is in good trim. We want to do all we can for ourselves to make easy the gospel work within us. We should not "continue in sin that grace may abound," or, in other words, we should not neglect our bodies simply because God will give *more* grace to the weak and feeble.

The man of to-day, whose breath is poisoning the atmosphere, whose profanity is blood-curdling, whose temper is the destroyer of his own and family's and society's peace, whose drunkenness is the thief of his children's bread and the defiler of home's sanctity is simply the victim of habit. That habit was of his own development. Once he thought it smart to trifle with the serpent, and as he thought, he acted and spoke. Now the serpent is twined around him and he is powerless to extricate himself. The thought took shape as a word or act, then the word and act became a habit. It was simply development. Once the boy held the reins on tongue and appetite, and could have kept them taut; but he slackened them and then let go. Then habit took them and controlled the man. What is the result? Society is compelled to tolerate or endure a character in its midst, which is an infliction upon its decency, its credit, its finances, and its safety. If the boy had pursued another line, society might to-day be instinctively lifting its hat as a tribute to the nobility of his soul and splendor of his deportment. His advent into its

gatherings might be hailed with pride, instead of his name being mentioned with shame.

If our young people desire that what influence they may exert hereafter, shall help swell the volume of virtue and strengthen the forces that are to preserve society's and the nation's integrity, they have but to follow the lines that will develop virtue and integrity in themselves. To trifle with virtue's obligations by dangerous experiments is to hazard your reputation and jeopardize your influence. As you intend to end, so begin and continue. The prodigal when returning was the cause of an outburst of parental joy, but the father's heart rested safely as he contemplated the unswerving fidelity of his other son to whom he said, "All that I have is thine." The one was joy excited by the resurrection of one who had been mourned as dead; the other was the settled peace that feared no dying. While that father's heart might fear a repetition of the prodigal's work, he rested safe in the integrity of the boy who had never betrayed a trust.

I believe Bible temperance to mean a moderate use of all proper things and total abstinence from all improper things. It is right to eat food and drink proper drinks but not to excess. It is right to laugh, to play, to read, to sing, to study, to work, to walk, to run; but not to excess. It is not right to be impolite or discourteous at all. It is not right or safe to steal, to lie, to murder, to drink strong drink, to show disrespect to the house or service of God, to keep questionable company, to smoke or chew tobacco, to take God's name in vain, to be profane, a busy-body, a scandal-monger, to speak lightly of another's reputation, character, or motive. From all these things we should totally abstain, for they detract from good morals and the spirituality of sainthood.

I have seen numbers of old persons who would give half they are worth to be rid of some of the habits referred to; but these habits are the natural result of folly indulged and counsel spurned in earlier years. The wise young man and woman of the present profit by observation and thus escape the evil that others have plunged into.

In order to develop properly, our young people need to acknowledge that their

first obligation is to God. Their entire dependence is upon him. His law provides for the truest development. It relates to, and provides for them as nothing else can. Within its compass there is ample scope and food for spiritual, mental, and physical growth. He or she who ignores this first obligation or assigns it other rank, must develop abnormally. There is no ideal of worthy existence for which its provision is not ample. The truest saint is the most genuine citizen.

Next and under this come the obligations to the church and society and the nation, including home and self. Ask me what you need to do, and I will ask what you desire to be? What do you expect the future to do for you? What kind of a character picture do you intend to present to the world and to God? What do you think to exact from the church, society, and the world generally? What measure of influence do you design to exert when maturer manhood or womanhood shall introduce you to the broader fields of occupancy? As you expect to occupy, so build. If you expect God, his church, and society to respect you, *respect them*. Failing to do this, you must not complain if your most urgent appeals for recognition are ignored, for even the Bible itself says, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination," and society will be no kinder than heaven.

As you sow, you will reap. If the respect of the *church* is desirable toward you and your talents, then respect its ordinances and magnify its discipline. Would you have favor from God, then be quick to obey his counsel. Refrain from those practices which are forbidden. Keep your lips from profanity and villainess and allow neither the smoke of tobacco nor the contents of the wine cup to invade the sanctity of that which he asks to occupy his temple. Would you have society extend to you the courtesies that are desirable, then let politeness characterize your ingress and egress. Think no man beneath your respect who tries to respect himself. When George Washington was taunted by a fellow-traveler once, for lifting his hat in acknowledging the salute of a humble negro, he very sensibly replied that he did not intend to permit a negro to be more polite than himself.

If you would be a true Saint and a trusted repository of the Spirit and its gifts and graces, begin the work of housecleaning and cease not your vigilance and toil till the Savior shall present you to the Father as a mirror of himself.

If you would successfully resist the attacks and turn aside the shafts of sceptics and false philosophers, who make God's word the target of their onslaught, then be diligent in storing your mind with information, from which the Spirit may draw the supplies for battle when you enter the arena of conflict. This kind of knowledge cannot be gathered from the yellow-backed literature of the times, which inflames the passion and excites abnormal desires, but may be found in the books of God, books of history and research, in fact from all books that deal with facts and aim at moral and intellectual growth. Carry your politeness into the home circle and your generosity everywhere. The cheerful "Good morning, mamma or papa," and the pleasant "Thank you" carry a ray of sunshine with them, that relieves a parent's care and rewards them for the training they have done. The nickel dropped into the mendicant's hand or the hour spent by the bedside of a suffering one at the cost of a little self-sacrifice are important helps in the way of such development as points to real sainthood as a goal.

Give me my choice, and I would have all our young people abstain from such companions as they could not take into the home circle and refrain from such conversation and indulgence as would bring shame to a good mother's face or grief to her heart. I would have them engage in no game or sport upon which they could not consistently ask God's blessing, or which they could not invite the Savior to participate in were he here in person. I would have them respect the services and house of God in such way as to evince their intention of being Saints indeed, and to reflect credit upon the mother and father who trained them.

I would have our boys make it unnecessary to placard the basement pillars with requests to not spit on the floor. I would have them so act in the house of God that an incoming visitor, if disposed to be ill-behaved, would reform, if for no other reason than to avoid a contrast with his surroundings that would make him

conspicuous. I would have them aim to attain fitness for any place to which the call of the Spirit or the confidence of the church could elevate them, that, filling it, they may therein illustrate the wisdom of God and the possibilities of his church.

In short, I would have their characters (as the fruitage of our gospel administration) illustrate the superiority of God's organization and discipline over all other institutions, so completely as to vindicate the claim made since 1830, that there was nothing equal to it in all the earth.

Our gospel excels all others in that the salvation it offers bears not alone upon a single department of our being. It deals not with emotions alone, nor yet with intellect alone. It reaches both and still farther, taking in the physical man, and proposes to transform the whole nature. It gives promise of spiritual and eternal life, but engages every department of our nature in its pursuit, and rewards each part for service as it proceeds.

The wonderful transformations wrought in scores of its adherents, who once were of but feeble mental capacity, but who are now busy enlightening the world, proves it to contain all the necessary aid to intellectual development. Its conferment of health and vigor on the broken and debilitated systems of hundreds, evidences its power in physical reconstruction. The myriad happy homes all over the land where it has entered and been permitted to operate, demonstrate its skill in promoting the social and emotional interests of man. The vast territory of human experience covered by its prophetic, miraculous, and providential display, establishes the fact of its ability to bring man into direct communion with his Maker. In fact, its character throughout proves it to be divine in conception and application, and to be commensurate with all human necessity. It is a Father's provision for his family and answers all proper demands. It respects human creation in all its manifestations and offers redemption, by development, to every part, here, and celestial conditions hereafter.

It has never stifled reason to nourish faith. It has never muzzled conscience to secure latitude for its doctrinal tenets. It has never disguised or concealed a spiritual declaration to escape reactionary force upon its fundamental principles.

It has never figured for success upon the ignorance of its adherents. It has never ducked its head or dodged its form to escape the shafts of science or the clubs of atheism. It has never had occasion to revise its formula of faith to keep pace with advancing theology. It comprehends the universe of good and points to earth and sky, to sea and air, to nations and individuals, to life here and life hereafter as the sources from which it may draw, at will, the confirmations of its avowed origin, mission, and purpose.

It comes to our young people, as unto all, as the donation of Jehovah, with the indorsement of Christ, the recommendation of prophets, patriarchs, and apostles, and the benediction of the Holy Ghost. When I think of its virtue, its adaptation, and its design, I care not how vast the field of necessity among our young or older ones may be. This covers all and leaves their development dependent alone upon the degree of zeal and devotion they bring to its shrine, and the faithfulness with which they abide its discipline.

The first principles of the gospel introduce you to God and his Son Jesus Christ. If you would be more familiarly acquainted with them, pray often. If you would be righteous go reverently and regularly to the house of God. Participate in the service there. Make your gospel light shine at home. Make parents, brothers, sisters, and acquaintances share the benefits it is conferring upon you, in so far as your improved demeanor can succeed in so doing.

Reverence the aged. Be active and diligent. Bring all your life purposes before the light of your gospel covenant. Pursue those that suggest no violation of its letter or spirit, and cancel all those that do. Be as zealous in trying to please God as you are anxious to have him bless and preserve you. Laugh if you wish. Play when you need recreation; but always frown upon the gross or obscene. Allow not your laughter or amusement seasons to trench upon the time that belongs to higher duties, and specially avoid such indulgence when attending the services of the Lord's house.

To deal with development as a necessity, except in general terms, belongs not to a public address. Individual necessity calls for private counsel. By daily contact with persons we discover needs in

them and they in us, that are special and peculiar to the individual. We behold a lack in one case and an abnormal development in the same line in another. One calls for cultivation and the other for restraint, yet both imply need of development.

Were the conditions favorable, or could they be made so, I would rejoice to see all our young people proficient in music, painting, elocution, and all the other desirable accomplishments; but to very many these avenues of development are closed. Still refinement is not denied. The doors are open to all who desire it.

True sainthood is a goal that all may reach, regardless of the obstacles that threaten to impede their march. The rude boy or girl can become polite. The cruel boy can become tender-hearted. The timid can become courageous. The bashful can be freed from embarrassment; the awkward and ungainly can become graceful and expert. The boisterous can become quiet. The groveling mind can be elevated. The coarse and harsh nature, can be refined. The decayed tongue of the backbiter and scandalmonger can be cured. The disposition to exaggerate or diminish in speech can be brought to a normal condition. The forward can be restrained and the backward can be advanced. The unrelenting nature can be subdued. The fiery temper can be quenched. The miserly grip can be relaxed. The selfish will can be made generous. The trifier can be made serious. The liar can be made truthful. The thief can become honest. The surly and stoical can be made genial and sociable. The bloodthirsty can be made to cheerfully heap coals of fire on his enemy's head, by feeding and clothing him. The drunkard can become a sober man. The profane can become holy. The tobacco chewer and smoker can be made sovereign over his appetite and can rise superior thereto and cease to burn incense to the Devil. The earthly can take on the image of the heavenly and Christ can have full liberty in any character and reign supreme in any life.

If any of these or other undesirable proclivities are characteristic of any of those who come within the compass of my text, I say unhesitatingly to you they reveal no necessity for which our gospel has not provided. The claim for its di-

vinity holds or falls as this proposition is maintained or otherwise. But while it comes, fraught with grace commensurate, it places all subject to your will. All that it asks of you is to be teachable of spirit, patient under discipline and faithful to observe. It promises to not destroy a vestige of good within you during the process of its development.

The church expects you to *try* and try *hard*. It asks your will and effort. It pledges you its interest and prayer. It asks that you heed its admonitions and exhortations; that you be not offended at its exactions, but conform to its discipline.

If any of our young people are entirely free from all the proclivities here enumerated, their further development may largely depend upon the aid they render the less fortunate ones around them; for "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

In conclusion, "We are not our own, but are bought with a price," even the precious blood of Christ. We belong to God. Any misappropriation of our talents or energies is robbery, whether it be to serve self or Satan. We are indebted to God in the sum of our life's possibilities. What those possibilities amount to, can only be learned by consecration of effort and unswerving fidelity, and these bring their reward in development, such as fits us for celestial surroundings.

It may be that for some of our young people is reserved the honor of representing Christ among men, the highest honor conferred on mortals. It may be that some of the dark corners of earth await their arrival to turn on the gospel light. It may be that exalted positions of trust and honor in the church are for them to occupy in days to come. The distance between their present condition and one of fitness for such service, reveals the measure of development required.

Our girls may find openings by and by in the church and elsewhere that demand sterling qualities in those who shall fill them. But why talk of this! Honor belongs not to station or rank. Credit attaches alone to duty well done. A statesman, who had acquitted himself nobly on a certain occasion, excited thereby the envy of another, who sneeringly cried out in public, "I remember,

"sir, when you blacked my father's shoes." Turning around and looking the fellow in the eyes, the statesman silenced him by asking: "Did I not do them well?" Thus it is:—

"Honor and fame from no conditions rise—
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

The future prestige of the church largely depends upon the development of our young people. Men and women of piety, patience, cheerfulness, perseverance, brain and heart competency, will always be in demand to meet the growing exigencies of the work. The purpose of the church among the young is to develop these desirable qualities, by means of gospel suasion and grace. Our young people need the benefits of these helpful

agents, and the appreciation of that fact will grow upon them with increasing years.

Herein I have not tried to tell of special needs, as disclosed to my thought, by association with our young people at Independence; but have sought to stimulate general activity by outlining possibilities, condemning vice, and extolling virtue. He or she who heeds, with patient care the suggestions offered, no matter how unpromising their life may seem, will find—

"There lies no desert in the land of life;
For e'en the tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labored of thee, in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings
 rise."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XIII.

I sit and gaze in that blue yonder,
Until my soul
Is filled with awe; and yet I wonder—
When Time unrolls
Its mystic page, and bids me trace,
Through all the years,
The lines I've written—if His grace
Will calm my fears.

—Hewett.

MY mission to Canada and Michigan was not marked by many extraordinary events, but I had seen the effect of the sowing done years before and the splendid changes wrought here and there along the line under the faithful labors of the host of young men whom God had raised up since the time of my leaving there, five years before.

I had also seen some things that confirmed the apprehensions felt by me at the time I was led to covenant with God in 1878, of which I have already written quite lengthily. Those who had entered the church from pure love of truth had been preserved, while those who had been lured into it by a display of "signs" had, some of them, gone to decay and were worse than before they entered. They were footballing the very things that they once held out to me as being the undeniable evidences of the work's divinity.

Some who had shot up like a rocket at first and mourned over the snail gait and barrenness of spirit of others, had fizzled and dropped out and disappeared, while

the slow traveling ones had gotten up sufficiently high to admit of their light being seen over a wider area, and the record behind them made me happy in following them up. I found some whose gospel experience of ten years had not cost them half that many dollars for tithes and freewill offerings, though they had abundance, and I found them stereotypes as to the letter of their former selves, but wondering how it was that others saw so "terrible much good in tendin' meetin's and bearin' testimonies." It was getting stale to them.

I found a few others who had private grievances to settle or ideas to ventilate, and, while ignoring the law ordained for such cases, they nevertheless believed the church should stop all its machinery, call in its forces, and hold its breath till these matters were adjusted, and that, too, in precise accord with the notion of the individual who had the honor or misfortune to feel pouty. They were ready to explain to us the reason why the church was not moving ahead. It was all because their little matter was not settled, and the church never would prosper till they were acknowledged and the magnitude of their individual wisdom and importance was appreciated. Poor souls! Their light had well nigh gone out and they did not know it. The fact was that, while they were nursing their darling grievances, the church was moving ahead of them.

They were not keeping up, and as they were being outstripped they were losing the fire and life and bliss of association, and, like nearly all other poor demented mortals, they considered that they were the only sane persons on earth. The church was all out of joint and ready for the wrath of heaven. There they sat like hounds at night, barking at the moon, while the moon meanwhile kept moving along and flinging her pale splendor over the earth, totally heedless or ignorant of the pastime she was furnishing the boisterous quadrupeds.

Still the evidences of growth and prosperity were as before stated abundant. While a few had failed, others had profited by their experiences and it was clear that the work was advancing at an encouraging pace. I left the mission, hoping that the feeble efforts I had made would prove a contribution in the right direction. The short time remaining between my home-coming and the convening of General Conference was occupied in works of preparation, so that I was again ready when missions were assigned and it fell to my lot to go to Utah once more. Bro. Joseph Smith had made arrangements to go, also, and Bro. Alexander H. Smith was appointed to California. Inside of two months we were on the way to our fields. Bro. A. H. Smith was then residing at Independence. Together we started and met Bro. Joseph at Council Bluffs, from whence we moved westward, a jolly trio, notwithstanding we were feeling mellow over leaving home and the dear ones behind.

The journey was an unusually pleasant one to me. It could not well be otherwise considering the company I was in—and we were met at the depot in Salt Lake City by Bro. R. J. Anthony, who escorted us to the prayer meeting which was in session. There we separated, each going on invitation to different places for the night and to make homes during our stay. My lot fell, fortunately, with my old guardians, Bro. and Sr. Joseph O. Clark, and with them I found rest, comfort, and more, as the following pages will show.

Bro. Alexander remained several days in the city, preaching and visiting, before leaving for California. The Walker Opera House was secured soon, and Bro. Joseph occupied there several times, ad-

ressing large audiences, also interchangeably with the writer in the little chapel.

It was then arranged that together we should make a tour of such parts of the mission as might be opened before us and as we might be directed to enter. Our journeying, preaching, and visiting included all the places reached by me on my former mission to this field and Soda Springs, Idaho, in addition, besides Deer Lodge, Reese Creek, Willow Creek, Bozeman, Butte, Anaconda, and other points in Montana.

Our longest stay at one place was made at the home of Bro. and Sr. Thomas Reese, of Reese Creek, where we helped pitch oats and wheat with the harvesters for sake of exercise, and where we found time to take a day's outing to fish in a branch of the Madison River above the point where it joins its fellow branch and catches the flood of the Jefferson and Garrison to form the "mighty Missouri" and rush madly on to the sea.

During this portion of our trip, my health improved and my weight increased about fifteen pounds. I was availing myself of the excellent model I was traveling with and was rounding out in the most approved style. The kindness of Bro. and Sr. Reese will never be forgotten though it may never be repaid by the writer in this life. At every point we were well received by the brethren and sisters and our needs anticipated and amply supplied.

It would be impossible to detail the pleasurable scenes and resorts we were permitted to visit or witness. The hot springs, gold and silver mines, mountains of pictured rocks, boiling springs, extinct craters, sulphur lake and beds, formation springs, and Swan Lake are a part. We climbed mountains, gathered arrowheads and obsidian chips of varying shades, hunted for moss agates and plucked and pressed the juniper berries from the trees that grew on the summit of mountains which made us dizzy to climb. I also peeled some small varieties of the cactus plant from the rough rocks that crowned the tips of those "everlasting hills," and sent them home by express, but I afterwards learned that they died. The transfer from a cold barren rock in Montana, eight thousand or more feet above the sea level, to the moist,

rich, warm soil of Missouri, was a death blow to my prickly treasures.

On one occasion I lay, face downward, upon a flat rock that crowned the very summit of Ensign Peak, near Salt Lake City, and went into rhapsodies over writing a letter home. I had puffed and perspired and braced myself and held my hand over my thumping heart more than a score of times while ascending to that eminence. I looked down upon the little speck of a valley below, having the appearance of a market garden, and sniffed the cool air, watched the floating clouds and received happy responses to my appeal for inspiration from every source, and crowded it all into that letter. It was so novel, so inspiring, so majestic! After carefully sealing that letter and carrying it down from the cloud-bathed region where its inspiration found birth, I adorned the envelope with chromos sufficient to satisfy Uncle Samuel's demand for tribute and committed it to the tender care of his mail transmitters. It was addressed to my gentler half in Missouri, but it never reached her. Whether or not inspiration obtained at such cost and condensed to such narrow quarters and under such inflexible seal as was that, could not endure through a three days transit or not, I will not attempt to discuss. It may have exploded and returned to original conditions, carrying its appendages with it to rest among the juniper brush.

I have thought of it and my precious cactus plants more than once since and wondered if they were the only things I had toiled and sweated to procure, and after getting, had received only my trouble for my reward. I wish they were; but they were not. I could remember having stayed up nights and read and studied and written, and revised, to get a sermon in just such shape as would make it a "powerful awakener," among my brethren of the church I was once in. I could remember learning it all off by heart and entering the pulpit for its delivery, only to find it fall flat as a circumstance and be pronounced "insipid" and "tame," by the very ones I had calculated to entertain. I could remember having stayed about home for a year or more, determined to make a herculean effort for absolute freedom from home debt, and had gathered all the elements around me

for final adjustment when, just as I was about to wipe out the last remnant of the annoying encumbrance, an unexpected call or appeal would be made upon me and I would suddenly be emptied of all I had accumulated and left to either repeat the folly or go out as I was and trust in God for necessary relief.

I had seen men wait to pay their tithing till they had straightened out this, and regulated that and paid everybody else, and gotten business and property into just such a shape as to make the matter easy for them. They had toiled and planned to that end, and, just as they were on the verge of realization, with hand stretched out to grasp the coveted prize, a business depression and money panic swept the country, and they were engulfed and left almost without bread. That is not all, but it is sufficient from my cactus and letter text.

While in Utah Bro. Joseph and myself were witnesses of that most idiotic move on the part of the Utah Church authorities, in half-masting the national flag on July 4. Over the City Hall and Coöperative Store and other buildings of note the flag floated as if in distress over our national independence and glory. To the Utah Church, it was a time of sadness, for their institution was crumbling under the fast falling blows of the republic, which God had brought into existence and preserved for the protection of human liberty and religious freedom. Their leaders were in hiding because of crime. It was a time of disappointment and chagrin, but they had invited it all by just such foolhardy proceedings in the past, and this unfortunate circumstance was but an addition to the long list that had placed them in an attitude of defiance to the very government God raised up for the protection of his work on earth. The city was in an uproar. The governor and others appeared upon the scene, and old soldiers, some of whom had fought as rebels against the Union, moved towards the mast to raise the emblem of freedom higher. This was prevented, and it was feared for a time that blood would flow. The governor ordered the militia in readiness, and one overt act involving blood would have precipitated a collision, the end of which could not be easily surmised. It was expected that the city would be placed under martial

law; but the necessity for this was averted by the governor's ordering the flag either up or down entirely. Then was made apparent the spirit of the movement. The flag was lowered and taken away. We stood close by during the agitation at the City Hall, and wondered whether that scene did not truly illustrate the apostasy of Israel. We thought of how that flag would be waving in Lamoni and Independence and Kirtland where the church existed doctrinally just as it did when God placed it under the protection of that emblem of liberty and human rights. By some means the news reached the hidden authorities, and at their instigation an attempt was made to correct the unfortunate mistake, by bringing out the flag and sending it to the masthead before the sun went down. An indignation meeting was held in the Methodist church at night where a large crowd assembled and was addressed by Governor E. H. Murry and several others, including President Joseph Smith.

The visit of Bro. Joseph to Utah at

that time was opportune. Everywhere people turned out to hear the son of the Prophet, and on every occasion they learned from his lips that which proved his loyalty to primitive Mormonism. At Provo, we were visited by persons who knew his father, had wrestled with him, and one man had had his leg broken while thus exercising in Nauvoo. He "knew" all about it, and came to instruct the "son of his father" about those important things, of which he supposed Joseph to be so ignorant. I don't know by what sort of a flank move "Old Joseph" so easily broke the wrestler's leg, but it was more than amusing to witness the encounter between "Young Joseph" and him, and to see with what ease and grace Bro. Joseph tilted his theory and broke his—confidence. It would be interesting to know whether the texture of his leg, forty-five years before, was no stouter than that of his theory when he came to "wrestle" with "Young Joseph." The martyr's credit as a wrestler might be affected by a knowledge of the facts.

(To be continued.)

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR REMOVAL.

A NEW topic now greeted our ears in the home circle, a proposed removal to a new locality. Father was becoming tired of sea life and of being away from home as continuously as circumstances had forced him to be. He wanted to get a farm, and gradually break off from the seagoing life, and so be at home more. He also thought it would be far better for his rapidly increasing family. But the outlook was not promising just then for farming, since the family consisted of one boy and five girls. A gentleman in the village who owned a farm twenty-five miles distant offered to exchange places with father. This farm was in a very secluded part of the country. In fact it was near one of the "ends of the earth." The road terminated about three miles below, at the foot of the great bluff of Cape Blomidon, which projected out into the bay of Fundy.

When first the exchange was talked of

it almost broke mother's heart to think of leaving her home just as she had gotten it so nicely finished and fixed up. Besides that she would be leaving all her people and going among strangers, and away off in the woods too, she thought; for only a small portion of the farm was cleared. It was only twenty-five miles distant, but twenty-five miles was a long way in those days. I wondered why mother felt so badly. To me the prospect of "going somewhere" was perfectly delightful. Not that there was anything irksome in living where we were; but the thought of going to a new place, of seeing new sights, and of making new acquaintances, had a particular charm. Had I been older and become familiar with Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline," the anticipated journey would have held a still greater charm; for, between the two places, stretched the broad acres of the "Grand Pre'."

Selling out and moving away was not the order of the day, and this seemed to have been a great event in the little vil-

lage. Many called to talk the matter over, some for and some against. However, it was decided in the early part of the winter, which was that of 1851, that we were to move in the following spring, as soon as the river opened sufficiently to go by water.

Father was at home that winter and what a visiting time it was! and a happy time, too, for us young folks. Of course father and mother must spend at least one evening with each family of our numerous relatives, and each family must visit us in return, because we were so soon to go away. The visiting was reserved for the evenings, so we were not kept out of school. It seems to me now, that it was good roads and moonlight nights all winter long. Whoever was going to have company would be duly notified at least a day before; and often two or three heads of families would go at the same time, thus making a nice sociable little company.

The children of the village made it a custom to collect at one of the houses where the parents were absent. This was looked for by the parents as well as by the children. Perhaps it was because we were to go away so soon that prompted them to make our house the gathering place, whenever we were alone; and perhaps because we did not care to stay alone in the evening. Our parting words to mother at such times, when she and father were leaving the house, were, "Be sure and tell Aunt — to let the children come over and spend the evening with us." The parents would go about an hour or so before tea time, but the children were not permitted to go till after the tea things were cleared away, and I assure you the dishes would be washed in a hurry.

The children's company was the largest; for they would gather up as many as they could on short notice, which would usually make a well-filled room. Then what a merry evening we would spend in playing children's games of all kinds that were in practice, "Blindman's buff" never omitted. The boys often brought their sisters on the hand-sled; and, if the night was light and the coasting good, some of the largest of them would go over on the big hill to coast for an hour or so, after generously giving us girls a turn or two

up and down the road in front of the house before going.

Nine o'clock was the hour for the children's parties to break up, and half-past nine for the parents. That gave the children time to get home before their parents; though once in awhile they would become so interested in their games that the time slipped away unnoticed, and father and mother would walk in while they were in the midst of a lively time. Then such a rushing about and scrambling for cloaks, hoods, caps, mittens, and mufflers; and such a race to get home before their parents did; for those who were late were very apt to forfeit their next visit.

I was not old enough to go out with the other children when it was mother's turn to have company, so I was permitted to sit up awhile longer than my usual bedtime. How happy I was, especially if there was a baby to hold that wore a long dress. The scene of such an evening rises vividly before my mind. The company consists of six or eight persons, an equal number of both sexes. As soon as tea is over and mother has assisted in taking out the dishes to be washed, she returns, closes the door behind her and joins the little knot of women who have drawn their chairs near each other. They are talking together in a suppressed tone, so earnestly sometimes that their fluffy cap-borders would fairly shake. (It must be understood that in those days every married lady wore caps.) Their husbands in like manner would be in a group in another part of the room, quite as deeply engaged in conversation, but in a somewhat louder tone. All are sea captains, and one is rehearsing in detail the events of his last voyage, and the others are listening with as much interest and attention as if they had not experienced the same fifty times and more.

So, as I sit in my little rocking-chair, about half way between the two groups, I hear on one side the lively click of knitting needles and the cheerful, pleasant talk about this and that, usually of their domestic interests, very commonplace things. But each seemed eager to have her share in the conversation, and it really sounds interesting even to "Aunt Lizze's" account of her "blue dye." Whenever she was present she was sure to give her experience concerning it, and

to expatiate on the good luck she had that year; the yarn had a brighter, prettier shade than usual. She knew that she held the championship in that art, and she was honestly proud of the same. She tied and braided the skeins of white yarn before it was put in the dye, so that it would come forth in the most fascinating shades and spots. But, at the close of her account, she was likely to be somewhat crestfallen upon finding that the attention of her hearers was turned to another of the group who was agitating the question of how to raise money for the missionary fund. She would raise her head and stare at them through her glasses for a few minutes, as if in astonishment that they had left her and gone off into deeper water than she cared to follow.

On the other side of me are told the stories of the sea. My attention was mostly given to them. It was such a treat to have father and those seafaring uncles at home that the sound of their voices was music. And now, as they related their various experiences and little adventures on the deep, of how near they had drifted to the rocks when in a dense fog, or how hard the wind blew and from what quarter of the compass, what sail was made and taken in, the picture they presented to the mind's eye was so vivid, accompanied as it was by the smell of the sea-chest that adhered to their clothes, and which I thought was so nice, I almost fancied I was on board of the vessel as she was driven by the storm. And, as they occasionally drew forth the indispensable red silk handkerchief, it sent forth a spicy odor, which told plainly of oranges having been tied up in it. And I could scarcely believe but what there was one or more still concealed in the pocket from which the handkerchief came.

And the strange names of the harbors they entered often puzzled me to know whether they were talking about places or animals, and concluded it was both. They all took their various shapes in my mind. Therefore when one would say, "We run in to Campobello," my mind's eye saw a huge savage animal standing at the water's edge with nose to the ground bellowing to give battle to the incoming ship; but her prow struck him right between the eyes. "Fox Island

Thoroughfare" was a field with lots of brambles, and crossed sticks, with a large black fox trotting about in it, where it could see the water and the vessels. "Quaddy" did not take any definite shape but a yellowish hue, while "Mount Desert" seemed to be a heavy black cloud nearly resting on the water, and from which came a continual rumbling, muttering sound of suppressed thunder. Then they would speak of drifting very near the "wolves," (rocks,) and I wondered if wolves always staid in one place, or how they could get at people away out in the water; for it was evident by their talk, that there was danger if the vessel got too near them.

The conversation among the women gradually dies away, as one by one they become interested for Uncle Robert's safety, who is setting forth with great accuracy all the circumstances of being on a lee shore in a gale of wind and in a thick snowstorm. When he anchors in a safe harbor he is greeted with some lively sallies from the women folks, and the conversation becomes general. How pleasant it all was! Of course there was much said during these visiting parties concerning our anticipated removal; and all too soon the winter passed away and the day of our departure came.

It was a raw, cold day in March. The roads were not good for either runners or wheels, but wheels had to be used. A short time after breakfast the condition of things in and about the house was as unpleasant as the weather. The stove was down, doors open and everything topsy-turvy. Father was cheerful and jolly through it all, but mother was sad and tearful, as one friend after another came in to bid her good-bye. As for us children we thought it fine fun for awhile, and helped to put the house in an unnecessary disorder (if such a thing could be on moving days), thinking we were helping to "pack up," and carrying what things we could to the door to be loaded on the cart. But, as the forenoon passed away, and load after load of our household furniture went to the shore, the house began to look so desolate and was so cold, we felt much like crying. I think we would have done so had we not been buoyed up with the knowledge that we were all going to have a ride down to the shore in grandfather's

wagon, when all the things had gone. As we were getting very cold and hungry, Aunt Charlotte came over and took all of us children home with her, or what was left of us; for she had been to the house in the morning and got the two youngest, and now, as she led off the remaining four, she told father and mother to come soon, for she would have a "smoking hot dinner ready in a very short time."

It was late in the afternoon when we went to the shore and on board the vessel; for the tide did not serve till evening. The next day the sea was very

rough, and as the schooner only had ballast in, she listed down considerably. Mother, and my two oldest sisters were seasick and kept their beds. My little sister Lulu was about two years old; and we, that is, my younger Sister Eliza and myself amused her, and ourselves too, by sliding her across the cabin floor in the clothes-basket. As the vessel rolled a little to windward, we took advantage of the slant and drew the basket, baby, and all, close against the wall, then let go and saw her slide down to leeward. Hour after hour we spent in that way, thinking it fine fun.

(To be continued.)

A RAG CARPET.

A weaver sat in his chamber old,
And the measured clack of the shuttle told,
As 'twixt warp and woof it wended its way,
How the pattern grew as grew the day;
A voice I heard from out the room,
Mingling with noise of shuttle and loom;
I paused and peeped through the open door,
And looking across the oaken floor,
There sat a man both aged and gray;
And these are the words I heard him say:
The pictures in oil are naught to mine,
Though framed around with gold so fine;
The pictures I weave of rags so old,
Carry lessons of thought to the poor untold;
A faded strip with a pattern blue,
Is run by the shuttle, through and through,
And caught and held by the chain so tight,
You'd scarcely think it ever was bright,
And yet a fair girl with winsome way,
Comes like a vision of sunny May;
Where is she now? No one can tell,
Whither she went, or how she fell;
A sad-eyed mother will watch and wait
For an erring child, ne'er knowing her fate.
Oho, here's a piece of broadcloth black,
Running backward and forward amid the clack,
That was worn by our minister new,
When he brought his bride, with eyes so blue;
They say he's a preacher of great renown,
In a far-off place, a larger town;
But the blue-eyed bride is under the sod,
She has passed from earth, to meet her God;
The preacher was stern in his views of life,
And the blue-eyed girl, unused to strife,
Like a beautiful flower, faded and died;
They laid her baby close by her side.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri.

Well, well, what tricks that shuttle plays,
Sporting with memories of by-gone days!
Here's a piece of the Mayor's cast-off vest—
It is said by those who knew him best,
That beneath his bluster, pomp, and pride,
His heart was right, and the poor ne'er cried
For help in the winter dark and drear
But they found the Mayor, God bless him, near.
Here's a little piece of pink and white,
Bound in its place by the chain so tight;
Ah yes, that dress little Mary wore,
I can see her now through the open door
With her sweet "Good morning, dear Grandpa."
The old man paused, his head dropped low,
And his thoughts went back to the long ago,
His feet forgot the measured tread,
The shuttle stopped, the loom was dead.
Softly I moved in the waning light,
To view these pictures shaded and bright;
But to my gaze there was nothing told,
A carpet of rags, some new, some old;
And I thought in this world of bitter strife,
Mid worship of mammon and cares of life,
How little we know of other's fears,
How little we care for other's tears.
The treasures of some are naught to me,
While my treasures dear they fail to see.
The homes of the poor have pictures rare,
Not on canvas rich or etchings fair,
But in memory's halls, with brighter hue,
That soften the heart, and life imbue
With tender thoughts of the dear ones lost.
With far greater love and far less cost,
These pictures are hung with a love untold,
That reflect not the sordid gleam of gold.

J. F. W.

REMINISCENCES OF PAST BLESSINGS.

BY SR. MIRIAM BRAND.

BYE and bye we had to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains and travel all night. When we came to the stage we found it was full inside and Bro. Brand could not persuade one of the men to change seats with me, so I had to climb up in front and sit with the driver. He told my husband, "You will have to sit here, too, the best you can and hold your wife or she will get giddy in the night and fall down."

We found we had a most uncomfortable seat to sit outside and travel all night. It soon became very dark. They had a lantern on each side of the stage which only made the darkness more weird, and it began to get very cold, and the way that driver swung around the points of that mountain was enough to scare anyone, whipping up his horses seemingly in the most dangerous places. I began to find we were, indeed, in a dangerous place; for now and then by the lamps I could see hundreds of feet down deep chasms with what looked like a river at the bottom. There were all manner of dangerous places so that, if the horses had made a misstep, we would have been hurled down, down, into rushing torrents. I looked at it till I grew sick and Bro. Brand told me to shut my eyes and he would hold me on; but, if I shut them, I could see all manner of dangerous places worse than the reality. O, what a night! I was nearly frozen, sick, giddy, and scared, and racing over those Sierra Nevada Mountains at a terrible rate. At twelve o'clock they changed horses. Bro. Brand got me down somehow, but I was so nearly frozen that I had no use of my hands. However, we had to get up again and traveled on in the same way till eight o'clock the next morning, when they brought me to a sister's house.

I told the sister I was sick and about frozen and wished to go right to bed. She helped me; for I could not even undress myself. Bro. Brand went to work, filled bottles of hot water, put them to my feet and all around me and covered me up as warmly as he could. I then fell asleep. I could not have been asleep long when they had to come and wake

me. A brother had come several miles in the cold after us and we were to stop at his house. They had a hard time to wake me, but I had to get up out of my warm bed and face the piercing cold again. Such was my introduction into Nevada. We found a hearty welcome and Bro. Brand prepared to go right to his labors. Night and day he was traveling and preaching hardly giving himself needed rest.

Some months after, we attended a small prayer meeting in the house of a Saint. I think Bro. Brand was praying and when he had ceased, while we were yet on our knees, a choir of angels began singing out of doors, seemingly, a little above the house. It was warm and we had the door open. Not a soul moved. We all remained on our knees listening in rapture to the sweetest music of angelic voices, the whole congregation being spellbound.

They sang quite awhile and even after they stopped the congregation did not move for some time. Then it was said in the words of the Psalmist, "Keep silence before him," and everyone was told to pray silently, and praise the Lord, which they did for some time. Those who were there said they should never forget that meeting. It was not the first time I had heard angels singing, but it was the first I knew of a whole congregation hearing them.

I find I must be brief, as I have already lengthened this more than I expected, and will therefore have to leave out a great deal I would like to tell about. I proceed to the time when Bro. Brand was called to go on a mission to Utah. When he came and told me he was wanted to go to Utah, I felt perfectly overcome and, for awhile, could hardly speak, but when I did, it was to tell him "No, you cannot go there. It would be at the peril of your life. They would call you an apostate for leaving them and would kill you! I have never withheld my consent for you to go on any mission the church has wished to send you on, but if they wish to send you right into the lion's jaws, I have something to say; perhaps they do not know the danger they are

sending you into. No, sir! Nothing but the word of 'God to me, telling me it is his will you should go and that he will protect you and bring you safely away, will ever induce me to give my consent for you to go on a mission to Utah."

Things passed on till prayer meeting night came. We attended it, and soon after meeting was opened the subject of Bro. Brand's mission was brought up. Immediately the Spirit seemed to fill the whole room and tongues, interpretations, and prophecies were poured out from one to another all around the room, all of them either to me or concerning Bro. Brand's mission to Utah, declaring it was God's will he should go, that I need not fear, that God would keep him in his own hands and power and protection. That he should be preserved and not a hair of his head should be hurt but that he should come away better than he went there, that upon arriving, he should meet a man on the street, whom he had never seen, who should call him by name and invite him home and give him food to eat, and by innumerable ways the Lord would bless, protect, and preserve him. I then said, "Lord, it is enough. I intrust him to thee."

Bro. Brand said, "You will have to come along with me. I could not leave you here." "No," said I, "not to Utah!"

"Where then?" he asked.

"I will go to Austin, and if I am taken sick, you will not have so far to come."

The people asked how we were going, as Bro. Brand had but the one horse he was riding. He told them he did not know. A brother said, "I have a horse about the size of yours. You can take it and make you a team and when you get there, sell it and send me the money." Another one said, "I have a harness I will let you have on the same conditions," and another, "I have a spring wagon you can have in the same way."

Thus we were fitted out and made our preparations for starting as Bro. Blair was urgent. We started on our long lonely journey all alone. And yet not alone, either, for we found we had company before we got through.

We traveled till we came to the terrible desert where we found a man keeping a little store and serving travelers with such things as they needed. Bro. Brand asked him about the desert and

about what was wanted, when he astonished us by saying:—

"O, you have not come near the desert yet, and you will not want water or provisions, as you will find plenty before you start across the desert."

Why the man should tell us this we never knew as we learned by sad experience to the contrary; but he acted as though he would not let us have water, or anything even if we insisted, so we started on our way only to find we were, indeed, traveling on the desert without one drop of water for ourselves or horses. Soon the sun began to pour its rays down upon the hot sand which almost blistered our feet and eyes and the poor horses too; while the sand got deeper and deeper and the horses had to rest often and oftener till, at last, one of them fell down perfectly exhausted and we thought it was dying. O, what should we do if the horse should die, and we be left alone on this terrible desert!

Bro. Brand laid hands on the horse, and we asked God to help us in our distress. I left Bro. Brand and the team and walked a short distance ahead to pray. I told the Lord we had done our best to do his will by starting on this mission to Utah and now we were on the desert without a drop of water, till our animals as well as ourselves were exhausted. I asked him to send us water and said, "Lord, if you want my husband to go on this mission, you must help us. Then something said to me, "Go around that sand hill and you will find water." There were sand hills scattered along beside the road. I went around one and to my astonishment found a large barrel of water covered up from the sun. I was soon drinking the coolest, nicest, and most refreshing water I ever tasted. Then I ran back to Bro. Brand clapping my hands and saying, "Here is water! Here is water!"

I must have frightened Bro. Brand; for he exclaimed, "O, my wife is going crazy! Haven't I trouble enough without that?"

"I tell you here is a whole barrel of water. Come and see," I insisted, but I could not persuade him; for he thought I had lost my reason. So I went to the wagon, took out a bucket and started to get a bucket of water. Then he left the horse lying down and followed me. I led him to the barrel, and, to his astonish-

ment, he found I was perfectly sane. He was better than I, for he would not drink until he had knelt and returned thanks to God for preserving us, for there is no doubt that the water preserved our lives, and enabled us to cross the desert. We took a good drink of that beautiful, cold water and then took a pailful to the horse. The poor beast drank a little, then got up and shook himself. We gave the other horse some water, then drove around to the barrel and camped for noon. We all had a good rest, filled up everything with water, went on our way rejoicing and got across the desert just before sundown and began to find the water brackish and salt so that we could hardly drink it. Many a time have we wished for more of that sweet, delicious water we had on the desert. To God be all the praise!

We were traveling along by ourselves, when a wagon overtook us with, I think, three men and two women in it. They asked if we would like them to travel with us for company. We replied that we would, so we traveled on till time to camp at night when we found there was not a spear of grass or any feed for our animals. Now what should we do? One of the men said, "My horses will go around and find feed and come back to the wagon in the morning and lie down like little dogs. I am not afraid to turn them out and your horses will keep with them. We shall find them all together in the morning." So we turned them all out together, poor things, to hunt feed.

In the morning there was not a horse to be seen, so the men started off to hunt them. They hunted a long while and our neighbors came back without them. Then they went off in another direction and presently came back with their horses, but no sign of ours. They began getting breakfast and making preparations, seemingly, to start. I thought I would go and see and they told me, "Yes, we are in a hurry and must start as soon as we can. We are sorry to leave you here but dare say your husband will find the horses and will soon be back." I only said, "Would you go away and leave me here alone?" but I do not think they heard me, so I got in the wagon to have a good cry, thinking I was to be left there alone to the mercy of the Indians; for well I knew Bro. Brand would not come with-

out the horses and I feared they had started back for home.

Then I thought, The Lord is my friend. I will pray to him to send us the horses and I did. I got out of the wagon, sat on the tongue and still continued asking God to send us the horses, when something said to me, "The God of your fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has sent you the horses. Look up!" I looked up straight before me and there was my husband just come to the brow of that high hill leading a horse with each hand. O, I again thanked the Lord and went to get breakfast. We were all ready to start then before those folks and after they started they got into all manner of accidents breaking this and that and having to stop and fix it till they came to a blacksmith's shop where we left them.

Soon after, we arrived in Austin and, stopping at a house, we found a family who used to belong to the Brighamite faction. They made us welcome and we rested there awhile.

When Brother Brand tied the horses, he wrote on the wagon, For Sale. Pretty soon several men came to look at them, and it was not long before the horse, wagon, and harness were sold, Bro. Brand reserving his own horse to ride to Utah, and sending the money to the owners. We were thankful to have come through as well as we did. Bro. Brand saw me safely housed in a room by myself with a little furniture and then told the people he was ready to start on his mission. When they asked him if he was not going to preach, he told them he would if they wished it, so he preached two or three times and nearly won them over to the Reorganized Church. Afterwards a good many of them did join. He then saddled his horse and was off to Utah.

Time passed on till near Christmas, when I found something was astir, but the brethren and sisters with whom I had made myself at home would not tell me. Finally, however, I found out they had sent for Bro. Brand to come and spend Christmas with us. They wanted him to preach, baptize some, and organize a branch. I immediately set to work to get up an English Christmas dinner, but I suppose over-exerted myself and the very day Bro. Brand arrived I was taken down with lung fever, my first attack.

Bro. Brand would get some one to stay with me while he went off to baptize and the same when he went to preach and, though I was very sick, he labored considerable all around there and did much good. I began slowly to recover and they were urgent for Bro. Brand to come back to Utah. He then said, "I am going to take you back with me; I will not leave you here for you may have a relapse as soon as I am gone. I will get you in the stagecoach and wrap you up well and I will watch over you." So I concluded to go, though very weak, and was very glad to get to my journey's end. A sister took us in though she had not much room, till we could get a house; and after I had rested and grown a little stronger, we started out to hunt for one. But though we walked over the city the greater part of three days, we could find no one to rent us a house, and no wonder, for Brigham had given out orders that they were to allow no Josephites even to come in; nor to feed or give them work. At last we found an apostate, we supposed, for he said he did not care for Brigham. All he cared for was to get his rent; so we went to look at his house. It was a small one of only two rooms, but he asked a high rent. We thought we had better take it, and paid a month's rent and moved in. Soon people found out Brother Brand and one and another kept coming till we had our house full nearly all the time of those wanting to talk with him about the Reorganization. One day I was not very well and did not feel able to cook. I said to Bro. Brand, "I think we will have a banian dinner to-day, eat what there is. I have plenty cooked for ourselves." So we sat down to eat and were just getting up from the table, when three men came in from the country. I set the table for them with what there was, and before they were through two more came in. Bro. Brand came in to see if I had enough left for them to eat, and before I could answer they said, "O, yes, there is plenty here." So they sat down and before they were through several more came and sat down to eat. As they ate, the food did not seem to get any

less, but there was plenty for all, and plenty left on the table and they all declared they had such a good dinner, they would not wish for a better one.

Soon after this, a note from our landlord told us he had been summoned to the school of the prophets and severely reprimanded for letting us into his house. They told him to turn us out, so he wished us to leave. I took the note to my husband and told him. We had traveled over the city three days for a house and I was not going to do it any more. We had paid a month's rent and I was not going to move out till we had another house. In the afternoon I said, "Would you like to go with me to Mr. Silver's."

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," I said, "we will walk up there."

On arriving I said, "Mr. Silver do you know of any house to rent?"

"For whom?" he asked.

"For ourselves," I answered.

"Yes, I have the nicest house in town, a newly built house and beautifully furnished, built by an uncle and his nephew to live together in two equal parts," said he. "The Danites got after them and they fled for their lives, but I have seen them and they gave me the key, desiring me to rent it to friends of mine, who will take care of their furniture and property. The only trouble is it is away up at the other end of town."

"Give us the key and we will go and look at it," said we. "What rent do you ask?"

"Eight dollars a month, but if it was down town it would bring fifty," was the answer.

We took the key and started and found it indeed a long way, but as soon as I saw the house, I said, "That is the place the Lord has provided for us." When we went in we were astonished, for there was everything provided to our hand, beautiful new furniture and everthing even to blinds at the windows. We took it, and staid there as long as I was in Utah and had plenty of room to take in the elders, or what company we might have.

(To be continued.)

God sees us as we are altogether; not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see us. We are always doing better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words or actions.—*George Eliot.*

MEMORIES.

I hear the click of the mower to-day
 In the meadow beyond the hill,
 And, yielding my thoughts unto memory,
 I am carried back to scenes far away,
 When we were children still.

I see four children with brown arms stout
 With energy rake the hay;
 They call to each other with laugh and shout,
 And build the fragrant mounds about
 As merry as if at play.

And I cannot keep the tears from my eyes,
 As I droop my head on the sill;
 For familiar scenes in my memory rise,
 And my heart in its loneliness sadly cries,
 While the mower clicks o'er the hill.

ANNIE M. BEALS.

And tired at last they stop to rest
 While their father is resting, too;
 He tells them the story they all like best
 Of Joseph, how gaily he was dressed
 In his colored coat so new.

But gone are the days that now seem best,
 The children are scattered wide;
 With one in the east and one in the west
 And one still near the old home nest;
 And one, alas! has died.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

THOUGHT VI.—LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR Taine informs us that, "A literary work is not a mere individual play of imagination, the isolated caprice of an excited brain, but the transcript of contemporary manners, a manifestation of a *certain kind of mind*. It was concluded that we might recover, from the monuments of literature, a knowledge of the manner in which men thought and felt centuries ago. The attempt was made, and it succeeded."

The lives of men and nations have been largely influenced by the writings of others. We cannot separate books from men. The man thought, therefore he wrote. His work carries of his mental impress, and this lends to books an essence of immortality. It may be truly said of all past authors, "Though being dead, they yet speak," and with no *uncertain* sound. Books are the bugle calls of literature summoning the appearance of intelligence for action. There is a power in books for good or ill. Solomon had no idea of literature as we have. No printing presses flashed them into light as now.

"Under the shell there was an animal, and behind the document there was a

man." And the tenderness of his nature there lives, or his hatred; his love of good and right, his false conceptions of life's affairs, his clearness of view, his right appreciation of human existence, his expression of passion, or his breadth of noble-mindedness, the intensity of soul powers, all live and breath into our minds, and we are influenced by them to some degree. We hate what he hated; we laugh at his humor; we are moved to tears at the pen-stroke of his sympathy. We are thrilled by his ecstatic portraiture of exciting incidents; we believe oftentimes their belief, and groan at the pictured scene of some strange and weary burden bearer!

What a power in literature! How it "runs away with the mind," steals our senses, fires our brain, and enlivens our imaginations! And, exerting such a stimulus as this, how careful we should be as to what we read. Intellect cannot truly live on airy diet. "Light reading" may serve the purpose of mental recreation, but not for food uses by any means. The fact of mind food being an essential element in the make-up of legitimate character is lost sight of by many, and thus we find so much of wild and frivolous sentiment alarmingly diffused.

Mental culture is as necessary unto healthful character as physical culture is to a healthy body. Literary exercise cannot be safely ignored. Were there more people, and especially of the younger classes, giving heed unto this law of mind, a different condition of affairs would undoubtedly surround us. The injunction to avoid "literary trash," of "blood and thunder" type, found in weekly story papers, and light, character-besmirching novels, cannot be too strictly urged; and a person who seeks to enforce it should by no means be called a "crank," for we have too plain, open-faced, undeniable facts of their unhealthy action upon the minds of scores of hundreds in our day. "Touch not, handle not, taste not of the unclean thing" refers to more than intoxicants in liquid form. We have mental intoxicants that are just as deadly and damning foes to humanity as whiskeys ever dared to be! They unfit the mind for reading *good* books. An acquaintance with the products of our higher literary authors is worth vastly more than a thousand car loads of word-dirt, be it called "clean dirt" or not!

This stuff is passed to our houses, sent through the mails to our homes, advertising some catchy, fascinating, so-called romantic tale "so charming and delightful" as to attract the youth or old "innocence abroad"! There are more ways than one of going "on a wild goose chase." Anyone who spends time in reading mere word-truck is on a *very* wild goose "rampage," his aim is high by *no* means, and he shoots into the dirt every time without "killing anything to make alive" only the dust of some one's mental debris.

We may argue that a literature, philosophy, society, art, group of arts, may produce a moral condition, and it may be true; but what is the moral condition that would give rise unto these things. Back of the product is always the producer. The moral tone of Tyre is given in Isaiah by the style of dress and custom. There is an inner demand created by some power of vanity asking for certain gratifications, and there arises the matter sought for, and by contact, the thing becomes contagious, and false appetites are acquired and intellectual (?) dyspepsia is the result, the mental stomach refusing, because of a disordered condition, to re-

ceive wholesome, nutritious, literary diet; and certain "systems," being in a mind-enervated state, are susceptible to the attacks of the infectious and noxious atmosphere. As certain physical diseases are largely repelled by persons in good, robust health unto which others of weaker physical power succumb, so is it in this question of literature.

There are people with whom you may often chance to meet who cannot understand you, nor relish a conversation, if the trend of thought extends beyond the merest everyday trivial domestic affairs, or some little neighborhood gossip; whose minds are so starved from lack of intellectual cultivation that they are verily impoverished, and they are of a class who might, by some little application, have become fairly well versed in matters of general topic interest.

And some of this kind will seek to enter in upon the enjoyment of the divine intelligence beyond. What a state of education they will have to pass through with! Do you think any meaning of *future* good will and advantage is to be found in the following quotation, as well as here, and that *present* learning of things of general and special intelligence may affect our *then* mental caliber? "That ye may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel; . . . of things both in heaven [the firmament] and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been; things which are; things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home [in native country]; things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of nations; . . . and a knowledge also of countries, and of kingdoms."

Blend with this the other relating to the future, and then decide if present mental condition will touch upon the future condition of intellectuality:—

"In that day when the Lord shall come he shall reveal *all things*; things which passed, and hidden things which no man knew; things of the earth by which it was made, and the purposes and the end thereof; things most precious; things that are above, and things that are beneath, things that are in the earth and in the heaven." The things of which man did not know and hold theory upon will aid him in understanding, when the great

school of God shall be more fully opened for our greater educational course and graduation.

Some say we are to spend no time lecturing or speaking of these matters; they "save" no one! If they do not, one thing is unquestionably certain, it is a *line of information that belongs to a saved condition*. God intended no one to store his or her mind with useful thought and principle and seek to benefit no one else therewith! Our idea of the breadth of Christian truth is of wider range than that of some others. Gospel theory takes in all of good in social, moral, religious, philosophic, scientific, and political truths and facts, or it embraces nothing. Is it any wonder we have the command: "Seek learning by faith and by study; read all *good books*" you can obtain?

If in these quotations there is not a wide range of literature suggested I know not what language means. We have suggested all of art, chemistry, cosmography, geology, astronomy, physiology, hygiene, phytology, biology, geometry, philosophy, phonology, etc. These and more are implied. Who can study of all these? asks some one; the reader may determine, if he can.

How blessed and wonderful is the literary companionship of God's ordering! "Be ye therefore *wise* servants." "I speak as unto *wise* men, judge ye what I say." "Wisdom is the principal thing, and in all your studies get understanding."

Books are the most lasting products of human effort. Books can introduce us into the best society; they bring us into the presence of the greatest minds that have ever lived. By their books we hear what they said and did!

Dryden, a Romanist, while in the midst of penning religious controversies, would give expression to thoughts of nature touching upon her silent and vocal beauties as when he, with the flourish of his pen transferred these fair thoughts of mind to words on paper:—

"New blossoms flourish and new flowers arise,
As God had been abroad, and walking there
Had left his footstep and reformed the year.
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnished brooks appeared with liquid
gold to flow.

At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing,
Whose note proclaimed the holy day of spring."

Our book world without poetic ef-

fusion would be like a wide expanse of field verdure minus the embellishment of flowers. There is an idea of nature and of life beneath every work of art, and there is a philosophy beneath every literature.

The nations of the great ages speak to us through their literature; we acquaint ourselves with peoples by listening to the words of their silent speech; they whisper unto us as it were from the dust of earth, and proclaim the thoughts of their hearts, as their material ruins portray the works of their hands. The great life of heroic paganism and of happy Greece under the writings of Homer. The gloomy and vehement life of superstitious Catholicism may be found cropping out the pen words of Dante. Literature varies according to the differences in the nativity, bloom, decline, morbidness of the leading idea, and many come to an end.

Authors die, and with them their would-be future efforts. "By their works ye may know them." I presume all writers exhibit their mind-fashion, and may be thus quite well understood. Literature pictures the mental and moral and religious features of people as photography presents the facial. It is recorded that the minds of the twelfth century were admirable for their display of energy. Oxford had thirty thousand scholars. Abelard's disciples were so numerous that no building in Paris was large enough to contain them! So powerful a minded man was he and so learned in his day that when he retired to the desert solitude so many people followed to seek learning that a town grew up in the desert.

Mind must and will speak either in an oral or written sense; and mind will hear and imbibe from mind by ear or by sight. The activity of mind, its restlessness, its power of curiosity and desire to know of the whys and wherefores of matters call for literature. Everyone may not write, but everybody may read. Everyone may not travel and observe, but some one can, and relate his results for the good of others.

The imagination is a powerful factor in mind, and it is the outcropping of this faculty against which a guard of defense should be placed. Here we require the ability to discriminate when reading books. The imagination is capable of

such tremendous display of fancies that it may direct safely or lead into dangerous paths; for a writer can surround himself or herself with splendid images, and be moved by the buzzing of their swarms and the glitter of their splendors, the fascinations of their attractive appearance, the sweetness of their songs; or the writer may gloat over a dark picture of deceit, selfishness, hatred, obscenity, vulgarity, the trickery of theft and murder, of some dark cavern where malicious mortals convene to lay a plot for some diabolical deed, where all concerned are covered o'er with oaths of horrid word-ing and blood-curdling design.

All these affect mind, and such "literature" is the crafty sort that betrays, beguiles, and leads into forbidden paths! How strange it seems that mortals are inclined to travel over a road filled with danger signals and heed no warning voice! Literature being multifarious, its object is not confined to a single treatise. The question of morals is a most important topic at which an author's pen may freely and usefully operate, but to form morals is not all; there may be religious thought to defend, a faith to be armed, and a doubt to be disarmed, the future to be penetrated. Doubt should be combatted as well as vice; for doubt as to Infinity and disbelief in individual responsibility leads toward vicious practices.

While we may not deplore in too forlorn a manner our present public social status, yet we can see a peculiar condition extant in the literary world. Books published on "morals," while immoral-tending writings abound, reminds one of Keeley Institutes amidst abounding saloon power! One to cure (?) the other to "create."

Then our infidelic literature of free thought, spiritism, theosophy, hypnotism, Christian science, with all their overflow of blasphemy, "great swelling words of vanity," and wantonness! All this to be guarded against as "messengers of Satan," sent broadcast to allure and deceive. But "*prove* all things" and always look out for the "danger signals."

There are many writers merely speculative; those who are and were apologists and not inquirers; who busied themselves with "morality," not with truth. Producers of literature in science and religion have, in many instances, been unable to

cope with questions of opposites. A "scientist" when he attacks religion becomes narrow-minded and antiquated. Such an example is found in Newton. Clarke was patching a creed, and he was a mathematician, philosopher, and scholar. It is said that Addison and Locke became "dull, dry, and gloomy," when they attempted to defend Christianity.

In the "clear cut" writings of great men there is a solidity and elegance intermixed that attracts the student and is a relish to literary viands; for the mind feasts as well as the body. Association with "*good books*" begets good thoughts, causes the mind to become reflective, and enlightens the understanding, quickening its perceptive faculty, enlarging its reasoning power and makes a person more potent for good in many ways.

Hazlitt said of books: "Books wind into the heart; the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old. We read there of what has happened to others, we feel that it has happened to ourselves. They are to be had everywhere cheap and good. We breathe but the air of books. We owe everything to their authors, on this side of barbarism."

Ofttimes we find the best thoughts of which a life was capable enshrined in the urn of a "good book." Man's life is man's thoughts, for he moves in the stimulating atmosphere of mentality. The treasury of words is found in good books, containing precious golden thoughts, which become our companions and guides and comforters, if well cherished.

If you show me what kind of literature a man or woman, "boy" or "girl," reads, I'll tell you what kind of a person he is. A person may be known by the book-company he keeps. Emerson said: "In contemporaries, it is not so easy to distinguish between notoriety and fame. Be sure, then, to read no *mean* books. Shun the spawn of the press or the gossip of the hour."

Sir Sidney Philip said: "They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts." It is true that with great thoughts, which are as fresh to-day as when first expressed by their authors ages ago, time is of no account. Their thoughts live with us to-day, and by them we are instructed, as well as by the men-

tal products of the good of our own century.

Nothing but the really *good* in literature should be permitted to survive, for *it is* the fittest. My books are among the best friends I have. I love to scan their pages, and often am I fed by their reading. A good book has a true and high bond, "Love me, love my book." People often think, feel, and sympathize with one another from a mutual regard for an author. Good books are pleasant and abiding companions. They always speak with a cheering, intelligent tone that is refreshing. Of how much more intellectual and moral worth are good thoughts of good men, than the evil thoughts of unwholesome authors. The one class cater to the building up of life's true instincts, the latter to its degradation. Wordsworth wrote:—

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness can grow."

In good books are frequently found the portrayal of character traits which, being admirable, we have a desire to weave into our own lives and act and speak accordingly; they serve us as angels of mercy guarding the soul.

"Good thought enshrines the germ of action, for good words almost invariably inspire to good works." Carlyle wrote: "Man's sociality of nature evinces itself, in spite of all that can be said, with abundance of evidence, by this one fact, were there no other—the unspeakable delight he takes in Biography."

Strange as it may seem, yet true it is, that much interest is felt in biography. I presume, from what I have *heard* of novel writing that novels are fictitious biographies. Dramas are but acted biographies. Genius is employed on the fictitious, and the commonplace ability in the real. All people may learn somewhat from the recorded life of another. We come into close contact with men and women through the mediumship of books as well as by personal presence. We learn of the study of human nature by scanning the character in the literary realm.

Imperial intellects of ages past live with us to-day. Paul yet preaches; Isaiah still prophesies; the oratory of Cicero is

yet heard; the expression of Demosthenes' eloquence are admired; Homer is living, and sings to us by virtue of his poems; Plato is teaching; "the spirits of great men are embalmed in their writings."

What we read of the lives and doings of great and good men, should influence our hearts, and yield us a rich inspiration full of hope, setting before us noble examples. George Herbert said: "The *good* life is *never* out of season." There lives that which is eternally commendable in goodness. What man can be and do, is the great lesson taught from biography.

The spirits of philosophers and sages walk about 'midst the busy life of modern times embalmed in books! The immortality of good can never pass away. Man, in "the likeness" of God, like God *ever* lives in the products of his mental forces! Good thoughts and good words are imperishable because mind always is, and able to repeat and react them again. Truth is never stale, and right thinking never unseasonable.

Amidst the multitude of biographies stands the great of all, the "Book of Books." It is an educator of the young, the guide of maturity in man, the balm of hoary age. It is a record of heroes physical and moral and religious, of prophets, kings, patriarchs, a biography that tells both sides the story of man. It is the bulwark of our civilization, the strength of men and nations. It is the chart and compass for immortal souls sea-faring upon life's troubled waters. Of national seriousness it is the anchor. Hidden beneath its flaming words may be found the power of all human griefs and trials. Of man's best moments it is the representer. The word-clouds of infidelity have not dimmed its brilliancy, nor has maddened controversy soiled its hallowed pages. The influence it has exerted over the lives of great men in the uplifting of human nature can never be fully estimated. Isaac Disraeli said: "The best biography is a reunion with human existence in its most excellent state;" and it is true. The best study of history is in biography. Emerson wrote: "What is all history but the work of ideas, a record of the incomparable energy which his infinite aspirations infuse into man?"

We always see persons intermixed with

principles, mankind coming in contact with rules of action, applying them with forthcoming results from history, good, bad, or indifferent.

We meet with minds of the past and present by reading books. Reading, observation, and experience personal make up our individual resources for learning of things past and present. We can sit down and surround ourselves with prophets, patriarchs, and apostles and have a religious meeting. We can surround ourselves with the words that ever live, of Plutarch, Cicero, Solon, Socrates, etc., and feast upon philosophy. We can meet with Newton, Kepler, Galileo, with many others and have a treat in science.

We can meet and enjoy poetic feasting with Ariosto, Proctor, Milton, Shakspeare; then with Browning, Longfellow, Tennyson, Bryant, Whittier, and the long list of their like. We can converse on theology with Tyndale, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, and their fellows of later date. So may we pass throughout the entire realm of all branches of learning and enjoy reunions with men of great mind and heart, and believe in the imperishable value of literature.

But men who have delved into literary affairs have been engaged in other kind of work; scarcely any of our great authors have been solely employed therewith.

We are informed that Locke held office in different reigns. Under Charles II. he was secretary to the board of trade, and commissioner of appeals, of trade and plantations under William III. Under Queen Anne's reign, several literary men held public position; such as Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, and Gray. They served as secretary of state, commissioner of stamps, undersecretary of state and ambassador to France; secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, secretary to Jamaica; secretary of legation at Hanover.

Voltaire stated that "the real spirit of business and literature are the same; the perfection of each being the union of energy and thoughtfulness, of cultivated intelligence and practical wisdom, of the active and contemplative essence," a union commended by Lord Bacon as the concentrated excellence of man's nature. According to this conclusion we are justified in believing that many of the best

books extant have been written by men of business.

It is said upon good authority that Plutarch and Montaigne were probably the most influential writers of the past who have aided in forming the characters of great men of action and of thought.

Anyone who reads good books without being influenced advantageously thereby, has read in vain!

A work I have in my possession among others, is the "Lives of Plutarch," and this literary effect was written nearly eighteen hundred years ago. Like unto Homer it holds its ground as the greatest work of its kind.

Shakespeare in writing his great classical dramas uses it as his leading authority. It is a wonderful work in the reading of which I have at times been deeply moved. A certain author by the name of Alfieri said in speaking of his reading "Plutarch's Lives:" "Every time that I met with one of the grand traits of Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas I was seized with such vehement agitation as to be unable to sit still." Is it any wonder when the great man possessed the power to depict the individual character of his heroes yielding that which creates the charm and interest of all biography?

Literature that presents to us the lives of men and nations, to be true to oncoming generations, must give us, as in portraiture the artist does, the light and shade. I presume Cromwell was not any more careful, if history recorders gave his life in books as he had lived before men, than when he sat to Cooper for his miniature. He said to the artist: "Paint me as I am, warts and all."

Sir Walter Scott said: "Biography, the most interesting of every species of composition, loses all its interest with me when the lights and shades of the principal characters are not accurately and faithfully detailed. I can no more sympathize with a mere eulogist than I can with a ranting hero on a stage." In our more modern biographies we have but little of the shady side of men's lives given us as Dr. Johnson said he liked to have done: "If a man profess to write a life, he must write it really as it was. A man's peculiarities, and even his vices, should be mentioned, because they mark his character."

The most pleasing lecture I ever lis-

tened to on the subject of George Washington was from the very fact that the weaknesses of the man were brought with the strong points of his great nature; and so superior was his masterly achievements that the "failings" of the man were lost to view, because you could not but admire the brilliant expositions of his great will power, the towering strength of a noble manhood!

Voltaire said: "There is no man who has not something hateful in him—no man who has not some of the wild beast in him. But there are few who will honestly tell us how they manage their wild beast." The work of literature is a work of art, for it evidently displays an art as high as that in painting; there is the word-picture in the one, and the picture of colors in the other.

We are living in an age of books. Never has the world of mind been so deluged with literature as now. The writings on rocks and parchment have been transferred to books of modern make. Public and private libraries abound. Books number into the millions, but only the thousands can be counted as of intrinsic value. I have scanned the history of the choice of books made by certain men such as Soumet, De Quincy, Frederick the Great, of Prussia, Marshal Blucher, Duke of Wellington, Goethe, Coleridge, Cobbett. It is interesting to note the fine and great classes they chose.

Who would be without good books, would seek to live without the best intellectual friends a man or woman may have in this world.

Thomas Hood said: "A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, the saloon." A young man or woman, a girl or boy who will make good books and good papers and magazines his literary companions will hardly go far astray. The persons who read cheap and trashy writings are poisoning their minds and sending a cruel dagger to their own hearts.

Cheap, bad literature is a curse of our day, and is degrading thousands of our race. It creates and feeds an unnatural appetite. It blunts the finer sensibilities of human nature; distorts the mental vision; corrupts the thoughts; debases the feelings of the soul, and at last sends it on an exploit to perdition. The men and women engaged in its production are social slayers of their fellows; they are as culpable as the distiller, brewer, and saloon keeper; they lie and cheat men's souls; they send the youth on expeditions of madness and ruin. Their writings should be condemned by all well-disposed people. Parents should guard their homes against its invasion.

HEART GRAVES.

Are there only graves 'neath the churchyard
flowers?

Or in crypt and vault, in this world of ours?
Nay, there be graves of a depth untold,
That are not covered by churchyard mould.

If the kind, green earth holds not all our graves,
Say, do they yawn beneath seething waves?
Not so, there are graves both deep and wide
That are not hid by the ocean tide.

Then where do they lie, if they may not be
In the fresh, green earth or the deep, blue sea?
In earth or in water they have no part:
They are carried deep in each human heart.

Every year, as the months slip by,
Some hope springs up, but to droop and die;

Then we haste to bury our dead away
In its dark heart grave, from the glare of day.

Every man, as he lives his life,
Has some joy crushed in its fevered strife,
Some cherished aim or high desire
Withered and blacked in the world's fierce fire.

The truth and love that our manhood craves
Often fade and fall into early graves:
As tie after tie from our age departs,
We bury them all in our aching hearts.

Though the graves of the earth be deep and wide,
Though they cluster close 'neath the ocean tide,
They are naught to the graves where, with bitter tears,
We bury the hopes and the joys of our years.

—Selected.

Department of Correspondence.

EDITED BY ELEANOR.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

WE have been waiting patiently for some information concerning that proposed organization, not understanding the subject, or what was contemplated. We thank Sister Anna for her letter, but have not formed for ourselves an opinion concerning the advisability. We are, however, in favor of free discussion of the matter, and whether you succeed in effecting the organization at this coming conference or not, we are glad to see the desire for usefulness manifested. You have with you the power for great good or evil, whether organized or not. If a sincere desire exists to work for the good of fellow beings, because of love for them, I believe that good will be accomplished by thus uniting your forces. But, if undertaken because of some similar society existing among the young people of other churches, it may be better to discuss the subject more before undertaking to carry it out. We think nothing will be lost by a thorough understanding of all things pertaining to the subject; for then all will be better prepared to engage in it with the proper spirit.

We have also in this issue a letter on temperance to which we desire to direct attention. It occurs to us that it would be a grand thing were we to see the young Saints consolidating all their forces for the causes of temperance and social purity. It seems to our mind that far more good would be accomplished thus than scattered over so many less important matters. At any rate, we want more letters on those subjects.

We have several more letters on the meat question, but as the arguments are in substance the same as those given last month we omit them.

Correspondence addressed to Eleanor, Lamoni, Iowa, will be received.

HOPEVILLE, Ont., Nov., 1892.

Dear Readers:—Upon reading the letter of brother Russell Archibald in September number of *Autumn Leaves*, I thought I would write my thoughts on the matter, as I feel sure that he has misunderstood the Word of Wisdom. He seems to think that in it the Saints are commanded to abstain from meat. By turning to page 244, Doctrine and Covenants, I read:—

"Not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation, and the word of wisdom showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days."

Do we find in that revelation any advice or even a hint that it is the will of God that we should not eat meat? I think if we read carefully we will find that there is not. He says: "Yea, flesh, also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, hath ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving. Nevertheless, they are to be used sparingly; it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine."

And, concerning the wild beasts that run and creep on the earth, he says: "These hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger." This is all that is said in the Word of Wisdom about the use of flesh. I also fail to see anything out of harmony with Paul's teaching therein.

The great apostle states that God had ordained flesh for the use of man to be received with thanksgiving.

The latter day seer reaffirms this statement and then tells *how* it should be used and *when*, and also shows the difference between the use of the tame and the wild animals, but all were made for the use of man in their proper time. God does not tell us why we should use flesh sparingly, nor why it is pleasing to him that we should use it only in cold weather, but the scientific world is awakening to these facts and they tell us that meat acts in the stomach like a fire and produces heat, and that it should not be used in hot weather; and that this is to a very great extent the cause of so much suffering from heat in the summer months.

Another class of scientific men, phrenologists, tell us that the excessive use of meat strengthens our animal propensities, and they often advise those whose animal nature is well developed to use meat sparingly. But what has that to do with the Word of Wisdom? Much in every way I think. Does it not show plainly that our food affects our brains as well as our health, and that if we eat proper food in its proper time that not only will we have vigor and health in limb and body and our faces glow with good health, but our minds also shall be strengthened and built up thereby, which agrees exactly with the promise of God that

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

they who "remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments shall receive health, . . . and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge even hidden treasures, and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint, and I, the Lord give unto them this promise that the destroying angel shall pass by them as the children of Israel and not slay them."

Hoping these thoughts shall be blessed to the reader's benefit, I will say adieu for the present.

Your sister,

MAGGIE CAMPBELL.

ATTLEBORO, MASS., Dec. 3, 1892.

Editor of Department of Correspondence:—I feel it a duty as well as a golden privilege to help to sustain your department of the *Autumn Leaves*, one of the most valuable publications extant. From its pages we can cull information in science, important matters of history, and, last but not least, instruction pertaining to the kingdom of God. Through its columns we, the young people, may discuss the questions which are daily confronting the church of God; problems which need all the light that human and divine wisdom can throw upon them, that the mind and heart of humanity may be directed in proper channels.

I believe that the Autobiography of Bro. Joseph Luff should be published in book form. How the Spirit of the Master wells up within me as I read it! What worthy examples of the Christ-life are there portrayed! My young brothers and sisters, the fruits of the labors of such men as Brother Luff have become our noble heritage. Shall we as grandly possess and maintain it?

Among the more important questions that have been urged in these columns is that of prohibition. The liquor traffic may not be destroying the church and it might not in some ways of looking at it make any difference to the individual members of the church, whether it was settled or not, but it is of vital importance to many a home that is as dear a spot to some souls as our homes are to us. You say we have no saloons in our town and possibly but few in our State; but some other towns, cities, States are being dominated, controlled, and overrun by them. An increase of over one hundred thousand saloons in four years means something. It means somebody's ruined boys! Have you a son, a brother, a husband to spare? It is a solemn problem that confronts us. Here in Massachusetts we educate our children till they reach the age of fifteen years or over, and

then turn them loose for the liquor traffic to destroy and worse than nullify the time, trouble, and money it costs to educate them.

My brother, can you see any responsibility for you in this matter? Let me point it out to you. The saloon keeper does not care a fig how much you preach, pray, or talk so long as your vote sustains him in his nefarious business, and you vote with him, the saloon keeper, when you elect representatives of any political party at the polls that are not pledged to the enforcement of prohibition.

We sometimes treat the question as the world treats the claims of our church, by failing to investigate it.

Yours for the right,

ARTHUR B. PIERCE.

JASPER, Minn., Dec. 4, 1892.

Dear Friends of Autumn Leaves:—I received the December number of *Autumn Leaves* last Tuesday and was two days in reading it, picking it up at spare moments, and I then sent it to a friend. When I read the few letters in the Department of Correspondence, and what our new editor had to say, I promised myself then and there that I would write a letter to the Department, if that would in any way help its continuance.

I am not numbered with the Saints, yet I am interested in the *Leaves* and would like to see it a weekly instead of a monthly magazine.

And what subject shall I write on? There are so many themes one might present and enlarge on, and yet it is so different writing a piece for publication from writing a social letter to a friend. I think I shall consider all the readers of the *Leaves* my friends and write you all a social letter.

I wrote a short letter to the Department some time ago, which surprised me somewhat to think it had escaped the wastebasket, but I think we should do as our editor has said, leave it to her to decide whether our letters should be published or not, whether they would be of interest to the readers of the *Leaves*.

I know I oftentimes write a letter and send to a friend, which I wish I had not sent after it has gone, and so it is with the letters in the Department; sometimes we may write letters to publish which would be unwise; for they would be of little or no interest to the reader, but because our letters are rejected once, we should not allow discouragement to take hold of us, but remember that: "Little beginnings make great endings," and, if we wish to succeed, there is nothing like perseverance. "If you

do not at first succeed, try, try again," I believe has been the means of stimulating a good many who would have otherwise failed.

I was at Pipestone, Minnesota, when I wrote for the *Leaves* last time. I left there the first of August and came here to Jasper, twelve miles from Pipestone, to take charge of a lumber yard, but, despite my contentment here, I wander back to Pipestone quite often. It seems quite an attraction. Maybe it is because of the numerous friends I made during my two years there, but those rocky ledges and historic scenes are always a pleasure to me, and I always think as I walk over that ground considered sacred by the Indians, that it is surely a grand and romantic place and I should have liked to viewed it years ago when the Indians made their yearly pilgrimages there.

I had the pleasure not long since, to hear a lady (Abbie Gardner Sharp) lecture on her life among the Indians. She and two other ladies were the only ones left at the time of the Spirit Lake massacre. They were taken captives and camped for a time at the Pipestone quarries.

Her talk was very interesting, and I thought, as she was telling of her life there, what a change civilization and Christianity have made since; for now there is a thriving city there, and the Indians who make their annual visits now, no more come with war paint on their faces, but, in their quiet and humble way, they pitch their tents, quarry the red pipestone and depart in peace, no more with that savage and murderous desire, but rather wishing peace and good will to all men and trying to lead good Christian lives as far as their intellect allows.

But while I always enjoy my visits to Pipestone. I am quite content with life in Jasper. I am having a chance to live out the stern realities of life. We have quite a nice little town here of about five hundred people. It is large enough to support two dens of destruction and iniquity, and from all appearances they are doing a thriving business. The foreign element prevails here and perhaps to that is partly due the thrift of these places.

I know not why there are more foreigners here than in other places around here, unless it is the large stone quarries located here.

The Sioux Valley Stone Company has one of its largest quarries here which gives employment to about one hundred and fifty men in the busy season. The stone is of the best in the northwest and the demand for it is increasing. Another feature of the place is the fine springs which we have in our midst which furnish abundance of pure, cold, sparkling water.

Another gentleman and myself have rooms back of the lumber office and domicile there, having all the pleasures (?) of bachelor life, taking our meals at Hotel Jasper. But hotel fare is far from the good meals we used to get at home, and we often wish for those pumpkin pies our mothers used to make, or, when a button comes off or a rip is found in the coat, it gently reminds one of home and how all I had to do was simply to show sister the defect and it was soon mended.

I can say to any young man, If you have a home and are dissatisfied with it, go away six months or a year and you will then many times, I know, think over those words of John Payne, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home," and wish many times you were back again to receive the loving embrace of mother and sister.

There is but one church here, the Presbyterian. It was dedicated a week ago to-day, the Rev. R. N. Adams of Minneapolis preaching the dedicatory sermon in the morning. I rather envied my distant relative, for such I suppose him to be, as he stood up and spoke for an hour or more.

But I think I have written at length, so will close with best wishes for the *Leaves* and a sincere desire that the Department of Correspondence may continue. I know it will continue if we will only show our just appreciation of it.

Yours in friendship,

ARTHUR ADAMS.

PIPER CITY, Ill., Dec., 1892.

Dear Readers:—While looking over my scrapbook, I found a poem, the subject of which is: "If I should die to-night."

I know not who the author is, but, after reading the poem, I feel acquainted with the writer. In words of sadness he tells how friends would remember the kind deeds that had been done by hands now lying cold and lifeless, the loving words spoken by lips which are now still in death. All selfishness and pride, hasty words and unkind deeds would be forgotten, and even hearts estranged would once more think kindly of him. In the next he begs that they do not wait until he is dead, but think kindly of him now; for the way is lonely and the faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn. Now is when words of kindness and sympathy will do some good.

After reading the poem, I could not but think how true it is that the good one does is never fully realized until after he is dead. If

the loving words that are spoken after one is dead could only have been spoken to that friend when here with us how much encouragement and cheer they might have given, and how the words of sympathy, uttered after friends have departed, might have made the burdens easier to be borne and the weary feet to have been pierced with fewer thorns.

When we think of many of those who have been great and good in this world who have suffered and died on account of their words and works, and are now honored and praised by the people, we can but think that if some of the words now spoken in their defense could have been heard at the time when those persons were living their pathway would have been brighter.

Is it not also true that the good the Department of Correspondence was doing was not fully realized until it was about to die? Did we support it as we should have done? Too many of us I fear must answer, No. The writer must confess that she was of the number who did not realize the good that was being done until it was feared that our department would die. The feeling of condemnation that was felt when reading that it was not being supported by the young will not soon be forgotten. How eagerly the last *Autumn Leaves* was watched and waited for to see if there was enough life and vitality to enable it to exist. With what feelings of joy did we read that it would be continued for a time at least. "For a time at least" was not pleasant to read, but it depends upon the support it receives whether it shall be only "for a time."

If we did not realize the good it was doing, do we now. If we do, will we support it or allow it to die. It depends upon the young to keep up this part of the paper, and what are we going to do about it. Let us say we will do all in our power to have it continued and thus show our faith by our works. Let us not sit with folded hands and refuse to work because we can't do as well as others.

Some time ago I read a few lines which contained a beautiful thought. The thought was that if no birds sang but those that could sing the sweetest song there would not be much music in the groves. How true that is! Each one that can sing, and, though his song may not be so sweet as that of others, he does not refuse to sing because he can't sing better. The woods resound with the joyful notes of many feathered songsters; but there is also the low and plaintive song, the sad, sweet notes of another, and each one is praising its Creator by thus using the talent given.

Let us learn a lesson from the birds. If we can't do as well as others, shall we be idle and throw all the work on their shoulders. Is that the way we ought to thank and praise our Maker for the talent entrusted to our care?

Suppose the stars should refuse to shine because they can't give so bright a light as the moon, and the moon refuse to shine because the sun gives a more glorious light. Where would be the twinkling stars that shine in the broad expanse of blue at night to give light to a darkened world, and how we would miss our friend, "the moon, with her kindly smile" which gives light and beauty to the world when the sun has gone beyond the western horizon.

Each star dim though it may be when compared with the brighter lights around it, does its work. So should we. Though it be but little that each can do, if we all work together we will realize that in "union is strength." Even though our work may be as the light of one of the *smallest* stars let us do what we can, and leave the result with God. If each one comes to the front ready for work, there will be no danger of our Department dying. May it not be said of us, They let their Department die when they ought to have furnished it with sufficient food to keep it alive and growing. Let us work and labor in its behalf and show that we appreciate the good that is being done by supporting it; for if we do not, we will surely feel condemned.

NETTIE I. HEAVENER.

LAMONI, Iowa, Jan. 13, 1893.

Dear Readers:—The question of organizing the young people of the church into some sort of a society for mutual development and improvement, as well as for the purpose of extending aid to others has been agitating the minds of a few of the Saints—would that I might say many—for the past year; and it is with reference to this subject that I take up the pen this evening.

The Department readers will all remember that while editing the Department I called for letters, both private and for publication, upon this subject. And I have written to some personally, that I might, if possible, enter into correspondence with regard to this important question. You all know the result of the call for letters for publication; and as to the response from those privately addressed, I will say that some three or four have written me. Others have promised to do so by and by.

Now, my dear brethren and sisters, the time

is very near at hand when something must be done in this matter. Do you want such a society organized? Have you one idea of what such an organization should be? Do you think there is a necessity existing for such an organization? Are you willing to contribute your "one idea," or more, that it may suggest thought for some one else? Or do you think it wiser to withhold your ideas, and keep them stored up to use as ammunition for criticism when the movement has partially materialized? Do you not know that there are always plenty of people who, when an important work has been finished, are ready to exclaim, Why didn't you do it this way? It would have been well had it been thus and so. Now what we want is for you young Saints to leave such critics to their own work, and give us *your* suggestions and criticisms before the work is developed into a definite plan.

Where are all those young people who wanted the Department organized and were going to stand by it? Have they supposed that the Department has become self-sustaining, or are they content that some one else should bear all the heat of the conflict, thinking that they will come in in time for a share in the spoils. Beware, my brother or my sister, lest that in doing your part in the conflict they also bear away your crown of victory.

No one denies that there is great gain and advantage from organized effort. This is an age of organization. Every enterprise of any magnitude, if successful, becomes so through organized and systematic labor. In many of the larger branches of the church societies of different kinds and purposes are organized, yet all aiming at the same end; viz., the perfection of the individual. Will anyone presume to say that there is no advantage gained by the association secured by these societies? Everyone who has had any experience in them knows that the reverse is true. If then there is a decided help in such combining of forces in small societies, how much more power might be gained by a more extended union of effort!

The Sunday school has accomplished much as a result of organization. In the two years of its organized life it developed even more than most of us had anticipated. And all this because of a marshaling of forces which would otherwise be greatly weakened because compelled to stand more or less independently.

Is the Lord pleased with organization? Look at the perfection of organization as exhibited in the setting up of his church, so perfect that even those who do not believe the doctrine admit the plan of organization excels

every other. Most assuredly, if more good can be accomplished by a united effort than without it, surely the Lord will be pleased with it; for has he not told us that men have power within themselves to bring to pass much righteousness, and that he that waits to be commanded in all things is a slothful servant.

Now, Saints, what do you think of the matter? Will you be ready, those of you who may be present next April, to act in this matter? Are you decided in your mind what kind of a society is best, whether it should embody in its work, general culture in church doctrine, scientific research, historical study, literary training, together with temperance, social purity, missionary work, and the receiving and distributing of choice literature, or all of them?

Hoping we may have a score or more letters in response to this, and that we all study to learn our duties and to do them, I remain,

Your colaborer for truth,

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

Dear Young People:—I am interested in the organization of the society mentioned in the Editor's Corner of the January number. We have among us as many active, intelligent young members, it is to be presumed, as any other religious denomination, and at times the letters that reach the editor's table show us that many of our young Saints are casting about in their minds how to use effectively the time and talents God has given them, and to find some worthy object to the support of which they may bring their youthful energy and ardor.

There is much that may be done; there is a great field of labor to be opened up. Will it not be well to proceed at once to study the subject to which our attention has been called and to decide whether such organization is desirable, and, if so, the kind of a society and the plan of organization best adapted to our work?

Doubtless you have all heard of the Society of Christian Endeavor; some of the isolated young Saints may be, as I was at one time, a member of it. I will later give you my reason for leaving it.

In talking on this subject of organization a short time ago, I mentioned my previous connection with that society to a sister, and she suggested that, as some others may not understand the workings of it, it might be well to write to you just what I had been telling her.

I was isolated from the church, and when I received an invitation to join the Society of Christian Endeavor about to be formed, I did so.

The stated object of the Society is "to pro-

mote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance, and to make them more useful in the service of God." A very good object I thought.

The organization I found to be quite simple. The officers were a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer.

The active work of the society was apportioned to committees. The local needs and opportunities of each society determined the kind of work taken up. I will name some of the committees.

There was a Lookout Committee. Its duty was to bring in new members. I was elected a member of that committee and began at once in a systematic way to make a list of the names of young people I meant to invite in, but when it occurred to me that the avowed object of the Society was to make Active Members of those who at first were only Associate Members, and that this was virtually the conversion of those young people to the doctrine of the church fostering the society, it seemed to me very inconsistent that I should labor to bring in converts to a church which I believed to be destitute of the authority of the priesthood and of the ordinances necessary to salvation. Unwilling to be a half-hearted member, I withdrew from the society; but I have thought since that, granted that it had been a society of Saints, I could have rejoiced to labor in that way, to bring others to the church in which is the order of God.

There was also a Prayer Meeting Committee whose duty it was to appoint the leader of the meeting and assign the topic for thought.

A Social Committee was appointed to welcome strangers and to "provide for the mutual acquaintance of the members by occasional sociables for which any appropriate entertainment of which the church approves may be provided."

The three committees named were necessary according to the constitution of the Society, and the following were added at discretion:—

A Sunday School Committee to bring in those who were not attendants of any Sunday school.

A Calling Committee to have a "special care for those among the young people who do not feel at home in the church, to call on them and remind others where calls should be made."

A Music Committee "to provide for the singing at the Young People's meeting and to turn the musical ability of the Society into account."

A Missionary Committee to interest the members of the Society in missionary topics and to aid the cause of missions.

A Flower Committee to provide flowers for the pulpit and to distribute them to the sick at the close of Sabbath services.

A Temperance Committee to do what may seem best to cultivate temperance principles and sentiments among the members.

A Relief Committee to do what it can to cheer and aid the sick and destitute.

The White Cross Committee to do what it can to disseminate among the young, principles of social purity, and to advance the White Cross movement.

These are, briefly told, some of the features of the work of the Society of Christian Endeavor. Can we use advantageously any of the thoughts suggested by the outline, changing to adapt to our needs? We have already societies of young people who meet to study the sacred books of the church; others who distribute the literature of the church; still others who by industrial work seek to increase the coffers of the church for use in the general work. Can we not unite them and work systematically and effectively? You will find a place then, young brothers and sisters, for all your surplus time, talent, and energy, and a great increase in helpfulness and happiness. I do earnestly hope we may all give this move the thought and attention it deserves. Will some of you say what you think of this plan or tell us of something still better? Remember we have only a short time if any anything is done in April.

Truly yours,

ANNA STEDMAN.

BEETOWN, Wis., Nov. 22, 1892.

Correspondence Editor:—I for one am glad to see the Correspondence Department continued in the *Leaves* and I hope to do my part in the future to make it a success.

Last week I was permitted to spend a couple of hours in the State Capitol at Madison, and while my companion was busy looking for his old regimental flag under which he fought in the war with our "Sunny South," I was busy hunting up the old Indian relics, and relics of the Mound Builders, of which I found a large collection. There I saw the tools of copper spoken of in the Book of Mormon. Some in the shape of axes, some in the shape of plain bits, carving knives, etc. I saw also a miniature cast of the cliff houses in New Mexico. Near one end of the room was a Corinthian capital from Mexico, said to have been carved by prehistoric Americans, known better, perhaps, to Latter Day Saints as the Jaredites, or Nephites. This capital was of pink granite, carved and

sculptured perfectly, and made for a Corinthian column a foot in diameter. I cannot tell you all I saw there in this letter, but may, perhaps, some future time mention them and other discoveries, together with the mounds and fortifications in the State.

J. W. PETEASON.

MANCHESTER, England, Dec., 1892.

Dear Readers:—I have just received the *Leaves* for December, and I am made to rejoice on finding that the Department of Correspondence will be continued. I therefore wish the *Autumn Leaves* and the Department a happy and prosperous journey throughout the incoming year. I therefore proceed with my mite toward making up the success of this department, and I pray that all who take part in the same may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

I have received much light and comfort from the Department during the last year, by the many interesting subjects which have been presented from time to time, and a great deal has been said upon them, and much more might profitably be brought forth, if we would only take the *trouble* to write; I said trouble. Yes, I believe we have looked at it this way, because, if it had been a pleasure, there would not have been any cause of grumbling on the part of the editors; therefore let us look to it and benefit by our late experience and all will be well.

A brother writes in November *Leaves* from 1 Timothy 4: 1-4, and as an advocate of that word I desire to present a thought or two.

We believe that we should compare the revelations of the present with those of the past, and, if they do not harmonize, we are not under obligations to receive them. The chief passage of the objector is 1 Timothy 4: 3, 4. The text is as follows: "Forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats [now mark what follows], which God hath created, to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Question: What has God created to be received with thanksgiving? Let us read Genesis 1: 29: "And God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it *shall* be for *meat*." The beasts he (God) gives every green herb. (See verse 30.) After the fall the ground is cursed and God again tells man what he shall eat; Genesis 3: 18: "Thorns and thistles shall

it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field."

Thus we read what God ordained for the use of man; and again, just before the flood God commanded Noah to gather food to take into the ark, Genesis 6: 20: "And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee, and it shall be for food for thee and them." Now we have gotten thus far, we will compare the present revelation on the subject, Doctrine and Covenants 86: 2: "And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man, every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof. All these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving." Question: Are these revelations in harmony with each other? Who understands the constitution and nature of man, and that which is good for him, the man himself or his Maker? Let every Saint answer for himself.

Now we come to the latter part of our text 1 Timothy 4: 4: "For every creature of God is good and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." When is it good? I quote from the Inspired Translation, Genesis 9: 9-11: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things. But, the blood of all flesh which I have given you for meat, shall be shed upon the ground, which taketh life thereof, and the blood ye shall not eat." Now mark this! "And surely, blood shall not be shed, *only for meat to save your lives*; and the blood of every beast will I require at your hands." And now compare section 86: 3: "Yea flesh, also, of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, hath ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving. . . and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used *only* in times of winter, or of cold, or famine. All grain is ordained for the use of man and beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man, but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; and these hath God made for the use of man *only* in times of *famine* and excess of hunger."

See also section 49: 3. God told Noah that blood should not be shed only to save life and the revelation of God to his people in the present age is that it is pleasing unto him that these should be used only in times of famine and excess of hunger. To my mind the word of God in the past is in harmony with the present, and thus I accept it. I must now leave this important subject with

you as I feel I am taking up too much space in the Department, but with the poet I can joyfully join and say:—

"The Lord imparted from above
The Word of Wisdom for our blessing;
But shall it unto many prove
A gift that is not worth possessing?

"Has self-denial grown a task,
Or has that word been vainly spoken?
Or why, I fain would humbly ask,
Why is that word so often broken?

"O, that the Saints would all regard
Each gracious word that God has given,
And prize the favor of the Lord
Above all things beneath the heaven!"

Paul says to the Romans: "For meat destroy not the work of God, and it is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine," and he also says, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

I pray that the light of truth may be our portion at all times, then shall we know the truth and the truth will make us free.

WILLIAM HY. GREENWOOD.

PERSIA, Iowa, December 19, 1892.

Dear Readers of the Leaves:—I feel it my duty to write something to help fill the columns of our valuable paper, though I truly feel my weakness in making the attempt. It

is a great privilege we have of improving our talents, for we can encourage and instruct one another, and at the same time benefit ourselves. I will write a few thoughts on a subject that concerns every one of us, both old and young; which if practiced would make us all happier and better in every respect; and that is self-control; as Solomon says: "He that rules his own spirit is greater than he that takes a city."

We all have weaknesses; certain besetting sins and evil habits that so easily overcome us, and lead us astray, and the longer we allow our evil propensities to rule us, the harder they are to overcome. We must arise in the strength of the Lord, who is always ready to help us in doing our duty, when we put our trust in him and determine that we will overcome evil. There is a joy and satisfaction in controlling one's self and doing that which we know to be right, that those that indulge in everything that their passions and lusts lead them to, are entire strangers to. I can plainly see the wisdom of God in so ordering these trials and difficulties in life to overcome, for if we had no battles to fight we could not gain any victories, and if we had no trials we could not work out our salvation. So let us all bring ourselves in subjection to the will of God, that we may be useful in our day, and, at last, be saved in his kingdom.

Your brother in the faith,

G. L. S.

"OUT OF SUFFERING COMES SONG."

Is this the way that praise is born?
Must pain be parent so
Of all the rarest, sweetest song
That God's beloved know?
"The servant must be as his lord,"
So speaks the Master's voice;
Like Jesus, self-effaced to lie,
Must be his follower's choice.

I thank thee, O my mindful Lord!
That thou hast held the key
Of all the discipline and ill
That life has brought to me.
I bless thee, too, that suffering
Is but thy instrument,—
A tool within the Master's hand
To grave his deep intent.

"He suffered, and was buried,"—
Not e'en the Christ was crowned
Without this crucifixion grace
Whereby our songs abound.
If Christ, with sorrow, gave himself,
How glad the life! how strong!
Defeat, denial, even death,
Transmuted into song.

Lord, teach my pain anointed lips
To plead for Christ with men;
And give the unction of thy love
To bring lost lambs again.
So when my praying breath is spent,
Ended earth's paltry praise,
New songs may join with mine in heaven,
For all thy wondrous ways.

—Sunday School Times.

Editor's Corner.

NOTICE.—Our friends will please remember that all subscriptions for 1893 must be paid by June 15, unless by special arrangement with the editor. Also that after the year 1893 our terms will be cash in advance unless by special arrangement otherwise. None who are interested in the magazine can object to this when we tell them that it is absolutely necessary.

ORGANIZATION.

"No power is understood to better advantage," says Dr. Trumbull, "in this day, than the power of organization. It manifests itself in armies, in churches, in protective associations, in trusts, in charities, in education, in societies for the promotion of various forms of intellectual and esthetic culture, and, in short, in all human activities. There is, however, one form of organization which men seem in lesser degree to recognize as of first and fundamental value, and that is the organization of the individual himself. It is the mutual support and helpfulness which one gives to another that constitutes the value of all forms of social organization. A man is in the same sense an aggregation of individual powers or capabilities; and if he would have them at their best, he must organize them into an association of their own, in order that he, as an association of powers, shall do an association's best work. Muscle, mind, and spirit, in all their forms, must rally to the support and encouragement of one another. The mind fails to accomplish its best work if hindered by a fagged-out body. A worrying mind reacts upon the nervous system, and injures the bodily vigor. An untrusting spirit begets and fosters worry, and so impairs directly and indirectly mental and physical efficiency. What a man needs to do is to see that the organization of his powers is complete and perfect, as the organization of a harmonious and effectively useful social body. To do this a man needs to re-create himself. His powers must be centered and concentrated. Instead of thus organizing by concentrating we are often guilty of disorganizing by dissipating. To dissipate is to scatter, to drive apart, to sunder what belongs in unity. Men know that they need re-creation, but they call it 'recreation,' and in that so-called recreation they more often dissipate than re-create. There is a good deal of dissipation under other and better names. There are other ways of dissipating, or rendering one's self inefficient through disorganization, than through intoxication or the lower vices. Every man owes it to himself and to his Creator to be within himself the best and most effective of labor organizations. Thus

only can he fulfil his measure of duty and carry his own weight of responsibility. Thus only can he be a worthy implement for his Master's use. Thus only can he be, not a feeble scintillation of scattered forces, but a concentrated, unified power. Thus only can he be in the highest sense what his capabilities were created to be—a man."

We have quoted the above for the double purpose of calling your attention to the fact, which is coming to be widely known and recognized in ways which, less than a half century ago, had never been tried, namely, that there is great power in organization.

That this power may be used for evil as well as for good scarcely needs stating, but it is the latter which we wish to consider. Societies among the young are springing up in various branches of the church, and with various objects in view. But feeling the need of extending their usefulness, especially of becoming systematic in methods, better acquainted with each other, and, above all, more united in the spirit and intent of their work, it was, at the last session of our General Conference, moved and carried that a committee be appointed to consider the advisability of organizing a society more comprehensive in its scope and more general in its work, which should, like the strong cable, be composed of these various single strands, thereby answering the various ends contemplated.

As time passes on, the old year vanished, the new fully upon the stage of action and girding himself for the race, and yet so little is being said in reference to this matter, we are led to wonder if even those who projected the movement had more than a very faint conception of the immense possibilities for good contained in it, if wisely carried out.

The difference between organized and unorganized labor, no matter what the object of that labor may be, is the difference between a thoroughly organized, well-disciplined army and a mob of raw recruits. Among those raw recruits there may be the stuff of which heroes are made, and the mob may have all the elements of the noblest army ever marshalled upon the field of battle, but what wise and thoughtful general, wishing to make the most of his availa-

ble resources, would not organize, equip, and discipline them, before hurling them against the breastworks and spear points of the enemy?

We like the spirit of the quotation we have made; for we believe that self-organization is the most important of all organizations, and we believe that when God gave to the church the Word of Wisdom, this was the object had in view, and when, at a later day, it was enjoined upon the Saints, both old and young, to retire early and rise early that vigor of mind and body should be retained, and that Saints should be cheerful in their warfare, that they may be joyous in their triumph, it was but emphasizing that which had preceded it.

But is the organization to stop here? Can each individual accomplish, singly and alone, that amount of good which is possible to organized effort? We are of the opinion he cannot, and think all human experience bears us out in this. This is a day of openly avowed unbelief, a day when infidelity walks forth into the light with an unblushing front. There is no surer way to strengthen one's faith in God than to work for him. Following in the footsteps of the Master, and doing the works he commanded are the strongest arguments you can hurl at infidelity.

What does organization mean, if it does not mean work, organized and systematic work? She is a very unfaithful and shortsighted mother indeed, who does not provide work for her children. Failing in this, she leaves it for the enemy to do, and be sure he will not miss his opportunity, for he has always an abundance of leisure in which to seek employment for the unemployed.

But, if the mother is shortsighted who overlooks the needs and imperative demands of her child's nature, what shall we say of the church that ignores this right-hand branch of her service, looks calmly on and sees her veterans falling every day, but, while the ranks are being thinned, as the gray heads go down, smilingly, in self-complacency, folds her hands while the children, born into the kingdom, drift away and are lost to her in the mad vortex of the world and its dissipation? She does not forget to send forth at any sacrifice the gospel of good-will to men, but herself "denies the faith" and, in not providing for those of her own household, becomes "worse than an infidel."

Does not the truth come home to us, that the young need leaders, need encouragement, need the fostering hand of the CHURCH? It is needed in many ways. It is needed, especially, just now in bringing into existence

an organized, systematic, and thoroughly equipped force prepared for the battle of right against wrong, virtue against vice, and God against Satan and all his emissaries.

It will not do because we have, after long waiting and much patient endeavor, succeeded in organizing an effort in behalf of Sunday school work to put all the burden there. There is work to be done which it does not devolve upon the Sunday school to do, work which cannot be entrusted to children and in which children, while they may in time be trained as helpers, need the wisdom of those who are older to guide and lead them in the way.

This work imperatively demands the best, the most consecrated talent in the church. It demands the counsel of the aged, the labor of fathers and mothers, of ministry and people, of our young men and maidens, and of all who love God and desire to help elevate the race. The times in which we live demand it, the interests of humanity demand it, and, hence, God demands it of his people and will hold them responsible for the manner in which they respond to this demand.

The inspired word gives us this soul-cheering promise: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." There has been, in the last fifty years, a mighty rebound from the debasing doctrines which were taught by sectarian churches and believed most firmly by their followers to be the doctrines of Christ. Surely these doctrines were false and misleading enough to demand eternal obloquy. But the question should come home to us, with force, Is there nothing better for us to do than to bury them?

Jesus said: "Let the dead bury their dead." There is being built upon the ruin of these fallen, man-made creeds, a very large and popular society, or system of societies, who are doing this work of interring most effectually. Let them do it as Christ has enjoined. This, however, is not all they are doing. Styling themselves "Liberal Christians," they are dethroning Christ, setting at naught the cross, and counting the blood of the covenant an unholy thing. The sectarian world is trying to bury these. It is their business, and let us not rob them of their legitimate occupation, but, if you will permit us, we wish to make this broad assertion that in both wings of this mighty army there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of diligent, conscientious workers, workers whose faithfulness and zeal should bring the blush of shame to our cheeks, and, what would be far more profitable, more worthy of the light we profess to have,

should fire our souls with a desire to emulate; yes, to go beyond all which has been done, even as Jesus the captain of our salvation excelled in all good works. Think of it for a moment! Pause and think seriously. Ask yourselves the question, What am I *doing* to defend the gospel of Christ from the attacks which are being made upon it? Granted that you can defend most eloquently and successfully every doctrine promulgated by the church, (and this you ought to be able to do,) and what value is this if your life is not in harmony with the doctrine? Liberal Christians have outgrown doctrine, and place all stress upon good works. Does this sound harsh in our ears? I know not how others may feel in reference to this, but while we think we love the doctrine of Christ and know that it is essential to salvation in the celestial kingdom of God, yet so fully persuaded are we in our own minds that "faith without works is dead," that, if we were compelled to make choice of one of the two, we confess that we would rather choose the salvation which good works would entitle us to, than all which will come through obedience to the ordinances of the gospel, if these works are not added.

Let us thank God that we are not reduced to this choice, but while we can meet the teachers of false doctrines and refute their creeds, we can meet those who dethrone Christ and set at naught the gospel plan of salvation and show them by our works, works prompted by the love of God and man, that, while the one is necessary, the other cannot be dispensed with. This is the possibility which presents itself to every true follower of Christ. It is not only the possibility, but it is the aim of his life, his every endeavor. This is the character of the work which is contemplated by everyone who realizes that we stand or fall by our works.

We can but hope that our young people will be prepared to meet the issue when their committee shall report the results of their labor in the way of investigation and consideration.

WE are pleased to be able to announce to our readers that in our next issue we shall commence the publication of a series of articles from the pen of Elder Heman C. Smith upon a subject which, if we had had our choice of all subjects, we would have preferred to have him take up and talk to the young about, namely: "The graces which must abound in the lives of those who expect to be saved according to the gospel plan of salvation." Truly the young people of the church are highly favored in their

day: ~~in~~ *in* our own day, the days of our youth, we were not so favored! And yet, Bro. Heman, Bro. Luff, Bro. McDowell, Bro. Criley, Bro. Sheehy, Bro. Burton, and many, many others, we are calling for more, calling for leaders to step forward and act as recruiting sergeants to marshal the young and equip them for the battle of life. And our call will not fall upon deaf ears; it will not be in vain; for the Lord will be a disturbance to you until you hear and answer.

WE now have in hands several installments of the manuscript prepared by Elder T. W. Williams, entitled, "The Latter-day Marvel In Britain." Since receiving the manuscript we have not had time to examine it, but, as the author is known to many of our readers as a young man of increasing ability both as a speaker and a writer, and, as the rise and spread of the work in England and Wales was a period of intense interest to the church, we feel sure that we are perfectly safe in promising our readers that this series will contain not only much of useful information and instruction, but much of interest as well.

WE acknowledge with pleasure our indebtedness to Bro. Newton of Independence for furnishing us with the very able and instructive address, delivered before the young people of that place, which appears in this number of our magazine. We congratulate the young Saints who were privileged to listen to it, and feel that each reader of the LEAVES is debtor to both the brother who produced it and the one who enabled us to publish it.

THE *Household*, a monthly, illustrated magazine, devoted to the interests of the American housewife, is laid on our table by the Household Co., 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Massachusetts. The paper is ably edited, neat in appearance, and, of more importance than all, the matter contained is of the best. One among many of its valuable features is its household recipes. It is just such a publication as will tend to brighten your home. The price is reasonable—\$1.00 per year. Sample copies will be furnished free on application to the above address.

NOTICE "A limited offer," the advertisement of B. F. Ordway & Co., Department C., Peoria, Illinois, which appears on our cover this issue. Should you desire anything in their line, you will find these people gentlemanly, prompt, reliable, and businesslike.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

CROCHETED SACQUE.

This pretty little sacque may be made of knitting silk, Shetland wool, or fine Scotch yarn.

Make a chain of forty-two stitches; crochet loosely enough to be nine inches long. This is the neck.

1. Make three more stitches, turn and put a shell of three trebles into every second stitch of the chain. Make three stitches at the beginning of each row.

2. In the center of each of the shells of the first row make a shell of two trebles, two chain, two trebles. All the shells are made in this way.

3. Same as the second row except widening by making an extra shell between the fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, sixteenth and seventeenth, seventeenth and eighteenth shells in the preceding row.

4. Widen between the twelfth and thirteenth, thirteenth and fourteenth shells.

5. Widen between the fourth and fifth, seventh and eighth, twentieth and twenty-first, twenty-third and twenty-fourth shells in the fourth row.

6. Widen at the beginning and ending.

7. Widen between the fifth and sixth, tenth and eleventh, twenty-third and twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth shells in the sixth row.

8. Plain.

9. Widen between the fifth and sixth, twelfth and thirteenth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, thirty-second and thirty-third shell in the eighth row.

10. Plain.

11. Widen between the fifth and sixth, fifteenth and sixteenth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh shells of the preceding row.

12. Widen between the fifth and sixth, sixteenth and seventeenth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth, fortieth and forty-first shells of the preceding row.

13. Work the first five shells plain, then skip thirteen shells and put the next shell in the nineteenth shell of the twelfth row; work twelve more shells plain (these are across the back), then skip thirteen shells and work the last five shells plain. The shells skipped are for the sleeves.

14. Widen under each sleeve and on each side of the back; crochet six times across plain.

For the sleeves, work plain shells across the thirteen you skipped, chain three and work seven rows around, fill the space under the sleeves with a few shells to form a gore.

BORDER FOR SACQUE.

1. Make loops of five stitches each, fasten them into the edge of the shells.

2. Make loops the same and fasten into the top of those in the first row.

3. The same as the second row except that two stitches should be made in place of the five; this forms crosses to run a ribbon through.

4. Shells in every second loop of the last row.

5. Scallops of five trebles in every shell.

6. Small loops of four chain in each treble of scallops; make the same border around the sleeves.

For the collar make twenty-one shells, make the border across and around each end now, run ribbon through all the crosses and finish with ties of the same. These directions may seem difficult on account of the length, but they are very easily followed. Anyone who makes the sacque will be repaid for the work.

A BOOKCASE DRAPERY

Of almost any goods is more beautiful if it bears a motto artistically embroidered; or the letters might be painted in dyes and outlined in gold thread. A suitable curtain would be of silk mail cloth or velours, but some soft drapery goods would be prettier; such goods as Yokohama silk or some soft self-colored twilled silk. Embroider or paint the motto first and then line the curtain and suspend it by rings from a pole at the top shelf. Let the words be placed irregularly on the drapery in careless "sketchy" letters. Mottoes will doubtless suggest themselves to you. Here are two or three:—

"Of making many books there is no end."

"Books are faithful friends."

"Give me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book."

Unless the bookcase is quite wide a single curtain will look better than two.—*Housekeeper.*

LAMP SHADES.

Of making these there is no end, and as there seems to be no limit to the use of lamps, both for lighting and as helps in decoration, new methods for making them must still be welcome to the home makers.

A shade that has made an old lamp handsome enough for promotion to the parlor, has for its basis a plain white porcelain shade of the shape used for student lamps. This the owner stained inside and outside with orange family dye, dissolved in gum water. It was necessary to make the mixture very dark, but when applied it appeared like amber.

Procuring clear, large amber glass beads, the artist,—one surely might call her so,—fastened a string of them around the neck of the shade, using it as the beginning of a network which reached to the lower edge. Passing a needle threaded with twist, into one of the beads of the foundation, she took seven beads on the string, passing the needle through the fifth bead of the chain and making another loop of beads,

and thus continuing all around. A second row of loops were secured to the central bead of first row of loops, and so on till the shade is covered. The slope is obtained by putting more beads on the loops every third row. The edge is finished with a row of four-inch width fringe, made of double strands of the same beads.

An unstained shade covered in the same way with "looking-glass" beads would be very pretty, especially in rooms where there is already too much yellow to make amber desirable.—*Sel.*

A PRETTY WATCH POCKET.

"Take two pieces of cardboard 7 inches square, cover one side of one piece with pink silk and one side of the other piece with blue satin, put several layers of wadding between satin and cardboard, crochet a square the same size as the cardboard, in any pretty open-work, pattern out of pink crochet silk, fasten over the satin, cut two pieces 6 inches long and 5 inches wide, one of silk and one of satin, lay them together, fold in the edges and whip, or button stitch, all around. Crochet a strip same size as the satin strip, finish all around with a scallop edge, lay over the satin, run a draw thread $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from each edge and draw in until it is 3 inches wide, fasten in center of satin-covered square, and fasten the two squares with the silk covered one at the back, finish the edge with tinsel cord or with a row of scallops, put a tiny bow of very narrow blue ribbon in each corner of the little pocket, and bows of wider ribbon in each corner of the 7 inch square. Fasten a small brass banner rod at the top to hang up by. Any combination of colors may be used. Do not make your crocheted square thick, as much of the beauty depends on the satin showing through. A wheel pattern is pretty and does not need the scallop on the edge. The other designs are pretty and useful but not sufficiently novel to be advisable to print."

ROSEBUD COMFORT FOR BABY.

Very pretty, dainty little comforts for baby's crib may be made of the cotton challies which can be purchased in beautiful designs for ten cents per yard.

Wool wadding should be used for it, and a challie strewn with rose-buds should be selected, and this can be knotted at the ends of the stems with narrow pale blue or pink baby ribbon, tied in a tiny bow with ends.

It should be bound around the edges with the same color ribbon one inch wide.

Two yards of cream-white China silk or cashmere makes a dainty little robe for baby, in "Mother Hubbard" design, with the yoke in honey-comb shirring.

The collar and cuffs to be embroidered with clover blossoms in rose tints. Ribbon bows of the same shade fasten it down the front.—*Household.*

BABY'S FIRST STOCKINGS.

These little half hose are designed for the baby when the long dresses are shortened, and are knit of No. 300 knitting silk on four steel needles, No. 18, in a fancy pattern for a portion

of the tops, or the tops may be ribbed, p 2, k 2, and require about one-half ounce of the material to complete them.

Cast on 72 stitches, 27 on the first and second needles and 18 on the third, and knit around.

First round. S 1, k 1, draw over the slipped st over the one k, k 2, tto, k 1, tto, k 2, k 2 together, repeat around.

Second round. Knit plain.

Third. S 1, k 1, draw over the slipped st, k 1, tto, k 3, tto, k 1, k 2 together.

Fourth round. Knit plain.

Repeat these four rounds six times, or until six rows of holes are made, then k to the middle of first needle; on the 14th st make the seam by purling that st, k around plain, narrow on each side of seam st, k eight rounds more, narrowing on each side of seam st in every third round.

Divide st for the heel by placing 32 sts on one needle, with seam st in the center of the needle and the remaining sts on the other two needles, k on the 33 sts one row, purl the backward row, k the seam st on this row, repeat until the heel measures one and one half inches, then narrow on each side of the seam st every second row or always on the right side until eight sts on each needle have been decreased.

Slip all the sts of the front on one needle, use this needle for half the sts on the heel, fold the two sides together on the wrong side and cast off from center to the sides of the heel.

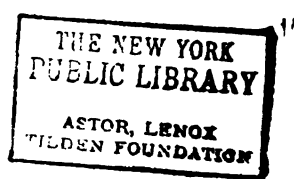
Take up 16 sts on the edge of the heel, throwing the thread over the needle for extra sts every fourth st, k across the front sts on needle and take up the sts on the other side of the heel as was done the first.

K around, knitting made sts, then on the two needles on the heel narrow every second round, the first two on the first needle and the last two on the other needle, knitting sts plain on the third, or in step needle.

K around in this manner until 16 sts remain on the two needles at the heel, then k one and one half inches plain and narrow the stocking for the toe, k across, narrow second and third and k last st, narrow on the two remaining needles in the same manner at the beginning of the first and end of the second, next row plain, narrow every second round until four sts remain, place on two needles and cast off.—*Household.*

BABY'S RATTLE.

Make an ordinary ball out of rags, covered with some strong cloth. Then take fancy strips of ribbons and turn them into points, and sew them fast to the rag ball. On each point fasten a small, brass, fancywork bell. A small stick for the handle should be attached to the ball before it is covered with the ribbons. Pink, white, and blue ribbons should be used for making points on which to fasten the balls, and several of these colors can be twisted around the handle to cover it. The rattle will be pretty when finished, and if securely put together it will last for some time. The bright colors of the ribbons will attract the eyes of children almost as much as the tinkling of the small bells. The whole thing can be made for about 25 cents.—*Household.*



ELDER ALBERT HAWS.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. VI.

LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH, 1893.

No. 3.

OUR FIVE SENSES.

BY ELDER T. S. BROWN.

WHAT a world for our contemplation are our five senses, smell, taste, feeling, hearing, seeing. If our testimonies could be individually given, as to the greatest impression we had during our lives received from each of those five sources, what infinite variety of testimony we would have. I thought to give in brief words, my own experience, but I find the task greater than I anticipated, as the subject divides and subdivides almost interminably.

Take, for instance, the sense of taste. I seek to call up from memory the greatest impression of that sense during my life, and the question at once presents itself, Shall it be testimony of that which has been pleasant or unpleasant? Again, Shall I testify as to a physical sense or attribute, or of some spiritual experience, of which the natural or physical has been made the type, as Christ's statement that there were those in his presence who should not *taste death*. But I will give first that which has impressed me through my natural or physical senses, though in some the physical and spiritual may blend.

First I will say I am an intense lover of God's handiwork in nature. It is quite natural that my greatest impressions should be from a natural source. Taking, then, the sense of smell, I think that the greatest impression it has ever given me has been in early spring, after the earth has been released from the icy fetters of winter, and smokes beneath the sun's warm rays, and among the dead leaves the green blades upshoot. Then the earth-fragrance seems to me to be the incense of thankful nature rising to Him who has said that on the earth sum-

mer and winter, seedtime and harvest should not fail. The promise stands, and yet shall stand.

When the waters were dried up off the earth the Lord smelled a sweet savor. Was it Noah's offering, or was it in part the incense of nature to the Creator of the universe?

TASTE.

Of taste that has given me merely corporal pleasure, I have little to write. Probably the keenest enjoyment of appetite was in my boyhood, when in balmy June, "us boys" hunted the tempting wild strawberries on the sun-bright prairies of Iowa. Or, later still, we haunted the plum thickets, and partook of their red and golden treasures, musky and fragrant, fresh from the laden boughs. In later years, a more spiritual taste has been gratified in partaking of the bread and wine upon which a blessing had been invoked by those who, I fully believed, had been called of God to act as his ministers.

FEELING.

Corporal or Mutual? Or is the mutual impression simply the telegram to the seat of reason that the corporal has been touched or acted upon? Reflect upon it for yourself as I relate to you *a dream* (I do not know that I ever had a vision). It was some six weeks or, perhaps, two months after I was buried with Christ in baptism by Bro. C. E. Butterworth and I knew less of the gospel and the manifestations of the Spirit than now. I had been wondering and praying for a manifestation that I was accepted of God, and one night, after I had fallen asleep, I dreamed that suddenly the west side of

the house melted away and around the corner stealthily came a gruesome procession.

The first was a dead man, the second, a dead man upon whom the processes of decay had commenced, the third, a dead man who had passed through the first stages of decomposition, and so on down to the last, some ten or a dozen of them, and the last simply a clean, glistening skeleton; and, though I could see every part of them and note their condition, they evidently thought they were deceiving me; for each held his clothing by one hand, between his corrupt body and me as they marched to my west door and halted, the door being open apparently.

I shall never forget how I seemed to rise up in the bed to get a better view of my terrible visitors, nor my first sensation that of fear. My hair seemed to rise upon my head. Then I seemed to ask, What does it mean? Instantly I was made to know by a *something* which to this day I cannot describe, as it was more than *an impression* and *less* than a voice, but the knowledge was conveyed *forcibly* and without a shadow of chance of my mistaking what was given me, *that these had been my pet and particular sins.*

I had let them into my house and life. They had been out and away for a season and now again sought admission, but I was made to know that I had the power to not only keep them out, but to rebuke them mightily. My eyes seemed to comprehend them better at once, and I saw what I had not before seen, a look of expectancy, as though I should welcome them. This expression went from the dead man down to the skeleton.

I also noticed their eyes. In the dead man the eyes were dead *yet saw*; in the next they were sunken yet saw and glowed; the next glowed more and were deeper in the head, until the last and his appeared like two pendant lights, glowing and baneful and all fastened upon me with an intelligence that was sinister and alarming.

But when the message came to me that I could disperse them, fear vanished from my being and was instantly replaced by a sensation of thankfulness and joy. I arose from the bed and stepped into the bedroom door (which faced the outside door only a few feet away)

and the sinister faces took on more eager expectancy. I stood for a moment in the bedroom door contemplating them. Then I raised my right hand and, in a voice I did not recognize as my own I said, "I command you *in the name of Jesus Christ* to leave this house and never enter it again."

The effect of those words was instantaneous. First hatred blazed from the spectral eyes, then fear, then utter rout; for as they rushed backward to escape the unseen and unexpected power, they jostled and crushed over one another and were speedily gone.

I awoke and pondered the matter the balance of the night. First among the singular things was that I should use the name of Jesus Christ, as I should never up to that hour have thought of doing so, but would have named *naturally* the name of God instead. Again was the peculiar sensation of *power*, which seemed to fill me with physical strength till, as I stood in the doorway, I seemed the stature of a giant, and to be given tremendous, invincible strength.

Here, then, was my most thrilling experience as regards feeling, and I prefer to look back upon it (for myself at least) as a physical or corporal sensation. But that dream has been a grand safeguard to me, and when sin has knocked at the door, I have endeavored to prevent its entering in. How successful I have been, I shall know when I stand before the judgment seat of Christ.

HEARING.

What a blessing is ours in the gift of hearing! And how at sea it puts us all to tell how we have been most impressed in its enjoyment. Some remember vividly the thunder of siege, guns, others the crash of heaven's artillery. Many have been moved by grand music; some have heard angel voices; and some a *still small voice*. But what of my experience? What voice or sound has reached my mortal ears to be remembered more distinctly than any sounds small or great I have ever known beside? *I cannot tell.* The memories crowd each other so, sounds that are sweet almost as the music of angels, sounds that are terrible, the mysterious whisper of the maniac, the dread cry of fire, the crash of falling walls, the shrieks of dying men

in torture of flame, the earthquake's rumble, cyclone's terrible roar, the faint voice of the dying, the thunderous booming of lake and ocean when death rode on the blast.

The song of birds, the song of praise from full hearts, the song in tongues, the song of youth on glorious summer's night over moonlight waters, the soft whisperings of peaceful wavelets breaking at my feet, my mother's voice, all these and more have made such deep impressions that I cannot, I dare not choose from among them and so pass on to our grandest sense, known to us as sight.

And over sights that are horrible, depressing, I draw the veil, and speak only of those that are peaceful, as some of the grand summer nights of Iowa when the harvest moon rides overhead at its full, and, looking at the whirling planets and sparkling stars, I can almost hear the sublime music of the spheres, and more than once the contemplation of God's handiwork in the heavens has proven almost overpowering, and I have been obliged to cover my eyes from them, or seek shelter beneath some roof or canopy other than that blue vault above us. What sublimity, what immensity of space, of light, of life, of majesty and power are shown forth in that star-gemmed ether. Its contemplation *might* make man an infidel, and again its contemplation *should* bear in upon our souls the irresistible conviction that there is a mighty, a terrible Creator and that Jehovah is his name.

The most sublime scene I ever witnessed was on an Iowa prairie. It was about ten o'clock at night after a sultry summer's day. The moon was in its full. I was going alone and on foot to the house of a friend to pay to him some money to be expended for articles I was in need of, as he was going to the city on the following day. I carried my shotgun, not because I was afraid, but it

seemed less lonesome with it along.

Since leaving home a storm had been gathering in the southwest. Then another formed in the southeast, and they moved toward each other as if to do battle. As they came nearer they mounted higher until their aspect was sublime and awful in the extreme; for each extended up, up, until their crowns reached the very center of the vault of heaven directly overhead.

I never saw anything so grand, so terribly grand. The outlines kept changing, yet they remained sharp and clear and *black* against the serene blue sky between. When they had first began to pile up, the lightnings began to play, and, as the clouds drew together, the flashes and reports became deafening, almost stunning.

Again and again, at very short distances the lurid bolts shot down from the black overcharged battery, searing their circles on the green prairie grass. I was awed, terribly awed by the majesty of the scene, and yet I did not feel fear or lay my gun down. In some way the scene seemed to entrance me. It did not seem real or natural, and suddenly from behind the easternmost cloud the full orb'd moon majestically moved forth, and lo! a scene of wondrous beauty; for I was looking up at the moon through a mighty canyon, whose rugged sides were black as ebony in the shadows, but fleecy and white where the moonlight fell. And even the lightning seemed rebuked at the beauty of the scene; for they crashed less frequently, and farther away, till finally the clouds blended and moved away to the east, leaving me to continue my journey in thankful and wondering peace.

Sometime I will tell you of a dream I once had. It was beautiful beyond my powers to describe, and it gave me an insight of what paradise *possibly* may be. I would like to hear the testimony of others on the "Five Senses."

POMONA, Cal., December 2, 1892.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.—*Tennyson*.

"The life is measured by the soul's advance;
The enlargement of its powers; the expanded field
Wherein it ranges, till it bursts and glows
With heavenly joy, with high and heavenly hope."

—Anonymous.

NOBILITY.

True worth is being—not seeming,
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good—not in dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in their blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right,
 Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren,
 But always the path that is narrow
 And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
 Though he who makes courtship to glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile.
 For when from her heights he has won her,

Alas, it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.
 For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,
 But just in the doing, and doing
 As we would be done by is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hat-
 ing—
 Against the world early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating—
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

ALICE CAREY.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 1.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

THIS question has been asked in different forms by different persons, and has received different answers. The answer given the keeper of the prison (Acts 16:31) was not that given to the lawyer (Luke 10:25), nor was it the one received by the assembled host on Pentecost (Acts 2:38). These answers, though different, were not conflicting, and he who will consider the circumstances of each question will be pleased with the wisdom of each answer.

However, we do not propose to discuss this question for the benefit of Pentacostians, the lawyer, nor the keeper of the prison. Our remarks will be directed to that large class of individuals who have no doubts regarding the faith, and yet fear that they shall fail of final triumph. We have heard many, very many, testify in words like these: "I have no doubts in regard to the faith; my only fears are that I shall not be able to continue until the end."

Such testimonies have caused me some serious reflections and I have asked: "Is

it possible to attain to that condition where these fears may vanish, or, at least, where there may be no reasonable grounds for such fears?"

My conclusions are that we cannot attain to a condition here where it is impossible to fail through disobedience; yet we may be in a condition of safety and security and know that we are so, and that no power can harm us, so long as we remain in that condition; that we can exclaim with the apostle, Paul, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

This certainly would be the degree of love spoken of by John: "Perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." Then it is possible (though we recognize our power to fall) to attain to a condition where there are no reason-

able grounds for fears. "Fear hath torment," and the damned are said to be in a condition of torment. Then, when we are in fear, we are not having a foretaste of the pleasures of the blessed, but foretasting the experiences of the damned. Surely we cannot expect to prepare for the reward of the saved, by cultivating the feelings of the lost.

Then while the grand old ship triumphantly rides the waves, staunch enough to defy the fury of the storm, we may realize the possibility of jumping overboard and even fear to do that, but should be able to stand fearlessly upon her deck or rest securely in her cabin and smile at the storm while the peace of absolute security fills our souls with joy.

The apostle, Peter, says: "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election *sure*; for if ye do these things ye *shall never fall*." How encouraging! By the doing of certain things, all of which are within our power to do, we "shall never fall." If you ever said, kind reader, "I am afraid I shall not be able stand," did it not occur to you that you were intimating that your heavenly Father had required something of you which you are not able to perform? Surely he would not do that. We are each of us able to stand; not in our own strength, but in his; not in our way, but in the way he directs. The terms upon which this condition may be attained are: By "giving all diligence, add to your faith, *virtue*; and to virtue, *knowledge*; and to knowledge, *temperance*; and to temperance, *patience*; and to patience, *godliness*; and to godliness, *brotherly kindness*; and to brotherly kindness, *charity*."

"For if these be in you, and abound, they make you that you shall not be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Please observe that these things are not only to be "in you," but they are to "abound," to be plentiful. It is not enough that you should in *some sense* be virtuous, have the meager knowledge obtained by the study of things earthly, to be in some things temperate, to exercise a degree of patience, in some respects to be godly, to show a degree of brotherly kindness, or to be in our own way charitable, but all these things must abound in us.

"For," says the apostle, "he that lack-

eth these things is blind and cannot see afar off." Failing to see, he will become a blind leader, or a blind follower, and, as Christ predicts, fall, with his fellows in blindness, into the ditch.

I here undertake to say that no person has ever fallen from faith in Jesus Christ who did not lack in some one or more of these graces; nor did you, kind reader, ever falter, but for one moment, only as a result of some one or more of these graces wavering, and threatening to depart. Then, in times of doubt, darkness, fear, or distress you have but to fortify yourself upon these points, and the radiance of God's love will shine in your soul, fears will flee, and a feeling of peace, security, and confidence will fill your heart with ecstatic joy, and you will "never fall." Since, then, so much importance attaches to the doing of these things, would it not be wise to give them more than a passing notice, and, as the light of these gems of character flash upon our life, correct where correction is necessary?

If you will spare the time and exercise the patience to hear, I would be glad to have a few moments chat with you upon each one of these heaven approved graces. In our next we will write of *virtue*, its power and effect. Shakespeare says: "Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful." One of less note wrote:—

"O Virtue, lovely Virtue—
I long to sing thy praise—
I long to tell the pleasure,
Found in thy peaceful ways;
But language is too feeble
My tongue would fail me too;
To tell of half the beauty
That bursts upon my view;
When thinking of the blessings,
I find where'er I roam,
Bestowed upon the household,
Where thou hast made thy home."

"Incontinence—wful fiend!
Thy fruits are fruits of hell;
Half the misery thou dost bring
No human tongue can tell."

"I'll scorn thy bewitching power
While God shall give me light,
And teach my fellow creatures
In *Virtue* to delight."

I do not expect in this series of articles to exhaust any of the subjects treated upon, for they are too deep for my comprehension, and too grand for my expression, but I hope to interest you in thinking on these things.

DON'T REPINE.

Though the world seems dark as night,
Don't repine.

Soon Hope's sun will give you light;
Don't repine.

Though the sky is overcast,
And the clouds above you hover,
Darkest hours are gone at last,
And your troubles will be over;
Don't repine.

If the road is rough and long,
Don't repine.

Cheer the way with smile and song;
Don't repine.

If the briars wound your feet,
And the sharp thorns pierce your hand;
Still these words I would repeat:
"Take the firmer, better stand."
Don't repine.

Winds and rain come thick and fast;
Don't repine.

Though you shiver in the blast,
Don't repine.

Rain will only clear the air,
Winds blow dust and dirt away;
Heav'n and earth will seem more fair,
Brighter shine the sun next day,
Don't repine.

Should a friend prove false to you,
Don't repine.

Find another one more true;
Don't repine.

Friendship true will drive away
Sorrow from the heart oppressed;
Keep the spirit blithe and gay;
Faith and Hope will do the rest.
Don't repine.

Enemies may block the way;
Don't repine.

You will conquer in the fray;
Don't repine.

Be your weapons for the fight
The untarnished shield of truth,
Sword of justice, spear of right,
And unconquered strength of youth;
Don't repine.

When at last the contest's o'er.
Don't repine.

When you dangers brave no more,
Don't repine.

When you're placed beneath the sod,
When your spirit floats away,
Face to face you stand with God,
Living e'er in endless day;
All is thine.

MINA PERKINS.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa.

THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPEL OF PETER.

IN the early Christian centuries there were a large number of books in circulation purporting to give an account of the earthly ministry of our Lord by way of supplement to the information contained in the New Testament. These books are generally called the "Apocryphal Gospels;" they never had any authority in orthodox circles, but were nevertheless widely read, and in some cases have survived to our own time. The intense curiosity that was always felt by Christian people with reference to the details of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, led them to read these strange and fantastic productions with interest, even when they did not accept them as authentic records of the apostolic age. It was the fashion with the forgers who composed them to send them out into the world with the name of some

prominent companion of our Lord at their head. This is not in accordance with our ideas of literary honesty, but, notwithstanding, it was constantly done.

Thus we have a spurious Gospel of Thomas, a Gospel of Joseph the Carpenter, and so on. A further point to be remembered about these compositions is that they were often put together in the interests of some heretical sect, and that the gospel history was colored and rehandled to suit the views of the writer. Trivial and even grotesque are many of the legends contained in these books; they are destitute of moral teaching, they are wanting in reverence, they are in shockingly bad taste. But to the student of Christian history some of them are very valuable, on account of their early date. It is plain that a document dating from the second or third century of the

Christian era is likely to furnish important information with reference to such questions as the rise of heresy or the use of the books of Holy Scripture. With thus much of preface I proceed to give a short account of a remarkable discovery that has within the past few weeks been given to the world.

There was a bishop of Antioch in the second century called Serapion, who once wrote a letter to the people of a church in Rhossus in Northern Syria, in which he tells them that he believes they are in the habit of reading a book called the "Gospel of Peter." The good bishop says that when he first heard of this he did not think that there was much harm in it, but that, now he has reconsidered the matter, he begs them to desist from the practice; for the "Gospel of Peter" is a book full of erroneous teaching. Two or three other early writers mention this apocryphal gospel, but until a short time ago we knew very little about it; it was not extant, and conjectures had often been put forward as to its character and contents. But a parchment manuscript was discovered in a Christian tomb in Upper Egypt by French excavators in the winter of 1886-87, containing, with other interesting matter, a fragment of a treatise which turns out, now that it has been deciphered and printed, to be this long-lost "Gospel of Peter."

The value of this discovery is very great, and will be apparent even to the unlearned reader who reflects that we have here before us an account of the passion and resurrection of our Lord composed within (probably) one hundred years of the first Easter Day. The writer may be presumed—indeed, it is certain from internal evidence—not to have been quite orthodox; but that does not in the least detract from the value of his witness to the early use of the Gospels among all classes of Christians in the second century of our era,—a point upon which we have all too scanty information. Before making any further remarks upon the fragment it may be well to give a translation of it:—

" . . . But none of the Jews washed their hands, nor Herod, nor any of his judges or of those who were minded to wash. Pilate rose up, and then Herod the king ordered that the Lord be taken, saying to them, What I ordered you to do,

that do to him. But Joseph, who was a friend of Pilate and of the Lord, came, and, finding that they were about to crucify him, went to Pilate and asked the body of the Lord for burial. And Pilate having sent to Herod asked him for the body, and Herod said: Brother Pilate, even if no one had asked for him we ourselves would bury him, since the sabbath dawn is coming on; for it is written in the law that the sun is not to set on a man that has been put to death before the first day of unleavened bread (which is their feast).

"But they having taken the Lord pushed him on as they ran, and said, We have found the Son of God, having got authority over him. And they put on him the purple and placed him on the seat of judgment, saying, Give righteous judgment, O king of Israel! And one of them having brought a crown of thorns placed it on the head of the Lord, and others spat in his eyes, and others smote him on the cheeks; others goaded him with a reed, and some scourged him saying, With such honor let us honor the Son of God.

"And they brought two malefactors and crucified the Lord between them; but he kept silence as one that felt no pain. And when they had set up the cross, they wrote on it, *This is the king of Israel*. And having taken his garments they divided them before him and cast lots for them. But one of the malefactors rebuked them, saying, We have suffered thus for the evil things which we did, but this man in that he is the Savior of men; what injury hath he done you? And being indignant with him they ordered that his legs should not be broken, that he might die in torture.

"Now it was midday, and darkness covered all Judea; and they were thrown into confusion and were disturbed that the sun should set while he still lived; for it is written by them that the sun set not on a man that has been put to death. And one of them said, Give him to drink gall with vinegar; and, having mixed it, they gave him to drink. And they fulfilled all things, and they consummated their sins on their own heads. Now many were going about with lamps, supposing it was night; but some fell prostrate. And the Lord cried out, saying, *My strength, my strength, thou hast forsaken me*; and hav-

ing spoken he was taken up. And at the [ninth] hour the veil of the temple at Jerusalem was rent in twain. And then they tore out the nails from the hands of the Lord, and they placed him on the earth; and the whole earth was shaken, and great fear came on them. Then the sun shone forth, and it was found to be the ninth hour. But the Jews rejoiced, and gave his body to Joseph that he might bury it, since he was a marvel for the good works he did. But he, having taken the Lord, washed him, and wrapped him in linen, and brought him to his own sepulcher, which was called the 'Garden of Joseph.'

"Then the Jews and the elders and priests having perceived what an evil they had done to themselves, began to lament and to say, Wo for our sins; the judgment draweth nigh and the end of Jerusalem. But I with my companions was sorrowful, and, wounded in spirit, we set to hide ourselves; for we were being sought for by them as malefactors and as wishing to burn the temple. In addition to all this we were fasting, and we sat down weeping and lamenting night and day until the sabbath. But the scribes and Pharisees and elders being gathered together, having heard that all the people were murmuring and beating their breasts, saying, If these great signs have come to pass at his death, see how righteous a one he was,—having heard this, the elders were afraid, and came to Pilate beseeching him and saying, Grant us soldiers that we may guard his tomb for three days, lest his disciples come and steal him away, and the people suppose that he is risen from the dead, and evil befall us. But Pilate granted them Petronius the centurion with soldiers to guard the sepulcher. And with them came elders and scribes to the tomb; and having rolled thither a great stone with the centurion and the soldiers, all together who were there placed it against the door of the tomb, and they sealed it with seven seals; and having pitched a tent there, they kept guard. But early in the morning as the sabbath began to dawn, a multitude came from Jerusalem and from the country round about that they might see the tomb sealed up.

"But on the night when the Lord's day was about to dawn, as the soldiers kept watch two by two, there was a great

voice in the heaven, and they saw the heavens opened and two men coming down thither with much light, and descending on the sepulcher. But the stone which had been cast against the door rolling away of itself retreated a little distance, and the sepulcher was opened and both the young men entered. Then those soldiers, seeing this, waked the centurion and the elders, for they also were present keeping guard; and as they were telling what they had seen, again they see three men coming out of the sepulcher, two of them supporting the third, and a cross followed them; and the head indeed of the two retreating toward heaven, but the hand of him that was supported by them ascending above the heavens. And they heard a voice from the heavens saying, Thou hast preached to them that are asleep. And an answer was heard from the cross, Yea. Then they determined with one another to depart and tell these things to Pilate. And while they were considering, the heavens again appear opened, and a certain man who descended and entered into the tomb. But those with the centurion having seen these things hastened by night to Pilate, leaving the sepulcher which they were guarding, and they told all that they had seen, being distressed greatly, and saying, Truly he was a Son of God. Pilate answering said, I am innocent of the blood of the Son of God, but to you this thing approved itself. Then all having gone to him besought and entreated him to command the centurion and the soldiers to tell nothing of what they had seen; for, they said, it is better for us to incur the guilt of a very great sin in the sight of God, than to fall into the hands of the people of the Jews and be stoned. Therefore Pilate commanded the centurion and the soldiers to say nothing.

"But early on the Lord's day Mary Magdalene, a disciple of the Lord, being afraid of the Jews for they were burning with indignation, did not do at the tomb of the Lord such things as the women were wont to do for their dead who had been beloved to them. Taking with herself her friends she went to the tomb where he had been laid. And they feared lest the Jews might see them; and they said, Even though on the day when he was crucified we were not able to wail and mourn, let us now do so at his tomb.

But who will roll away for us the stone that was laid at the door of the tomb, that entering in we may sit near him and do what is due? For the stone was great, and we are afraid lest anyone should see us. And if we cannot enter, let us even cast against the door what we are bringing in remembrance of him, and wail and mourn until we arrive at our home again. And having gone forth they found the sepulcher opened; and, having gone to it, they stooped down there and saw a certain young man sitting in the midst of the sepulcher, beautiful, and arrayed in a bright robe, who said to them, Why have ye come? Whom seek ye? Not the Crucified One? He is risen and gone away; if ye believe not stoop down and see the place where he lay, that he is not there: for he is risen and has gone away thither whence he was sent forth. Then the women being affrightened fled; but it was the last day of unleavened bread, and many were coming out, returning to their homes as the feast was over.

"But we the twelve disciples of the Lord were mourning and grieving, and each one, grieved to the heart, returned to his house. But I Simon Peter and Andrew my brother having taken our nets departed to the sea; and there was with us Levi the son of Alphæus, whom the Lord . . ."

The fragment breaks off in this disappointing way just where we would like to hear more; for there can be little doubt that the next thing to be spoken of was that appearance of the risen Christ to Peter which is incidentally mentioned by both Luke and Paul. But there are many points of interest which are touched upon. For instance, the statement that our Lord was placed in mockery on the judgment seat, and derisively asked to pass sentence, is also found in the writings of a Christian writer named Justin, who wrote about 140 A.D. It may be a true story, handed down by tradition, or it may be due to a misinterpretation of John 19:13; but we have not space to go into that question, and content ourselves with pointing out the agreement of the "Gospel of Peter" with the "Apology" of Justin Martyr in this particular.

The reader will observe that this "Gospel" betrays a knowledge on the part of its compiler of all four canonical Gospels. The obligations to Matthew are con-

spicuous. The fragment opens with a sentence which implies that the account of Pilate's washing his hands before the multitude had gone before; but this is only told by Matthew. The same may be said of "the vinegar mingled with gall," offered to Christ on the cross. Again, the request made to Pilate, by the priests and elders, that he set a guard over the tomb where the Lord was laid, for fear that the disciples should come and steal the body of their Master, occurs only in the First Gospel; and the same remark may be made of the words attributed by the apocryphal writer to Pilate, "I am innocent of the blood of the Son of God," which, though verbally different from Matthew 27:24, are obviously a confused reminiscence of that verse. As to St. Mark, the interrogative form of the sentence "Who will roll us away the stone?" and the subsequent remark, "for the stone was great," appear to imply a knowledge of Mark 16:34.

The use of the Gospel according to Luke appears in the same mention of Herod's share in our Lord's trial, in the statement that the Pharisees and elders were much perturbed when they heard of the people weeping and "beating their breasts" (see Luke 23:38), and also very plainly in the account of the words used by the penitent thief, which are only given by Luke. A trace of John's Gospel is the noting of the fact that the legs of our Lord were not broken after he was crucified, though the reason assigned by the second-century writer is quite different from that given by the fourth evangelist. And it can hardly be doubted that the account of many persons coming with torches to the scene of the crucifixion, and some falling prostrate at the sight, is due to a confused recollection of John 18:3, 6. Many other indications might be given of the use of the canonical Gospels, but the instances cited will sufficiently prove, it is believed, that the apocryphal writer had the evangelic accounts before him substantially in their present form. To discuss critically all the questions that arise out of the document before us, it would be necessary to go more into details than would be desirable in the pages of the *Sunday School Times*; and only one or two additional points can be noted here.

The account of our Lord's resurrection

is plainly colored so as to suit popular heretical opinions generally described as gnostic. The fantastic description of the scene on Easter eve is plainly due, in large measure, to the imagination of the narrator working on the materials supplied by the canonical Gospels. The actual resurrection takes place, according to this story, at night, and is witnessed by the soldiers who were guarding the tomb. The notice of the answer returned by the cross to the heavenly voice is quite in the spirit of the gnostic sects, and the allusion to the "descent into hell," and to our Lord's "preaching to them that sleep," is interesting. The name given to the centurion in charge of the soldiers

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

who guarded our Lord's tomb, namely, Petronius, is probably a pious invention; in another of these apocryphal books he is called Longinus, though this latter name is usually reserved for the soldier that pierced the Savior's side with a lance. But there is no real evidence for these additional particulars. In conclusion, it may be added that the fragment of the "Gospel" above translated gives a not unfavorable specimen of the apocryphal literature of the second and third centuries. The difference in tone between this and the inspired documents of the first century does not need to be dilated upon.

—J. H. Bernard in Sunday School Times.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

THOUGHT VII.—MARITAL LIFE.

SAINT Augustine said: "If God had designed woman as man's master, he would have taken her from his head, if as his slave, he would have taken her from his feet; but as he designed her for his companion and equal, he took her from his side."

The bud that may promise to bloom into married life is found in "courtship." Two eyes see a face and form, two ears hear a voice, and Cupid sends a dart into some one's heart. Then proceedings begin, "winsome looks," "cunning ways." If they be young hearts, there may be considerable of "wooing" and "cooing."

Courtship is indulged in presumably (?) in order to form closer acquaintance, to become more fully understood and is an effort to assimilate "likes" and look more deeply into each other's hearts, in order to discover if reciprocity of thought, feeling, mind, interest, regard, love shall be found clearly awakened in each soul and sufficiently to blend so as to make in union a strong chord of true affection "for life." Courtship is a critical period, a time for honest, straightforwardness of purpose. Too many fancy to themselves that courting time is one for certain affectation, the assuming of the unending, the doing and being of what does not always prove lasting. Every man and woman should

be what he intends *always* to be so far as lieth in his power. Candy in courtship and vinegar in marriage don't and can't work. Pet names and crude names do not harmonize. There has been and is too much of the unreal practiced in courting time. If a young man is able to do a good deed for the young woman he seeks to win during courtship, he should endeavor to maintain it. I have known young men who gave "buggy rides" and afterward carted their loved one in a lumber wagon! The "candy and peanuts" disappear, and the "frizzes" and "furbelows" vanish; the pet names are not spoken.

Let everyone enter upon courtship in a plain, practical way. Build no "air castles;" enter upon no speculations; look the afterward squarely in the face as much as you may be able. Life and happiness depend upon it; and life without happiness is no life at all worth the living. Every young man and woman contemplating marriage should be able to decide for all expected permanency. Two lives brought up under diverse conditions and surroundings, of different tastes, thought, and action, should carefully consider if a harmonizing of these may be among the future or present possibilities.

To what extent may a protracted courtship be able to determine? If the real self of each party concerned is acted out,

some vantage ground may be gained; if not, then all may be loss, from the fact that an ideal basis was formed incapable of supporting a life of reality. Courtship can never fully blend two lives, be their blending harmoniously ever so probable or possible; because it is only the merest stepping stone toward that condition divinely intended. In marriage men and woman live together; in courtship they have a vis-a-vis with each other.

Late hours in courting are impolite and uncalled for; it is physically bad, and often morally disadvantageous. It is the keeping of hours that in married life are abandoned, save when the young man stops out until midnight or after the club, or lodge, or saloon, while his would-be nestling is at home—alone! wondering how he was once so attentive, and now inattentive. Is it her fault? (May either be able to find a “beam” as readily as a “mote”?)

At home! Can it be a home without a husband's love, or the love of a wife? Fascination is too often thought to be love, and is not lasting. If the statement is true that,—

“Life is real,
Life is earnest,”

then everyone should act accordingly.

Marriage is not an act of convenience, but should be an act of concern; for you who enter it are SENTENCED FOR LIFE! Hatred, enmity, and divorce form no part in the drama. Jealousy should ever be kept from the mind, and any *cause* for the same studiously avoided; for it is an intruder of terrible form and insane power.

Love at first sight may be well enough for the time being, but what a man and woman requires is a love that survives from day to day and grows stronger and tenderer with passing years. Folk who court and fall out once or twice had best not marry, else falling out after wedlock might take place and result in divorce.

There can be no formal rules or directions in love affairs; nature repels all such tendencies; but young folks should be able to discriminate between true and false views of character, and to hold in esteem at all time moral goodness and integrity. There are despicable and frivolous passions too often thought to be love's flame burning in the breast.

It has been said: “Love, in the com-

mon acceptance of the term, is folly; but love, in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness, is not only a consequence, but a proof, of our moral excellence. The sensibility to moral beauty, the forgetfulness of self in the admiration engendered by it, all *prove* its claim to a high moral influence. It is the triumph of the unselfish over the selfish part of our nature.” Fichte said: “No true and enduring love can exist without esteem; every other draws regret after it, and is unworthy of any noble human soul.”

People in courtship should note this, and if in each other there are not found those admirable traits of character that can command esteem of each other, then no enduring foundation can be laid for married life. Mere respect will not do; there is a feeling of soul deeper and tenderer, such as cannot exist between men or between women.

True love broadens the souls of men and women and gives them better sight of life and its ends. Courtship should be a season wherein people should strive to ascertain the possible chance for a *union of mind* as well as of heart; for the former is essential, and must be based on mutual esteem as well as mutual affection.

It is too often true that “courtship is bliss, but marriage is blister.” The stinging smart of disappointed ambition is felt keenly by many a one. Some people expect too much from married life. This evidently arises from lack of correcting false ideas or impressions during preliminary days. Be outspoken, and let courtship time savor of the practical in talk and of the unfolding of reasonable desires and hopes. Keep back from each other naught that each should then know. Lay aside all giggling, simpering sentimentalism and look out upon the marital sea and discover, if you may, what your prospects for fair sailing are likely to be.

Married life is not a life of “single blessedness.” People happily mated never knew blessedness in the single state. Bachelor life and maiden life are lives of emptiness. There is a part of nature's affection, power, light, joy, happiness, and love, never discovered in singleness. It cannot be! Married life may have its added cares and responsibilities, but it has its strong side of attractiveness that well can bear the other. Men and women

enter "a new world of joy, sympathy, human interest through the porch of love." There's a home made that never existed before, where new and happy scenes arise, and a new light dawns upon their souls; new songs are upon their lips; diviner grace adorns their hearts; and—

"That truest, rarest light of social joy,
Which gleams upon the man of many cares,"
shines brightly all round. He feels, and she realizes of the blessedness of this united living. This world is ever kept fresh and young by means of this divine passion, love.

Man must have a soul-mate as well as a helpmate; the latter without the former is a failure. The best qualities of a woman are found in her affections rather than in her intellect. We would have love and intelligence, but not the latter without the former. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "The brain-woman never interests us like the heart-woman."

An admixture is desirable on "both sides of the house." Disappointment in married life may occur at times from the fact that companions do not "bring into their co-partnership their reasonable share of cheerfulness, kindness, forbearance, and common sense."

Too frequently young folks, and older ones as well, picture to themselves a condition of life that is to be had in the married bond that has no place 'mid sub-lunary existence, and they suddenly awake to the *reality* of that which they had not dreamed.

Bear and forbear, should be the motto of every place called home where such is needed. Subduing of angry passions where had, and control of speech are essential with both parties. Married life is not a one-sided affair. The husband should demand of the wife no more than he feels capable of rendering to her, and *vice versa*. If one is to be cheerful each should be so. Look not for perfection in each other, and act no more perfectly in courtship than you are willing to act afterward.

Sometimes people marry for beauty only, but beauty fades, and the feeling that loved fades also. No person exercising wisdom will do so. Of course, we would not underestimate its worth, but it is a most sad mistake to marry pretty form without character or good disposi-

tion, and fine features without sentiment.

A face, though commonplace, with the beauty of a good soul, full of loving and lovable nature shining through it is most desirable. This kind of beauty improves with age and time, instead of destroying, only ripens it. We may forget each other's features, but not the soul-nature. In married life there is oftentimes, as in government, a series of compromises, for it may be we shall have to "give and take, refrain and restrain, endure and be patient." We should endeavor to bear with good nature one another's failings to which we may not always be blind.

Robert Burns summed up the good qualities of a wife, viz.: "Four to good temper, two to good sense, one to wit, and one to beauty;" and I presume the man should possess similar qualities. Addison said: "When I see a man with a sour, rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife." If a husband is expected to do all he can to make a house happy, the wife must be found as deeply earnest in the *same* direction, and happiness will surely be there.

The discovery of *good* traits in each other and their emulation is excellent and should be cultivated. De Tocqueville in writing of his wife said to De Kergorlay: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all, in my eyes, is to have lighted on Marie. You cannot imagine what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which disturb *me* but leave her serene."

Mrs. Col. Hutchinson in writing of her husband among many other items wrote this: "For conjugal affection to his wife, it was such in him as whosoever would draw out a rule of honor, kindness, and religion, to be practiced in that estate, need no more but exactly draw out his example. Never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honorable esteem of a wife; yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted he that just rule which it was her honor to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection that she who could not delight in such an honorable and advantageable subjection must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to

things honorable and profitable to herself."

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

The hearty *co-operation* of the two conspires to unity of feeling and interest. Without such procedure there can be no true unity. The two are beneath the yoke of matrimony and should move steadily together. Each lives not for self, but for the other. Selfishness should form no part, have no place in married life.

A man, in looking for a wife, should seek to find a woman of individual completeness of character, so far as possible. Simply because a girl may "look nice, laugh sweetly, and act a trifle coquettish," it should not be taken for granted that "she is the one I want." Look deeper than upon mere surface indications. Has she a soul? is she economical? is she tidy and orderly? fairly intelligent? has she refined tastes? can she cook well? would she make home as pleasant as you expect to try to make it?

If you are a young man of systematic habits, don't seek for a woman who will keep a house topsy-turvey, and give you poorly cooked food. A woman of orderly habits and genial disposition, should avoid a man for a husband whose reputation for cleanliness, order, and economy is not good, and should be satisfied that he possesses good traits of character and disposition. Let the slovenly marry the slovenly, and they may live in a "go-as-you-please" way, but opposites will always be "in a stew," mentally, if not expressively.

No man who has a good, methodical wife has any moral or legal right to add unnecessarily to her household burdens. A woman who attends properly to her domestic duties has enough to do without "picking up" after a careless and inexcusable husband. Let there be a place for everything, and everything in its place except when being specially used. Sir H. Davy said: "Life is made up, not of great sacrifices, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort." The neglect of these things engenders undue care and anxiety and distrust.

There is such a thing as love, real love, born of the heart and mind, that becomes rooted and grounded, entwining its tendrils around the soul and binding two hearts into one, unifying two lives, concentrating affections sweet and gentle. This enriches life and fills it with a special value, encircling it with a halo of glory.

A woman is expected to give refreshment by her sympathies. Home is a woman's kingdom, her world, where no strutting "lord of creation" may be found, but a husband. The life of each contracting party is powerfully influenced by the other, so it becomes necessary to endeavor to yield that which will produce the most good and make home happy.

Money alone cannot produce happiness; neither can fine clothes or furniture. These are externals. The seat of happiness resides alone in the soul-powers, and this fact should never be overlooked. Young people may speculate on what they are going to have; but have these two Cupid victims dispositions, desires, and thoughts, and purposes that will blend and engender good will, peace, and sunshine when living together? These are the first of essentials; health and business capacity are among "first principles."

A young woman of fashionable proclivities may not well marry a man of moderate income; and young men, at best, should avoid these gay butterflies of fashion's air; and the young woman should avoid the dude and club boy, the cigar and cigarette puffer, and winebibber.

Let no women take a man to "reform"; it is generally a miserable failure. If young women would utterly refuse to marry men who so indulge, we would have different conditions of society. Woman's power for good or ill is almost boundless.

Men and women should be clothed in household goodness. Too many of our modern homes are mere boarding and lodging houses. Men come in to meals and go out, are in to bed late. Many a wife scarcely gets well acquainted with her liege-lord. If a woman is not worthy of her husband's company when he might be at home, she is in a deplorable condition. "A man's whole mind may be in his business, but if he would be happy, his whole heart must be in his home."

A woman has no more right to be an

incessant tongue wagger than has a husband; each should control his speech as much as possible, if they would retain each other's good will. Solomon said something about "rather live on a house top, than in a wide house with a brawling woman." And no doubt it is just as bad for a good wife to have a brawling husband.

No wife and no husband have any right to infringe upon each other's individual privileges of propriety. If each is true to the other, there can be no just cause for jealous interference. A wife should feel under no obligation to ask her husband's consent to go out calling, make a vis-a-vis, etc., but the husband should always be inclined to tell his wife where he is going and what his business is if the trip be such that she may not prudently accompany him. The woman is of the tender and more confiding nature, and should not be made to feel that someone is lording it over her in every minutest matter.

The marriage bond should form a mutual benefit society, neither party to the contract exacting too much of the other. A man who thinks that because his wife may be at home, she has nothing to do, is a short-sighted creature and ought to unveil his eyes.

It is not menial for a woman to know how to sew, or knit, or cook, or wash; she ought, if able, to grace the kitchen as well as the parlor. No woman should be enslaved and made a drudge of by any means. A man who would expect it, would be ungrateful and unkind. Many are not as appreciative as they might be. If a man expects his efforts to be commended, so does a woman. "Husbands, love your wives" is an injunction worthy of remembrance, as well as, "teach young women to love their husbands."

There must be something lovable in each, else love can scarcely be exercised. It is written: "No man and no woman can be regarded as complete in their experience of life until they have been subdued into union with the world through their affections." As woman is not woman until she has known love, neither is man man. Both are requisite to each other's completeness. It is written that Plato said that lovers each sought a likeness in the other, and that love was only the divorced half of the original human being entering into union with its coun-

terpart; but the philosophy may be faulty: for we know of instances where affection sprang from unlikeness in its object.

Fleshly passion enlaves and degrades, and any marriage bond formed from such principle can never create lovable union. Love rises higher and enters the sphere of esteem and admiration that has an elevating and purifying effect on character. This may be a delicate topic, though it is one of universal and engrossing human interest. Some consider it indelicate to refer to love as between the sexes. Parents too often taboo it, educators avoid it, and youth are left to gather their wild ideas from the impossible love stories that are found in circulating libraries. (We have herein treated of matters practical and that enter into everyday life of mankind.)

There is a strong and absorbing feeling which nature has, for wise purposes, made so strong in woman that it colors her whole life and history, though it may form but an episode in the life of man. Too frequently this is left to follow its own inclinations, and to grow unchecked to some extent. This power of nature requires guidance and direction in the line of moral integrity, without which life is but a scene of folly. Young people should be taught to love wisely; if possible, to guide their minds aright, and it is possible to some extent.

Love does not exist in wild and frivolous passions. There is a principle or power mistaken for love, and it eats out the life of respect and decency and revels in unbounded selfishness. Love emancipates one from the slavery of self and is unsordid.

Browning, the poet, said: "All love renders wise in a degree." The statement of Paul in the first half of verse 4, Hebrews 13, is to be accepted in a qualified sense. Much depends on what so constitutes its truthfulness, and we are inclined to believe that if certain things existed in his day that do in our times he could not have written it in an abstract sense only. There are matters indulged in that turn the sanctity of the bonds into a condition of abhorrence. The marriage bond is highly regarded by the Lord, and he informs young men and others, in love affairs very plainly, as you will find expressed in sections sixty-three, first four lines of paragraph five, Doctrine and Covenants.

And again: "Wherefore it is lawful that he [man] should have *one* wife, and they twain shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end of its creation; and be filled with the measure of man, according to his creation before the world was." And this "filling the measure of man," and "answering the end of his creation," is explained in Psalm one hundred and twenty-seven, verse three.

All physical conditions and domestic surroundings being favorable thereto, a disregard for the legitimate results of marital relationship is an exhibition of, "without natural affection," and a prostitution of the holy bonds.

The reader may think of this as he wishes; the fact remains unanswerable. Fœticide and its allied practices are unquestionably out of place, and no Christian person can afford to resort to such awful means.

There are people who claim to be shocked at the Chinese practice of producing small feet, but our Christian civilization has *worse* than their bad enough methods for physical torture and evil results. Look at our wasp-waisted girls and women. Is it much wonder we have so many who would fain despise maternity? Despise what God ordained to bless, in cheering home and establishing the strongest of human ties of pure affection, the outcroppings of legitimate love, and for the perpetuation of the race!

The false nicety of our American women in imitation of the French fad is despicable to the last degree. Whosoever of womankind, willfully in the marital life, despises maternity, should have first despised the marriage bond. Wherein is there an exhibit of "natural affection" among "wives" who fondle poodles, English pugs, long-haired spitz, and yelping curs of other sorts and lead them around by chains or ribbons, or take them for carriage rides, scenes that are disgusting to all refined taste, and should be loathed by women professing or possessing the refined sentiments of noble womanhood. If in the marital state, physical conditions are unpropitious, and pecuniary circumstances fairly permit, let a human being be cared for that is an outcast waif, and thus allow human instinct to be cultivated rather than a semi-canine-

human mixture of an inexplicable affection.

Resorting unto drugs and other dangerous devices to escape maternity is the violation of one of the highest laws of our existence of which God is the author.

There are people in certain physical, mental, social, and pecuniary conditions with whom law should interfere, and in some States it does, under which the cause of maternity would be about criminal.

Some claim that the state of motherhood is indelicate. This false notion robs the life of its real sweetness. The wisest and best have not been ashamed to own it to be their greatest joy and happiness to sit behind the heads of children in the inviolable circle of home. If "homes are the nurseries of character," how can they be where children are held as unwelcome guests, and "troublesome little pests"?

"The home has been slowly builded through the ages by the needs of child-life and the response of parental affection, and no household is complete until there are children in it."

"The home is the outgrowth of marriage; and the success and happiness of married life depend upon wise choice of the wife or husband. Young people, therefore, should be surrounded only by such companions as are fit for the marriage union."

"The home is not the accidental or natural coming together of human souls under the same roof in certain definite relationships. It is a work of art, to be builded upon fixed principles of life and action." Those who willfully destroy child-life, refusing to have a true home, using criminal means, are not only doing themselves a physical injustice, but are sinning against society, themselves, and their God, and are making for themselves a bed in eternal torment.

"God ordained the home in nature, but he gave it to us to shape. It is a thing of glory or of shame as we make it." It is a thing of sinful selfishness where the embryonic or fetus form of life is killed. Such condition of things is a disgrace and an abhorrent disgrace to our professedly Christian civilization. Missionaries have been sent to heathen lands to tell the poor Hindoo mothers how terrible it was to cast their children under the wheels

of Juggernaut's car or for mothers in heathen darkness to cast their offspring into the river Ganges, but what of these American mothers (?) who do as terrible a thing as that and claim not only to be civilized, but Christian as well?

It destroys the power of love, and engenders lust. There's a stupendous amount of such practice under the cloak of the "holy bonds of matrimony." "Children are a heritage of the Lord;" and it may be in this respect that their presence awakens in parents' souls a tenderness, and love, and pleasure never addressed or called forth in all its richness as God intended, where children are not. Love never is, nor ever can be perfected between man and wife where this special side of their inward soul-nature remains unspoken to by the voice of offspring. To disregard such, the prime of all objects for which the marital relationship was divinely established, is to thwart its sacred purpose.

Man's nature and woman's heart are enlarged where true love exists; and a wider range of life's fair works and holy purposes is surely had, and may be enjoyed. Where children adorn not the home, the educational feature of life's most important work is never enjoyed. Certain powers of mind are never cultivated; the forming of character, the directing of life's energies, the unfolding of soul-qualities are all strangely avoided. Therefore, where pecuniary, physical, and mental qualifications exist with married folks, this part of the great scheme and wise provision of humanity's divinely imposed law is ignored, it is the evidence of either a lack of "natural affection" or of moral cowardice.

"O Thou Eternal Purpose, that ever leadeth us onward! Thou dost teach us, . . . by a voice from heaven, . . . by the deep experiences of life. And deepest of all mysteries of being, save that of life itself, is the subtle sense of attraction that calls together the divided halves of each kind, from flower to bird and from animal to man! Instinct that binds us, from beneath, to all the lowest forms of life—instinct that links us, from above, to the creative power itself! Well may we chasten our joy when over two hearts sweeps the magic of that exclusive and passionate affection which makes the twain one and separate from all the world beside! . . . O help us that we may hold marriage sacredly above all selfish passion, and keep it pure and holy with truest love. Help us that we may build the home upon justice, and make it warm and sweet with tenderness and patience. And may we see more and more clearly that even as the home was at first man's only church and state, the place wherein he first learned to worship and to govern,—so is it now in its perfection the type of a true social order. And so seeing, may we have strength to hasten the day when all the world shall be as one family who love and serve each other in all high and beautiful living."

I conclude this Thought with the following beautiful sentiment from Elizabeth Barrett Browning:—

First God's love,
And next the love of wedded souls, whose calyx
holds a multitude of leaves;—
Love's filial, loves's fraternal, neighbor-loves,
And civic;—all fair petals, all good scents,
All reddened, sweetened, from one central
Heart!

TRUST HIM.

The harvest fields lie bleak and brown
Beneath the winter snows;
There is no breath of violet,
No perfume of the rose,
Of birds and brooks no roundelays,
O weary days!

Yet somewhere in her sweet content,
Spring waits God's loving call,
And sets her buds unquestioning,

Since he is over all;
Beneath the snows that fall to-day
Sleep blooms of May.

O weary hearts, storm-beat and driven,
And robbed by wintry blast,
Who hold, through all God's chastening,
His promises so fast,
Or soon, or late his love will bring
Eternal spring.—*Sel.*

A CHRISTMAS SUNRISE.

SOMEHOW an almost irresistible feeling of indescribable variations sweeps o'er me this morning, and a whispering that will not cease, keeps repeating, "Write."

But the failure of a long overdue order of stationery to reach me, leaves only scraps upon which to inscribe my thoughts. My thoughts! I have none that are at all definable, except as Longfellow says:—

"A feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

Yet, I think the resemblance is more marked in my case; but, as I told you my feelings are indescribable, I will not attempt to contradict myself or try to explain how one may write without expressing his feelings.

"The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all its might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright."

Thus it may be that the Son of Peace is trying to smooth the billows of pain, that, like the waves of the sea, seem irresistible and destructive in their course; but will not He who said to the ocean tide, "Thus far but no farther shalt thou go," also set the bounds to affliction's foaming surge? Would you counsel me this morning to believe otherwise? And if he is trying with all his might to cheer me on in life, should I not at least be responsive to his call?

Perhaps the whispered message, "Write to Sr. Walker" was all my dull and deadened intellect could receive or at least appreciate. With this comes the thought, "He that is unfaithful in the least is unfaithful also in much," which, like its author, is replete with wondrous riches unto all who seek to know or are willing to work for the "hidden treasures," lying near us all unseen by reason of our indifference and slothfulness in action.

As I arose this morning trembling from weakness and pain, I found the earth wet with rain, and a dull leaden sky met my view, seemingly reflecting the despondency I felt. Almost simultaneously while I was looking, the clouds

rifted in the east and west, just as the glorious orb of day rose in majestic splendor, brilliantly lighting up the mountain tops in the west.

This lasted for some minutes, during which time, with my family I drank in the beauties of a Christmas sunrise. As the rifts closed, shutting out this resplendent view, I turned back into the house with new ideas and similes trying to impress themselves upon my inactive mind, when the whispering words, "Write to Sr. Walker" seemed rather to be spoken than impressed.

Passing through the house, I stepped out of the east door and, looking to the north, I beheld a picture that in majestic grandeur far outrivaled the one just described, as the contour of the mountain, now lighted by unwonted brightness, was better adapted to scenic display than those in the other directions, and again I drank from the golden chalice, hung by nature on the mountain peak, till shifting clouds shut out the scene and sullenly drifted at the capriciousness of the mind.

Still my mind was so inoperative that the beauty and grandeur of these scenes seemed, like the clouds, to drift silently away, leaving only the whispered instructions to write which "would not down" at the bidding, and I believe that alone marked the difference in my benighted brain.

I had from the first intended to obey the admonition, but was in no hurry as my sickness rendered it necessary to cancel my promise to take Christmas dinner away from home. But my monitor was persistent and demanded prompt obedience to his mandates. I took my pen to obey, but Egyptian darkness flooded my mind so completely that I did not once think to pray for help nor did I realize how dense my perception had become; hence, if a crumb of comfort or a gleam of hope is obtained from this Christmas letter, give the praise to God, for to him it belongs, for without the oft repeated admonition I feel sure that I should have found the old adage that, "Procrastination is the thief of time," to be literally true in my case.

Now for the simile, as impressed on my mind, and which, through the goodness

of God, I am able to transcribe and pray that it may be comprehended in its fullness by you. But first let me say that the extreme obtuseness of my mind like the dense clouds of the morning, is breaking, drifting, and clearing away, and I believe it has all come because I heeded the almost incessant prompting to write, which alone induced me to continue, after the utter blackness of mind, mentioned above, which you could better appreciate, did you but know my ardent love of nature and her matchless pencil and realize how deeply she imprints her wonders on my heart and soul. You could better comprehend the midnight chaos of my mind and the matchless power that could animate such a one to intelligently formulate a single line or articulate with reason.

The simile as now presented to me is this: The solid mass of leaden clouds that, so far as I observed, was unbroken portrayed the benighted condition of the world at the birth of Christ; the despondency and gloom that pervaded my mind, reflects the condition of those without hope in Christ, and the irresponsive cast of the clouds their hopeless futurity; the rain that had fallen during the early hours of the morning indicated the weeping of the heavenly hosts over fallen, lost, and hopeless man; the sun that had not yet risen in simile represents the Son of God that was soon to visit the earth, and break asunder the darkness of bondage and death that resulted from the Edenic transgression.

The simultaneous rifling of the clouds at the moment that the sun rose, answers to the expiration of prophetic time, regarding the birth of Christ, and the introduction of a brighter hope; the brightness of the morning sun, as seen through the eastern rent in the clouds, portrays the birth of Christ and the light that burst on the eastern continent at that time, while the light and glory, cast by the rising sun through the parting cloud, on the western mountain, may be said to agree with the promised sign to the Nephites on the western continent, concerning the birth of the Savior, when darkness came not with its usual wont.

The closing clouds that changed the view might not inaptly refer to the darkness that followed the "falling away" on both continents. Let the time that in-

tervened between the closing of the first and the opening of the second scene represent the period in which the church was in the wilderness, and the bright picture on the mountain brow to the angel's message when heavenly light again burst upon the world and which took place on the northern hemisphere. Then compare the dark, sullen, and almost unbroken clouds that spread over the southern sky, when this radiance appeared in the north, to the religious conditions of the southern hemisphere and the south half of the northern hemisphere at the time of 1830, when Catholicism and Paganism reigned supreme, and a strong resemblance is found.

A breeze from the north has prevailed all day, and the sun that sinks to rest in golden-tinted Occident leaves a sky almost serene, while the shimmering moon and twinkling stars come to complete the noble work. Will the glorious work, begun in the intellectual north, sweep steadily on till it drives the dark clouds of doubt and despair from off the sky of hope? Yes! yes! yes! That wonder of the nineteenth century, the seer, the choice seer, came not in his own power, but in the power and might of God, the Father, and Christ, the Son, with whom I hope we may be prepared to dwell in the supernal realms of glory.

The voice of my monitor has died away, and I close this Christmas letter with the fact that I have been amply repaid for heeding its urging, hoping that you may not become too weary in perusing the description and simile of a Christmas sunrise.

P. R.

WHEN you walk along the beach you will often see a little, curious looking mass on the sand. It is a dying zoöphite. Put it in a glass of water. What a transformation! The unsightly mass comes to life. It floats on the water like a piece of clearest ice. From its body shoot up little filaments which look like tiny telescopes. At the end of these snow-white tubes appear what look like blue eyes. It is happy. It has life. Just as water is necessary to the life of that little animal, so is the ocean of God's love to the spiritual life of man.—*George O. Barnes.*

Well for us that the Power
Which in our morning prime
Saw the mistakes of our youth,
Sweet, and forgiving, and good,
Sees the contrition of age.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 4: 23.

THE metonymic use of that term that stands for the fleshy organ that denotes the seat of physical life in man, used by Solomon to represent the basis or origin of ethical or spiritual forces in man, and defined by Webster as "the seat of the affections and passions" is here used to furnish one of the most important texts for thought ever given to humanity through this remarkable son of King David.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

No truer words, no sentence of human speech of more importance to the human family was ever uttered. It is an explanation of the pivotal force that points us to the successes and the failures of not only this great man, but marks and measures the character and the destinies of the race.

It is not our purpose mainly, however, to measure the world and its history by use or application of this text, but to present a few thoughts with reference to its application to the people called Latter Day Saints, and more especially to the young people of the church who read the *Autumn Leaves*.

This wonderful physical machine called the body of man is simply the visible or sensual means of expression of subtile, imponderable, invisible, but all potent and powerful forces that take possession, rule or dominate our outward expression or life.

The intellectual force, as one of these, figures largely in the history of man as a developer of his interests and his life. Other forces and influences known, named, or occult, operate in the history and development of men and of nations, but no designation represents in human history the forces of good and evil equal to the power and motives that proceed from the seat of human affections, the heart.

Intellectual power, energy of will, indomitable fleshy courage led Napoleon to name and through fame only to the ditch and defeat at last at Waterloo. His head was right with thousands—contemporaneously speaking, but his heart was wrong.

Ambition supreme dominated over the saving forces of his nature and he crushed

his own affections, broke the heart of Josephine, defied the higher law, and the day of that cruel separation and divorce marks the way to his downfall in Europe, and the beginning of an ignominious end. A Vanderbilt, a Gould, or a Carnegie may throw all his gifts and talent and energy into schemes for the acquisition of material wealth and power, failing to guard and guide and safely educate the forces of his affections in the interests of humanity, how small may be the verdict of success in that awful day of God that shall determine the motive, try the heart, and arraign it for its choice of teachers in this life.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence."

The world knows better than it does. Heart affection in right directions is lacking.

"For when the Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, those having not the law are a law unto themselves: which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, *their conscience* also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another; in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men," etc.—Rom. 2: 14-16.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."—Eccl. 12: 14.

The judgments of men are imperfect, and will in many cases need a readjustment before that tribunal which is faultless.

Behind the action is the thought, behind the thought, the motive; for the inspiration of the heart's desire, while keeping close company, will be found upon analysis to be the avant courier of the thought that plans for safety or destruction. "For from out of the heart proceedeth forth evil thoughts," etc., said the Savior.

What carefulness and prayerfulness then becomes necessary upon the part of those to whom has been revealed the higher law, the perfect law, the gospel of Jesus Christ! The law of Moses was and is well designed to fit a people for whom corporal punishment or physical disaster alone has terrors; but to the soul that has

tasted of the heavenly bread, and has drank at the fountain of living waters, and felt and experienced the ineffable satisfactions that accumulate with the strength drawn from the new supplies, what a careful and searching analysis of the motives that impel our thought and action should be had; and how should it be our everyday business to "keep our heart with all diligence" against the enticing and corrupting agencies the world and our own sorrowful experiences testified to its being subject to.

The law of Moses and of men goes no farther than to say, "Thou shalt not do," and its imperfection has been demonstrated in the world's history by its impracticability.

Our Savior said, "Ye have heard it said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill, but I say unto you [disciples] that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause is in danger of the judgment of God." "Thou shalt not commit adultery," said Moses. "Thou shalt not *think* any such thing," said Jesus. And when the affections, misguided into unlawful passion besiege the brain to plan, and the will and arm and foot to execute the message of the soul's destruction, the eternal law of life and safety in Christ Jesus our Lord rises immediately as God's last and best monitor to point us to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world by his blood atonement for the sins of ignorance, and the gracious revealment of precept and example in his own life and law of grace for the prevention of that willful and known sin that will bar us from the society of angels and just men.

Again to the young, I would say, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life;" for when I have said and proved that your heart affections must and will largely suggest not only your course in life, but the thought that precedes or is subverted by it, it is also necessary for me to say that these heart forces need more experienced thought and watchfulness than you are apt in most important matters sometimes to give it. For instance: The world seems full, and the church not empty, of unfortunate and ill-assorted marriages. "Keep thy heart with all diligence." The very air and atmosphere is full of influences that may possess your being and deceive you into

the thought that you are moved by the passion of love.

Linger not in the sphere of these mysterious attractions, but get outside long enough for a mental, moral, physical, and spiritual analysis according to the eternal laws of adaptation and fitness, and when I tell you that the occult forces in religion, politics, business, love, and match-making have more to do with the failures in life than common people often dream of, I am telling you only that which the sorrowful experiences of thousands demonstrate to be true.

The Holy Ghost of the modern vestry is not the Spirit of truth the Master promised to the obedient to law.

The eloquent tradesman is the successful peddler of a worthless thing. The oratory of the politician, the electro-magnetic force that convicts and convinces us that free trade and protection are both right, the country lad or lass reveling in the bliss of a passion denominated by that worst abused term, love, may all be subjects to an influence only, but may be largely animal and of which they are the innocent victims of an unconscious hypnotism whose charm and glamour blinds and silences at once the forces of reason and of right.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence." Don't let it get away from you in chase after a blind passion, a law of expediency, the love of riches, or the poor advice of ambitious or worldly but ignorant parents.

In the church, the alternative for unmarried women often lies between an uncongenial match and a life of single heart hunger. Either road may not prevent you from getting to heaven, but the chances are that if you take either you will wish you had taken the other one, though it is possible, if not quite certain that you will have fewer regrets and less care if you keep out of uncongenial and unadapted partnership that admits of no dissolution.

How much might be said of truth and profit on almost tabooed subjects of this kind I appeal to the experienced and intelligent to say. If wretchedness of ill-assorted marriages stopped with the parents, the largest half of the evil would be annulled, but church and state are wrestling with the problem of unruly and unmanageable citizens or outlaws, whose parents will be arraigned with them when

the law of true ethics obtains recognition at the bar of God for careless or criminal neglect of the laws that God has ordained to govern the lives of men and women in the most important issues of life.

Could the curtain be raised that hides the wretchedness in the world or even in the church, caused by the life mistake of a hasty or ignorant marriage, perhaps the preventative lesson would be worth the horror of the shock. A French statistician, M. Jules Simon, prophesies the day as not far distant when there will be as many divorces as marriages.

As a church we are called by our position and claim as teachers of ethical and spiritual law, exponents of the highest rules of life by which human beings should be governed, to not only declare our convictions, but to suggest remedy for evil and discord and disruption in that basis of all good governments, the family and the home.

What flood and fire, unchecked or uncontrolled, is to the interest or disaster of the commonwealth, the passions of the heart and life of men and women, uneducated and unchecked by the law of the kingdom of heaven, are to their peace and welfare.

The trouble that menaces the church and the world in regard to a cure for the evils of divorce in our day lies not altogether in willfulness or perversity, as regards teachers especially, but of honest differences as to remedy resultant upon a misapprehension, misinterpretation, or misapplication of the perfect law of liberty.

The *Herald* columns have revealed these prejudices and opinions, and in some cases spiritual manifestation has given us pointers as regards the regulation on repression of marital trouble.

To the intelligent youth of the church who expect to become servants of the Most High, to not only delineate and expound law, but sometime in their existence to execute, I would again say, "Keep thy heart with all diligence," and do not permit the shadows of the past to overawe or control your sentiment and judgment; but remember this, that while "the law of the Lord is perfect," remember also that its business is to convert "the soul, to make wise the simple," and that if justice and judgment are the habitations of God's throne, you will

never convert some people to the ideas of justice that are advanced by some in the interpretations of the law of the kingdom of heaven with regard to the rights of women, especially when that uncanny subject of divorce is to be settled.

The heart and the conscience being largely creatures of education, it follows if the education be wrong, that heart and conscience may quake with fear and guilt which the presence of a benign and sovereign justice may dispel as shadows flee before the dawn and coming day.

COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, DIVORCE.

A correct understanding of the law of God as relates to the youth of the church and as applied to all the forces of their souls will raise us in the eyes of the nations of the world to the position horoscoped by all the prophets of the past, and make us fit inheritors of the great governmental trust.

"Justice and judgment are the habitations of thy throne, blessed are the people that know the joyful sound." How dull yet are our comprehensions! How inadequate our interpretations to fit the emergencies that human folly and ignorance have wrought!

How sacred is the trust of fatherhood and motherhood delivered of God to the race!

Let the young of this church who approach the awful responsibilities which the exercise of the passions of the soul impose enter into the study of cause and consequence, and make it easier for the coming generations to do right and thus to fulfill the prayer of our blessed Lord "Thy kingdom come." "Keep thy heart with all diligence," lest the force of a blind, and in the sight of God a lawless passion urge you toward the respectable portal, behind whose doors the ungenial, unappreciative, and unfit companion may wield the cudgel of a respectable and lawful tyranny, and remember that for thousands to-day, especially women, over the portal of the wedding threshold is written that sentence of Dante placed over the gateway of a French infidel cemetery, "Who enters here, leaves hope behind."

"What God hath joined," you say, "let no man put asunder." Amen and amen! I say. But O, what an awful travesty upon his design, as to the beginning, are

some transactions called marriage! "Marriage is ordained of God." So evidently true that it needs not be stated; but are we prepared to use this as an indorsement for all the ignorance, lust, and folly committed under these titles and sanctions.

Moses for the hardness of men's hearts permitted them to put away wives for every cause, and no cause at all.

For our stupidity and the shadow of the church of Rome that is still upon us, we bind women to brutes, and conscientious people to play detective, debase their manhood or womanhood to prove criminality in order to protect their life or their children, and get out of the company and partnership of liars, adulterers, and enemies, or at best leave them choice of starvation through life of heart, home, or affection, women to self-support after their life and energy and sweetness of youth have been given to husband and children.

"What God has joined," God can and may largely put asunder, can he not?

PITTSBURG, Pa., October 5, 1892.

God's will in this matter is largely interpreted by the state. What the state joins, the state can and will, and when it is possessed of laws of equity and justice and enforced, will put asunder, and let the guilty only suffer, and the innocent go free.

Do you not believe in Christ as the great lawgiver? Yes, but I prefer a consistent interpretation of his law that will harmonize with mercy, justice, and judgment. Jesus Christ has been in the past and is to-day forced to the head of a long procession of ecclesiastical and state tyranny. Human chains, slavery, oppression, are the things which fill the pages of history and to which a misinterpreted Christ has been forced to lend sanction to.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," and thy brain under the inspiration of the spirit of truth. So shall your life abound unto permanent service and everlasting good to the race.

Your friend and brother,

M. H. BOND.

CONTENT.

Within my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All
That was mine own seemed poor and mean
and small;

And I cried out rebelliously for that

I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands
Were also mine, with rest for burdened hands;
If love, the love I craved, would come and fold

Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and
bless,

And life would round out from this narrow-
ness,

Into fulness new and sweet and wide.

And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

And then one came unto my humble door,
And asked to enter. "Art thou Love?" I
cried,

"Or Wealth or Fame? Else shalt thou be de-
nied."

She answered: "Nay, my child; but I am
more.

"Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or fame or love within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best

"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave,
her face,

Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes,
I saw the look of one both true and wise.

My heart was sore, and so with tardy grace,

I bade her enter. How transfigured

Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet
So long had lain unprized. How wide and
sweet

Shone the small paths wherein I had been
led!

Duty grew beautiful; with calm consent

I saw the distant wealth of land and sea,

But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XIV.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find,
 All unawares, a deep mysterious sense
 Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence;
 When suddenly we see, where we were blind;
 Where we had struggled, are content, resigned;
 Are strong where we were weak,—
 And no more strive nor seek,—

Then we may know that from the far glad skies,
 To note our need, the watchful God has bent.
 And for one instant help has called, and sent,
 Of all our loving angels, the most wise
 And tender one, to point to us where lies
 The path that will be best
 The path of peace and rest.

—H. H. JACKSON.

IN Salt Lake City we were visited several times by Apostle John Henry Smith, the only one who either cared or dared to recognize the official standing and presence of our "leader." He was pleasant, sociable, and open in his movements, and acted the part of a relative, and a man, as fully as his environments would allow. Bishops Murdock of Beaver and Peterson of Ephraim were considerate, the former remarkably so. An interview was also had with Apostle Franklin D. Richards, while at Soda Springs, Idaho. In all such meetings, our work had as full representation as occasion justified.

In our preaching services we occupied alternately, except in rare cases where wisdom seemed to direct a variation from this rule. After six or seven months spent in traveling together we returned to Salt Lake City, from whence Bro. Joseph went on a short trip to Ogden, accompanied by Bro. Anthony. They returned about the latter part of December, and then started together for the East, leaving behind them one of the most lonesome mortals that ever occupied territory. It had been the happiest mission of my life; I had learned and profited much, and had been favored with opportunities such as but few in the church shared, and now I was left entirely alone.

About three months before they left I had purchased the *Saints' Advocate* from Pres. W. W. Blair and was editing it. Rev. M. T. Lamb had issued his first book against the Book of Mormon, and I was busy gathering notes for a book I in-

tended to publish in reply. I traveled constantly, preaching nearly every night and twice on Sundays.

I went back into Idaho and labored in Malad, Samaria, and Oxford, baptizing at each place, thence to Ogden, where my efforts to secure a hearing failed, thence to Plain City and later to points between Ogden and Salt Lake City. I was also arranging for a semiannual conference of the mission to be held in March, which necessitated the securing of reduced rates on the various railroads. My mail correspondence increased after the brethren left me, and without my particular warning I suddenly broke down under the weight.

While sitting in the house of Sr. P. Sterrett, at Pleasant Grove, writing, I felt my brain grow tired. I was preparing an article for the *Advocate*. Night came on and a lamp was furnished me. I continued writing and looking up items, when suddenly I noticed the material receding from before me. Looking up, I found myself unable to retain my vision of any person or object. Thinking it was, probably, a local derangement of the liver or stomach, I moved out into the yard to get the air, but had to feel my way back.

All that the kind heart or brain of Sr. Sterrett could suggest was done for me, but everything seemed so unreal around me, and after exhausting all our skill in trying to tide over the spell, I retired to bed, when, for the first time in a number of years, my head began to ache. It ached almost to distraction. I prayed for relief but it did not come. Alcohol with all the camphor it would absorb was applied, and after peeling the skin from my entire forehead, the pain relaxed.

My Sunday appointments were canceled, however, for I could not get out to fill them. By Monday I felt much better and left for Salt Lake City. On the following day, while trying to write a letter, the old symptoms came back, and I hastened to my home at Sr. Clark's, where for six weeks I remained an invalid under treatment. My brain lost its elasticity, refused almost entirely to operate.

The conference I had appointed convened, and friends from everywhere came

to see me, but the sight of their faces almost distracted me at times. I could not call their names to mind, and they were not allowed to speak to me.

My brain and spine were partially paralyzed, and physicians declared that I had been studying too hard and too long in one direction and must rest from all mental effort. One went so far as to say I must quit the ministry forever, if I recovered. Beef was recommended, but I refused to eat it, under my old covenant, preferring to die rather than to break it.

I shall never forget it. To think was torturing; but to try to stop thinking was worse. A thousand and more miles from home and, to all appearances, dying, or, what was worse, losing my mental balance, the visions of asylums and hearses and caskets that constantly floated before my mind and the worry over wife and children and home debts were simply indescribable. Nearly four weeks passed without sleep, and the date for going home came and I went. I was administered to several times but received no perceptible benefit. Then came the words of the revelation sent me years before: "Other manifestations are withheld from him that he may be tried and sanctified," and I concluded that there was no restoration for me through such means. I dared not try to check a thought that came. It had to take its course and float along. Along the current came the words I had heard in 1877 about yet entering the Quorum of the Twelve and the promise in the other revelation; but I did not *know* the source of that voice I had heard, and I had no power to reason.

Thus the weary weeks went by. Sr. Clark, and her daughters, Clara and Vilate (the former now Mrs. George Frick and the latter Mrs. Harry Hattey, of Independence, Missouri,) waited on me and tenderly cared for me day and night, anticipating my every look or gesture, and when I gradually gathered strength to get on my feet, they supported me from room to room and made all my surroundings as comfortable as though I had been at my home.

Sr. Warnock sent me her buggy, in which I was placed and propped with pillows, but the motion of the buggy hurt my spine and confused my brain. Oh, how I longed to be home, if it were only to die there in the midst of my family!

One evening, a week or two after I had got strength to rise and move about, I knelt and asked God to give me sleep, and to let his angels watch me, so that I might have sufficient strength to get to the train and start for home. I prayed about as fervently as ever in my life, then disrobed and got into bed. The next thing I remembered was that it was day-break and time to rise.

I rose and dressed and then entered the dining room where I found Bro. Clark. He told me that it had required all his will power to restrain him from shouting to me about twenty minutes after I retired the night before. He further said, in explanation, that, though my room door was closed and he was in the next room, he saw me lying upon the bed sound asleep. Beside my head stood an angel with one hand a little above my head and the other in constant motion, as if moving back authoritatively some person or persons.

Looking in the direction indicated by the looks and movements of the angel, he saw no one, but the personage was evidently there to guard me while sleeping, and to ward off some power or personage of evil.

When he related this clear open vision, which he saw while wide awake, I remembered my prayer and took this as its answer.

The buggy was sent from Sr. Warnock's and I was taken to the depot in it. Sr. Clara Clark agreed to accompany me home, as she wished to visit her brother in Omaha, so I started from Salt Lake City on the morning of April 4, 1886, and reached home safely on the evening of the 6th, having been delayed some eight hours in Denver.

Upon my arrival my strength gave out and it was some time before I recovered sufficiently to collect myself and connect objects and persons around me.

Conference had just convened at Lamoni, and how I longed to go, but it was impossible. Gradually I recovered after being administered to by Brn. F. G. Pitt and Emsley Curtis, and in the course of a couple of months, I began to feel safe in stirring about and talking on subjects involving thought.

After arriving home and resting a week or two I read the first letter I had dared to open for two months. It was from

Bro. Joseph and contained words of cheer and promise of health apace.

During the year, Bro. Ells, of the Twelve, had died, and at the conference just closed, Brn. J. W. Briggs and Z. H. Gurley had withdrawn from the church. Thus three vacancies had been made certain in the quorum.

While lying upon the bed one morning, these things came before my mind, and also a prediction made by Bro. Clark some months before, and rising from my recumbent posture I was led to remark to my wife that Satan had hindered me from attending the conference at Lamoni, for which we had calculated so long, but I should attend the Kirtland conference next April and while there I should be made an apostle.

Hardly had the words escaped my lips, however, before I wished they had not been uttered. It was simply an impulse to speak and I had spoken. I thought to remove the idea from my wife's mind; but decided that any effort in that direction would but strengthen her memory of it. I was sorry, but could not well change it. I had not a reason to assign for the rash utterance, and my mental and physical condition were against the presumption it involved. I knew, however, it would never be repeated by her, and so let it go, hoping she would forget it.

As soon as I was able I began to turn things about to provide for home and family, and to improve the appearance of

the grounds about our house. I found plenty to do during the year in this way, but calls kept coming for preaching and it was about impossible to refuse; hence my time was divided up between the spiritual and temporal affairs of life pretty evenly.

The Independence branch was growing so large that a larger building was found necessary, and steps were taken to open the way for ampler accommodation. A committee was appointed of which I was made chairman, whose business it was to look out for a location and report upon the advisability of moving towards a purchase and the erection of a building.

The committee found a suitable location immediately opposite the temple lot, and were offered a lot by Bro. Daniel L. Bowen, upon condition that a building be commenced thereon within a year.

This offer was accepted and the deed secured. The committee reported its labor and recommended the construction of a house of considerable size. The report was adopted and a committee appointed to carry our suggestions into effect. Of this new committee I was made a member and chairman, and with this matter on hand I had enough work to engage all my time and a great deal more than was wise for me to assume while in such condition. The main part of the burden of raising money for a time fell upon me, and I set about laying plans to that end.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF PAST BLESSINGS.

BY SR. MIRIAM BRAND.

SEVERAL requested baptism. We all went down to the other end of the city together and as we went our numbers increased till we had quite a little crowd.

Brother Brand had offered prayer and was just getting ready to go down into the water when some one cried out, "Look up!" We all looked up; and there in the heavens right over us was a pillar of fire or what looked like one. It appeared as if the heavens were opened and we could look right through. We were all astonished and stood beholding it. Then Brother Brand went on with the baptizing

and this pillar stood over us all the while until we were dismissed; then it disappeared.

We began to find it was not very safe for us there. The Danites were sent after Brother Brand, one of them going to a blacksmith's to get his gun shortened so that he could the better hide it in his cloak. He told the blacksmith whom he was sent after. The blacksmith sent a message privately to my husband to tell him about it. He found some one following him, if he was out after dark, but Brother Brand feared them not. One night about twelve

o'clock, we heard a number of horses running around our lot and somebody calling out "O, Mr. Brand! here is a lot of horses in your lot. Come and help us drive them out."

At first being awakened out of sleep, he was going to open the door. I pulled him back, saying, "If you open that door, you are a dead man." They called and called for some time, but when they found he did not come, they went away. I suppose they took their horses with them.

As Brother Brand had to be away out in the country so much, he procured me a large Newfoundland dog as a protection by night. I also sent for my sister and niece from Spanish Fork to stay with me. Soon after they came I had a young lady staying with me. In the middle of the night we heard a horrible noise down stairs. We were all frightened, and dressed ourselves. Then the question arose, Who is to go down first? There were only us four women in the house, so my sister started down stairs and I closely following. I had shut the dog in the passage as Brother Brand told me to keep him in the house at night and there was this large dog running from one door to the other along the passage bunting himself against both doors with all his might and making the most horrible noise. My sister said "That dog is poisoned and when he is dead, we may look out." We thought we had better let him out on the porch, but dare not go near him, so we watched for an hour before we could open the front door and we were afraid even to do that. Finally we got the door open and when the dog came back he ran out on the porch, and we shut him out, but all night he ran back and forth the whole length of the porch till about morning he died. That was Sunday morning and we had to get some one to bury the poor thing. Next night, my bedroom window being open, I thought I could hear a noise outside. I jumped out of bed and listened at the window, it being very dark. I was sure I could hear some one climbing up to my window. I slammed the window down as hard as I could, fastened it, and went to bed.

We were worried and troubled night after night with everything they could harass us with till I was afraid to sleep. I made up my mind before Brother Brand came home that I was going East and I

wanted my sister and niece to come, too, but they had not means enough. I wrote to some California friends to tell them the danger we were in and see if they would help us get out of there. They kindly sent us help and we made up the rest, and by the time Brother Brand came back we were nearly ready. He was quite astonished, but I told him I could not stand it there. I was going where I could sleep and if I must leave him there, he could protect himself alone better than himself and me, and I thought it best for us to go. After awhile he coincided and when he found the beautiful Newfoundland dog was poisoned, he then set to and helped us to get ready. We had friends, brethren, and sisters nearly all along the route, so Brother Brand wrote to them all telling them what time our train would be there and that I was going East and if they liked, to come to the depot and wish me good-bye. One fine day we started off, Brother Brand going a hundred miles with us. I was glad to leave the place and vowed that was the last time I would be caught in Utah. At the first depot we stopped at several brethren and sisters were there and as Brother Brand was with us they were very glad to see him, if only for a few minutes. When they left they said they had brought us some refreshments and they uncovered and gave it to us. At the next depot there were quite a number of friends, and to our astonishment they, too, had brought us food. As Brother Brand had to leave us soon and return, I wished him to eat; so I prepared it, telling him they had brought the food on purpose for him. He soon after left us to go back on his mission, and I never wished so much he could go with us as then but it could not be. We had to go to our lonely destination and he to his but I was glad I had my sister and niece with me. At the next depot several more friends came to wish us good-bye, and they, too, had brought us some delicacies and the same at the next one. They came to wish us good-bye and everyone brought something, so we took in, at every depot we stopped at, cake, pie, chicken, beef, and all manner of things even to a cup of tea and chocolate. In vain we told them we did not need them. They said we had a long journey and plenty of time to eat and we received something at every depot till our fellow travelers were aston-

ished as well as ourselves, and said, "Why, you have more friends than anybody in the cars." I replied, "I did not know we had so many friends." And thus it was till we arrived in Omaha. We had plenty of provisions left after distributing to any that wanted it in the cars.

I did not like Omaha so we went over to the Bluffs where we took a house all together till Brother Brand came home. I then asked him if all the prophecies concerning his mission to Utah had been fulfilled.

He replied, "Yes every one. Look at me. Don't I look much better than when I went there? and not a hair of my head has been hurt." We attended conference in the fall (I think at Council Bluffs. This was before the days of our reunions.) Brother Brand was glad and happy to be there, and I felt to thank God for bringing him back in safety. The brethren collected around him asking him, "Well, Brother Brand, what do you intend to do now?"

"I want to make my wife a home," he answered.

"Well, do you want some land?"

"Yes, a small piece." One said, "If you will come and live up our way and preach for us, I will give you ten acres." Another said, "On the same terms I will give ten acres." Another said, "five" and yet another ten acres, and another, "If you will come down our way and preach for us, I will give you ten acres." Brother Brand thanked them and said, "We will come up and look at it." So after conference we went to see all of these places. Brother Brand said, "I shall leave the choice entirely to my wife; she is the one that will have to live there." I chose my present home, and here we have been ever since. Most of the time I have led a lonesome life, as my husband always had appointments out so far ahead and was away so much, but I would always feel worse in a storm. One evening I was alone and the weather was warm when there began to roll up from the northwest the blackest clouds and the most dreadful looking storm. I noticed it was getting very dark all of a sudden, and I went out on the lawn to look at the sky. Men were hurrying home from their fields and if I spoke to them they would only point to the sky and hurry on. I thought to myself, "Shall

I go up to a Saint's house and stay there all night?" but that was half a mile away, and the storm was hurrying on. "Well," I said, "I would better go to the nearest neighbor's if there is time, for I cannot stay here alone in this storm." I asked the Lord to protect me, when something told me not to go; the Lord would protect me. I looked across at the black sky, and, as I looked, my gaze was riveted as I stood there. I saw a white arm coming out of the cloud, I watched it till it came all across the sky to me.

On looking up what was my astonishment to see, for the first time, a hand on this arm stretched out right over my head, wide open as though it was giving me blessings, benediction, and protection. I stood there lost in wonder, love, and praise for some time, then I thought to myself, "If this is the Lord's doing, and he will protect me from this storm, I want to know it. I will go around to the front door, and O, Lord if this arm shall follow me there I will know thou wilt protect me from this storm." I walked around and the arm passed right around to the front of the house. I looked up and there was that beautiful hand stretched over me still. It seemed as though I could see every nerve and sinew in it. It remained over me as long as I stood there. After awhile I had to go in the house and when I came out again it was gone, but all fear had left me and I felt as though I could never doubt the Lord any more. While the storm passed on both sides of us it did not come near me at all. I cannot help saying, O, praise the Lord for his merciful providence over us, for his mercy endureth for ever; thank the Lord!

Some time after this on New Year's night I could not sleep, thinking of all that had transpired through the year, and offering prayers to God to bless me in time to come. I saw several dusky figures come down the attic stairway, pass along the foot of my bed, and out at the front door, when immediately I had these words given me: "I have forgiven you your transgression in the garden of Eden, through Adam your father, whom I created. Also your individual sins, they are all forgiven. And now come unto me, believe on my words: trust in me, and I will bless you. I am thine, and thou art mine, henceforth and forever,

through Jesus Christ your Lord." I awoke my husband asking him if I could put faith in these words and I recited them to him. He replied, "Yes, every word of it is from your Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ."

I may forget everything else, but have never forgotten that, and often it is the source of great consolation to me. I was reading the ninth chapter of Nephi, Book of Mormon, and desiring to know the names of the three disciples who should tarry till Jesus came, I asked the Lord to show me as I read them, and I was shown the first three names. One night I dreamed a messenger woke me and told me to listen attentively. He began repeating very slowly and with emphasis every word clearly and distinctly the well-known hymn, "The morning breaks, the shadows flee," and repeated the whole of it, telling me it was inspired, and every word would be fulfilled and, as he repeated it, it was unfolded to my mind that I beheld the glory of God's work in the latter days, the redemption of Israel, and the

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glory that should follow and the earth's redemption and sanctification. I should never have believed there was so much meaning in the hymn. When I have been troubled about anything I have often had the verse repeated to me,—

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

And thus I have been blessed and preserved by the power of God till the present time, and am only awaiting my call to come, seeking to prepare myself that I also may be ready when the summons shall come for me.

It was my anxious desire that my husband should live to preach the gospel to the Jews, but the Lord's will be done. I delight to read and know that this gospel is spreading, and "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his vineyard," that soon the "earth may be covered with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the seas."

A REVELMENT.

THE morning came fresh as the first smile of a babe in its mother's arms. Not a cloud obscured the horizon, and the mists which rose from the harbor floated upward and outward like a gauzy veil thrown back from the beautiful face of the rippling waters.

Majestic ships rode safely at harbor as the sun touched the tops of their tall masts and shortly awoke to busy, active life the seamen on their decks. The silence of the night was broken, and over the waters floated many a snatch of song and the hailing of boatmen to their mates as they shoved from shore winding their way among the shipping bent upon their daily toil.

Upon the deck of one vessel, however, unusual activity prevailed, and to the initiated eye and ear the quick commands of officers and cheerful Aye, aye, sir, of the seamen betokened preparations for leaving the harbor. Such an event was of too frequent occurrence to attract more than passing attention, and as the moorings were loosed, the anchor hoisted

to the deck and she swept out towards the waters of the mighty deep, the seamen but paused from their busy tasks for a moment to gaze after her and from some of the decks she was followed by the eye of the idlers until the surges from her wake came back to play around their own vessel and break into ripples the sunshine slumbering on the waters; then they turned them to their interrupted work.

But not all. Upon the deck of a vessel lying near stood a maiden fair to look upon. Her tresses were dark as the night so lately dispersed and her brow fair as the risen morning. In her clear brown eyes there slumbered an unfathomed depth of feeling, hidden only in part by the ripples of mirth playing over their surface, but revealed again and confirmed by the tenderness lurking in the curves of her sweet mouth. She was one who at any place and all times would have commanded more than a passing glance, but, had the eye of an artist rested on her as with bared head the sun-

shine hiding itself in the tresses of her hair and kissing both cheek and brow, bringing out the profile of her perfect features, she stood watching the receding vessel as it faded in the distance, he would have recognized her fair form as the finishing touch of a perfect picture.

Would he have seen more? Would he have caught revealed in those gazing eyes more than the expression of abiding friendship following the voyager upon his course? Nay, for subtle as is the artist's power, he cannot forecast what God does not reveal to the inmost soul of the one he looks upon. And the maiden standing there deemed herself heart free, so far as the one upon the deck of that outgoing vessel was concerned, and her loyal troth was pledged to another. And so the vessel kept on her way and the maiden leaned against her railing and still gazed on. Now it is becoming a speck in the distance and she lifts the glass which she holds in her hand adjusting it to her eye and brings the vessel nearer.

Fatal act! Revealed against the dim horizon she sees a form, the form her eyes were seeking, and he too stands with glass in hand erect upon the deck with eager gaze bent upon her, and in every curve of his face, every line of his form is expressed the strong feeling swaying him.

She drops the glass at her side, for her arm has no longer power to hold it up, but her unaided eye follows the vessel until it is only a dim speck in the distance and at last has faded from sight. Then she closes her eyes lest the wandering zephyrs should read through their soul openings the secret *revealed* to her, should mark the troubled waters surging there before reason can place her strong hand upon them and say, "Peace be still." Whence came it? Why came it so late across this waste of waters? Might we not say waste of life as well!

But the maiden asked not, recked not, she only knew that a numbing pain was at her heart and felt that from her life, which before had seemed so perfect, something very precious had gone out, and over the waters there came to her a bitter, hungry cry, the cry as of a soul in pain, and she stood as one groping in darkness, yet seeking light.

She had a brave, true soul, brave and true as she was fair and comely, and the shock came with a power all unknown to

those who can first awake and then feed upon that cry as worms make their way to the hearts of fairest flowers only to leave behind them decay and death, while they flourish upon the vitality sapped from the tender plant.

Slowly and with an unsteady step she turned and went below. All the brightness had gone out of the morning, the warmth from the sunshine and she shivered as though a cold blast had met her in the midst of a summer day and turned her face as she passed by a young man who sitting at a table was busily engaged in studying a problem and did not hear, as was his wont, her light step upon the cabin floor.

Gaining her stateroom, she turned the key and sank upon her bed. No moan escaped her lips, but closely she pressed her hands above her heart and listened intently to each wave which struck the vessel's side; for far from out on the ocean there came, borne upon each one a voiceless cry of pain, and to her they repeated what no other human ear could hear, the same sad cry of a hungry heart; but saddest, bitterest of all, the unstilled waves surging against her own soul took up and repeated the cry.

* * * *

Again it was morning and the fair skies were roseate with the first blushes of the coming day. Far, far as the eye could reach across the broad prairies waved the grass, and the wild flowers flashed their beautiful colors as tossed by the wind they gave forth their sweet perfume to the breeze. How swiftly it hastened away and, laden with its rifled sweets, sped on and on beyond the valley and up the mountain side all ablaze with masses of golden bloom. Toying here with a low-growing branch, there with a clinging vine, yet resting not, but on and on it wanders. Now a mountain cottage lies in its way and bright-faced, happy children are playing by the door. Kissing their cheeks and lifting the clustering curls from their sun-browned faces, it passed on and in.

Beside a couch a woman is kneeling, with solemn face uplifted in prayer, and we greet again in the mountain matron, the lovely maiden of the long ago. The same and yet changed in many ways. Lines of care are traced upon the gentle brow, but the patient sweetness of the soul, a

worn at the dance. I have come to the conclusion that those who are addicted to the habit of dancing will not, and cannot possess the attendance of the Spirit of God. Would it not be well to consider the risk of bartering away an eternity of peace and pleasure for momentary enjoyment here? Much more might be written on this, but we will now change, and consider something else.

The members of societies, and Sabbath schools, find much pleasure and recreation in picnics and excursions. These are especially highly appreciated by people living in cities, and by those who spend most of their time indoors. If those upon an excursion or at a picnic are as particular and willing for the pleasure and comfort of others as for themselves, and seek to avoid finding fault, and are not over mischievous, undoubtedly a good time can be had, notwithstanding the soiled and torn clothes, aching head, and pains in every bone.

People of wealth take great pleasure at the watering places, or bathing resorts. Last summer I visited Garfield Beach, which is located some eighteen miles northwest from Salt Lake City, Utah, on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, on the Dead Sea of America.

The Union Pacific Railway Company is the party that operates this resort. They have real nice buildings, including some two hundred bath rooms, and a beautiful pavilion built in the lake something like two hundred feet from shore on piling.

This place is growing in popularity every year. The water is very salty, and in consequence is very dense and heavy. For most people the swimming is hard, but to float is exceedingly easy. I could fold my arms under my head, and lie with perfect ease a third out of water; and a person can walk or wade in any depth of water, without any danger of sinking. The bottom is fine sand, and solid, and the most minute objects can be seen at any depth, the water is so clear.

In addition to the pleasure, and benefit of bathing, it is a most excellent place to study human nature, for there can be seen the old and young, male and female, fat and lean, short and tall, rich and poor, black and white. Of all nations you may here meet a representative. Beauty and homeliness sport in the same waves, as do

likewise the robust and invalid, the sober-minded-your-own-business-people, and the gabbling, squeamish, screechy kind of folks; as also those of cool intrepidity and those burdened with timidity. Those who are of a kind, obliging disposition have ample opportunities to manifest the same, and with some greater pleasure is derived from doing a kindness, than in receiving one. The good book says, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Another means of gaining pleasure is in yatching upon the lakes, bays, and along the seaboard; however, it is somewhat risky on account of sudden squalls coming up. Some very distressing accidents have happened, and a number have lost their lives by drowning.

Rowing is also much in fashion for both exercise and pleasure; and the young gentlemen attending colleges form rowing clubs and have matches, and these cause great excitement among the sporting class and sight-seers.

But all people cannot live near large bodies of water, and therefore have to invent and seek for other means of amusement, and so, throughout this country, there is a unison of action in organizing county and State fairs, at which are collected the finest, and most attractive specimens of grain, fruit, and flowers, as also horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and fowl, and all kinds of machinery and works of art.

In the large cities are held expositions. These are fairs on a grander scale. There are also national, and international expositions, usually called Centennials, which are grand beyond description in a limited paper like this.

Baseball, is called the national game of America, and the best players are called professionals. They seldom play only in matched games. They travel from city to city, and receive wages for their time. Almost every man and boy in the country knows something of this game; for it is played in nearly every town and village of the land, and is considered a healthful exercise. However, a good bucksaw and a pile of wood will furnish the average man or boy with as much health and pay. The only trouble about it is, the one is play, and the other is work.

Cricket is quite a favorite game in England; and wherever a large number of

that nation locate, they are most likely to organize a club, and they play with great zest, and seem to enjoy themselves well.

Over in France, the favorite pastime is billiards, which game is extensively played throughout this country. It is played on a table about four by eight feet, the bed of which is either marble or slate, covered with a fine quality of green cloth. There is an india rubber cushion to keep the balls on the table, there are four large ivory balls, two white, one light, and one dark red; these are punched or shot with a stick, called a cue.

Those who can afford it, and are passionately fond of the same, and dislike to visit the saloon, or to associate with those who do, have a billiard parlor in their own home. In the playing of this game, the mental and physical powers are uniformly taxed. Many of both sexes take a lively interest in it, and many more would, but for their distaste for the class that usually frequent the places where tables are kept for the accommodation of the public.

Croquet is sometimes called billiards on the ground, on account of its being played with balls and mallets, much after the same rules as are billiards.

For misses and young ladies archery furnishes a healthy outdoor amusement.

For evenings and the winter season, chess finds many admirers. It is a game that takes much time and study to learn; and by some it is said to be the hardest game to master. It is taught in some of the select or boarding schools in the East.

Checkers, dominos, and authors are games that children and a few older people take some delight in.

Cards, perhaps, is the most universal game played, and the most productive for evil. It is played not only in the saloon and the home, but in the club-room where both men and women part with their money in gambling, which often causes deep distress at the hearthstone; but has also caused numerous and frightful tragedies, and blighted the prospects and hopes of many otherwise bright and intelligent men, and even whole families. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the doings in the saloons and gambling club-rooms, can obtain a fair but partial view from reading "Ten Nights in a Barroom and What I Saw There," by T. S. Arthur.

Church members, as a usual thing,

avoid this practice; however, some are recreant to their high and holy profession. To illustrate: I remember reading the account of a funny incident. A young man, home on a vacation from college where he was studying for the ministry (by the way he was the son of the settled pastor over a staid and sedate church) was urged by his proudly anxious father to give an exhibition of his educational advancement and fill the pulpit at the morning hour.

The worthy son of a pious father exerted himself that none should be disappointed; and as he waxed warm in his grandiloquence, finishing a polished peroration, he brought forth his handkerchief from his coat-tail pocket with a swinging motion, and in so doing scattered a pack of cards over the platform and out into the nearest pews. But the hero of the occasion was fully equal to the emergency; for, without any obvious embarrassment, or change of voice, he remarked, "Ah, I have father's coat on!" And perhaps there was more truth than poetry in the misleading equivoke.

In the large cities are found museums in which are collected relics and things of antiquity and whatever is thought to be of interest to the present age or future generations. I obtain much of pleasure in such places, but I dare not attempt a description.

A visit to one of our beautiful parks, such as the Lincoln Park of Chicago, affords food for thought in viewing the collection of flowers, birds, and beasts. I could spend many days profitably to myself and others in such places of amusement; for all that the great God hath created, in air, on earth, or in the water, are for the use, pleasure, and benefit of man, and can be used as object lessons in illustrating the wisdom, love, and power of our Father in heaven.

Let not the children and young people of our church entertain the thought, that the religion of Jesus Christ is calculated to rob them of true pleasure; that was not what it was sent to the earth for, but to increase our power of appreciating all that would conduce to our happiness, and raise our intelligence up towards the All-wise. All should seek to be kindly disposed to those with whom they associate, and also to all of the animal creation, to be pure and virtuous, in word, thought, and

action. And the youth should be so instructed that under no inducement would they permit themselves to say a word or do an act that they would be ashamed or afraid to do or say in the presence of their parents or teachers; it would have a tendency to raise their moral character. The gospel not only asks that we be moral, but also that we be upright and honest, and think and judge of others as kindly as we would of ourselves; and in our zeal for pleasure or love of game or reading, necessary duties called work should not be neglected; for The Preacher hath said: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

From this proverb has come the saying abroad, "The young must have the chance to sow their wild oats." There is no need of our granting a license or encouragement to the youth to commit evil or folly. God hath not said by the mouth of any of his servants, "There is a time

for doing wrong, evil, and sin." If I were asked to name this sentiment. I should call it the gospel of the Devil; for his ministry during the history of man has been an attempt to turn the truth of God into a lie.

The intent of Christ's gospel was and is to make people happy and joyous here, and prepare them for a condition of endless felicity with the good, true, and noble of all climes and ages. None can be so unspeakably miserable as the one suffering from a guilty conscience, and who has done or said something that they fain would hide from all others. We should pity such, and avoid their mistake. Law is made for those who violate principles of right. If we enjoy the present, our life must be such that the law—one law—has no just claim against. Happy shall be the one that so lives. Let the youth try it, and report in after years.

ROBT. M. ELVIN.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR NEW HOME.

EARLY next morning we found ourselves fast to the wharf, at the head of Habatant River. But, as father had to make a journey of nearly five miles on foot to get a conveyance to take us to our destination, it was late in the afternoon when we got started. The weather was still cold and cloudy, and we had to go the same distance that father had walked, and in an uncomfortable "toboggon," with very bad roads, there being more of frozen, hubbly bare ground than snow, and a very lazy old horse to draw us. The vehicle was well filled, there being seven of us to occupy, and a few parcels, so there was no room for father. He held the lines and walked nearly all the way. When there chanced to be a little piece of road smooth enough to trot the horse, he stood on the runners. We nearly perished with the cold. Myself and two sisters, one above and one below me, had to set on the bed of the toboggon, with a little straw and a quilt under us, and another quilt drawn across our laps and tucked snugly around us. This seemed

very comfortable for a while; but the position soon became very uncomfortable, and we had to move about a little to keep our feet from becoming entirely benumbed. But that would loosen up the quilt and the wind would blow it off. Our poor little backs were nearly broken before we reached our destination; and all through life I have not lost sight of the sense of relief I felt when father gave the lines into mother's hands for a few minutes and came around to cheer us up a bit, and banish the half frozen tears that were rolling down, or lingering on, two pairs of cheeks. He helped us to change position, tucked the quilt about us, and put a roll of something behind us to protect our backs from the sharp edge of the old sleigh body.

During this journey the prospects in the near future were made a little more dreary for mother by father telling her what he had learned in the morning, namely, that the family who were occupying the house refused to give possession for two weeks, or even to allow us to come into one part of the house. Their daughter was to be married within that time and they could not think of

breaking up till after the wedding. They were going to have a dance on that occasion and wanted all the rooms. But a cordial invitation from one of the nearest neighbors, the shoemaker's wife, was sent to mother to come to her house and stay till the family moved out. The kind-hearted little woman was anxious to do all she could for our comfort, but one room and a bedroom was all she had to offer, which was rather poor accommodations for a family of eight.

It was after dark when we got to the house, and O how cheery those three great big fires looked, blazing away up the chimney backs. One was in the kitchen, one in the room where the table was being set, and one in the room that we were to occupy. And the chatty little woman went bustling about the house, trying to get supper ready and us warmed and unwrapped, all at the same time. She had three children, a boy about my age, who seemed very talkative, a quiet little girl some three years younger, who stood in the corner by the fireplace close to the tongs, and looked shyly out from under her eyebrows, and a fat baby of eight or ten months, who sat on her father's knee which trotted incessantly, apparently of its own accord. When the baby was not on his lap one leg was thrown loosely over the other, the foot which rested on the floor was poised on the toes, and a lively trotting or shaking was kept up.

Mother did not seem to enjoy her new quarters as well as we did. She looked very sad, as if she felt like crying. We did not then know of her delicate state of health, or how weary she was, and how anxious to get settled in her own home; besides she was very sensitive about her children making other people trouble.

In due time we were permitted to take possession of our new home; but how different it was from the prettily finished house we had left! This one was a great deal larger than that, but only half of the lower part was finished, and none of the upper floor. After going all through the house and taking a good look at it, George pronounced it "an old barn;" but we three girls looked more favorably on our new surroundings. The unfinished state it was in, which to mother was so discouraging and dreary looking, was to us a source of delight. For there was so much better opportunity for play, which

seemed to be as much a necessity as was our food. We liked that great open chamber, with the big chimney through the center; it seemed to challenge us for a chase around it in pursuit of each other. What fine times we would have up there, some of these days! And, indeed, many happy hours were spent in that dear old open chamber.

Then there was a long building, a few feet from the back door of the house, in which were three divisions. First the wood house, then the wagon house, and at the far end a pig pen for winter time. This had a floor of round poles laid closely together, and straw put over it, and for the sake of warmth, was scaffolded over. In time this loft, reached by means of a ladder, became one of my frequent resorts, sometimes just to get by myself (where the younger children could not follow) and enjoy a few moments of respite; and, as I grew older, it was frequently my "bower for prayer."

There was no vehicle in the wagon house, so we saw in that another interesting department for our personal amusement. We would sweep that out when the weather became warmer, and have our playhouse there. But the crowning piece of all was the big barn, with its broad, smoothly boarded floor, and closely boarded walls on each side, about four feet high. One was in front of the stalls for both horses and cattle, and the other formed the "bay" for hay. There was also a hay mow over the stables. What a never fading charm that barn held for us children. It was many times the scene of innocent, but rollicking games of "hide and seek" and "blindman's buff." But perhaps the "hide and seek" games could hardly be called innocent, since we would often be guilty of disobeying the standing order to "Keep off the hay." But how could we hide without getting in among and tramping over the hay! Then, sliding down the side of the stack, or jumping from the higher down on the lower piles of hay, was such sport that it was hard to resist the temptation. In summer time there was a swing put up for us little folks in one of the horse stables, which was seldom or never used during the summer season. As we outgrew that, a nice large one was put up over the center of the barn floor, so long and so strong that we would sometimes

get bumped against the scaffolding under the eaves, when there was anyone present strong enough to swing us so high. This luxury in the way of pastime was kept up, (except in winter, or when the hay was being hauled in the barn,) till after Tamza was married. And many a time, about sundown, would a group of young people of the neighborhood collect there for a good swing by way of recreation. Then the two big doors at each end of the barn floor were thrown open; then for a few hours it would be the scene of such health giving and enjoyable amusement that sent the youthful blood rushing through the veins, and made its old wall ring with mirthful sounds. The twilight was long and pleasant, but ere it had deepened into the shadows of night, the great full moon would rise majestically from the horizon and look steadily in upon us with all her flood of light, as though our merriment had disturbed her quiet repose and she came forth to see who was there and what it was all about.

Such amusements left no sting of remorse, nor feeling of languor on the following day.

But, in these last few sentences, I have gone many years in advance of my story and must return again to the more tender years, which were spent, while at play, in the big chamber or wagon house, sometimes with my younger sister, and sometimes by myself. In the latter case I would enjoy myself quite as well, playing "woman" always.

All our neighbors in this locality were farmers, except the blacksmith and the shoe-maker, and my father only took a trip across the water occasionally. So we gradually grew to know that there was some other life to be led besides the seafaring life; and whatever was most talked of or seemed to be of the greatest interest among our elders (parents and friends) was forthwith adopted into the play life. And when the missionary spirit was on the ascendency in the minds of the people, as from time to time the Baptist Church got tidings from their missionaries in India who were calling for help financially and otherwise, that would be the topic of the day. In my childish way I partook of the same spirit and lived it in my play. I dropped the sea captain and adopted a missionary from henceforth; and talked a great

deal to myself, or whoever I would be playing with, about soon going to India to teach the heathen children how to be good. For I then thought that all the heathens lived there. My little sister would never join me in my fancied missionary expeditions. She would say, "I am going to keep my father [meaning husband] at home where he won't get killed."

It must not be supposed that my time at that age was given altogether to play, although I was out of school very much of the time after leaving the village. In the British provinces at that time schools were gotten up by subscription; and, as the inhabitants were few and scattering in that locality, there was not always a school in the neighborhood (for the first few years) longer than six months in the year; and each family could only send a certain number of children, according to their subscription. As in our family there were three older than I was they must have the first privileges.

But mother commenced at an early age to teach each one of her girls how to work, setting apart certain duties which they were to perform daily. This rule was adopted in our cosy little home in the village, where there was not so very much work to do. It was there I was taught to knit and sew patchwork. After we came to the farm there were so many small chores for the children to do, and so much running here and there, that we were in danger of being robbed altogether of play hours, only that the little ones must be amused.

I loved the dear babies who, from time to time, made their appearance in our midst; and when they were given into my care for a time I would take them into my playhouse and adopt them into my family. Thus while I was being nursery-girl for mother I was in fancy a grown up woman, living in my own house and having many grave cares and responsibilities. This sort of double life was often a help to me to get through with the housework assigned me, otherwise it would have been irksome; for staying in the house was not according to my inclination. This state of feeling may have been caused by my time being so divided.

From childhood my Brother George was afflicted with weak eyes; consequently he could not work out in the sun

or wind. So while he had to be closeted in a darkened room, and for his own amusement knit socks, I took his place with the outdoor work. I think there must have been some mistake about my being a girl, for I took more readily to outdoor work than to working in the house. I disliked housework and did as little of it as I could, hence gained the name of being a "complete shirk." But the men who came into the hay or potato field where I was at work with my father,

would remark: "Well, Mr. Davison, you have got a smart little boy here."

I liked to drive the cows to and from the pasture, also to milk them; but the bucket did not always catch all the milk. It was great fun to have the open mouth of some of the younger children for a target and practice on distance. At the early age of nine years I commenced to do the milking; and I felt very proud of my accomplishments.

(To be continued.)

Department of Correspondence.

EDITED BY ELEANOR.

Address Correspondence to Eleanor, Lamoní, Iowa.

Dear Readers:—This proposed organization of a society among the young people presents or calls up from different quarters many questions and the various aspects of the work are presented as they appear to different ones.

Some wonder and rather question whether at present it is advisable; others express unqualified approval. It would be well for all if valid objections, if such exist, might be brought before us now rather than that they be left to be discovered by dear experience.

The question of finance has been raised, and under the pressure that some are forced to feel is not to be wondered at if they are inclined to look carefully at all sides of such matters as the one under present consideration, lest they find the car of progress in danger of getting its wheels clogged with debt.

But, dear friends, we want to learn one secret of prosperity, of progress, and that is order and economy, and by that we mean a system of working and economy in the use of the talent, ability, and energy of the members of our church, especially in this case of our young people, many of whom have in them latent power of which they themselves are not yet aware.

We want life and animation in our body; we want some steady, active work. It seems to me we can get along without much money, without more expense than the societies of our young people are already meeting. It would not be wise to undertake anything that would demand a greater outlay of money than we see a possibility of furnishing, but can we read

of what has been done not only away in the dim past but in the rise of our own church and not be reminded that much good can be done, has been done when the powers of men were consecrated to the service of God? With just the opportunities, money, and power that is now ours we can lay a stepping-stone, but each of us must be ready to stand right in his place, a trusty servant, a faithful one, and do the duty given into his hands by those who superintend the work.

Some one has said that nothing will take the place of thoroughgoing earnestness, and I feel that if each member of the society can be imbued with that spirit of earnestness, of sincere desire to do and willingness to bear, great good can be done; for it is love for the Master's work that has always done and always will do the burden of the work.

The financial question can be better decided when the character of the society has been determined, and we need to remember not only to "cut our garment according to the cloth" but also to the one who is to wear it, not only to take into consideration the work that is pressing its claims not on us alone but on hundreds and thousands of God's honest-hearted who are yet not numbered in the fold of Israel,—not only I say are we to consider the work, but we must wisely, if possible, frame a plan suited to fit us in our present condition, a system that we can use. If at present, it may not be of great magnitude, let it be something simple, but let us be united and at work, ready to take the next advance step when the right

time comes. Let us economize, make use of the powers and opportunities already among us, for it is a decree of God that "to him that occupieth shall be given."

We can all call to mind some housekeeper, some farmer who has lying about an abundance of material that some more thrifty would put to good use, and no doubt we can each point out also, examples of men and women who have the faculty of making the most of everything, of making everything count. The poet recognized the economy of this in nature and couched the thought in the words: "Nothing useless is or low."

Joaquin Miller says:—

"A calm more awful is than storm:

Beware of calms in any form:

This life means action,"

and Bulwer Lytton says: "What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor."

We do not undervalue talent, but we do recognize the truth of the statement that we need, more than talent, the purpose, the will to labor, what another calls "ardent, thorough-going, sincere earnestness," and we believe one aim of the society should be to awake our young people to that fact and to cultivate such principles.

What is the purpose that we, as Latter Day Saints, should have as the source of our energy? Upon what object should our "ardent, thorough-going, sincere earnestness" be concentrated? Upon what shall we expend our labor? Jesus says the two great commandments are that we shall love God supremely and our fellow creatures as ourselves. Will this indicate to us our duty? Will it warrant our saying that the purpose of life should be to obey God's laws, and not only to teach men so to do but to draw near to them in the loving service that silently impresses upon the heart the beauty of holiness.

We may tell the world the plain facts that God does not look upon sin with any allowance, that man must obey, and our telling may make no impression, but the life of Jesus lived over again in the lives of his followers, of those who learn of him is that of which it is truly said: "This is the story that transformed the world; yes, and will transform it again." The beauty of the gospel will be sooner apparent to men when the Saints shall exhibit it in the beauty of their lives.

There is so much to say on this subject that I find myself compelled to call a halt every few moments, lest I wander away from the subject and make my letter too long. But I want to

say before closing it that, while we see much that could be taken up by the society and no doubt with profit, there must of necessity be choice made and some avenues of advancement and research be left to be followed up or neglected as each individually shall decide. The society ought to embrace that at present of greatest importance.

It ought to provide for prayer meetings of the young people; for prayer is the endeavor of the soul to draw near to God.

It ought, through the work of its members, to communicate the good tidings of the gospel to those who have not yet realized it. This would include with the local work of each branch of the society such work as is now done by our Literary Exchange societies, missionary work. The desire to be obedient to the law would lead to the study of God's word, and consequently that should not be omitted.

Its influence should be elevating, ennobling, and refining and this would result not from prayer and the study of the Scriptures alone but from the opportunities afforded those less fortunate to mingle with those who have felt the benefits of cultivation. Occasional social meetings should have their place. They have a part in the work of refining.

It should inspire our young men with the noble resolve to "treat all women with respect, and to endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation" and all alike with the resolve "to use every possible means to fulfill the command, 'Keep thyself pure'."

It ought to move its members to deeds of love and thoughtfulness for any whom they may see opportunity to assist and the organization should make provision for such work to be attended to.

Should an organization be effected, the success of the movement will depend upon our patient, persistent, heart-felt work. "Life means action."

RUTH.

St. Louis, Jan., 1893.

To the Young:—As the time draws near when General Conference shall again convene, and at the last Conference there was an action taken looking to the general organization of the Young People's Societies, and a committee appointed to further prosecute this work, we trust that not only the young, but all who have an interest in their welfare have given this movement due consideration, that at the coming Conference the work already begun may be consummated.

Those who have been connected with these

societies can best judge of the work to be accomplished in and through them, and as it has been said, and that wisely, too, "In union is strength," such an organization would but reinforce us in our present condition and be the means of effecting the organizations of these societies throughout the church.

It is not our purpose to dictate to the committee appointed to see to this work, but only to encourage them in their efforts, and assure them of a hearty coöperation upon our part, such as we trust will be made manifest everywhere. 'Tis certainly a noble undertaking, for "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and to sow the seeds of truth in the minds of the young, at that time when it will most readily take root, is to my mind an undertaking especially blessed of God and it is evident to everyone that in these days though we exercise the most care possible with our young people, yet it seems the very air we breathe is contaminated with that which breeds evil.

While it is our duty, so far as possible, to associate with the erring ones and endeavor to regain them, there is yet a primary consideration never to be lost sight of, and that is, never to venture so far as to be overcome ourselves, and let us keep these associations so hallowed that they may be unto us a fountain of strength for it would be folly upon our part to endeavor to elevate an individual who already stood upon a higher plane than we.

We look upon this part of the mission work of the Savior and his association among the downfallen as the most sacred of all, and if, by proper training, we may become as strong as he, that when tempted we may discern the evil and shun it, we will then be following in his footsteps. Remember, however, that when but a lad he was found, as he termed it, "about his Father's business," and to my mind, if we shall ever be in a condition to render the most satisfactory service to him and his church here upon the earth, it is only through the establishment of such organizations as are calculated in their nature to develop our latent forces, and, as the child grows physically, so let it grow spiritually, otherwise we can hope for nothing but an abnormal condition when more mature years shall dawn.

Such an organization as this we claim is the one now trying to be brought about, and rest assured every effort put forth for its advancement will be a boon of comfort and joy individually, and nothing but the hereafter will disclose the results. We trust the young will cultivate this spirit of fellowship until that day shall come when, as a church, the command

shall be given "Come out of her, O my people" that they may be prepared to move.

PERRY O. WELLS.

St. Louis, Jan., 1893.

Dear Readers:—Further carrying out the lesson taught, or rather reiterated, in one of the letters recently appearing in the *Leaves*, let us make such a thorough search and examination of evidence that opinions or explanations will justly occupy that place allotted to them, secondary, and not primary, evidence.

That which caused me first to call attention to the strict letter of the Word of Wisdom, was a thought expressed in a letter appearing in the October number of the *Leaves*, which, to my mind, was an extreme unwarranted, in substance as follows:—

"I know of Saints who have been expelled for drunkenness, but never do I remember of hearing of anyone who had been expelled for eating meat in summer;" and in the wind up of the argument these words may be found:—

"I wish I had the ability to impress this matter of the Word of Wisdom upon the hearts of the young so that they would *shun meat as a viper*, yes, worse, as a flame of fire, stirring up your evil passions to an abnormal condition, and at the same time deadening the brain and slackening the intellect, thus causing sin to abound as no other instrument of the evil one."

The direct conflict between these words and the explanation placed upon the Word of Wisdom by Sr. Palfrey, in a later number of the *Leaves*, must be apparent at a glance. Not infrequently we find articles misconstrued, and the sectarian world is often severely criticized by our ministry for this fault, and sometimes charged with willful intent to mislead.

I can readily reconcile the Word of Wisdom with the Scriptures in the sense of temperance; but cannot, nor do I think the reading would justify, our absolutely refusing to eat meat.

First Timothy 4: 1-4, has been said by one to refer to the Catholic Church; but we look upon the statement as made "commanding to abstain from meats," not as including any particular class or organization, except those who do thus teach. The statement is "In the latter days some shall depart from the faith," and it is evident to anyone that the Catholic Church did not depart from the faith in the latter days. Webster defines the word *abstain* as meaning to forbear, and to "forbear" is to cease, and we cannot say that those who abstain from the use of meats one or even three days out of the week are here classified.

If I say I abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, none would interpret that to mean that I used it four days out of seven; nor can they with any more propriety place this construction upon this passage of Scripture. It makes no difference whether I am a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Gentile, when I teach men to abstain from the use of that which "God hath created to be received with thanksgiving," I am working in opposition to his purposes.

Another thing I am unable to comprehend in this connection is, how people do not classify fish as meat. Read John 21: 5, 6: "Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye meat? They answered him, no. And he said unto them, cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find," etc. Even the Catholics eat fish on their supposed days of abstinence from the use of meats.

Paul says (Rom. 14: 2), "For one believeth that he may eat all things, another, who is weak, eateth herbs;" and in Heb. 5: 14, "But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."

Some of the ministry are apt to bring the lesson home at times by referring to those who take a front seat, and when anything is said that fits their case the arrow goes just over their head and strikes the individual behind them, and in our eagerness to classify such referred to as "Forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats," I have often had cause to notice this application.

The Book of Mormon says there are but two churches, the church of the Lamb and the church of the Devil. We cannot classify the churches extant to-day into these two heads; that is, as they are now in their organized condition; and it is equally true to my mind that we will find many outside of the Catholic Church who "forbid to marry and command to abstain from meats."

We are all cognizant, to some extent, of the agencies which God has established for the accomplishment of his purposes, and God hath created these animals for the use of man; and, in the Old Testament scriptures we may find those enumerated which are intended for man's subsistence. Of course our better judgment (which God hath also given us) would teach us not to eat the serpent, for the apostle very aptly states, "Strong meat is for those who are able to discern the good from the evil." It, however, needs no argument to establish the fact that we may find berries, and they even tempting to the eye (while the serpent is not) that are equally as poisonous as is the reptile. And the

animals enumerated for man's use are but an agency for the transformation of earth matter, and properly used, they are the most nutritious and life-giving. It is not necessary to weaken the vital forces of the body to hold it in subjection, but a better way would be to apply these forces in the proper channels, and cultivate the spiritual faculties until they have the mastery, and we will then be of much more service.

It seems to be natural for people when they become old to turn their attention to religious realms, after their powers have been exhausted; but the command is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and with all thy might and with all thy strength." And it is only in the exercise of these powers, sustained by the forces which God hath ordained, directed by his Spirit, that we shall ever be able to accomplish the end in view.

My earnest prayer is that wisdom and her words may be our constant companion, and so point out to us his purposes and the means by and through which the same will be accomplished, that we may be found laboring in harmony therewith.

When that day shall come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, we may expect a change; but in our present condition, while we seek to prepare, our most strenuous efforts could not launch us now into that state. It is an entirely different sphere.

As the child first creeps before it walks, so may we utilize the forces within the blood, until that time shall come when the Spirit shall course through our veins as the motive power.

Your brother in Christ,

RUSSELL ARCHIBALD.

BUTTE, Mont., Jan., 1893.

Dear Readers of the Department:—Although I have contributed a few articles for *Autumn Leaves* during the past, I have never written anything to the Department of Correspondence, although I feel interested in it and am anxious for its continuance.

I have been moved upon to write something for it to-day after receiving a card from Sister Walker with the words: "Try to help us in the Correspondence Department," and while reading the good letters found in the January number of the *Leaves*; especially the entreaty from some elder brother or sister living in St. Louis, Missouri.

I read the entire letter with much interest, and when the following sentence reached my understanding I mentally decided to *do* something *to-day*, God helping me: "What you in

tend to do will never benefit you," (nor anyone else, I might add.) "What you do is what counts." I wish everyone would weigh that thought.

Meat eating seems to be the subject for discussion in the Department at present, so I wish to add a little testimony with the rest that those who do not eat too much meat are better for it as the result.

Less than three months ago I was married and came from Iowa to this place to live. My husband, like most all single young men living in the west without home or mother, boarded at hotels and restaurants, and was in the habit of ordering a "Porterhouse," a roast of spare ribs, lamb, or a veal cutlet from one to three times each day.

By the thoughtless observer meat is supposed to be the proper food to give *strength* and health, but with all his meat eating, my husband was not well, and I feared I was marrying an invalid.

Not because I realized or understood our heavenly Father's wishes in the matter, and had resolved to keep his commandments better, caused me to decide to set our table with less meat than my husband had been accustomed to eating, but because meat is very expensive here, and I felt we could not afford it, I have made an effort to substitute the deficiency (?) with nice vegetables, potatoes, cooked in different and tempting ways, oatmeal, graham bread, eggs, and fruits of various kinds.

This change of fare has been quite agreeable to my husband and he seems surprised at his improved health and because he has gained six pounds during our short married life.

Since reading the articles in the Department, I can understand why my husband's health is better, or rather that it is much improved since he has eaten less meat.

Now my eyes have been opened, I shall set my table with less meat than before for *another* reason than the expense it incurs. Trusting all the young Saints will give this subject proper consideration, I am

Your sister,

EFFIE A. BENEDICT.

LATTER DAY SAINTS' LITERARY EXCHANGE FUND.

Amount to date, January, 1893.	\$3 20
G. L. Sweet,	25
Dora Phelps, Iowa.....	10.
	35
Amount to date, March, 1893.	\$3 55

Dear Readers:—In the letter of Bro. Elbert Smith, he advanced a thought which I desire at least to sustain, though I may not be able to add to its strength. I refer to the reason he assigns for the universal desire of the race of man to worship a creator.

"Without faith," we are told, "it is impossible to please God." Now infidels may cry out as they will that we worship an inconsistent, unreasonable God, but they will learn immediately upon their willingness to give a fair, reasonable investigation to God's word that the charge is baseless, is built upon their own false ideas of him.

God does not and never did ask men to worship and obey him without giving good and sufficient reason for their doing so. The first step man must of necessity take is to believe that God is and is a rewarder of those who obey his righteous laws. Is there any reason why man should believe this? How came that thought to be disseminated among all men that there is a God? How came men to have their ideas of his supreme power and goodness?

The believer in God answers that this knowledge began in the personal acquaintance that Adam and Eve had with their Creator in the garden, and we are able to see in this a reasonable answer to another question often asked by those inclined to be skeptical in religious matters.

We are taught in the Scriptures that a redeemer was provided for the world in the beginning of creation, that Jesus was "a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The skeptic asks why God placed our first parents in the garden and gave to them commands that he knew they would transgress.

We look at it in this way: God created them and placed them in the garden and gave them commandments. He walked and talked with them there face to face and they saw his beauty and enjoyed his love, and there we believe is the origin of man's faith in God.

In man's weakness he fell. God foresaw that he would. Having had no experience with evil, he knew nothing of its nature or consequences until he had tasted it, and when he had and knew its dread results, there remained still in his memory, as God had designed there should, the love and faith in the pure Being with whom they had communed in Eden.

They knew God had loved them with so great a love that they had faith to believe he would hear them if they cried out to him, and so they called upon his name; they prayed to Him whom they could no longer see, and he spoke to them and gave them commandments

which they unquestioningly obeyed, so well had they learned the lesson all their children must learn, obedience.

As the faith of our first parents thus had its source in knowledge, so it is promised that upon obedience to the doctrine of Christ, it is given to us to *know* that God is and from this certain knowledge springs up a faith to trust him through all the experiences of life.

Our faith previous to our obedience to the gospel may be largely if, indeed, not entirely, faith in the testimony of others, of those with whom we converse, to whom we listen as they preach, or whose testimonies of God are compiled and called the Bible. This faith may lead us to listen to the gospel, to accept it, and prepare us to receive the truth from God, the sure witness, the Holy Spirit of Promise, but from this personal knowledge, acquaintance with God, comes the high, pure faith in him that has led men to say: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust."

The second lecture on faith, Doctrine and Covenants, takes up this subject and shows how much human testimony has done in spreading the idea of a God and in creating in the minds of men faith in such a being. And this thought presents itself: There are many abroad in our land now, chosen disciples of Christ, commissioned by him to go forth and proclaim the gospel that has been restored in fulfillment of his word, men whose testimonies perfectly harmonize with the testimonies of those of former days. The world of professed Christians accepts unhesitatingly the words of Peter, Paul, Luke, etc., witnesses for Christ who, dying to the world, have left their words which men took and made into a book; now, when living men stand and deliver the same message of life, offer the same promise of knowledge that God is, bear the same testimony that they know the truth of what they say and know it from heaven, that they have been called from their daily avocations, from field and bench and desk as their fellow-servants of early days were called from their labors and sent out into the harvest field of the world to work as reapers and gather the fruit, men's souls, into the garner, the church and kingdom of God, how many turn away, refusing to believe that the gospel of to-day is exactly what the gospel was in Christ's day and that his people claim nothing preposterous when they claim to have the same privileges and blessings.

If the testimonies of the Saints of to-day were made into a book and placed side by side with the book of the testimonies of former day saints, what reason would a man have for be-

lieving one and rejecting the other if both bore the same evidence of truth, if both agreed in doctrine, if the second as the first directed man to God as the one who would confirm the truth of its statements?

He who would love God must love man, and he who would have faith in God must give due credence to human testimony, must be willing to listen to the words of God's servants, and to believe them if they agree with the law and the testimony; for from the beginning until now—

"All truth is one,
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity."

MARGARET.

WHY CAN'T WE?

We are much impressed with an editorial suggestion made recently in *Autumn Leaves* in regard to presenting the Book of Mormon at the World's Fair as a key to the mysteries of America's unknown past, as a history of the people who lived and acted upon the stage of life in the far-back, misty ages, in whom curiosity and interest will be unusually aroused by the accumulation and display of relics remaining after them.

The most eloquent oration is ineffectual and unappreciated by the undisturbed, tranquil mind. The most wonderful facts and discoveries are lost upon a period whose public thought is conservative and stagnant, and unawakened to any need of progress or betterment.

Together with a knowledge of existing things past and present, it often requires happenings of an unusual and forcible nature to impress the significance and importance of them. For this reason, at this particular time and place, there seems to be such possibilities of accomplishing one of our principal objects attracting the people's attention. As all can see, who keep themselves at all informed of the world's movements, people are becoming very dissatisfied with popular theories and the existing state of many things, and it is in response to the public demand, that one of the chief features of the Columbian celebration will be congresses for the consideration of universal, growing wants.

Thousands will attend this mighty exposition that have only a limited knowledge of the ancient wonders which this country possesses indicative of past residence here of highly civilized and intelligent nations. Scholars will be there, men of wide information concerning these things. The dry deadness of historical account will flame into living interest as mind

meets mind, thought generates thought, and association gives life and interest to bookish ideas, prosy by long existence on dusty library shelves, and the light of amassed facts and added discovery will throw its investigating rays upon theoretical solutions, revealing their inadequacy, and the consequent query will be, *Who, and whence came this people?*

Shall we not try and make some effort to meet this rising tide of public interest?

But, says some one, that is a very nice picture to contemplate, and works out gratifyingly enough in the mind. There will be stimulus to thought and inquiry, but the people will hardly comprehend as you expect.

Granted that the real does not often come up to the standard raised in theory, possibly this instance will prove no exception, but do not all indications point to the contrary? And who knows but what the hand of Providence has guided this affair for some purpose, hidden from human sight, and that under circumstances naturally so propitious, some subtle influence may not work upon the mind of man insensibly widening his scope of appreciation?

Truly, "Is it not possible, in some way, for the church to obtain a foothold in this great exposition," "a place where the Book of Mormon might be offered as explaining all the mysteries of this land?"

It is not too great an undertaking for us. We are commanded to "go out into all the world," and we have not "cried from the housetops yet."

LOUISA PALFREY.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Very often we hear the Saints talk about the principles of the gospel, and we have heard our Sunday school children, when asked to name some of these gospel principles, rattle off a list like this: "Faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection, eternal judgment."

These are indeed the foundation principles of the gospel, and it is right that we should be early taught acquaintance with them. But, when we see a foundation laid, do we not suppose that a structure of some kind, corresponding to the design of the foundation, will be erected upon it?

God, foreknowing men's future need before the world was, laid for their salvation this gospel foundation in Jesus Christ, and it is said of it, "Other foundation can no man lay." Jesus, the Christ, being the bedrock on which it is laid, and on which it is promised he will build his church, men and women being the material of

which the church will be builded. But, in order that this material shall be fit for the Master's use, each individual is required to build on these same foundation principles a life and character corresponding with them in all respects.

Now, for this structure of character that we are to build, the material, like the foundation, has been before prepared for our use. It consists of *all good*; for all good is of God, and every good thing is embraced in the gospel. The work appointed to us is to take of these good things, the "all manner of precious stones," and fit them into their proper places in the walls of our building, that is, in our lives and characters, as they were in the life and character of Christ.

We must lay this fact to heart, that the good things in the gospel are of no possible good to us unless they are in us as well as in the gospel. No, not even though we have embraced every one of these foundation principles, because, if we stop there the rest of the instructions in the books are of no value to us. But some seem so satisfied with this foundation that they make no further use of it. They think that having this they have every good thing that the gospel embraces, and seem unwilling to see the builders at work.

The Apostle Peter, one of the master-builders, tells us how to proceed with our building. He first says: "Add to your faith virtue," and we take this first of the precious stones and place it firmly and squarely upon the foundation rock of our faith, not one virtue alone but all that is embraced within the term, including private and social purity.

We are told by those satisfied ones that this is superfluous, "for," they say, "if the gospel of our faith does not include virtue it is worth nothing." True, very true, it does most certainly include it; but I repeat to you that if we do not include it within ourselves, in life and practice, it will not be found within the structure of the church, and in such respect it cannot be a gospel church, no more than if faith was left out of the foundation.

Baptism is included in the gospel, but that fact will never benefit us, if we are not baptized. The desire for a virtuous life may spring from our faith while we ignorantly violate virtue's laws; therefore the necessity that those laws should be understood that all may be able to make of their bodies a holy temple, fit dwelling for the Holy Spirit. That this may be done the next instruction of the master-builder is, add "to virtue knowledge."

I do not infer that this knowledge has refer-

ence merely to the acquisition of miscellaneous book learning. From its contexts and references, it evidently means self-knowledge, an understanding of the laws of our being as affecting ourselves and our posterity; and the things that affect our spiritual life through our physical habits; to the end of promoting virtue, that we may live, "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance."

There never has been a time when the need of this knowledge was greater than at the present; as witness the efforts made to keep the Word of Wisdom by some who have no conception of its meaning but who expect somehow, in some mysterious way they will get a blessing. It reminds us of those who "worship God ignorantly." Yet, strangely enough, when enlightened teachers would impart this knowledge, they are told by those satisfied ones who rest so firmly on the foundation that they can never rise above it, that they "would better stick to preaching the gospel."

The next course in our spiritual building is, "to knowledge, temperance." What a crank Peter would seem to some of this generation! They would tell him that if a man had faith and virtue he would surely be temperate. They would accuse him of going outside of the gospel to establish a moral salvation, as they sometimes do to those who advocate these things now. But Peter knew that he was commissioned to teach all moral principles because they are parts of the gospel and pertain to our faith, and that they are never bestowed as miraculous gifts with the gospel, but must be wrought out in the life of the individual by himself.

"To temperance, patience." Do not forget to put in this goodly stone, and see that it is perfect; for you will need its support as you continue to build, round upon round, through all "godliness," and "brotherly kindness," and "charity." "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost."

By and by, if we persevere, we shall reach the crowning stone, which is Jesus Christ, the beginning and the ending of our faith. Then, and not till then, we shall have reached the full measure of his stature, and become one with him who alone can support and inspire the stupendous work of building a Christian character.

"For if these things [the things you are required to build upon your faith] be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off,

and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall."

If ye do these things, ye shall never fall! What a confident promise that is. What an incentive to *try* to do them. These six principles, named 2 Peter 1: 5-7, are the principles of the character of Christ and are as necessary in the development of his church as any of the six fundamental principles named in Hebrews 6: 1, 2. Your proposed organization might well adopt each of them as an object and work for their development in the church. In this way I believe the Spirit is calling us to come higher, and may we thus be aided to grow, day by day, in the divine life.

For this purpose the Holy Ghost was bestowed in the laying on of hands, that we should not depend on our own strength and frail human nature.

"Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty, so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail:
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up."

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Dec., 1892.

Dear Editor and Readers of the Department:—
It is with a heart full of gratitude to our heavenly Father and the editor's kind invitation to write to the Department, that I sit down this beautiful Sabbath afternoon to pen a few lines of my experiences.

I am a young man desiring to come up to the standard that God designed for his children to reach, but I realize that there is only one way that I can come up to that standard, and that is by perfect obedience to him of whom the Father bore testimony from the heavens, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

This I very often fail to do, and I get very much discouraged. I have had a desire to serve God since I was fourteen years old, and have been carried around by every wind of doctrine till July 26, 1891, I was carried away by a doctrine that has a foundation to it that the storms and winds of infidelity cannot uproot. But I have broken my covenant with God many times since I found the truth, and that has caused me to become very dark in my mind, and this was the condition I was in this morning, and I was about resolving not to renew for the *Autumn Leaves*, and not pay any more tithing, or try to do anything to help the cause of Christ along, as I was not as good as I

wanted to be. But O the thought of trying to find happiness in the perishable things of this world after having tasted of the goodness of God! And as I was reading the Department the goodness of God in my behalf during my life came before me, and with tears and a broken and contrite spirit I renewed my covenant with him.

Talk about hell! Brethren and sisters, I can almost realize what its torments will be when I think of what my life would be even in this world, were I to altogether turn away from the holy commandments after having once known the way of truth.

I can see the truthfulness of Hebrews 10: 26, 27. Please get your Bibles and read it. O, what torment of mind must one be in in that condition! Brethren, we cannot live independently of each other; so let us try and help bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ, by writing to each other through this Department.

I will close, trusting that you all will remember me at the throne of grace, when it goes well with you.

Your brother in gospel bonds,
ELIAS B. PORTER.

Editor's Corner.

NOTICE.—Our friends will please remember that all subscriptions for 1893 must be paid by June 15, unless by special arrangement with the editor. Also that after the year 1893 our terms will be *cash in advance*, unless by special arrangement otherwise. None who are interested in the magazine can object to this when we tell them that it is absolutely necessary.

THE CREED TO BE.

Our thoughts are molding unseen spheres,
And like a blessing or a curse
They thunder down the formless years,
And ring throughout the universe.
We build our futures by the shape
Of our desires, and not by acts;
There is no pathway of escape,
No priest-made creed can alter facts.
Salvation is not begged or bought;
Too long this selfish hope sufficed;
Too long man reeked with lawless thought,
And leaned upon a tortured Christ.
Like shrivelled leaves, these wornout creeds
Are dropping from religion's tree.
The world begins to know its needs,
And souls are crying to be free;
Free from the load of fear and grief
Man fashioned in an ignorant age,
Free from the ache of unbelief
He fled to in rebellious rage.
No church can bind him to the things
That fed the first crude souls evolved,
But mounting upon daring wings,
He questions mysteries long unsolved.
Above the chant of priests, above
The blatant tongue of braying doubt,
He hears the still small voice of Love,
Which sends its simple message out.
And dearer, sweeter, day by day,
Its mandate echoes from the skies:
"Go roll the stone of self away,
And let the Christ within thee rise."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

As we come to our corner this month, we find the same thoughts and feelings swaying

us, as when last we prepared it for your eye. And, we trust, not for your eye only but for your thoughtful, prayerful, consideration as well. It may be well, though perhaps not necessary, to remind our readers that it is in the interest of the young that our magazine is published. Not the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, but *the young*, whether they be married or single. Realizing as we do that the day and age in which we live is one of tremendous possibilities as well as of great activity, you need not marvel that we feel our soul stirred within us when we realize how comparatively stagnant and inactive the forces of the church are, how sadly wanting in the active, aggressive qualities which are a part and parcel of the gospel of Christ. In saying this, we speak advisedly and without fear of successful contradiction, because we give expression not only to our own but the freely expressed convictions of many others who are in a much better position to judge than ourselves.

"There are lions in the way" of every onward move! Of course there are and will be just so long as the Devil remains unbound, for it is his business to put them there and he has enough perseverance to do it, while we have not enough to get up, meet them, and find them made of straw, utterly unable to resist or turn aside the attacks of soldiers, armed as Christ's soldiers should be with the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit and the helmet of salvation. We are not forgetful that it is a very important matter when war is contemplated that we sit down and count the cost first. It is well that in any

enterprise safety should be provided for by counseling together, but while this is true, the very acts of counting the cost and counseling in regard to safety imply the absolute necessity of action. The putting of the hand to the plow implies cultivation of the soil and the declaration of Jesus, "No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," implies the importance that God attaches to action.

The church to-day is poor in leaders, poor in active workers (of course we mean outside of her ministerial force) and, as we regard it, this condition of things is chargeable mainly to the fact that she has never furnished work to the young, active members; hence they have not been drawn to her by the strong cords of love which always bind us to the person or cause for which we labor and even suffer. Many of the brightest, most active and energetic ones have drifted away and either become indifferent or are workers in other organizations, and in some instances Satan has found them odd jobs or steady employment. Does the expression sound harsh? It is none the less true.

And now our young people are about to make an effort to combine the various societies which have at different times been organized in branches of the church, into one active working body and this with a view to their increased usefulness and efficiency. It is therefore of vital importance not only that this movement be properly encouraged by the church, but that it embrace in its work, the vital actuating principles of the gospel of Christ, and we trust that none who have the welfare of the young at heart, none who love God and desire the prosperity and advancement of his work will remain idle spectators in regard to this movement.

The church needs to learn one very important lesson. It is a lesson of economy which enters into all the forces of nature and which is repeated in sermons from every opening flower, every raindrop which falls from the clouds.

Talking with a young man recently, a bright, intelligent son of one of our most active elders, he put to us the direct question: "Sr. Walker, what has the church ever done for the children of the elders?"

We put the same question to the church and rest it there. Not overlooking individual responsibility, we appeal to the church as an organized body, the body of Christ and repeat the question in a broader form, What have you ever done, what special effort have you ever made for the salvation of your own, the chil-

dren born heirs to the kingdom? And to the young we say:—

"Not for earth and heaven

Can separate tables of the law be given."

and when you pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," remember that we have but one example of how that will is done, but one perfect Teacher of what that will is, and remember this:—

"Go roll the stone of self away.

And let the Christ within thee rise."

If the ministry do not awake to the needs of the hour and come to your aid, the great Head of the church will respond to every call made upon him. He will honor every draft presented, which is drawn over the signature of his Son and will fulfill his promise to give wisdom to those who lack.

IN this issue we give our readers an account of a recent discovery in Upper Egypt. This account is taken from the *Sunday School Times* and in regard to it the editor says:—

"The past continues to give up its records in confirmation of the proof of the gospel story. This time it is a tomb in Upper Egypt, which yields us a manuscript of the second century,—showing that all four gospels were in current use at a date much earlier than negative critics have assigned for their authorship. Professor Bernard, of Trinity College, Dublin, gives a full translation of this valuable document. . . . This apocryphal, 'Gospel of Peter' was a forgery of the sect called the Docetae, who denied the reality of Christ's human body, and therefore of his physical sufferings. Hence the statement that on the cross, 'He kept silent as one who felt no pain.'

"Another point of interest is that the school of Bauer, in laboring to discredit the canonical gospels as original sources, fixed upon this gospel of which little more than the name was known, as the chief source of the gospel according to Mark. It was thus, they alleged, the tradition arose that Mark derived his tradition from the chief of the apostles. But even the fragment now recovered shows how impossible this is. Instead of being older than the oldest of our gospels, it is younger than the youngest of them. Instead of being the original source of the simplest and most direct of them, it is a highly ornamented compilation from all of them. Thus with every decade fresh evidence accumulates that the evangelists—as the true Peter says—have not followed cunningly devised fables when they made known to us the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of his majesty."

We have for sometime been waiting in hopes the necessity of announcing the withdrawal of Sr. Stebbins from the editorship of the Domestic Department might be avoided, but as the tax upon her in her present state of health is too much, greatly as we regret it, we shall be compelled to release her. It is with us as yet an open question whether this department will be continued or another take its place.

It was too early for us to announce in our last the result of our premium offer, but we are now prepared to do so.

The first premium of \$15 for largest list of new subscribers was earned by Sr. Mary M. Green, of Appledore, Ontario. The first pre-

mium of \$15 on renewals was earned by Bro. R. Etzenhouser, now in Indiana. Second premium on renewals Ralph G. Smith, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Others who are entitled to premiums will find their names below, but we have written to each one individually.

D. J. Hannah, Sand Run, Ohio. Mrs. E. M. Walker, Jonesport, Maine. Bro. Seward, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Bro. John Hongas, Mission, Illinois. E. D. Briggs, Nebraska City, Nebraska. Laura Frederickson, Wheeler, Iowa. Wm. Stuart, Mondamin, Iowa. Frances Kemp, Hutchinson, Colorado. C. J. Hunt, Deloit, Iowa. Sarah Hoffman, Moorehead, Iowa. Mrs. E. G. Hodge, Springfield, Nebraska. John T. Evans, Lucas, Iowa.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

CAST-OFF GARMENTS.

When a gown is so hopelessly worn that it will not answer even for home wear, or when it is for any other reason *hors de combat*, do not hang it away in a closet, to take up room, or shut it up in a chest, to grow musty. First of all get it thoroughly cleansed. If it is composed of washing goods, have it washed in its entirety, as clean clothes are so much pleasanter to handle than soiled ones. Puffs and tucks should, of course, be taken out first, and draperies that come off easily may be removed and washed separately. If the material will not wash, brush and air thoroughly, leaving the task of removing stains, etc., till later on. When it is as clean as it is practicable to make it, rip it into its constituent parts. Such portions as are quite used up, detach and put aside, along with very small pieces, for rags—to be sold to a rag dealer, or got out of the way in any manner that seems best. Buttons and hooks and eyes should be put into a box kept for that purpose. They can almost always be need again. Such parts of the lining as are still sound, iron smoothly, roll into nice, even bundles, and put away. The material of the gown proper which is still good, press carefully out, fold like a piece of new goods, and put away in a chest kept sacred to "raw material," that is, goods to be made up when needed. Of course it is not gowns alone that can be thus dissected. Do the same with every cast-off garment, even underwear. Then, when something new is required for one of the children—a shirt, petticoat, frock, or jacket—never visit the stores till you have first looked through the contents of this chest, which is very often a "seek no further;" and the convenience it is

to have goods in such a shape that one can tell absolutely how far they may be made available, is, as most women will believe, very great.

It is not only the children's wardrobes that are reinforced from this source. A new house gown is often to be found by making a combination of some of the materials stored therein. Indeed one of the much draped skirts of a year or two ago will sometimes furnish a full gown of the present simpler fashion—*Good House-keeping*.

LAMP SHADES AND CHIMNEY COVERS.

When you are in doubt what to give for a present it is safe to decide on a lamp shade. An entirely novel one that is ornamental all day, and not an obscuration at night, as so many of them are, has for its upper portion a strip of smooth twine netting. This is finished with a three-inch wide fringe made of the small saucer-like flat shells, known at different seaside places as "jingle shells," "duck feed" and "silver shillings." Almost everyone brings home a bag of the pretty, shining things, and there is no difficulty in making a little hole for the needle in the top and sides of each, by heating the point of a shawl pin and piercing them with it.

Another method of using these fragile-looking disks for the same purpose, is to sew a single row of them (pierced only at the top) to the edge of black French lace two inches wide. Then overlap three or four rows of the shell-ornamented lace, gathering in the top one to make the necessary stop. Of course both of these shades are intended to be used over porcelain or glass shades.—*Home Magazine*.

Window-seats are quite the thing at present, and one may be fitted up at small cost. These seats are prettier if set in bay windows, but one may be put under any broad window. You need a bench, which any carpenter can make for a couple of dollars. If the legs are turned and look ornamental, you will need only a cushion for the bench. Let the tick be filled with moss, curled hair, or cotton batting, and covered with any pretty furniture covering. If the legs are unfinished, add a valance of the same goods to reach the floor.

An artistic and comfortable substitute for that stiff-backed narrow sofa or couch may be made as follows: Buy for one dollar and a half a folding cot twenty-eight or thirty inches wide; one with a spring mattress will sag less than the canvas top. Upon this put a two or three-inch deep mattress. Then over the couch covering it entirely throw a Bagdad curtain which may be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard and one width will be wide enough. Pile some cushions upon this divan, have a low table with books and magazines within easy reach, or have a small book-case at one end of the divan, and you will have a cosy corner, at small cost.—*Housekeeper*.

"For an elegant table cover select cream-white mail cloth, and work a continuous border of wild roses and foliage sprays around its edge. Work the roses in long and short in stem stitch in white rope silk, making a heavy cord effect. Darn the spaces between the leaves and roses in long close set stitches with a golden shade of rope silk. This leaves the pleasant ground of the mail cloth for the design, and is a favorite way of decorating parlor table spreads just now."

IN THE FRIENDLY FIRELIGHT.

For those who want to have a literary entertainment on a small and informal scale, there is nothing more pleasant or more capable of agreeable variation than a Firelight evening. It must be understood by those invited that, if they accept, they must be prepared to assist in some way in the evening's amusement. The "how" is left entirely to themselves. Everyone must do something, as a silent critic among the number throws a damper on the diffident.

When the company has assembled the gas must be turned low. If the room is large, glimmering, fairy lights add to the scene, or a tall lamp can light up a distant vista. Then, with all seated in a semi-circle about the fire blazing on the hearth, the evening begins.

A clever leader can assist greatly by comments on the various contributions, or by starting discussion on various authors or their fancies. In the firelight's glare even the most timid gain courage.

A basket of pine knots is provided, and the signal for anyone's turn is given by his being asked to brighten up the fire. Rising, he walks to the basket, takes out a piece of wood and throws it on the fire. This will send a ruddy glow through the room, in the light of which he gives a weird ghost story or other tale, a poem, a song, or music from some instrument.

Any melody sounds doubly sweet in the flickering light.

Sometimes the whole evening's pastime will be on one author, each giving some quotation from him. At other times a subject can be given beforehand and discussed by all present. Suppose the topic to be, What are your favorite three books? This would involve long arguments on the why and wherefore of the individual choice. The leader can, by keeping the ball a-rolling, hold the interest of all to such an extent that time will pass as if by magic.

Toward the end of the evening the gas can again be turned on, and refreshments according to the taste of the host or hostess, finish a charming affair.—*Woman's Magazine*.

INEXPENSIVE GIFTS.

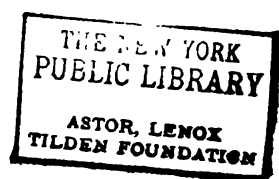
Sew half a silk handkerchief together at the sides, line the open end with a two inch band of satin to match, making a casing in which to run a draw-string, for which use the narrowest picot edge ribbon, and fill the bag with cotton, thickly sprinkled with sachet powder. This makes a very pretty sachet bag, and one easy to construct.—*Sel*.

A TEA COSEY.

A tea cosey (which is simply a thick cover for a tea pot, to exclude the air and keep the tea hot) is always an acceptable gift to a housekeeper, and often with a little ingenuity very handsome ones can be made from material already at hand. One pretty design is in the shape of a Turkish cap, embroidered with Japanese figures. Another of blue plush in the shape of a half circle, contains three layers of wadding with an inside lining of chamois skin, and is decorated with artistic designs of the tea leaf wrought in gold thread.—*Sel*.

LOUNGE WRAP.

Everyone knows how necessary it is to have a shawl or wrap of some kind on the lounge, and yet how annoying such a thing can make itself when it will get in a tumble, and somebody "drops in." Most of us have material about our houses to make a very suitable rug for the lounge that will keep papa or Johnnie from a severe cold, and yet will look as if it belonged there, even though it is thrown down in a heap. Crochet all the odds and ends of bright worsted into hit-and-miss strips, two yards long and eight inches wide; or, if you wish a better thing, make these strips of new yarn, in patterns, which can be procured at any store where materials for fancy work are kept. Make at least five such strips, and combine them with strips of plush, woolen crazy work, odds and ends of silk, or even some pretty but cheap lace bunting of harmonizing shade. Line with the nicely pressed breadths of the old dress that has been waiting so long to prove its usefulness, dyed, if need be. Tie in diamonds the plain strips to the lining, as you would tie a comfortable, and finish around the edges with a thick cord with tassels at the corners.—*Housekeeper*.



ELDER E. C. BRIGGS.

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THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

WHEN the writer first conceived a work such as is suggested in the above title, the thought never entered his mind that he would be able to do justice to it, but a desire to, at least, secure as many facts as possible, and to preserve them, not only for the present, but for generations yet unborn has been the incentive in the arduous task which such a compilation has involved. One great defect has been, and is now, too prevalent among our people; viz., a non-preservation of the time and circumstances of noted occurrences and of the direct interpositions of Providence.

I have readily found those to assist who could give a meager idea of the circumstance, but as to giving the date and exact recital of the event it was impossible for them to do so. Another thing, time lends enchantment to almost everything and many are extremists in lauding the past and ignoring the present.

While it is apparent that God wonderfully blessed the early pioneers of this "latter-day wonder," still some have drawn the picture too vividly, and by this policy, have damaged the truth they sought to establish. Truth stands upon its merits and is never benefited, never becomes more a truth by the profuse utterances of overzealous adherents. True worth in man or woman does not shine with any more splendor even when harped upon by friends or admirers. True worth is not secured by the praise of others but rather from the grand results which follow in the wake of our efforts.

The infidel has some foundation for the thought that the practical occurrences of to-day become the superhuman of to-

morrow. It is evident that the age in which we live will be revered much more a century hence, and our posterity will see much more of the divine in the occurrences of our present age than we ever dreamed of. Time brings respect, and respect, reverence; reverence, adoration; and adoration, worship.

But in the face of all this it does not eliminate all the divine, neither does it prove that religion is a farce and God but a creature of our imagination; but rather it shows the extremes to which humanity may go, and, underlying the superstition of the age and the myths to which bigots adhere and for which zealots have perished, if we go far enough, we will find that stratum of truth which is sufficiently convincing to satisfy any reasonable man and *which, so far, has never been refuted.*

It has been the aim in the compilation of this work, to adhere closely to facts, and we sincerely hope that the reader will peruse with the same degree of candor and fairness that we have sought to exercise throughout the work. Several of the brethren have aided efficiently, especially Elder Chas. Derry of Magnolia, Iowa, who has contributed that part of the manuscript appertaining to his mission in England, Thomas Williams of Wales, G. W. Galley of Columbus, Nebraska, E. B. Morgan of Lucas, Iowa, and several others.

As the introduction of the gospel into the British Isles and its rapid progress in so short a time has been a marvel to all thoroughly conversant with the facts, it may not come amiss to give a short sketch of the British, their origin, customs, characteristics, and habits.

History affords us ample information

of the origin of the Anglo-Saxon or English, but the Britons or Welsh antedate all the others, so far that history affords no definite clue to the origin. Some eminent writers and scholars maintain that they are the posterity of the son of Japheth, Gomer by name, (Gen. 10: 2,) who first settled on those isles and never departed from them.

It is evident that the Welsh are of Israelitish origin. They are of a dark cast, almost invariably having dark hair and dark eyes. The discoverers of these isles maintain that they were divided up into tribes similar to those of early Mosaic times.

The country of Great Britain comprising England, Scotland, and Wales is an island. England proper is of a triangular form, and from the south foreland in Kent, which may be termed the east point of the triangle, to Berwick on Tweed which is the north, its length is three hundred and forty-five miles, and from that point to Land's End in Cornwall which is the west is four hundred and twenty-five miles; and the breadth thence to the south foreland is three hundred and forty miles.

The face of the country affords all the beautiful variety that can be found in the most extensive tracts of the globe, with romantic and dreary scenes, lofty mountains, craggy rocks, bleak, barren moors, and wide, uncultivated heaths; and yet few countries have a smaller proportion of land absolutely sterile and incapable of culture. The richest parts are in general the middle and southern. Towards the north it partakes of the barrenness of the neighboring Scotland. The east coast is in many parts sandy and marshy. A range of rude, elevated land sometimes rising into lofty mountains, extends from the border of Scotland into the very heart of England, running from north to south and forming a natural division between the east and the west sides of the kingdom. Cornwall is also a rough hilly tract and the adjacent counties are similar.

The rivers are numerous such as the Thames, Severn, Humber, Medway, Trent, Ooze, Tyne, Tees, Eden, Avon, Derwent, Dee, and Mersey. The lakes are neither extensive nor numerous and are located in the north and west. These possess such a variety of beautiful scenery that

for a long time they have served as a fashionable resort for the summer excursions that come from every part of the country.

Situated in the northern part of the temperate zone, England enjoys a moderate share of the sun's inspiring rays. The atmosphere is chilly and moist and subject to frequent and sudden changes and is more favorable to the growth than to the ripenings of the earth's productions. Its verdure is beautiful and lasting, yet the cereals, especially in the north, frequently suffer from excessive rains. This country is not subject to the extremes of cold and heat known on the continent, and in fact in parallel climates. The mildness of the climate is scientifically accounted for from the fact that the Gulf Stream strikes a little off the coast. The seaports of Holland and Germany are every winter blocked up with ice, while those of England and even of Scotland are never known to suffer this inconvenience. The whole country, some particular spots excepted, is sufficiently healthy and the natural longevity of its inhabitants is equal to that of almost any region.

All of its most valuable productions, both animal and vegetable, have been imported from foreign countries and have been kept up and improved by constant attention. Originally this great island seems to have been almost entirely overrun with wood and peopled only by inhabitants of the forest. Here formerly roamed the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar, now totally extirpated. Large herds of stags roamed through the woods, roebucks bounded over the hills, and wild bulls grazed in the marshy pastures. By degrees the woods were destroyed in order to make way for cultivation, the marshes were drained, and the wild animals, disturbed in their retreats, gradually disappeared and their places were supplied by the domestic kinds.

England has now no other wild quadrupeds than some of the smaller ones, as the fox, wildcat, badger, marten, and others of the weasel kind; the otter, hedgehog, hare, rabbit, squirrel, dormouse, mole, and several species of the rat and mouse. On the other hand, every kind of domestic animal imported from abroad, has been reared to the greatest degree of perfection. The horse has been so trained

for all the purposes of strength and swiftness as to excel in those qualities the same animal in every other country.

The horned cattle have been brought to the largest size and greatest form and symmetry of body. The different races of sheep are variously distinguished, either for uncommon size, goodness of fleece, and an abundance or fineness of wool. The deer which grace their parks are superior in beauty of skin and fineness of flesh to those of most countries. Even the dogs have been trained to degrees of courage, strength, and sagacity rarely to be met with elsewhere.

The improvements in the vegetable productions of this island are not less striking. Nuts, acorns, and a few wild berries were almost all the variety of the woods. To other countries and to the effort of culture it is indebted for corn, esculent roots, plants, and all its garden fruit. The rivers and seas of England are stocked with fish, which afford a plentiful article of provision to all ranks of people.

The manufactures and commerce of this country are vast, extensive, and various. The woolen, cotton, and hardware manufactures in particular have long maintained a preëminence, and though nature has denied it the rich fruits of other countries, yet the manufacture of home-made wines, in imitation of all the varieties of the foreign, has been brought to an uncommon degree of perfection.

The government of England is a limited monarchy, the legislative power residing in the king, lords, and commons, and the executive in the king, the great officers of state, the judges and all the inferior gradations of magistracy.

The civil division of the country is divided into circuits and shires or counties and these last are divided into wapentakes, hundreds, or parishes. There are assizes or sessions held in the different counties for the easy distribution of justice. The assizes are courts held twice a year. Twelve judges are commissioned by the king for this purpose and this they call "going the circuit." At their assizes all civil and criminal cases may be determined. The first is called Lent assizes and is held soon after Hilary term and the other summer assizes held after Trinity term. The jury are chosen by the sheriff of the county, and they are only directed

in points of law by the judges. There are six of the circuits besides those in Wales.

Wales is a principality in the west of England. It is for the most part mountainous, but its products are sufficient for the maintenance of the inhabitants. It is the country to which the ancient Britons fled when this island was invaded by the victorious Saxons. They are now called Welsh and continue to preserve their ancient language.

The air of Wales is clear and sharp, the cattle small, and provisions in general good and cheap. It is particularly remarkable for goats, which naturally delight in hilly countries. For fuel wood, coal, and turf are used.

Wales was long governed by independent kings when their last prince, Llewellyn, being vanquished and slain in 1283, Edward I. reduced the whole country to English dominion. He also invested the principality in his second son, Edward, who after becoming heir to the English monarchy, the eldest son of the king of England has ever since been created Prince of Wales. In the reign of Henry VIII. the government and jurisprudence of Wales were modeled according to the English form, and the inhabitants admitted to the enjoyments of all the English rites and liberties, particularly that of sending members to Parliament, a knight for every shire and a burgess for every shire town.

The Isle of Anglesey, one of the counties of Wales, was the seat of the ancient Druids, of whom there seem to be some monumental remains, in the creation of huge stones, singly and collectively, in circles and one upon another. They are without any inscription to show the time or occasion of their erection. Here are found human and other antiquities. Carnarvon is noted for its castle, in a small room of which, not eight by twelve feet, Edward II. was born.

Glamorganshire is considered the garden of Wales. Travelers and noted men say that, for excellent scenery and a rugged and picturesque landscape, Wales stands among the foremost nations of the globe.

Scotland is divided into three large districts. It was an independent kingdom until James VI. was called to the throne of England; and in the reign of

Queen Anne both kingdoms were united under the name Great Britain. It is divided into thirty-three counties.

We have by research found but a vague history of the British Isles which we tersely present to the reader. We have quoted from *The Young Man's Companion*, *Chamber's Encyclopedia*, and others, and should any desire a more extensive history we recommend these as well as the histories by Green and McCauley.

The earliest writers who are reliable give the name *Ibion* to England and Scotland, and *Hibernia* or *Ierene* to Ireland. The term *Brittania Insulæ*, was applied to all the British Isles. In the writings of Aristotle, who wrote in the beginning of the third century before Christ, reference is made only to Albion and Ierene. Cæsar, about 54 B. C., first spoke of Albion as *Brittania*. Little Britain was first applied to Ierene by Ptolemy, in the second century. He also applied Great Britain to England and Scotland.

The first definite reference that history makes of Britain is that found in the writings of Herodotus in the fifth century B. C. Some Greek writers previous to this, however, refer to Britain in connection with the Phœnician tin trade carried on with the *Cassiterides* or Tin Isles which they often confounded with the Azores. The Phœnicians traded with the inhabitants of Britain as early as 1000 B. C., giving them salt, bronze vessels, and skins in exchange for their minerals.

Britain then was divided into many tribes. One writer refers to fifty such tribes. The Celtic nation is one group of the great Aryan family. Some writers maintain that the Celts were the first inhabitants of Britain, but later research confirms the idea that there always was and still is in Britain a large element of pre-Celtic and Aryan blood.

One writer holds that the northern Picts were wholly of this class, as these first occupied, but were subsequently overrun by the Cymry whose tongue the Welsh and Cornish used. There are now five languages there, including the English, Welsh, Irish, Highland Scotch, and the Manx on the Isle of Man.

The Gaulish was nearer to the Cymry branch in the separation of the Celts from the other Aryan or Indo-German nations. Of their early migration to Western Europe no record is found.

At the dawn of history the Gauls were occupying France. A great many tribes had settled in Lombardy, where they founded Milan; others penetrated into Spain where they mixed with the native Ibernians; numerous hosts migrated across the Rhine and occupied Southern Germany; others followed the Danube, going to Thrace and Greece in 218 B. C.; but the major portion settled in Asia. They were conquered by the Romans in 187 and the land was made a province of that empire.

The Britons were not much known before Cæsar's two unsuccessful expeditions there. The country was conquered by the Roman general Agricola 84 A. D., and the Britons soon adapted themselves to the Roman civilization and were readily converted to Christianity, being of a religious disposition naturally, and such rapid progress did they make in this, that the heathen Anglo-Saxons who conquered them in the sixth century called them Welsh.

A few of the Britons maintained their independence and were not conquered, but existed under different petty princes until Edward I. conquered them. It cannot be satisfactorily determined whether the Caledonians, the oldest inhabitants of Scotland were Celts of the Cymric or Erse branch or not.

The national emblem of Wales, the leek, is said to have been chosen in memory of the great victory gained over the Saxons in the year 640. In this battle, by the command of St. David, their titular saint, the Welsh put leeks in their hats so that they should be known to each other, while the Saxons, without any distinguishing mark, frequently mistook each other, and slew friends as well as foes. Since that time the Welsh have ever worn leeks in their hats on St. David's day, March 1.

Shakespeare, in *King Henry the Fifth*, acts fourth and fifth, makes many allusions to the use of the leek. Fluellian says: "If Your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did great service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which Your Majesty knows, to this hour is an honorable badge of the service; and I do believe Your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day."

King Henry: "I wear it for a memora-

ble honor; for I am Welsh, you know good countrymen."

Green and white were the old Welsh colors, and these are found combined in the leek, another reason for its choice.

"I like the leeke above all herbs and floures;
When first we wore the same the field was ours.

The leeke is white and green, whereby is meant

That Britaines are both stout and eminente.
Next to the Lion and the Unicorne,
The leeke's the fairest emblym that is worne."

The thistle is the national emblem of Scotland, adopted out of gratitude. When the Danes invaded Scotland in the tenth century they attempted at one time to make an attack by night, an act which at that time was considered very disreputable. To prevent their tramp being heard, they went barefooted. They had almost reached the Scottish forces unperceived by them when a Dane stepped upon a "superbly prickly thistle," and his howl of pain discovered their presence to the Scots, who immediately ran for their arms, and defeated the Danes with great slaughter.

The rose is the national flower of England, Edward I. being the first monarch to wear it.

Ireland enters into the light of history with its conversion to Christianity by Saint Patrick in 460 A. D. It was then the seat of piety and learning and sent forth numerous missionaries, but in the fierce battles between the two nations, the prosperity of Ireland rapidly declined and the English conquests of 1171 completed the defeat. The Isle of Man acknowledged English sovereignty in 1344.

The Celtic nation worshiped idols with human sacrifices. The oldest remains of Welsh literature are the songs, so far as they are genuine, of the bards of the sixth century. The Celts are fast disappearing by merging into the English and intermarrying with neighboring nations and we venture the statement that it is a thing almost impossible to find one of the true Briton type or extraction; but as Chambers says, "If the quiet resolution, the sturdy common sense, the talent for public life, state organization and political dominion that characterize the modern British nation is altogether Teutonic, on the other hand their genuine refinement of manner and feeling and their high

poetical susceptibilities are to no small extent due to the admixture of Celtic [or Welsh] blood."

The attack of the Romans was against the Venetia, a tribe of Gauls who were fighting against the Romans. They invaded Britain in 55 and 54 B. C. but each time were repulsed. The real conquest was not made until a hundred years afterwards by Claudius, and although the native princes made a desperate resistance, the south half of Britain was maintained by the Romans.

Agricola was sent there by Nero in 78 A. D. and by persistent conquests he increased the Roman territory. He was the first Roman to send a fleet around the island. The Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain in 410 A. D. and finally became the dominant nation.

The Welsh are a hard working, industrious people, and until recently have been contented to maintain their livelihood by manual rather than intellectual efforts, but within the past few centuries they have proven the peers of any nation intellectually, producing such men as Garfield, Stanley, the African explorer, and a host of others who have played a prominent part in the affairs of church and state.

As a nation the Welsh are conceded to be the champion singers of the world and now hold the world's medal. As a class they are a free-hearted and hospitable people, and when once you have secured their confidence and good will it is not soon shaken. One singular and, in fact, peculiar characteristic is their tribal nature. You can go into any place where they reside and each community has its leader or leaders, his or their acts having great weight and influence with all the others.

The English are a quite different class of people and, as a rule, are lighter complected, a more spare and ruddy people, they differing much in their customs, habits, and dialects. Each shire has its own intonations and peculiarities of speech. People living twenty miles apart can scarcely understand each other.

(To be continued.)

"One by one come the desolated days;
It is only to-day that touches thee,
Look straight before thee: some guiding
rays
Shine now on thy path; go on, with praise,
In the light thou canst see."

AN OFFERING.

BY ELBERT SMITH.

I.

We deem it better to hold the rod,
And follow where it leads, alone,
Through dark paths of the great unknown,
Save that we walk with God,

Than walk with men of might and power,
With hosts of friends to cheer us on,
To fix ambition's thoughts upon
The worldly pomp and dower.

We doubt the praise the world may give;
We think it answers to the wrong,
The selfish effort of the throng
To praise the faults that in *them* live.

We care not for the world's acclaim,
For well we know its fickle mood.
It answers not unto the good,
But rather unto place and name.

And if a man have worldly fame
'Twill give to him its best applause;
But, if the poor man bear a cross,
His death upon that cross proclaim.

The native strength of soul must stand
The trying test of time and change;
The soul that highest up would range
Must be the strongest in the land.

Therefore, one hand upon the rod,
The other pushing error back,
We strive to climb the beaten track
That through our sorrow leads to God.

We count our present loss as gain,
Because the usury of tears
That grows through all the lengthening
years
Brings double joy for all our pain.

Upon the altars of our soul
The sacrifice of self we place,
And trust that God's redeeming grace,
Will make our shattered being whole.

Obedience, the son of Love,
The harp strings of our heart may take
Diviner melodies to make,
Ascending to the throne above.

We do not bring our gift, O Lord,
As an exchange in *any* sense
For thy supreme love's evidence,
But rather to fulfill thy word.

"Let him who follows me, this day
With willing hand take up his cross,

Nor backward look to count the loss,
But steadily pursue his way."

II.

Our souls through darkness see the light
Upon the distant hills away,
The glory of the coming day
That dawns upon our present night.

Advancement's tide doth swell and grow:
Each year brings forth its store of good;
We stand not where our fathers stood;
With firmer steps we forward go.

We look with second sight, inborn,
Through all the years that are to be;
The triumph of the right we see,
The evil of its power shorn.

When all thy children freeborn stand,
Within the holy gates of truth,
No more shall years and strength of youth
Be clutched by black oppression's hand.

It gives us courage, Lord, to know
The course of manhood upward lies,
That we may lift our weary eyes
To him who hath ordained it so.

III.

Great gift of God, immortal love!
That saw our course in sorrow set,
And came that we might not forget
The goodness of the One above.

And may we not our life-course bend
To paths that Christ has sanctified,
Temptation, walking by his side,
Endured unto the bitter end?

Can we not bear with him the cross
And wear with him the thorny crown,
The cares that bore his being down,
Nor count our suffering for him loss?

We walk not by blind faith alone
In paths whose course we may not know,
But he has told us where to go,
Though feeble, still we are his own.

The promptings of a grateful heart
Our offering to the altar brought,
And not in anywise the thought
To gain of worldly praise a part.

'Twas rather brought in full accord,
With wisdom and with knowledge sure,
That doth unto our soul secure,
The promise of a bright reward.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER X.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PIGS.

THERE was one disagreeable feature among the out-doors work which I often had to attend to, and that was, preparing the food for and feeding the pigs. But even that can be made into sport, and I often found amusement in it. True, there was very little amusement in being sent down in the dark cellar in winter time, with only the light of a tallow candle, to look over a huge pile of potatoes that seemed to be half as big as the house, and cull out a basket of little ones. Oh dear, what lots of potatoes had to be handled before the basket could be filled!

There were three grades; first the large ones for shipping; then those which were not quite large enough for market were for seed and for house use; and the little ones were for the pigs. And the small ones seemed to have got themselves all on top of the pile. It would have only been fun to scramble up there after them, but that was contrary to orders; it would bruise the potatoes and scatter them all over the cellar. We were always to pick from the bottom, tossing all but the little ones to one side for father to make the second assorting. And, while doing that, unluckily we sometimes moved the very potato that the whole pile seemed to rest on, and down it would come, perhaps knocking over the candle and putting out the light; and the frost on the huge stones that composed the wall near the outside entrance would glisten in the darkness like so many eyes. If I was alone I made my way up to the daylight as soon as possible. But if my younger sister was with me (who was very timid) I would frighten her nearly into fits by telling her that "they must be eyes of something," and then laugh at her for being scared at nothing. Or, what was more depressing, after toiling away for what seemed to be a very long time and at length merge into the daylight with a well-filled basket only to be told "that they were entirely too large and must be taken back." They did look large, what was the matter with them. I really thought they were very small when I got them and affirmed that they were, and that

"they must have grown while I was coming up." It was by comparison with those very large ones which made the others look small, but I did not know that and the others did not think of it. But back they had to go and I was admonished not to be long enough on the way for them to grow again.

On the farm we usually had two or more fattened hogs to kill just before Christmas, which gave plenty of nice, sweet lard for doughnuts. Father took great pains in having their food well prepared when fattening them. He boiled the potatoes and pumpkins and mashed them all together with bran. I often had the job of mashing them. Sometimes my sister Sophy would help me, but she was delicate and not always able to do heavy work, while I possessed more than an ordinary share of health and strength. I loved dearly to have her with me. What would be a dull task when alone was only sport when we were together.

One amusing incident I recall. It was late in the fall of the year. The afternoon which had been cold and cloudy was drawing to a close. We were doing up the work for night, in gleeful spirits, and far too active to feel its chilling influence. We had carried in a generous supply of wood for the night, and a large basket of chips; had fed the hens and the geese too and shut them up in their pen, and had been making all haste to get our work done to have a little time to ourselves for recreation, as we called our games of barnball, or skipping the rope, and similar games, before dark. But just as we finished our work, father emptied two large round pots of boiling hot potatoes and pumpkins into a half hogshead-tub that stood in the woodshed for that purpose, and adding a bucket or two of bran, he said,

"Now little fellies, mash them all up fine."

"Away goes our good time," we ejaculated, as father went out and left us to ourselves. "But never mind, we'll make a good time of this."

The long-handled pestle, made for the purpose, was pretty heavy, so we did not work very steadily. Besides, we had so much laughing to do that it took our

strength away. The hot steam in the cold air was almost blinding, and we took a turn around the shed in pursuit of each other while the steam was dying away. I was too short to stand by the tub and work that heavy smasher up and down, so I stood on the top edges of the tub. As it became thick and soft it was all I could do to raise the pestle. While tugging away at it, and in a gale of laughter, I lost my balance and went into the tub of mash more than half way to my knees. Fortunately it had become too cool to burn or I might have suffered before I could have been gotten out. The tub was too high for me to step upon the edges without holding on to something, and Sophy could not pull me out. The predicament only added to our merriment. The stuff felt pretty hot and I thought I was being burned and urged Sophia to stop laughing and go into the house and tell Tamza to come and get me out, and not let father or mother know that I was in the swill tub.

Tamza came and was highly amused at the situation. She laughingly said that she had a good mind to leave me in there; it was about all I was good for; "but for fear you will spoil the pigs' victuals I will pull you out."

And then I had a time getting my shoes and stockings cleaned off. It was so near dark that no one noticed them, and when I went to bed they had got dry, and I rubbed and picked them till I got it about all off. From carelessness and otherwise I became the victim of so many such slight misfortunes that I was anxious to conceal as many as I could.

It is amusing to recall the freaks and blunders of childhood. I smile as I think of my misunderstanding of the best way to make pigs broad across the back. One day, when I went in the shed with some slop for the small pigs, there were two of our neighbors there with father, looking over at the fine hogs that were being fattened, and making some remarks as to how well they looked. Then they passed to the next pen where the smaller ones were that had just been put up. Father remarked that they would have to grow awhile before they were as broad as the others. One of the men replied, in his droll way, that a "steady stream of buttermilk running between the shoulders was the best thing to

make small pigs broad across the back.' That was only his odd way of putting it; he meant for them to drink it. I remembered that and resolved to try it. For quite awhile afterward, whenever I was sent to feed them with buttermilk, I gave them a few sups, just enough to get their heads in the trough, and then poured the rest between their shoulders on the outside. They did not get broad nearly so fast as I thought they ought to, considering all the buttermilk I poured on them. I concluded that it was because they would not stand still enough for me to pour a *steady* stream. After awhile I said:—

"I don't think that Mr. W. knows what is the best way to make broad-backed pigs, for I have poured nearly all the buttermilk between their shoulders, and it does not make them very broad."

Only then I found out what he meant, and that I had been wasting nearly all the buttermilk. I received a reprimand for cheating poor piggy out of so many good suppers through my stupidity. Fortunately that was not their entire food or they might have been narrower.

CHAPTER XI.

SETTING THE HEN.

My being out of doors a good part of the time between the age of eight and thirteen years, had a tendency to make me both robust and rompish, that is, alert, ready for a run anywhere, and I had ample practice in that line. Our place was not properly fenced for two or three years, and the stock that was left on the place was breachy, and it was "run here" and "run there," to drive out cattle or sheep. Sophia became more healthy after a year or two and able to run pretty well. When a fowl was to be caught we ran it down.

One day I was following mother about the yards, and in and out of the sheds, chatting away with her as she busied herself about one thing and another, something pertaining to the hens' nests. She spoke of wanting to set a hen, but as there were only a few hens she did not want to be deprived of the eggs that even one hen would lay in the length of time that she would be setting and running with the chickens. I pointed out one old hen that did not lay, and said to mother:—

"If I were you I would set that old hen; she is not good for anything else, she won't lay."

"Nor she won't set either," said mother. "Who ever heard of a hen setting that did not lay?"

"Sophy and I will catch her and make her set if you will let us."

"How can you make her set? She won't stay on the nest."

"We'll hold her on till she gets used to it, then she'll stay."

"Nonsense, child!"

"I believe we can, mother, may we try? It won't do any harm to try. May we run her down?"

"I don't care."

That was like giving a colt the lines. Away I went to the house to tell Sophy and to get the eggs. Together we went to the barn to fix the nest. In one corner of the "bay," where the hay was used out, and where the hen was not likely to be disturbed, we made a tempting looking nest and placed the eggs in it, and then started for our old biddy. She was sedately picking about in the neighborhood of the back yard, or at least what would have been had it been fenced in; but there was none for quite a distance from the house. The first two or three passes I made at her, she simply dodged from one side to the other, with an indignant little squawk as much as to say, "Be off with you, you bothersome children, and let a respectable old hen alone." But when she found we really intended to

catch her, she let us know that she could run too. But we had had the most practice, and she showed signs of giving out first. She would stop suddenly, and before I could stop she would be off in another direction, or hide under a bunch of thistles, or a clump of grass, or whatever seemed to be a shelter, and, just as we thought we were sure of her, she would be off again. Sophy did not make any of the long chases but kept near the yard, helped head her off or tried to get her in some corner, and stood guard to keep her from getting in the woodpile. But she did get in and got rested a little before we could get her out. Then she started off again. I was close behind, almost within reach of her when she suddenly changed her mind. Perhaps she thought to get in the woodpile again, for she turned to go past me. I slipped, in the endeavor to turn quickly, and went sprawling over her, my dress forming a sort of quail trap in which she gave a stifled squall. But she did not get away again. We carried her to the nest. She was so tired she was glad to set, for awhile at least. It was then nearing the latter part of the afternoon, and we took turns in sitting by her and holding our hands over her wings, to keep her from starting, till after roosting time. In the morning she was still there. During the day she deserted her nest, and we had to run her down again and hold her on the nest awhile, but in a day or so she became reconciled and staid there.

(To be continued.)

HAVING LOVED HIS OWN WHICH WERE IN THE WORLD, HE LOVED THEM UNTO THE END.

"Unto the end!" What strange,
Sweet, wondrous love! How deep, how fond
and true.

For love that knows no change
We seek, but seek in vain, the wide world
through.

Unto the end He loved
The frail, weak, timid ones He called "His
own,"

Nor ever heard unmoved
Their cry for help, in sorrow's plaintive tone.

"Unto the end!" All, all
Who are His own are known to him by name;

No tear of theirs can fall
But Jesus knows the source from whence it
came.

Unto the end, although
Wayward and undeserving we may be,
With calm and ceaseless flow
The tide of love divine rolls strong and free.

"Unto the end!" Though wide
And high along our way dark barriers frown,
This truth will still abide
To comfort and sustain, "We are his own."

Unto the end his own!
Not death itself from Him our souls can part;

His hand has overthrown
All that divides us from his home and heart.

"Unto the end!" With arms
Outstretched He waits to clasp us to his
breast,

Where, safe from all alarms,
He offers us our shelter and our rest.

Unto the end to live
And know that we are His, and only His!
The joys that earth can give,

Its sweetest and its best, yield no such bliss.

"Unto the end!" Thine own?
O, dear and blessed Master, can it be
That never more alone
Our weary hearts may dwell in peace with
Thee,

Knowing that to the end
Thou wilt be with us, walking by our side,
Our guardian, guide, and friend,
Until in heaven we shall with Thee abide?

—Christina Rossetti.

UNBELIEF.

BY ELDER M. T. SHORT.

THERE is a current aphorism abroad: "To doubt is to investigate." This adage, among skeptical cavilers, is used to unsettle belief. If this maxim is perverted to do service for infidelity, or atheism, let us redeem it from unjust opprobrium. Why not let it be synonymous with the divine axiom, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

That there is an immense amount of doubt in the world will be conceded. Various causes have been assigned for this widespread malady, this universal disorder. Solomon said: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

These discoveries of mankind, in regard to the faithless condition of the teeming millions, are numerous, fanciful, and false. The maligner of the Creator says: "I believe my senses, but know nothing about a God, rewards, punishments, or the life to come, and no one else," etc. Would-be philosophers of the rationalist type say, "God is the unknowable and the unknown."

Seedtime and harvest, the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, the recurring seasons, the multitudinous ramifications of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, the ethereal hosts of heaven, and the invisible forces of the universe, all, as it were, stand sentry for God, and ring out the watchword along the entire line.

When we purify ourselves in obeying the truth, we will mount up, embrace, and cling to our Maker, as the English ivy adheres to the tower or a massive

church. "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you *an evil heart of unbelief*, in departing from the living God." "An evil heart" is where the difficulty lies, and not with Providence, our next door neighbor, or even his satanic majesty.

The misgivings, and dark forebodings, and disastrous doubts of a person, community, or nation need not necessarily contaminate others, and destroy, or disturb their unshaken trust and confidence in the Supreme Being.

Birds of passage are generally gregarious, I believe; some species of the wild quadrupeds roam in herds, while our domestic animals flock together; the finny tribes of the deep go in shoals; insects swarm; serpents and reptiles dwell together, or go in bands, while folks and good citizens form distinct crowds of similar appetites, manners, tastes, habits, and customs, and thus there is reciprocity and congeniality.

Some of the lonesome plovers of the reedy riverside, or the gloomy denizens of the cave; or the croaker of the night, may choose to lead a solitary life, but mankind, in their normal state, prefer contact and company.

If "birds of a feather flock together," we ought to keep our plumage clean and inviting, or, more scripturally speaking, we should be clad in white raiment. The fine linen, symbol of righteousness, should be kept clean and white. No spirit or power should tarnish the soul, sully the honor, or mar the equilibrium. "For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?" Inasmuch as man is

highly communicative, and very impressive, "Should not a people seek unto their God?" as saith Isaiah. Again, "Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

While in Indiana I heard a lady teach in a union Sunday school that the faith, spoken of by Jesus, that could remove a mountain referred to "mountains of sin!" "And the Lord said, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the roots, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you."—Luke 17:6. By parity of reasoning this good woman could make this tree refer to a grove, or, perhaps, a whole forest of sin plucked up in "getting religion."

Christ uses the words *faith* and *belief* interchangeably, or as alternates, as well as *unbelief* and *faithless* as synonyms. Jesus had conferred power on the Twelve to "Heal the sick, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, cast out devils." See Matthew 10:8; or as recorded in Luke 9th: "Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." In Mark 6:13: "And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them."

As in the domain of nature, so in the realm of grace, antecedent precedes consequent; or cause harbingers effect. Circumstances, states, and conditions for "the gifts of healing," and "the working of miracles," must be favorable and right. The ministry should be and ought to be studious. It is not only their privilege and duty to be exemplary in word and in doctrine, in urbanity, and general demeanor, in all tender forbearance, and patience, in activity, and courage, in humble aggression and irresistible force, but they are, and must be the lighthouses of the high seas of humanity, the trusted standard bearers of the growing world; the coördinates, and fellow servants of angels, and the illustrious exponents of the highways of grace, and also the honored repositories of "the mighty power of God."

John, the beloved apostle, felt to complain when he found a person operating in a certain locality, and even casting out demons. His authority and power to do so was not called in question, but the advisability as to whether he should still continue in that place, or drop all at the beck and call of others. "And John answered him saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils *in thy name*, and he followed not *us*; and we forbid him because he followed not *us*. But Jesus said, Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle *in my name* that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part."

In the seventeenth of Matthew, and the ninth of Mark are chronicled the sad failure, and why the disciples could not relieve an evil possessed child, or cure this one that was "a lunatic and sore vexed." The dumb spirit would cause the lad to gnash, and foam, and even tore him, and made him pine away. The twelve apostles, as noticed above, had been successful hitherto, and even the seventy, and, perhaps the eldership at large, could truthfully say, "Lord, even the devils are subject to us through thy name." They had grown careless, relied too much on the letter of the law, trusted implicitly in their commissions, leaned upon the dead ritual, or mere mechanical outward forms, and ceremonies, and hence they were humiliated and put to open shame.

The power of God was presented to heal, all through Jesus Christ, and lo, the work of love and mercy was done, and that, too, in the very midst of a "faithless and perverse generation."

"Then the disciples came to Jesus apart and said, Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief." "This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting." Paul in 1 Corinthians, eleventh chapter, speaks of divisions and heresies, exhorts to satiate hunger and thirst at home, and not in "the church of God," and at the "Lord's supper;" admonishes to self-examination and judgment. All that partake unworthily would be very guilty; they would fail to discern the Lord's body, or the church, with her ordinances, authority, and power, and for such, and similar reasons, many would be weak, sickly, and die. While apostates

would come and go, the way of truth would be evil spoken of by many, but such is life, in order "that they which are approved may be manifest among you." Wars, pestilence, famine, tempests, sea waves, earthquakes, and calamities form the elements by land and at sea are to herald forth the coming of the great millennial reign.

Peter and Jude tell us that adulterous brute beasts, covetous, lustful scoffers, filthy dreamers, who defile the flesh, blatant, vicious mockers, and ungodly sinners, shall appear on the arena of action "in the last days" and say, "Where is the promise of his coming?" As other forerunners, or signs of the last days, as revealed forth through the famous missionary of old, even the apostle of the Gentiles, latter-day schisms would abound, and evil men, and seducers would wax worse and worse. Satanic influences would spread abroad, and lying hypocrites would flourish. The populace would not endure sound doctrine, but fables would be the chief stock in trade. In 2 Timothy 3d is a catalogue of evils peculiar to our day and time, as seen daily and intensified with each rolling year.

Hear the voice of inspiration made doubly sure by its frequent literal fulfillment. "This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof; from such turn away. For of this sort are they that creep into houses and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses so do these also resist the truth, reprobate concerning the faith. But they shall proceed no farther," *i. e.* they will find a limit. I have noticed and quoted a great many actual evils, that have come and will come to sinful people, and I suppose the list might be enlarged almost indefinitely; for, behold, their name is legion. The base, the ignorant, the vile, and the depraved may

marshal these items, and many more, against Christianity, but forsooth! they are all parts of the whole, and in its undimmed favor. These peculiarities and irregularities are all mapped out in the chart of prophecy, and maintain and exonerate the foreknowledge of God. The wind, water, and fire, as also the wrath of man shall serve the good Lord. Apparent evils are but blessings in disguise to those that fear, revere, and serve the living God. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Wonders were wrought by the apostles, and special miracles of healing by Peter. These divine attestations enraged the high priest, and the sect of the Sadducees. These chosen ones of God were incarcerated, but an angel wrought deliverance in their favor, and liberated them from prison. The infuriated throng threatened to slay them when a noble Pharisee named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, said, "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel, or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Blind, jealous, cruel, hateful, pagan, satanic, murderous unbelief thrust good old Daniel into a den of ravenous lions; but he evidently was in possession of "the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

Darius the Median king was established upon the throne of mighty Babylon, and the presidents, governors, princes, counselors, and captains of the realm influenced the wise monarch to issue a decree that no petition should be asked of any God or man, save himself, for a solid month. The Hebrew prophet knew that this tyrannical law had the royal signet and seal, but, for all that, he prayed, as heretofore, in his house, upon his knees, three times daily, chamber windows wide open, face toward Jerusalem and the original temple, and that, too, while his inveterate foes stood sentinel.

This celebrated ruler allowed no music to grate upon his ear, or food to enter his mouth, the eventful night of the inspired captive's jeopardy. Scarcely had the milkmaid's celestial highway faded out

of the Assyrian heavens, or the Pleiades withdrawn her seven lamps, or the bands of Orion dissolved ere the troubled man cried out at the entrance of the cave, or den, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, whom thou servest *continually*, is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?"

The cheering response came as a shaft of light, "O king, live forever! *My God* hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as innocency before him was found in me, and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt."

Regal authority and idolatrous vassalage set up a great golden image in the plains of Dura, which was in the province of Babylon. This huge metallic idol was to be worshiped at the sounding forth of the various instruments of music. At such times and seasons the ardent suppliant adorers would prostrate themselves, and render homage and devotion to the workmanship of their own hands, and, painful to behold, at the very headquarters of "the glory of kingdoms." Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, three of the stock of Abraham that were Israelites, indeed, had been informed upon, and accused, before the crown, and, to his interrogatories replied: "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter."

They announced boldly that God was quite able to rescue them from the fiery furnace, where they were destined to be cast, as also from his own hand. The sequel is that the excessive heat took hold of, and destroyed their executioners, whereas "his servants that *trusted* in him" received no harm.

Their bands fell apart, and Nebuchadnezzar exclaimed, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." This good "angel of the Lord," "the angel of his presence," "the messenger of the covenant," was, of course, none other than the Savior of the world; but, mark you, doubt, fear, and dismay did not transport him from heaven, on that illustrious occasion.

Whether the divine interposition was pleased to be forthcoming or not these steadfast Jews would not serve heathen deities, or venerate the product of art to the pleasing of royalty, the glory of Paganism, the odium of God, the Lord,

and their eternal shame. "The fool hath said, There is no God," and I think it more foolish, misleading, and damaging to avow, and try to maintain that the Supreme Being has, may, or will change. That word and work is a scandal upon the unchangeable and unchanged Jehovah, a wicked assault upon holy writ, and a gross burlesque upon good common sense. Open attack is more honorable and excusable than puerile, dastardly unbelief, entrenched in disciplines of worship or popularized with dogmatic theology.

To deny the Maker and Monarch of all, or to own his existence and nullify his mercy, love, authority, and ability is virtually and really a veritable "distinction without a difference." To assign strange attributes to the Deity, or to impugn his motives, to arraign his providences, is the erroneous and depraved work of doubters whose fruitage is the black night of despair. The a, b, c of pure and undefiled religion is the filial, reverential "fear of the Lord," and the harvest is wisdom, knowledge, understanding, light, joy, life, immortality, and superlative ecstatic delight. "Fear God and give glory to him" is the keynote and watchword of this the "dispensation of the fullness of times," "the latter" and "last days."

The physical forces of the universe are evidences of his creative power, and the motions of the heavenly bodies are testimonies of his vigilant preservative care, while the granaries, larders, cellars, great and small storehouses, beehives, bird nests, beast lairs, the whales' quarters, fishes' homes, etc., are so many repositories of his various, multiform, innumerable blessings that should not only challenge our attention, but solicit our unbounded confidence, and engage our most earnest, fervent thanksgiving and praise. A triad of angels, invested with a plenitude of power, did not, and could not overwhelm and overthrow Sodom and Gomorrah, until just Lot had fled to Zoar.

Jacob, singly and alone, wrestled with a denizen of the upper world, for a much needed blessing. This singular visitor, this legate and messenger, was entertained in the night hours, and detained till the eastern light crimsoned the zenith. This ambassador of love, this holy envoy, this selfsame minister plenipotentiary was variously called "man," "angel," and

"God," and that, too, in the Old Testament. See Genesis 32:24-30; Hosea 12:3-5; Gen. 35:9-15.

Our Savior, under proper circumstances, and when faith was forthcoming, and, consequently, the power of God was present to heal, cured all manner of sicknesses and diseases. Those in torments, evilly possessed, the raving lunatic, and the infirm, palsied, each, and every person and kind, had claims on his compassionate heart. At another time and place, "He *did* not many mighty works there because of their *unbelief*:"—Yea "He *could* there *do* no mighty works, save that he laid his hands on a few sick folks and healed them.

"And he marvelled because of their *unbelief*." Forasmuch as I have noticed, in this paper the failure of the twelve apostles to cast out a dumb devil that had sore vexed a man's son a long while, even from his childhood, I do wish to repeat to their honor and integrity: "They cast out many devils, and anointed many with oil, that were sick, and healed them." A great many professors of religion flatter themselves to believe that they do believe. Armed with self-conceit, overflowing with egotism, bristling with intolerable zeal, intoxicated with their experience and achievements, and credulous to accept anything and everything that panders to their morbid lust for power and praise, they go abroad to stir up the baser sort, sway the unstable throng, proselyte the gullible, enrich their coffers, glorify themselves, enslave their converts, popularize error, formulate dogmas, multiply "the doctrines and commandments of men," and, thuswise, hedge up the way of life.

A real child of faith is a peculiar treasure. He becomes such by hearing the word of God. It is his privilege and duty to seek, in most humble prayer, for the wisdom that emanates from on high. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," "and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," or, as Jesus authoritatively taught, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am

with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

Some of these "all things" are found in the great commission, as chronicled by Mark, the evangelist, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that *believe*. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

If the seed of Abraham, the heir of David, the holy child of Mary, the immaculate Lamb of God, "the way, the truth, and the life," did not understand the potency of the cross, how, O how can I be a follower, and trust in, and implicitly rely upon primitive Christianity? If he never had any virtue, or, perchance, was shorn of his strength, like Sampson that reposed in the enticing lap of fair Delilah, lo, I am on an ebon ocean, with a frail barque, amid a tempestuous Euroclydon, surrounded by hungry sharks, supplies exhausted, strength gone, fell despair upon poor me, hope vanished, and no friendly lighthouse in sight.

My longings, yea, my hungry, thirsty soul can never, no never, be satisfied with the legends and fables of mythological olden Greece and Rome, Buddhism, and the smiles of Brahma, the Hindoo creator, nor Yama their judge and tormentor, I neither revere nor fear, much less venerate and worship. Mahomet and the Koran cannot fill the void; for, behold, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If "signs" are to follow the follower, and who is so mortally shortsighted and egregiously ignorant as to conjecture, for a fleeting moment, that they were local and limited, where are these verifications of discipleship? The nominal churches retort spitefully, or ludicrously, "Oh, yes! Where?"

The miracles, wonders, signs, spiritual gifts, healing, prophecy, and supernatural blessings as defined, promised, and provided in the Bible are not had, believed in, or even desired by the teachers and votaries of the Catholic, or the Protestant nations of entire Christendom; therefore,

painful to behold, they are unbelievers, or God's dearly beloved Son was a false prophet indeed.

St. Paul, the celebrated missionary apostle, the "chosen vessel" of God, the minister of uncircumcision, the dauntless servant and martyr of the Lord, received his gospel by revelation of Jesus Christ, direct and in great abundance. He proclaimed it not in man's wisdom, but the rather in word, power, assurance, and Spirit of our God. If "he whom God sends speaks the words of God," this man, as an ambassador undoubtedly held proper credentials. As touching the perpetuity of the *gifts* he stated, "But the *manifestation* of the Spirit is given to every man to *profit withal*."

These instructions in detail are found in the Corinthian letter which was primarily addressed "unto the church of God which is at Corinth," and, finally, "to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be Saints, with *all* that in *every place* call upon the name of Jesus Christ." Again in his epistle "to the Saints which are at Ephesus, and to the *faithful* in Christ Jesus," he fervently prayed, "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of revelation and of wisdom," etc.

Holy apostles and prophets, with other inspired officers, and, doubtless, the full proofs of their ministrations, were fixtures in the church, to officiate, confirm, and abide, "Till we all come in the unity of *the faith*," they to be enriched in utterance, knowledge, wisdom, and "the testimony of Christ," which is "the spirit of prophecy," "so that ye came behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Paul longed to see the Saints at Rome to impart "some spiritual gifts to the end ye may be established," and simultaneously comforted by their "mutual faith."

Ananias, who, by the way, was not an apostle, laid his hands upon Saul of Tarsus, who is also called Paul, that he might recover his wanted sight and eventually be baptized, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. These temporal and spiritual blessings were all forthcoming to the convicted, convinced, and converted soul that was praying, fasting, and wait-

ing; for, in truth, the Lord had bidden Ananias to rise, to go to the street Straight, seek the house of one Judas, and administer the rites of the gospel and thus dispense the spiritual and temporal blessings of the church.

Saint Paul, on being initiated into the church of God, immediately preached Christ, and waxed bold, grew strong, and established, maintained, and defended the faith he had heretofore tried to destroy. It is said that he was exceedingly angry, quite zealous in the Jews' religion, that he had been a fierce persecutor, that he had wrought sad havoc, wasted the church, and blasphemed, all because of an ardent disposition, a conscientious bent of mind, false training, and a misguided judgment.

From the first verse of Acts, thirteenth chapter, we learn that this wonderful character was either a prophet, or a teacher, and that likely he was both, and, that, too, before he was set apart to the apostleship. He toiled, as a minister and missionary, for a decade of years, and then the Lord called, and the authorities at Antioch ordained him, along with Barnabas, to be an apostle, and the Holy Ghost sent them forth. That he did not attempt to preach, until he was duly installed, separated, and set apart is evident from his language to Timothy, where he states that he was "ordained a preacher and an apostle," and from his corroborating instruction, "And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron."

The great Gentile teacher's ministerial experience and career refute the supercilious theory that supernatural *faith*, the gifts of healing, the power to perform miracles, the "signs" following the believer, the "spiritual gifts" of God's people, and the operation, enlightenment, power, comfort, and authority of the Holy Ghost were local and limited to the first twelve.

At most Ananias might have received "the laying on of hands" of these disciples whom Jesus had called, ordained, and sent; he thus administers to Paul; Paul in turn to Crispus, Gaius, Stephanus, the twelve Ephesians, Timothy, his son in the gospel, and others, and the last named was counseled to "Lay hands suddenly on no man," while James allows that the *elders* have the right, yea, it is

their solemn duty to pray for, anoint, and heal the sick. The eldership was numerous, and easy of access at almost all times and places, for Paul and Barnabas "*ordained them elders in every church.*" Of him that was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, the director and Lord of the harvest said to him, and through Ananias, "Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." This energetic missionary could not be omnipresent, therefore, "To Titus mine own son after the common faith" he directs to "*ordain elders in every city.*" A divine call and a lawful ordination to each and every position in the "holy priesthood," "the ministry of reconciliation," are adamantine fixtures of the Supreme Judge of all, for, saith the word and law, "As the Lord hath *called* every one, so let him walk, and so *ordain* I in the churches." "He whom God sends speaks the words of God." "The Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the church of God." "These things speak and exhort, and rebuke with all authority." "Preach the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." "Preach the word," etc. The wicked, lascivious generations do seek for *signs* from God to believe, but *faith* is the harbinger of spiritual gifts. Fallen spirits and incarnate demons will make a public exhibit of their miraculous powers, but only to deceive. "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world, to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty."

"For there shall come false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs, and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they will deceive the very elect." These heresiarch impostors, oftentimes masked behind a smiling face, and clad in gorgeous array, "doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he did, or had power to do." Jesus Christ's second advent and personal reign, so ardently believed in by all the

ancient worthies, and so powerfully demonstrated on the mount of transfiguration, was not to transpire till the whole primitive church should apostatize and fall away, and "the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved" had duly intervened. It appears that those wicked sons of men, that love to have it so, are not open to and impressible by good influences, consequently "God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

If miracles alone are invariably a test of divinity, the magicians of accursed Egypt, the ancient or modern spiritualists, false gods, and the diabolical armies of earth and hell can and do show their skill by divine direction! Jesus knew that Beelzebub, the prince of devils, would not work against himself and his interests by neutralizing his own acts, and destroying his own forces and subjects. "The mystery of iniquity doth already work." "Whom the Lord will consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." See 2 Thess. 2d chapter. If a dreamy prophet of old gave a sign or a wonder that happened to come to pass, to lead Israel from the true God to false ones, he had to expiate the crime with the forfeiture of his unprofitable life. (Deut. 13.) Necromancers, charmers, soothsayers, observers of times, witches, and wizards were liable to capital punishment. These low grades of diviners of the heathen round about had plunged the nations into awful degradation. They were ignorant in the extreme; virtue was almost unknown, and bestiality was of common occurrence. They were grossly idolatrous, sacrificed their own progeny to demons in their furnace idol, Moloch, and lo, it was high time for God to call a halt.

Short-sighted doubters have complained against the God of Joshua because murderous Heathens were dispossessed, destroyed, and exterminated. Their lives had become a curse to themselves, a disgrace to humanity, a pollution to the land, an offense to good men and angels, and

odious to God. This class of fault-finders will wreath victorious champions of freedom with laurels of praise, howbeit they won their spurs in fields of blood.

They tell us that the glorious soldiery of the great Revolution gave us a free land; that that of 1812 let our commerce float out on the high seas; and that the boys in blue that put down the Rebellion and liberated the African race did valiantly for liberty's cause. If the vast armies and innumerable hosts of murmurers, complainers, and whining sycophants would cease their everlasting questioning and growling they could learn the truth and become useful, happy, hopeful, prosperous, and free. Big brained men may study zoölogy the science and history of animals, ornithology, or a treatise about birds; ichthyology, which is a classification of the fishes; conchology, the disquisition pertaining to the shells; biology, or the vital force called life; archæology, the antique world, and any and all other ologies as well as languages, histories, geography, mathematics, chemistry, astronomy, and, in fine, the whole range of the arts and sciences, but not be wise unto salvation.

When the images of God, the giver of every good gift, are "being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliceousness, envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful," they are "reprobate concerning the faith."

As touching knowledge that puffeth up they are willing and ready scholars, "Ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." The objects that appeal to their ordinary and natural senses engross their time and talent, and monopolize their minds, and bodies, their passions, and strength, their golden opportunities, and life. Sensual pleasures, worldly honors, pomp, splendor, ambition, the love of praise, and a thirst for wealth and literary renown, and kindred influences and evils, shut out the light and love of the Lord from the deceitful heart. If the gallant champions of free thought were as free to think of the reasonableness of Christ and his gospel, to search out and combine the evidences of

the same, as they are to prate about objections and absurdities it strikes me that they would have a consistent streak on them. While it may sound rather uncharitable to allege that skeptical controversialists, and atheistic cavilers are, generally, quite ignorant of even the cold letter of the sacred Scriptures, it is nevertheless a well-known truth. While the captious infidel asks vehemently for reason, logic, demonstration, incontrovertible testimony, and authenticated facts, concerning "pure and undefiled religion," he reciprocates with ribaldry, sarcasm, ridicule, wit, scoffing, buffoonery, bombast and ranting.

While the croaking savants are hurling their fiery missiles and deadly javelins from "doubting castle," it almost provokes mirth to hear them advertise their great love for honesty, truthfulness, charity, investigation, "fair play," and "honor bright." The inspired annals are not simply a history, although the historical enunciations are true and faithful, whenever correctly translated and properly applied. Nor is this casket an exegesis on the arts and sciences, nevertheless, when relating items in regard to either, it is absolutely and invariably correct.

If we had the good Book, as first penned, and in the primal languages, there would be found different degrees, or measures, of inspiration; and for all that, it is desirable to look through a darkened glass and "know in part."

The scribes left their individualities on the record, and wrote of many things and different times and events. St. Paul at one time says "the Spirit speaketh expressly." At another period, "I think I have the Spirit," and again "I and not the Lord" while God, Christ, angels, good and bad men and devils talk. Children, while they have a keen relish for knowledge, while their faculties are active, their memories retentive, their minds plastic, their spirits unsullied, their hearts pure, warm, and tender, should drink often and deep from God's great storehouse of wisdom and knowledge, the Bible. The families of this generation, and especially the parents of this, the Church of Christ, ought to look after the wellbeing of the young and rising, and, troth! if they do not attend to this matter woe be unto them! Wishy-washy novels, trashy fiction and enchanting romance will

catch their eyes and claim their attention, if you are not careful what you are about.

Heaven daring works, with great swelling words of vanity, and blasphemy, obscene, and most vulgar literature, spiritualistic journals, pamphlets, tracts, and books, and all the combined powers of infuriated demons are turned loose, and the conflict rages fierce. To look often upon the vain exhibitions of sin, to endure, or abide in the midst of bold evil, to familiarize one's self with the romance of iniquity, and follow the dark, slick, cold, slimy, serpentine path of scandal, debauchery, vice, and crime, is all an irreparable wrong.

To know, boast of, and prate over many things is but to spread the foul leprosy and advertise one's shame. A person need not wallow in the gutter to know the abominable filth of a drunken vagabond. I discover that tobacco is filthy when God's sweet and invigorating air is filled the poisonous stench of the repugnant old pipe; or, moreover, when I behold the victim's mouth, with its premature orange rinds, as well as the colored whiskers, and befouled shirt. Let us be wise and "shun the very appearance of evil." The perverse disputer claims that there is no evidence, or not sufficient proof that there is a supreme Intelligence, and that the Deity has revealed himself to finite man. The trouble is that puny mortals wish to dictate terms to God in regard to the ways and means the Creator can, ought to, and must manifest himself to man.

When we consider the poor use that is often made of our native ability, or our acquired strength, it appears marvelous that so very much is bestowed and the returns are so parsimonious. The skeptical sin of ingratitude is a withering curse. The physical manifestations of God's glorious power are now and then pleasing, and, by times, alarming. The midsummer zephyrs are pleasing to behold. The balmy breezes that rustle amid ripening grain, or sway the orchard boughs are invigorating indeed, but when the tempests sweep furiously along, consternation and desolation follow in the track. The sullen, heavy thunder and the rumbling of the ominous earthquake fill the poor heart with fear and the mind with dreadful awe. Do not ask the good Lord to do everything for your morbid curiosity

when you do not even try, in the least, to reciprocate for what he has done and is doing for you.

He has laid down a simple rule that will enable anyone to learn of his existence and law.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

It is just as consistent for a person to refuse to learn the multiplication table, and then deny the power, accuracy, and truthfulness of mathematics, as it is for one to deny the gospel without fairly testing its validity. The ancient prophets have said of God's chosen people, "And they shall all be taught of the Lord," and Jesus repeated and emphasized this divine aphorism or law. If there is no such thing as development in Christian graces, and growth in wisdom, prudence, knowledge, and understanding, of course Christianity is a downright farce. As a person is not a physical giant in infancy, childhood, or youth, neither should we look for even an approximately perfect character when an individual is a newborn babe in Christ Jesus. As we unfold in favor with God, through much discipline and diligence, we learn more fully how to appropriate the Spirit in understanding the sacred Scriptures, and by the light of which we rightly divide the word of truth.

The Lord, rationally, wisely, and most mercifully asks us to prove him and taste of his goodness and love. Short-sighted and wrong views in regard to the final destiny of man, and especially of the wicked, have led to harsh and even spiteful railings against the Creator for destroying the antediluvian world, as also whole heathen nations.

The trouble is man only sees along the line, and judges at only a superficial glance, whereas the eternal takes in the whole situation, and comprehends perfectly, the end from the beginning. I can behold that the Lord doth take the wicked, often by wholesale and in mass lest, peradventure, they should procreate, and bring up a race of depraved ones akin to fleshly fiends and incarnate demons. In justice he doth remand them to prison where the conditions of repentance to life will be more favorable than here in mortality.

It pays both here and hereafter to be-

lieve in, trust, to rely upon, obey, serve,
and love the Monarch and Maker of all.

May irrational doubt be supplanted by
rational saving faith.

DOES ANYONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does anyone care for father?

Does anyone think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come?

The father who strives for your comfort
And toils on from day to day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turning gray?

Does anyone think of the due bills
He's called upon daily to pay?
Milliner bills, college bills, book bills—
There are some kind of bills every day.

Like a patient horse in a treadmill,
He works on from morning till night;
Does anyone think he is tired?
Does anyone make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled,
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions and kindness
Might banish the burden of care.
'Tis for you he's ever so anxious;
He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give.—*Sel.*

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 2.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

VIRTUE.

AS I am writing for the benefit of those who have accepted the faith, and yielded obedience to the gospel, and as I wish to show that, though faith, repentance, baptism, etc., are necessary, that they are not all, but only a beginning of the perfect life; as a partial answer to this important question I say, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, *virtue*." I think I hear some one say, "I have no necessity to add to my faith virtue; for I was strictly virtuous before I had faith." If you were, you are of that class whom Christ never called to repentance, for he says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I hope you will not be offended, if I kindly suggest that perhaps you are mistaken about your having been purely virtuous before your faith in the gospel.

Doubtless society would have pronounced you faultlessly virtuous, a legal tribunal would have rendered a verdict of "Not guilty;" under the law written by the finger of God, upon tables of stone, amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai you might have been considered innocent, but *were* you, *are* you *now* entirely virtuous in a *gospel* sense? When the glorious light, reflected by the teachings of

the divine Son of Mary is turned fully upon your inward soul and life, will it reveal a condition of absolute purity and virtue? Under this searching investigation, will you be found to be virtuous in thought as well as in deed?

Remember that while society, the law of Sinai, as well as civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are based upon the law of Moses, deals simply with the overt act, the law of Christ is intended to reach the inmost thought, desire, and intent of the heart and to purify it. Christ, in language severe, condemned the scribes and Pharisees who "make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter," but who were within, "full of extortion and excess." He acknowledges that they were clean outside, but it was the inside which was not found faultless.

If this is the extent of your virtue, kind reader, that you are free from the outward act of transgression, while your thoughts are unchaste and impure, if you delight in lustful desire, I entreat you to remember that Jesus Christ has said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in *no case* enter into the kingdom heaven." Mark you he does not say exceed their mistakes, and wrongs, but

exceed their *righteousness*, the better part of their lives. I have no doubt that many of those Pharisees and scribes were as pure and undefiled in act as the best, virtuous Christians of to-day.

In this connection how beautiful appears the advice of Paul: "Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any *virtue*, and if there be any praise, *think* on these things." And how charming is the sentiment of Peter: "His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue." And this agrees with Christ's standard of virtue, which lays its foundation deep in the heart and soul of man. He says, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery, but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after hath committed adultery already in his heart." (See 3 Nephi 5: 10.)

If it be true that "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," then does the conversation of some who make the profession, and bear the reputation of being virtuous and pure, betray a loathsome disease of the soul devoid of virtue. Some of the most foul and indecent language which ever insulted our ears has fallen from the lips of those who would resent indignantly any reflection that they were not virtuous. Reader, does this mean you? If so, beware, lest you fall, and you are condemned out of your own mouth.

"Virtue is lovely, and vice hateful."—Joseph Smith. How true. Virtue, pure, unalloyed, gospel virtue is a brighter gem than the mines of earth can afford, a treasure that earthly life cannot produce, a jewel loaned us from above, which if you possess it, will fill your soul with a radiance of divine light, hallowed peace, and benign sweetness and keep your feet in the narrow way. Well might the apostle say, "If these things [including virtue] be in you, and abound, they make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off."

How many have fallen because their

feet have not pressed firmly this round of the ladder which leads from faith below to ultimate glory above. Having taken pleasure and delight in evil thoughts, evil and disgraceful acts followed, covering themselves and their friend with reproach and shame.

Thought is the seed of action, and he is foolish who sows seed, the plants of which he must continue to pluck up, lest they destroy him. Had not unclean and unholy thoughts, with unchaste and lustful desires first been harbored in the heart, yea in the hearts of these who were strong in the belief of the gospel, polygamy would never have materialized to blast the hope, and destroy the faith of many, and disgrace the fair name of the church.

What a fearful consequence followed their neglect to "add to their faith virtue." This condition of purity may be difficult to attain, but by "*giving all diligence*" you may "add to your faith virtue."

Seneca was right when he said, "The path of virtue is closed to none; it is open to all; it admits, and invites all, whether they be free born men, or slaves, or freedmen, kings, or exiles; it requires no qualification of family or of property; it is satisfied with a mere man."

There can be no stronger illustration of virtue than the person who is free in thought and action from the particular crime to which Christ referred in the passage we have quoted; and yet virtue has a more comprehensive meaning; comprehending all departments of clean thought, and wise action.

He who is strictly virtuous has a symmetry of character which lifts him above all sinful thoughts and ways, and when more fully developed will give him such strength, born of purity, as to enable him to exercise power over the effects of sin to the banishing of diseases of body and mind. It is said of Christ that "there went *virtue* out of him, and healed them all." Yes, he who was the embodiment of virtue, could speak, and the dead were raised, the lame leaped for joy, the blind saw, the deaf heard, lepers were cleansed, devils cast out, and raging seas became calm.

Kind reader, you may have had a latent undeveloped virtue in you before you had faith, but it did not abound, and, consequently, you were barren and unfruitful

in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

There is a possibility now for you to develop that virtue causing you to triumph over disease, pain, trouble, sin, and death, and to stand untarnished before your Maker in the last day, when, through virtue, the grave shall lose its victory, and death, its sting.

If, then, you are one of those who are afraid you shall not endure unto the end,

you cannot be too diligent in adding to your faith virtue.

Oh! when I think of the possibility of a virtuous life, both in its pleasures here and its victory hereafter, and when I think these grand possibilities are only possible in Christ, I feel to shout with the angels of Bethlehem's plain, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good will toward men."

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XV.

"What God decrees, child of his love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here;
Be comforted! Thou needst not fear
What pleases God."

"I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals."

AFTER the manner described in the foregoing chapter I busied myself till the year had worn away and the time for holding General Conference had again rolled round.

Just before leaving home for Kirtland, my wife asked me if I remembered the statement I had made one year before about going to Kirtland and being promoted in the priesthood. I had hoped she had forgotten it. But out it came, and I tried to excuse the reckless statement by referring to the condition I was in at the time of uttering it.

She feigned an acceptance of the explanation, and soon I was on the way East. Some power seemed to be at work to prevent my getting even to that conference, for the evening I left home my oldest child fell from a high swing and lay unconscious for some time, then recovered only partially. The impulse was to telegraph for me to come back, and so the neighbors advised; but my wife's faith prevented this break upon my journeying, and secured my boy's recovery also.

To attend a conference within the walls of the old Temple was a privilege indeed to me. I enjoyed it immensely. The Master was there, and his presence was felt to a gracious degree. In answer to

the prayers and fasting of the Saints our Heavenly Father made known his will concerning several matters and four of the brethren were called to the office of an apostle, James W. Gillen, Heman C. Smith, Gomer T. Griffiths, and myself.

After action upon the revelation by the quorums in regular order and then by the assembled body, we were called upon to express our feelings in regard to accepting the office. I told all present of what I had heard and thought on the matter, and then committed myself to the will of the body and was ordained with the others (except Bro. Heman C. Smith who was in California) the following day. We then began at once to participate in the quorum sessions and share the responsibilities attendant upon this sacred and important office.

Thus ended for me the peculiar pleasure of attending General Conference. Thenceforth it was to be work, work, work, but how consoling to know the work was for God. Were it not for this one fact I would not have held the office more than a year, for our very first action in preparing an epistle placed us under suspicion with many, and though it was the result of much prayer, deliberation, and earnest effort, yet it was made to take on features of intention that were never dreamed of by those preparing it.

This suspicion was limited to a few, I have reasons to believe, but whether or not, it mattered but little—our responsibility was to God who had assigned us the place, and with him and the day of final accounts in view, I had performed my humble part therein. I had been in so-called solemn gatherings in other societies, and had associated for eleven

years with Saints locally and generally—in public and private; but never in my life had I mingled with a body of men who seemed so absolutely free from a disposition to coerce or persuade one another. I thank God that my knowledge of those brethren authorizes the statement that never have I met a more independent, sincere, God-fearing, and noble-minded company of men. Like myself, they may fail and fall, but until I see in them the reverse of what they have yet displayed, I shall never believe them capable of any quorum action with sinister design. The reader will please pardon this voluntary defense of self and associates; but I have believed my brethren entitled to it.

Before the close of the conference I was administered to by Brn. Joseph Smith, W. W. Blair, and J. H. Lake, and I believe my health improved quite perceptibly thereafter.

Two years before this my mother and stepfather had moved from Canada to Detroit, where he had engaged in business. Failing to accomplish his ends, he had moved thence to Chicago. Worn-out in body and broken-spirited, mother had remained behind. She was just beginning to learn what I had known for years in regard to her husband. He was utterly unreliable as a business man and unworthy the confidence of a heart as true as hers.

Leaving Kirtland, I went at once to Detroit, where my worst fears regarding her were realized. Upon her face were the unmistakable marks of care and sadness. Her hair was silvering fast, and as I met her at the gate of her residence, I scarcely knew her for a moment. She had not written me all, but I read it in a moment when I looked into her face. For some months she had lived there with my half-brother, the only living child of her second marriage, earning her own bread, while her husband revelled amid the gratifications offered in a distant city. More I shall not add. Let God reveal it in the end and be as merciful as he can to the man whose perfidy has crushed as true a heart as ever throbbed, within the human breast.

After some persuasion, mother consented to move with me to Independence, Missouri, so we packed up her goods and started thither, accompanied by my half-

brother. They remained with us over a year, during which time I baptized them both. Not feeling at home in so small a place as Independence, after spending her entire life in a large city, and being unaccustomed to the ways of western people, she decided to return to Toronto, where she has remained till the present, and where I visited her while on my way to the Eastern mission in the fall of 1890, also on my return in 1891.

From that time (1887) till the conference of 1890, held at Lamoni, my mission was Missouri and Kansas. Local matters, such as have already been referred to prevented much travel on my part. I sought, however, to get everything of a temporal character into such shape as to admit of permanent service abroad when once I could leave.

My health varied much during this time. At times it seemed that my hope of final recovery was vain. My nervous system seemed almost shattered, and it was only with considerable effort that I plodded along, helped by the prayer and faith of kind Saints. I engaged in the printing business with the idea that the arrangements would admit of my leaving at any time when the church so advised. Some changes took place later that made this difficult and I found myself hampered more than ever. It seemed impossible to get free. I was impressed on one occasion that when the time of necessity for departure came the way would open and I should see the Lord's hand in it. This gave me a degree of comfort and made me more patient.

At the Lamoni conference referred to, without any suggestion or request from me, I was relieved of the special burden I had been bearing in connection with others of the branch building committee, by the Bishopric being authorized to take hold and direct or oversee.

When asked by the First Presidency as to my preference of field for labor I refused to express any. Wherever they appointed I would go, for I had finally reached the conclusion that my duty was to move out, and I was determined to do it, if I lost everything in the effort. Now that the church burden was lifted I was ready for any sacrifice of a personal kind in order to honor my calling. The Eastern mission was named for me, and after conference had closed I returned home

to dispose of everything that hindered me and prepare for the ministry service forever, wherever it might be appointed.

It took me some months to accomplish this, and even then the loss entailed made it impossible for me to go forth free from property incumbrance. However I resolved to go, and let all waste away if it must. I would trust God and never again leave the ministry on account of those things, unless he commanded me to do so. Thus I left home September 29, 1890, for Boston, Massachusetts.

On the 11th of March, 1887, I had been invested with additional responsibility and honor by the arrival of a brand new boy upon whom we fastened the name of Alma Clark in addition to the parental surname to be carried by him while he remains mortal. This was a circumstance of special interest, or at least the writer thought so at the time, and the little fellow has tried his best to emphasize the idea ever since. He seems to feel under perpetual obligation to furnish the house with abundant music and sensation, without consultation as to class or volume. Granted the correctness of his conviction in this regard and he has been faithful in a phenomenal sense, as all who visit there can readily attest. More could not reasonably be required of him. May he live to as faithfully fill the sphere unto which our hearts' love has consecrated him for the future.

During the three years just referred to, the Independence branch continued to grow, under the presidency (for the most part) of Elder (now High Priest) Frederick G. Pitt, whom the Lord had, a few years before, wisely and kindly directed to move and settle there. While I believe that many men are qualified for offices as presidents, I believe that this brother was specially qualified and had been disciplined peculiarly, till he developed into the very man for the place, and God took him out of Illinois and dropped him in Independence at the right time to do the work for which he had been thus equipped.

Those who have not lived there do not know it, perhaps, but almost every species of biped that has ever been brought into direct or other contact with any phase of Latter Day Saintism, has had its eye on that city and through some kind of representative or another has made itself felt,

sometimes inside and sometimes outside the branch membership.

To keep a cool head, maintain a steady hand, and carry a tender heart throughout all the attending "seances" required considerable wisdom and grit in the presiding officer.

The membership had increased beyond the five hundred mark (now seven hundred and fifty) and, like all other large branches, it had elements within it that needed directing, and those needing it most were generally least willing to acknowledge the fact or consent to the process.

The writer has frequently been "called to answer" to the charge of some irate individual for trespassing upon the sacred territory of his practices or methods. Oh, how they would kick! We have sympathized with their devoted feet on a number of occasions; but reward and recompense came in witnessing the improvement wrought among even these as time passed along.

The slovenly ones learned that it was possible to be clean without being "tony," and the haughty learned that it was possible to be humble without being low-minded. One learned that it was possible to be of soft speech without being insipid and another learned that it was possible to be frank and candid without being impudent and boisterous. A few learned that it was quite possible to find a true friend in one who differed most widely from them in judgment, and others found that a man's motive might be as good as gold while some of his acts were questionable. Some found that there were Saints not up or abreast with themselves in the intellectual or moral scale, who, nevertheless, had traveled farther than they themselves had since starting out, and were to that degree better illustrations of gospel potency and virtue than were they. Some learned that just as one man possessed the faculty by which he could make a dime go farther than another could a quarter, so in spiritual experience, God gave less to one than another in the way of open manifestation, because he already possessed a faculty to enlarge upon and utilize, and that faculty required development, while others, destitute of the quality referred to were oftener visited, and "more abundant honor

was bestowed upon that part which lacked."

Many learned that an abundant display of open manifestations in certain persons was not so much a certificate of God's approval of their course as an evidence of their inability to endure without them. It was a donation to meet a necessity rather than a reward of merit. Sometimes we give a man a dollar because he has earned and deserved it. At other times we have given a dollar to a beggar because he badly needed it, regardless of his actual past deservings. So, I believe, God frequently does with Saints.

Some people grew wealthy outside the church while others, with the same income and no larger family remained poor. The poor ones became jealous and talked about their "stylish neighbors," who owned a horse and thumped a piano. Our good Saints thought this was wrong in the "naughty Gentiles," for the wealthy ones, they said, had secured their competency by economy, sacrifice, and abstinence from many indulgences the others were not willing to forego. Yet when these good brethren and sisters saw a choir of good singers making heavenly melody as they blended their trained

voices with the eloquent strains of an instrument deftly swept by educated and skilled fingers they pronounced it "high-falutin'," and looking through green eyes upon such work they pronounced it a "bilious business," too rich for saintly blood.

Others looked upon some who had started with them from the same strata of intellectuality and morals; but who had outstripped them in the race, and the tallow candles of former days were now gas jets or incandescent lights or even arc illuminators in the church and to the world, while they themselves remained just where they had sat down and folded their arms when the gospel light first touched them. They sat there, whining about the "importance" and the "swell airs" of the brethren or sisters who had heeded the counsel to "come up higher."

If one of those luminaries when preaching or writing happened to flash a ray of gospel brilliance over the spot where the complainer sat and expose the mustiness of stagnation, it would bring out a reply that was intended as no compliment to the fellow who was parading his "smartness" and swinging his lantern.

(To be continued.)

AN INCIDENT.

"GOOD morning, Deacon Trask!" "Good morning, Mr. Brownsley!" responded the Deacon. "The winter is coming on and no mistake. We will soon have to use our sleighs, for by all appearance we shall soon have a snowstorm. Any news in the village, Mr. Brownsley?"

"Yes, a stranger drove up to my house last night who says he is 'a servant of God sent to the Provinces to preach the gospel.' He travels without salary, or as he says, 'without purse or scrip.' And what made the occurrence more remarkable, was that he stopped at Neighbor C's at the foot of the hill. It seems that a friend in a distant community had assured him he would find a welcome there, but when Mr. C. learned his business, he refused to let him into his house, and sent him up to my place.

"He had his wife with him. They looked nearly perished with cold. You

know what a cold, windy day yesterday was. The ground did not thaw enough to take even the tops off of the hubbles in the road, and they had driven from morning without anything to eat. Why, I could not refuse shelter to any human being on such a day as yesterday, and much less to one who only asks the privilege of preaching the gospel to the people."

"That's good! That's good!" said the Deacon, nodding his head in approbation of Mr. Brownsley's humane act. "He can't be far wrong, preaching the gospel and not preaching for hire. Do you know when and where he will preach?"

"In the hall to-morrow at three o'clock," said Mr. Brownsley. "The regular services by your pastor are in the forenoon, and he thought best not to begin on Saturday evening, there being an entertainment in the neighborhood."

"Well," said Deacon Trask, "I will go and hear what he has say. Good day to you, Mr. Brownsley."

This conversation took place in the village of Elmsdale on a November day of 1882 in one the British Provinces. As Mr. Brownsley went on his way homeward he met the Rev. Jabez Barker who was to preach the next morning. After the ordinary greetings, Mr. Barker said, "Who is that you are harboring up at your house, Mr. Brownsley?"

"A man and his wife who are traveling as missionaries. His name is Edmonds; Elder David Edmonds he calls himself, and he is to preach at the hall to-morrow at three p.m."

"What people does he profess to represent?" asked Mr. Barker.

"The Latter Day Saints."

"O, Mormons are they! Well, I shall warn my flock against their false and pernicious doctrines, and advise all I meet to stay away from their meeting."

"But, Mr. Barker, they are not Mormons. That is, they are not believers in those offensive principles and doctrines which have so annoyed the American government. They profess to teach the primitive church organization, doctrines, and blessings, patterning as closely as possible after the New Testament Scriptures, and by your conversation I perceive you are not acquainted with their doctrines. I think it would be better to hear him first and then judge of what you hear."

"I shall do nothing of the kind! The church I belong to is good enough for me, as it was for my parents before me; besides, did not our Savior warn us against false prophets who came in sheep's clothing to deceive?" "Well, Mr. Barker," said Mr. Brownsley, "as for your first statement, probably Saul thought that his church was good enough for him. He had been brought up after the strictest order a Pharisee, yet he found that his church, and his parents' church was not the best one to belong to. And our fathers and mothers left the church of their parents, else there had been no Protestants. And as for the second remark you made, he does not put on any of your clothing, for he says that all the creeds are wrong. And since he does not put on your clothing, he is not thereby proven a false prophet. And if he is a false prophet, you are not 'sheep,' for

he has not got any of your clothing on. But you ought to go and hear him for yourself."

"No indeed!" said Mr. Barker, "I will not thus encourage imposters going through the land, destroying the churches our fathers labored so diligently to build up, and I warn you against him; for I see that you are already inclined to follow him."

Sunday came, a dull, overcast, chilly day. At 10:45 the hall bell rang and the worshipers began to assemble to hear the Rev. Barker, and as the coming of the stranger to the village had caused quite a commotion, and it was already known that the minister was much opposed to him, the congregation was much larger than usual.

At ten o'clock the minister arose and opened the services after the usual form, except that the prayer was somewhat more pathetic than usual in his pleading to be "delivered from the wolves that prowl around seeking to destroy the flock." He took for his text 1 Cor. 16: 13, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." From this text he reasoned that there must be a necessity for watchfulness or else the apostle would not have written so emphatically. Such a time had now come to the people of Elmsdale, and not only should Christians of all denominations stand fast in their faith now, but, as the Christians had built up society with its safety of the life and property not of its members only, but also of its neighbors who might be infidel it was obligatory upon these also to quit themselves like men and to be strong against this impostor and unite with the Christians in "routing from our midst this man who dares to enter our village to introduce another Bible, another religion, another church than those so firmly believed in by our fathers." In this strain he continued to expostulate for an hour, Elder David Edmonds listening to it.

At three o'clock in the afternoon nearly the same congregation was again in the hall to hear what this man who was so roughly handled in the morning would have to say. Most of them thought he would retaliate in kind, but were disappointed; for after opening his meeting by singing and prayer he read a part of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth chapters

of Matthew and, without alluding to the morning discourse at all, began unfolding some of the beautiful things in those chapters.

How touchingly sad the lamentation of our Savior over the beloved city. "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; for I say unto you that you shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" To this the preacher referred "and then," continued he "answering the questions of his disciples, he told them when the temple should be destroyed and what should be the sign of his coming and the end of the world. The beautiful temple on the hill of Zion must be destroyed, not one stone left upon another. How hard to believe this prediction! Yet it was literally verified, for false teachers and false prophets blinded the eyes of Israel until they, incited by their teachers, elders of Israel, cried out, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!' when the judge of the court had said, 'I find no cause for death in this Nazarene.' But the prophet Micah had said 'Israel would abhor all judgment and pervert all equity,' and thus they did. They crucified the Lord of glory, and at his death the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, the downfall of Israel was begun."

The preacher portrayed the destruction of the doomed city and of those who perished or were sold into slavery. He said that because iniquity abounded, the love of many waxed cold, false Christs, false teachers, and false brethren were upon every hand. These things connected with the destruction of the temple were far back in the world's history, but what of the other questions, the signs of his coming and the end of the world? Would the things pertaining to them be as literally verified as was the first one? Answering these questions the preacher entered into the subject still more deeply rehearsing the marvelous things that are taking place in our day as tokens of that great event among which was the restoration of the gospel. Here the speaker became more than ever absorbed in his theme, apparently losing sight of everything but the inspiration of his subject which

lighted not only his soul but his countenance also.

The congregation were electrified, held as if spellbound, and time flew unnoticed. The twilight was upon them, and when the preacher ceased speaking, a solemn hush fell upon them. It was too dark to read the hymn. With the indication from the stand the people rose and in a subdued tone sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

When the meeting was dismissed the congregation moved quietly out. Nearly all glanced wistfully at the stranger before turning to go down the aisle as though they would like to speak to him, but dared not follow their own inclinations.

While listening to the sermon they had been so deeply interested in the subject which was set forth in such a new light that they forgot for the time, the admonition of their pastor. But now they remembered that this was the man they had been warned against. Their own conclusions were just the opposite of what Mr. Barker had said, "but he must know best." They had never been accustomed to venturing an opinion against that of their minister, so they remained silent and all passed out without exchanging a word with each other with the exception of a very few of Mr. Brownsley's friends who allowed themselves to be introduced to the Elder.

The Elder's wife had hoped some friendly ones would invite them to go home with them, but no such invitation came. While on their way back to Mr. Brownsley's, she and her husband talked with each other in rather a sad tone, in reference to their immediate future. They were at a loss to know what was best to do. It would be madness to undertake the long journey they had anticipated on wheels, for snow was already in the air.

The wife was sensitive about remaining at Mr. Brownsley's longer than that night, lest they should be presuming on their hospitality. Mrs. Brownsley was kind and ladylike, still she was not so regardless of public opinion as was her husband. Then there was the family of grown up sons and daughters all at home. The Elder's wife was quick to observe. She saw that while they did not wish to be unkind to their guests, they rather feared their neighbors who were more prejudiced

and whose good opinion they wished to retain, and she felt all the awkwardness of the situation, both for herself and for the household.

Their way seemed to be hedged up. The Elder could not decide on any definite course that evening, so he concluded to wait till morning and see what the day would bring forth. He believed the Lord would direct them.

In the morning Mr. Brownsley was going to drive over to Rosedale about five miles distant and invited the Elder to go with him, saying he had a friend there who liked to talk with almost anybody on religious matters, or his view of it, which was the "soul sleeping" idea. The Elder gladly accepted the invitation. His wife remained with Mrs. Brownsley.

It was very pleasant in the cosy little back room, where the fire burned brightly in the open Franklin stove and the bright, home-woven carpet and rugs bespoke thrift, industry, and comfort. Still Mrs. Edmonds was aware that it was not *her* home, and, notwithstanding the comforts that surrounded her, there was a feeling of desolation about her heart, and, obeying the inward impulses, she laid down her knitting, arose, and went to her room that she might pour forth her loneliness into the ear that was always open to hear.

This one comfort she had in all the strange places she visited. She could feel at home for the few brief moments while she communed with the "Allfather," feeling assured that his face was turned kindly towards her and that he heard her supplications and often comforted her in trying hours.

This time she felt somewhat comforted but not altogether satisfied. She remained in the cold room as long as it was prudent that all traces of tears might be removed and then went back again and resumed her work in the warm sitting-room. Still the feeling of sadness and unrest had not all left her heart. She watched for an opportunity to open up the gospel theme and made the effort, but no one made any remark by way of encouraging a conversation, and she soon ceased.

In a little while she went to her room and prayed again for counsel, direction, faith, and trust.

When the fullness of her soul was spent she arose from her knees, and in a little

while she received the answer to her prayer that set her mind at least. "Go not forth; remain in the place where thou art, and I will build you up, but if ye go forth, the things which ye fear shall come upon you."

When the Elder returned in the evening, his countenance had lost the expression of anxiety that had overshadowed it in the morning. He told his wife he had an invitation for her to go with him on the morrow to Rosedale, and talked very cheerfully of his visit and the friendliness that had been manifested towards him. When they had retired to their room the Elder's wife asked him if he had received any counsel in regard to their journey. He said, "Not in words, but I have made up my mind to remain about here for awhile yet. It seems to me that Rosedale is the place the Spirit has been directing me to." She then told him her day's experience, her prayer, and the answer. He said: "I am glad to hear that; it is confirmation of my impressions. Now I can work with a greater zest, knowing that I am in the right place and that the Lord is working with us, and accepts us as 'one.'"

"But are we not to remain where we are?" the wife suggested. "Yes," he replied, "in this vicinity. We are not to attempt the long journey, but not necessarily in this immediate neighborhood. When you received your answer," he added, "I suppose you understood it to pertain to us both, and I was in Rosedale and you here, which would embrace at least both places." "I see," said his wife, "that the instruction must apply to you more than to me, though the Lord was so good as to comfort me by wording to me what your impressions were."

Time proved that Rosedale was the place where the Lord opened the hearts of the people to receive the gospel message. The winter was spent mostly in that place, and ere they left it, a branch of the church was organized there.

Mr. Brownsley and family were always kind, but none received the message which the Elder brought, but their kindness to the wayfarers is known unto the Lord who will not forget to reward them in the great day of reckoning.

"NOTHING so nerves a man for the outer world as the consciousness of his having a pleasant home."

EARLY SPRING.

Once more the heavenly power makes all
things new,
And domes the red plowed hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throistles, too.

Opens a door in heaven. From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greenening grass;
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower, and burst the
buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods.
The stars are from their hands
Flung through the woods.

The woods with living airs how softly fanned!
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood, the seasons lure;
O heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops pure.

Past, future, glimpse and fade through some
slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell;
And sympathies how frail
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note, thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And lightly stirred,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the heavenly power makes all things
new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew.
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

—Tennyson.

LIFE.

BY T. S. BROWN.

LIFE! What is it; whence comes it;
and is death the end of all things for
us individually?

Doubtless, since time has been, man-
kind has pondered this subject. Opin-
ions, true and false, have been formed,
modified, or completely changed by sur-
roundings or education, or by the power
of God through religion.

We are told that God breathed into
man's nostrils the breath of life and he
became a living soul. We find there was
at that time no curse upon man; there-
fore no sentence of death had been passed
upon him, but he was made his own moral
agent to do as God bade him and to live a
life that was virtually endless, or to dis-
obey the plainest commands and not only
suffer death in his physical body, but to
cause the sentence to be passed upon all
his race, and how singularly human, how
singularly like the sons and daughters of
Adam to-day, that he should choose to ac-
cept the statement of Satan that he should
not surely die, against the word of him
whom he knew to be his Creator. For

Adam was not deceived by Satan, that is, he
did not believe that Satan could alter God's
decree, but he doubtless thought, as too
many do to-day, that sin was a pleasant
road, that God has hidden from him some
good thing, and knowing his merciful at-
tributes, he sinned deliberately, thinking,
doubtless, to throw himself upon the
mercy of God, who, seeing his abject help-
lessness, would pardon his sin and revoke
the terrible sentence. But God had spo-
ken and Adam died, according to his
word, making the statement true that
the Devil was a liar from the beginning.

WHICH ROAD ARE WE ON?

Are we walking in the path of sin away
from God, disobeying his plainest com-
mands, and yet expecting that when
called to judgment he will not deal justly
with us as he did with Adam; for Adam
got pure justice. Having sinned, he paid
the price. Let us draw a picture.

Youth is the beginning of responsible
life. Let us then look into the garden of
youth. Here we find a beautiful level

plain, and in the plain a beautiful garden, the garden of youth. How the trees and the water shine! How the flowers bloom! How perfume, like incense rises; how music floats through the enchanted groves, and how care-free, how happy the groups of children we meet and pass! The very air rings with their joyous laughter. But see! Here is a group that have older grown. These have, doubtless, heard the legend that we all *must* hear, that youth is fleeting, that we must, whether we will or not, pass out of this beautiful garden, and from it lead two paths. One we find is very plain. It is very narrow. Judged from the standard of youth, it is not very inviting; yet, strange as it may seem, the friends of our youth whom we have loved best, tell us this is the only true road to take, the only safe path out of the garden of youth. But our young people hesitate to enter a path that seems so narrow and to promise so little, and, finally, escaping restraint, they pass it by and wander on till at last they reach a broad, beautiful path, or road rather, bordered with flowers, almost, if not quite, equal to the garden of youth.

This is the road they have been warned against. "But surely," say they, "our friends were mistaken; they did not willfully mislead us, but were simply mistaken. Cannot we judge for ourselves? Is not this beautiful, wide, winding, flower-bordered way preferable to that other which was so straight and plain? Beside, the other was constantly climbing up, up a little all the time, while this starts away level, until it winds round a few turns and then it begins to descend quite gradually, just enough to be pleasant." And so our young friends (God help them!) take their first step in the downward though seemingly beautiful path, and pass along, not noticing the fact that, as they proceed, the light surrounding them is not so brilliant and the music not so sweet as at first. But there are plenty of new sights and attractions to lure them on, and they pass down till the light fades to a semi-twilight, and yet they meet scenes that appear gayer than ever. Here is a large party gaily dancing, their actions decorous and moral, yet how can these innocent youths know that from just such places many a noble youth, many a beautiful maiden has been pushed out and on down the well-

traveled road, on into the growing darkness, and how can our innocents know that there will be no hope, no light, no return forever?

They pass on to greater revelry, but it is growing very dark, and now, for the first time, they discover that they have left the flowery border behind, and the road has merged into a flight of steep stairs and on each side are railways to which our young people approach and look over. What is below? Darkness, absolutely impenetrable, an abyss unfathomable! With a shudder they turn away.

Let us photograph them now, and we see that the laughter, the gayety, have vanished, and they look prematurely old; for vice and passion have left their impress.

Now and then one pauses and looks wistfully backward, and then the tempter says, "Don't go back. You will enjoy it better farther on. And think of the long flight of stairs and the long road to go back over, and then remember that, on that other, that narrow way, you had to climb stairs step by step from the very beginning." And so he who was a liar from the beginning leads them on and downward. O, how dark! How the fumes of liquor load the vile air! What awful sounds and shouts and curses mix with drunken revelry! Here is a dance house. From it stagger a man and a woman, out and down the dark way; then there is a quarrel; then they are fighting, up close against the railing; a knife flashes, and the woman staggers with a death wound against the weak and crumbling railing; it gives way and with an awful shriek that lost, sinful soul topples off into the abyss of eternity. Our friends start back horrified. That railing which after all was but human will on one side, and mortal strength on the other, has shown itself to be so terribly weak!

But awful sights are common now in the gathering darkness. The steps are weak and rotten. A sober man can scarcely save himself from falling, while the railing is in many places gone. Our friends, once so young and innocent, are drunkards now. They are staggering down; the pace increases, but even then many outstrip them in the race to death. Some are running recklessly down the quaking stairway, but here they find, covered by darkness, that whole steps are

gone, and the wretch goes down with a shriek. There is seen one whose life is not worth the now short walk to the bottom of the stairway. Cursing mankind, cursing liquor, cursing God, he stalks like a demon from the pit, to the edge of the rotten planks, where railing there is none, and with a final, awful curse upon everything animate and inanimate, he steps fearlessly off and plunges into the horrible blackness below.

Our friend, drunken, besotted though he is, shudders, but a shriek that sobers even him smites his ear. He goes to a grated door and looks in. One who was his companion, one whom he had loved, one whom many loved and honored is there. He has passed him in the race to destruction. He has come to the end of the stairway and now, in the awful frenzy of delirium tremens, is raving out his life.

See how he struggles to free himself from the bands which bind him securely to the floor of his cell! How he screams! How he bounds! And then his mood changes. He lies quiet but panting. Then he begins to whisper to some one, a blood-curdling, awful whisper that seems to hiss out like the low sighing of a reed. Now he becomes more excited and partly whispers and mingles in words spoken aloud. Now his eyes seek yon dark corner and for an instant are chained there, expanding in horror. Now his whole body springs from the floor, falling again in its strong fetters, while from his frothing lips peal shriek after shriek, but there is a sudden tremor like an electric shock,—then a collapse, the body is limp and still, a last shuddering breath and another soul has gone—where?—Ask the theologians!

But our friend, what of him? He stands before that prison grating sobered and a man approaches and says: "It is not yet too late for you to seek and find eternal life." More than once on his downward journey our friend has encountered men, who have dared to risk life and all that men hold dear, to go down along this road which leads to ruin and death, and warn their fellow men of their awful danger, but the Father of Lies had whispered that it was not true, and he had believed him. Now he would try if it were possible to retrace his steps. How carefully he places every foot! How he shudders

as he catches sight of the abyss below! How slowly he toils upward! How weak he is! But his friend indeed had told him to look upward till he saw light, and then it would be easier, and so he gropes on. The Devil comes and tempts him, first to give up hope of climbing back. Failing in that, he tells him to take just one glass to cheer and strengthen him. How near he comes to obeying, but just then looking up and praying, as he has been told to do, he sees a glimmer of what may yet prove to be light. Encouraged, he rejects the offers and temptings of Satan, and moves carefully, steadily upward. Yes! It is growing lighter; the way is plainer; the preacher had not deceived him. There is hope in the struggle now. He gets back to some of the old allurements. They do not attract him now. His eye is fixed on the waxing light above. How it grows and expands! He can travel faster now, but he is cautious yet. It is growing light.

Hark! a sound of revelry! It does not attract him; he passes on. The stairway grows firm; the railing is sound. He moves upward. Light is growing; music greets his ears. He passes on. There is more light above and more music, the roadway, flowers at the roadside, cool resting places for tired feet, but it is lighter farther on. The way grows better; it is actually enticing. He sees its power to mislead now. He meets multitudes of youths. Somewhat farther down they had been men and women, now they are youths treading the downward road. He tries to stem the tide, but sees his own weakness and forbears.

It is growing light! There is a burst of real melody—like sounds that come in a dream of the past he hears it. There is a waft of true incense, and, dazed and overjoyed, he is permitted to once again stand in the garden of youth. O, merciful God! O, blessed Savior who said we should receive the kingdom *as a little child* if we wished to enter therein!

And what mercy is this that permits this man, wicked, and sin-stained, to return to the garden of youth? But can he remain here? O, no! He does not wish to, but presses on to that very narrow way he had so despised before, and see! with what joy he plants his feet upon the step of faith, and again with what resolution he says, "I now lay aside all sin at

once and forever." How gladly he seeks burial in the liquid grave of baptism that by it he may have access to the blood of Christ which "cleanseth from all sin," and what peace fills his soul as he takes the next upward step of confirmation by laying on of hands, after which, looking steadily up the shining way, he sees *new light*.

☐ The steps are all sound; the railing is secure. On one hand is God's will, on

the other a Savior's love, and, as our pilgrim moves onward and upward, he realizes that the way is made narrow, that man, weak and erring, may lean on both these rails, and the way is straight, that from the great white throne the pure light may come down unchecked, and, as he fastens his eyes upon the brightening goal, his lips repeat the chant, redeemed —redeemed—REDEEMED.

WHAT IS HOME?

Home's not made of palace walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.
Home; go, watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to cheer,
None to welcome, none to meet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one to love and greet us.

Home! It may be but a name
Over which the memory lingers;
Smile or tear, or holy flame,
Wrought by love's resistless fingers.
Home! It is a precious word,
On the loving heart engraven;
Home's a sweet and sacred chord
Joining kindred souls in heaven.—*Sel.*

A FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

BY ELDER M. H. BOND.

UPON the summit of one of the hills or mountains, as they might be called by the people of a prairie or level country, and overlooking the valley of the Allegheny with its busy streets and air laden with the smoke of furnace and factory, stands a white-walled institution, having over its entrance way this inscription, "The Rosalie Foundling Asylum and Maternity Hospital."

My knowledge of such an institution previous to yesterday having been confined to hearsay, I determined, if it were possible, to add to my store of knowledge by personal observation.

Mounting to the summit by means of the Pennsylvania Avenue Incline Railway, the bell summons was answered by a sweet-faced woman clad in the fashion of one of

the orders belonging to the Church of Rome.

I was shown into the waiting parlor, and in a few moments another of the sisterhood presented herself, and upon inquiry I was told that gentlemen were not permitted unless especially related to or interested in one of the children. But, when informed that I was a clergyman and that what I saw would reach the public, all objections immediately vanished, every courtesy was extended, and all interrogatories were cordially answered.

A foundling according to Webster, I believe, is a "deserted or exposed infant, a child without a parent or owner," and a hospital or home for such children is called "a foundling hospital."

This institution has only had its doors

open a few months, and there are already seventy-five infants (and the number is increasing) who have been in this world anywhere from a few days to nearly two years, the age limit for entrance into the hospital.

Where do they come from? you ask. Heaven only knows where some, perhaps the most of them, came from, two thirds of them being, as a sister informed me, of illegitimate birth.

Passing through the wards and nursery rooms, full of cribs, with babes in them, sleeping and awake, upon the floor playing, or in the arms of nurses, their appearance generally would fail to tell of their heritage of birth surroundings, or indicate the evidences of violated law. Some of them were especially bright, clean washed, covered with soft warm flannels and clothing, in bright sunny rooms with food and shelter and altogether comfortable surroundings. My heart was filled with mingled emotions, and my brain was startled by this phase and problem of human life and possible destiny which I was witnessing.

I felt sorrow at the wretchedness which this picture suggested to the mind as the result of sin and misfortune, relieved, as are thick clouds sometimes by rifts of sunshine in the glory of a suggestion and possible complete redemption that indicated itself in the brotherhood of man as exemplified by these good sisters of mercy, and the fatherhood of God as revealed to me through the evangel of latter days.

As the sister uncovered the face of a little waif in one of the cots saying, "This child was found in the rear of a bakery, under a pile of boards by two newsboys and brought here to us," I said with feeling ill-concealed: "Thank God, we all have two fathers. One may be unknown but the other watches over our destiny, and never forgets."

These infants come to them in various ways, are brought by unfortunate girls or their friends, or are often left in baskets at the door of the institution. The bell is rung, a shadow figure flees away, and in the darkness of the night mother and child are separated, and perhaps forever.

One woman, a Polander, lately emigrated to this country with her husband, he dying on the passage over the ocean. She was without money, a stranger in the land, and gave birth to twins, but found

her way here, and I saw her nursing the two infants herself. Not a very bright picture of life, you say, but the brightest I saw in this place.

Some of these babes come from deserted or drunken homes, where sometimes the father, sometimes the mother, perhaps both have rendered themselves unfit for the care of, or are careless or indifferent as to the fate of their offspring. But the majority of these children, as I said before, are the fruits of sin.

The authority of the Church of Rome in apostolic, lawful, or commissioned succession as the church of God and as being the government legitimate which his Son established, we question or deny, but this great organization has within its jurisdiction and fold institutions of beneficence whose influence and work in behalf of unfortunate humanity it may be well for us to more frequently consider.

Whatever may be the dominant thought of the principal leaders of the Catholic Church from either a political, ecclesiastical, or doctrinal standpoint, these sisters who have charge of the Rosalie Foundling Asylum and Maternity Hospital of Pittsburgh are to be commended and encouraged without debate thus far in opening of the door of comfort and protection to the waif that seems to have strayed from heaven out of its time and way, in offering to the unfortunate victims of unlawful passion a shelter and a room, made warm and comfortable, a nurse, and a physician where in private, and with clean and pure surroundings she may meet her trial.

Whatever incites us to do good is of God, we are taught.

These sisters, like the Savior, are bearing, voluntarily, the cross which the sins of others have, of a necessity, laid upon some one's shoulders.

May God bless the hand and the heart of sympathy for human suffering and misfortune wherever found, is my prayer.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 18, 1892.

Do not rely on heavenly favor, or on compassion to folly, or on prudence, or on common sense, the old usage and main chance of men; nothing can keep you,—not fate, nor health, nor admirable intellect: none can keep you, but rectitude only, rectitude forever and ever!
Emerson.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but not dead,
Will rise to meet thine own.—*Lowell.*

THE WINNER OF THE RACE.

I saw them start, an eager throng,
 All young and strong and fleet;
 Joy lighted up their beaming eyes,
 Hope sped their flying feet.
 And one among them so excelled
 In courage, strength, and grace,
 That all men gazed and smiled, and cried,
 "The winner of the race!"

The way was long, the way was hard;
 The golden goal gleamed far
 Above the steep and distant hills,—
 A shining pilot star.
 On, on they sped, but while some fell,
 Some faltered in their speed;
 He upon whom all eyes were fixed
 Still proudly kept the lead.

But ah, what folly! See, he stops
 To raise a fallen child,
 To place it out of danger's way
 With kiss and warning mild.
 A fainting comrade claims his care,
 Once more he turns aside;
 Then stays his strong, young steps to be
 A feeble woman's guide.

And so, wherever duty calls,
 Or sorrow or distress,
 He leaves his chosen path to aid,
 To comfort, and to bless.
 Though men may pity, blame, or scorn,
 No envious pang may swell
 The soul who yields for love the place
 It might have won so well.

The race is o'er. 'Mid shouts and cheers
 I saw the victors crowned.
 Some wore fame's laurels, some love's flowers,
 Some brows with gold were bound.
 But all unknown, unheeded, stood,—
 Heaven's light upon his face,—
 With empty hands and uncrowned head,
 The winner of the race.

—Susan Marr Spalding.

IF WE TAKE THE GOOD WE FIND, ASKING NO QUESTIONS,
 WE SHALL HAVE HEAPING MEASURES.

BY NORA GAYLORD.

A GREAT sermon to all humanity is expressed in the one sentence of my subject. And as we succeed in any achievement in life, in direct proportion to the exertions we make, so our success in life greatly depends upon the amount of good we find in our surroundings.

We observe that they who have become most eminently successful in any pursuit, who have achieved greatness, or have become notorious in the world, are they who have found the most good in the few advantages given them.

History teems with examples of such illustrious men in almost every pursuit. Franklin, one of America's greatest philosophers and statesmen, was a son of a tallow chandler. Napoleon, one of the greatest heroes in the battlefield, had few advantages while young. Edmund Burke, a great orator, had no capital to start

with. And Whittier, one of our eminent poets, was the son of a farmer. So it is with multitudes of men who have become renowned.

Those shining stars did not obtain their brilliancy without independent thought. They had full confidence in their thought, had a firm and well-grounded opinion of their own, which they presented before the world, unconcerned about the opinions of others.

Thus it behooves us all to make use of that divine idea that flashes across our mind instantaneously. If it prompts a worthy expression, we may know that it issues from a good source, was given for a good purpose, for our benefit as well as the benefit of those to whom it had not suggested itself. But if it is allowed to pass from the mind unexpressed, one rich idea which might have developed into a

glorious truth, is gone forever. And not only we are the losers but mankind in general.

Our minds should be ever ready and open to receive those rich gems of truth and knowledge that are scattered everywhere along the pathway of life. One cannot truly and conscientiously say, after having lived in this age of intelligence, that he has not had an opportunity to store his mind with great truths and useful knowledge.

It does not profit us to question the source of these truths or what causes them. If we do, they are no longer truths to us. But we must be content with what our perceptions enable us to see, for the things which we are taught through perception, we know are true and not to be disputed, while those of our wills are but roving and uncertain.

Many excellent persons who have noble characters and whose lives are honorable, make themselves very unhappy by overshadowing the many inviting joys of the present, with every dark cloud of the past, or by straining their eyes to see the far off visions and unreal creations in the future. Of all the lessons nature teaches us, one of the most beautiful is to live in the present.

In both actual and intellectual life, it is a mark of true greatness for one to present before the world his own individual thought or act independently of the opinions of the people, for conformity is ever an obstacle on the way to success.

So when we are prompted to do a good act in the world, we should not stand back because of the opinions of others. Sooner or later they may be a great benefit to humanity. And our thought may be one which no one has been able to present, and the very one wanted. If the thought does not at first meet with the approbation of the people, it may in time arise to such eminence as to be the opinion of the entire world. Some of our best inventors and greatest thinkers have presented works and thoughts before the world which were at first ridiculed and severely criticised but in the course of time were found to be the most beneficial to the nation.

We cannot overestimate the necessity of choosing between the high and elevating, and the low and degrading. Either through companions or books, we will

always meet with these opposites. We should exercise the most judicious care in the choice of companions, since it is of so great importance in the formation of our characters that our associates be both virtuous and excellent. It is natural for us to imitate those with whom we familiarly associate. Their very manner and appearance seem to become a part of us. Thus, as it has been truly said: "We are known by the company we keep."

If we form a habit of frequenting the society of the good, true, and noble, those who will improve our morals, manners, and knowledge, we will never desire to be in company with the low and degrading; it will be a punishment to us if we are compelled to associate with them, even for a very short time.

Yet, in the best of our companions, however brilliant they may be, we cannot look for all of their qualities to be perfect. And we must take for our model their perfections and let their imperfections pass our notice.

It has been truly said, "We should be as careful of the books we read as of the company we keep; for our habits and character are as much influenced by the former as by the latter."

It is equally of as much importance that we carefully select our reading matter as our associates. For our choice of reading betrays our character as much, if not more, than do our associates, for we are not always to select the latter, they are often imposed upon us. But the books which we read most, those in which we are most delighted, are usually our choice.

If we have the contents of a few carefully selected books well assimilated in our minds, not only have we opened the way to the fount of knowledge, but we have already acquired a taste for that which will keep us from sin and vice and we are also enabled to hold converse with the greatest minds in the world.

One of our authors has said "To read with profit, the books must be of a kind calculated to inform the mind, correct the head, and better the heart."

If we always select that class of books, we will gain the purest and richest gems of thought.

The good obedience does in the world, aside from the duty we owe to our parents and heavenly Father, cannot be overesti-

mated. We can readily see how much more competent one is to guide others who is willing to be guided himself.

He who has been obedient to nature's laws, keeps himself on a standard equal to any. He is fitted for any position he wishes to take in life. He is his father's pride, his mother's joy, and his sister's companion; he is loved, honored, and respected by all who know him.

Discontent violates the second clause of the subject. We find this unhappy condition of mind in many people, who imagine it is on account of the circumstances in which they are placed and try to remedy it by changing these circumstances, while the true, healing influence only comes through a change of the individual's disposition.

Discontent sometimes arises from a wish for what our neighbor possesses, and

one wish is always accompanied by a multitude of other imaginary ones, and so encumbers the mind with troublesome trifles, and we forget the real comforts of our present possession. If we attend to the things around us, make them pleasant and enjoyable, we will see nothing that seems better to us.

When we become dissatisfied with our surroundings, if we would think of those whose circumstances are much more unpleasant than ours and be grateful to the Divine Hand that has made our circumstances so much happier, we will then see that they who have found all the good in those things around them, they who have achieved greatness, they who have become famous in the world, have filled the place that God has intended that they should occupy, and thus fitted themselves for a higher glory in the realms above.

Department of Correspondence.

EDITED BY ELEANOR.

Address Correspondence to Eleanor, Lamoni, Iowa.

To the readers of the Department:—The following, published on the *Herald* cover several months ago, is my excuse for entering the department:—

WHY WOMEN DO NOT VOTE.

Do you know, my positive woman, why women do not vote? writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home with the Editor," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is because the vast and overwhelming majority of women in this country do not want the ballot, have absolutely no desire for it, and do not waste a moment of their time thinking about it. Do you know why these women do not care to "broaden" their minds by reading Ibsen? It is because they think they sweeten their lives by reading Hawthorne, and Thackeray, and Longfellow, and Walter Scott, and Charles Dickens, and the great mass of living writers whom you believe simply burden the earth with their presence. Do you know why these women will not don the ridiculous "reform" garments which you unblushingly flaunt before audiences of American girlhood? It is because they prefer to be womanly, and dress tastefully and prettily as God intended women

should dress. Do you know why these women will not go to club meetings? It is because they have a little club in their own homes, and the members of it are of their own flesh and blood, with which God has sanctioned and beautified their lives. Do you know why they turn with disgust from your paintings about "the rights of our sex?" Because their husbands give them every right of love and kindness they want.

By the way he expresses himself, evidently the writer doesn't like positive women. Well, much depends on how she is positive and what she is positive about. Of the class referred to, it is true many of them are mannish in their manner of speaking and in their gestures; but it has only been a few years that the poor creature has had the privilege of the lecture platform, and not having the benefit of the advice and example of experienced predecessors, she must be given time to get details down fine.

He says the reason women don't vote is "because the vast majority of them in this country do not want the ballot, have absolutely no desire for it, and do not waste a moment of

their time thinking about it." This a queer, contradictory assertion or admission. If they do not think about it, how do they know they do not want it? By what power do they come to such a conclusion? Surely *not* by thinking. This is exactly the mission of the "positive woman," to get her sex to *think* about these things. Lincoln uttered it, "This is a government of the people," etc., but in reality it is "a government of the men, for the men, and by the men." It is written in the Doctrine and Covenants, "Intelligence is the law by which all things are governed." This is ideal government. The power to govern should not be given to sex but to intelligence, unless the heavens reveal otherwise. The heathenish idea that because she is a woman she is not competent to vote! A filthy, ignorant, and lawless immigrant can come to this country and in a few months have his say about how this land shall be governed, but an intelligent, refined American woman hasn't the right to say who shall govern her or her children.

The argument is often used that woman's place is at home and not at the polls. It takes about two minutes to vote and then about once every six months or a year. It is not supposed that she is going to become a ward "heeler" or political "boss" but by education, an intelligent and conscientious voter. Evidently the saloon is not in favor of woman's voting, for it knows very well that if she is given power there she will legislate against the demon that, in too many instances, makes a beast of a once loving husband and moral criminals of once virtuous sons.

The penitentiaries and jails are occupied chiefly by men. Women are superior to men morally, therefore the rising generation of voters who desire pure government, should demand that she be given an opportunity to use her moral and intellectual power for the government by giving her the privilege of voting. Shame on the law makers of "the land of benedictions," that they have inherited some of the spirit of the dark ages.

I would like to see the proof that the majority of the "positive women" sanction Ibsen and condemn Hawthorne, Thackeray, etc.

It is news that in August, 1892, perfection has been reached in woman's dress in regard to health, comfort, and art. I suppose the tailor made suit of to-day would have been called a "ridiculous reform garment" if it could have been introduced in the days of hoops. What a sensation it would have created! Where, oh where, has the bustle gone? Even the divided skirt may become popular yet!

I don't wish to use any more space by commenting on the rest of the clipping, but hope some one will continue the subjects introduced and especially, "Should women vote?" If any have thought this worth while reading, I suppose they expected to see it signed, "a positive woman," but I will have to disappoint them by writing,
ED MILLER.

BROWNVILLE, Neb., Nov., 1892.

Dear Readers:—As most of those who read the *Autumn Leaves* are Saints, I feel justified in addressing them as dear readers; for I love the Saints of God.

I know that to be a Saint in these days of sin requires faithfulness, and while we may not have reached the perfection so often desired, namely, to be pure in mind, there is time allowed most of us to come up higher, and for fear we should become darkened in mind, let us heed this admonition so often given by the Spirit.

We all know the Spirit of God will not always strive with Saints who fail to heed instruction, and the day will come when the voice of mercy, and the still small voice will be silent. Many years will they who hated instruction and despised knowledge remain without a hope of life, even until the Savior in mercy feels after them and they return unto him with full purpose of heart, and remember the former commandments not only to say but to do them. Are there any who say, "I am the Lord's and the sheep of his pasture, and for a little sin he will not cast me off; therefore I can transgress a little and he will forgive me"? Know ye not that willful sin is grievous unto God, and in his righteous judgment may require suffering on your part before granting the forgiveness desired.

No man of understanding desires to suffer, or he who has once stood innocent before God to remain unforgiven; therefore all should learn to act wisely and thus escape the heartache and anguish that come upon the foolish.

Light is in the world, and we know this condemnation, that men love darkness rather than light, rests upon them. We apply this to mean men not of our faith, oftentimes, who seem to know the truth, yet refuse to walk in its light. While it may fit their case, it will equally apply to the case of Saints who refuse to walk in obedience to the law as found in the three standard books of the church.

There may be those who need a teacher, and because there is no one to teach, they err in spirit. For such there is forgiveness, and it is

written: "They shall come to understanding, with those who wander upon the mountains." We should deal kindly; for many have been led by false teachers, and they will perish unless true teachers are sent unto them. Let us then pray the Father to send his servants, that they may hear the sound of the true gospel, and come and be one with Christ in his kingdom.

Our prayers and our money will avail much. Practicing what we preach will give us power, also; and many other things that are well known to the Saints can be done that will cause the gospel to soon reach those who will obey, and bring to a close this dispensation. There is a work for the Saints to do ere the end comes, and if those who now are known as Saints do not do the work required at their hands God will raise up Saints from a quarter of the globe you do not think of, and they will faithfully perform the work.

If we walk as God would have us the light of truth will shine upon our way, and another will not perform the labor that in our hour we should have done. Lest evil come upon us and we wander into night, through the mist and rain, through the shadow of evil ones cast about us, hold fast to the rod of iron.

Your brother in the one faith,

JONAS H. DRURY.

FALLBROOK, Cal., Dec., 1892.

Readers of the Department:—From a correspondent in St. Louis, I learn of the Mutual Improvement Society among the young people of that place, and of the difference of opinion on the subject of the resurrection. The question of the resurrection is indeed a mystery, and I do not wonder at the difference of opinion. The question, I am informed, is whether our own bodies will be raised or some other bodies. I will give it as I see it, and will some one better posted show me where I err?

In Job 19:26 we learn that Job knew of a certainty what the resurrection would be. He knew, first, that his natural body would be destroyed; second, that his spirit would again be clothed with flesh; third, that in that state he should see God; that is, be in possession of the natural faculties.

In Phil. 3:21, Paul writes: "Who [Christ] shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

This refers us to the Savior's resurrection. There is this difference between the resurrection of Christ and our own, his body did not see corruption and he was without sin and, we

may be safe in thinking, perfect physically. Yet to every close reader of the narrative comes the conviction that none of the disciples knew him at first sight, unless in the case of the women (Matt. 28:9).

Saint Paul, in 1 Cor. 15 chapter, tries to make it plain by using grain as an example, yet here is the difficulty, wheat is not resurrected; a stalk grows from it on which is the new life.

Then again, Christ the "first fruits," was raised in the same body as proved by the wounds in his hands and side.

Paul says, "Flesh and blood can not enter the kingdom." Jesus says, "Handle me and see; a spirit hath not flesh and bones." Paul says: (1 Cor. 15:37) "Thou sowest not that body that shall be."

We lay down a body of flesh, bones, and blood; we will take up a body like unto the one we lay down, as the new wheat resembles the seed wheat. But, "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." (1 Cor. 15:44) "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly" (v. 49), as also those who remain and are changed "in the twinkling of an eye," (v. 52.)

What, then, shall we say? Will this body be raised? Yes. Shall we have a different body? Yes, "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (1 John 3:2.)

How many of us are perfect physically? Very few, if any, because of sin. The very change from an imperfect body to a perfect body would be, in many cases, a wonderful change. Add to that the glorifying, and we are changed indeed.

We indeed shall be raised in the same body, "to every seed his own body" (1 Cor. 15:38), yet, being perfected and glorified, we leave the corruption of the natural body in the grave and are raised as new creatures.

A few years ago an infidel of New York City left instructions that his body should be cremated and the ashes scattered from the top of a high tower by the side of New York harbor.

It was done, and wind and tide scattered that man's remains as completely as could be. It was done that the act might dispel the foolish idea of the resurrection. Was God mocked by such an act? No indeed! The seed was sown, the particles of dust, the gases of the cremated body, are no more lost than the body of Adam, which must by this time be pretty well decomposed.

In the year 1877 the Santa Cruz, California, powder works were blown up. All that could

be found of the foreman was buried in a cigar box.

Supposing him to be worthy of the first resurrection, will he only have those few mutilated remains in that cigar box for his body?

No, thank God! Therein lies the glorious certainty of the resurrection. We will rise in the form of our natural bodies, but fashioned like unto his glorious body. I would like to know the views of the department on the baptism of fire, Matt. 3: 11. H. B. Roor.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Feb., 1893.

Dear Readers:—After perusing several letters in the Correspondence Department concerning the "Word of Wisdom, and eating of meat, I felt as though I wanted to say a few words, so will try and write a little on the subject, though I may not be able to throw much light on it, I will try, will cast in my mite.

We will in the first place look up the "Word of Wisdom" as given in the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 86, New Edition. The preface above the revelation reads as follows: "A word of wisdom for the benefit of the council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland, and church; and also the saints in Zion. To be sent greeting not by *commandment or constraint* but by revelation and the word of wisdom; showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of *all saints in the last days*, given for a principle with promise; adapted to the capacity of the weak, and the weakest of all saints, who are, or can be called saints."

By reading the above we find that it was not given as a command. Here we see the wisdom of the Almighty, knowing how differently the children of men are constituted in taste and appetite, some requiring more of one kind of food than another, the weak requiring more stimulating and strengthening or nourishing food than the strong.

In the second verse it reads, "Yea, flesh, also of beasts and the fowls of the air, I the Lord, hath ordained for the use of man, with thanksgiving, nevertheless they are to be used sparingly." We see here what the Lord says, "to be used sparingly."

Now the word *sparingly* means to use moderately. It does not mean to abstain. Abstain means not to use at all, besides the word *abstain* is not found in this "word of wisdom" from beginning to end. Some misconstrue the "Word of Wisdom" by reading just a portion of it, as for instance, they read, "Word of Wisdom for the benefit of the council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland and church, and also

the Saints in Zion." Here they stop, close the book and the question is settled in *their* minds, as they know that the Saints are not in Zion, consequently these claim that the Word of Wisdom is not applicable to us because we are not living inside the walls of Zion. They misconstrue the meaning, just because they do not take the trouble to read the whole revelation.

We take the sectarian world to task for only reading a portion of the Scripture and leaving out the other portion. Let us not find fault with others for what we do ourselves.

But where are the eyes of those that say that the word of wisdom commands us to abstain from meat? If they will read 1 Corinthians sixth chapter and thirteenth verse, they will see there what meats are for. I cannot find either in the New Testament or Doctrine and Covenants where we are commanded to abstain from meat. If anyone can point out to me where it does, I should be pleased to have them do so. And how anyone can construe the 4 chapter of 2 Timothy as a command to abstain from meat, I for one cannot see. But supposing it did, have we not a later revelation in the "Word of Wisdom" authorizing us to use it?

I believe as Paul somewhere said, "Be temperate in all things." Yes we should be temperate in what we eat and also what we drink. If we eat or drink more than we need we must suffer bodily. Some constitutions require more meat than others. A man or woman doing hard manual labor needs more meat than one that does not work so hard.

I doubt not that some use meats to excess; and others use too much sweetmeats, such as jellies, cakes, and pies, which I believe are worse than meat.

When I was a youth many of my friends tried to get me to join the Sons of Temperance. I always told them I could see no need for me to join any such society, as I did not use any strong drinks, and that true temperance meant to be temperate not only in drinking but in using tobacco, and eating. While I do not believe in using strong drinks and tobacco, yet I believe in the moderate use of meat. If in eating I found something that did not agree with my system, I would eat it no more, the same in drinking.

I always liked good coffee and think I always shall, but I found that coffee was injurious for me, as it caused dyspepsia, so I gave up its use several years ago.

I believe the Lord intended each of us to use our own judgment as to what is suited to our

own needs in a great measure. I like meat, but could live without it, while others in my family could not, but I can eat it and do eat it moderately. I do not believe it is good to eat much in warm weather, especially pork, but in no way or manner can meat-eating be called a curse like drunkenness.

Where you find one glutton, you will find a thousand drunkards. But we must not be chronic in our ideas, but always open to conviction, and allow others to hold their opinions as well as ourselves.

Hoping that we may all study the "Word of Wisdom" and strive to live up to the principles laid down therein by the Giver of all good,

I remain your brother in Christ,

G. N. DERRY.

SARGENTVILLE, Me., Feb. 7, 1893.

Dear Sister Eleanor:—'Tis fearfully cold this winter in the Pine Tree State, as well as in many of the more southern States.

The cold with much sickness and many deaths, (according to the population of our community,) tend to make everything seem dreary and sad, yet not to so great an extent as in some other parts of the world.

The *Autumn Leaves* brought me cheer and seemed to awaken my latent energies and bid them to speak through your department, by your consent, to those who have given me words of instruction and cheer.

O, how I would enjoy seeing you and each one who is laboring for the good of their fellow beings, but as circumstances and distance will not admit, we will try and be contented with the privilege of speaking to one another through our periodicals.

Every unbiased mind must be benefited by their perusal, and every writer is stimulated to more noble thought and effort. During the last ten months I have lost my former inspiration to write, and consequently have lost much pleasure and development.

I excused myself by thinking that perplexities and changes would not permit, and by postponing the act I had a sense of dread instead of pleasure. Even when keeping house I found writing a pleasant solace, not very expensive and far more profitable than many popular indulgences; so I heartily recommend it to both old and young. No one is able to tell what thought may be given him neither can he know until he has persistently drawn from the great source of thought.

We are but the cup. He the fountain.

In order to be a ready and accepted instru-

ment in this department of God's work, one must read, meditate, pray, and then practice. One can cultivate thought when at work or when resting, and oftentimes can take down ideas that may be worked into an article with good effect. A cheap tablet or even smooth brown paper may be used, with a lead pencil, and when one can take time to write there will be something to start with. I have found such a practice helpful, and recommend it to others.

Sometimes I have felt it a duty to write, but could not settle the mind on a subject, and asked the Father for one and for language to express that which he would have me say to the world.

The subject has been given, the writer benefited, and I hope that the reader has not been injured.

I was in like condition of mind this morning, so made the attempt and leave the result with God, hoping that it will not be altogether fruitless.

Dear young men, and maidens, I feel a deep interest in your welfare, although I have never met you and probably never shall on the shores of time but I hope to meet you all in eternity. Your words have encouraged and strengthened me, so possibly mine may you, and thus we may become endeared to one another here, as we are waiting on the shore, and no doubt we may be able to more readily recognize one another than if we had not sent our thoughts out.

This is a progressive age in regard to education and advantages of development, and right glad should everyone be who lives in it. I think we older ones would have been, if we could have had the half or the fourth.

God bless you all, God bless your every good work, and may our minds be opened to receive words of inspiration, that is so much needed to lead us on in the thorny path of life. Sometimes I long to be freed from the fetters of earth, for truly the shackles oftentimes seem heavy; but when filled with the Spirit all burdens, all trials are light. O, that we might so live as to be continually filled.

SR. ALMIRA.

WESTON, Iowa, Feb. 14, 1893.

Dear Reader:—One of the greatest evils in the world is the curse of rum. Its damnable influence is sustained by a large majority of people who don't stop to think for a moment, the downward step they are taking when voting for rum. Perhaps it never entered their minds, that some day their little boys would be among the drunkard's lot. Make their

homes wretched, bring grief, and despair, and perhaps break some poor wife, or mother's heart. Finish their days like many a drunken sot. And when at last, their days of injury and uselessness have come to an end, be laid in a drunkard's grave. Unconcerned, no one cares, and as the saying is, "better he was never born." They produce no good for the world, nor to themselves, they make no use of what God gives them, in the way of good and health faculties that will enable them to rise to a state of utility in the world.

Young men, how many comfortable homes have been wrecked and degraded. Poor innocent children, cruelly deprived of shelter in the bitter cold winters, deprived of sustenance for life. How many young men have been ruined, and a promising future blasted forever. And is not the greater number of crimes committed daily, caused by rum? Yes, most surely. And yet for all this they vote for rum. Perhaps a little incident, that happened in my life, would be of benefit to some. In my native country strong drinks are used as much as in any country in the world, undoubtedly, hence it was a common thing to see saloons every now, and then. On this occasion, I was standing looking on the ships, and one of the sailors asked me if I wanted a job. I consented, being like all other boys, of course. I thought something new was a grand thing, especially when I was to clean out the hold of the vessel. He gave me a broom, and I set to work, small as I was. After an hour, or so, of hard work, I came up. Boss being well pleased, I suppose, at getting all this work done for nothing, and the fun he would have after. He brought a bottle, which contained as near as I can remember cherry wine, or some intoxicating drink. He asked me if I wanted a drink. I wanted to know what it was. He told me it was something good. I tasted it, and thought it quite good, I drank some more, and kept on, till I had drunk a good portion from the bottle. Then he told me, I could have some prunes, if I would go after them. There was a store near by. He gave me some money, and I went to buy the prunes. All this time, I had not felt the effect of the strong drink, but after I had gotten back to the vessel, and eat a good lot of prunes, I commenced to feel funny. I remember walking through the lumberyard, I could not keep my balance, and as I walked along the street, I staggered along. I can imagine now how the people must have looked at me. In that country, people wear wooden shoes, and as a general case a pile of them stood outside of the door, and when I came along to go in, they were

somewhat in the way. I succeeded, however, in getting hold of the door fastener, and opened the door. But now the wine had taken good effect, and unable to stand up under its influence, I fell down on the floor. Both of my parents happened to be home, and in this case, it was enough to scare any poor mother, to see her little boy in such a condition, for I was not yet ten years of age. I will leave the reader to imagine the terrible condition. Young men, think wisely before you act; count the cost, consider wise Solomon's proverbs; "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moves itself aright, at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." How true these last words have been fulfilled, many of God's children have been stung and bitten, by this most pernicious drink. And when I think of them voting for rum, it seems to me as if they have lost all their higher thinking qualities, all that leads to qualify a higher, nobler, and a purer state of being. Let us stand up for the truth; if we can't preach it let us show it in our actions. If we abstain from intoxicating drinks ourselves, we set a good example, and are doing good to ourselves, and to our fellow-beings, and by so doing will please God.

Yours for the truth,

ADOLPH E. MADISON.

MANCHESTER, England, Feb., 1893.

Dear Readers:—I am glad to see the Department supported so well, and hope that it will continue to increase, because I believe it has accomplished much good, and a great deal more good would be done if all the Saints would do their part. I think we ought to endeavor to help each other more than we do; I am sure we are highly blessed in having a magazine like the *Autumn Leaves*, and are we not well favored when we can write to its columns, and through them comfort some downcast soul, and raise them up and strengthen them in their holy callings to be Saints of the most high God. And we should remember that, "He who does good to another does good also to himself," not only in consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward. Therefore let us all try to do well then we shall be able to call down God's blessing upon every act of life.

Sister Eleanor suggested in February number the subject of Temperance. Now we can learn that strong drink has cursed mankind through all ages. The Prophet Isaiah says 5: 11, 12, 20-22: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the

morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; and put darkness for light, and the light for darkness. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Also Book of Mormon, page 83, Second European edition.

Solomon says Prov. 20: 1: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" 23: 21, "For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rage." Solomon asks, verse 29: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without a cause? who hath redness of eyes?" Answer, verse 30, "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

Isaiah 28: 7, 8: "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."

Again in the Book of Mormon, page 190 we read how the Lamanites lost the Nephites who they held in bondage, with all their gold and precious things, because they were addicted to the use of strong drink. Again we read on page 363 same book how Moroni took the Lamanites and their city. He (Moroni) sent wine into their city, and it was strong, having been prepared in its strength; they drank and were overcome. You will find in reading that the object of Moroni was not one of bloodshed, but of mercy. He desired to bring them back into the way of the Lord. Let us take the lesson that is given in the above and not only abstain from wine and strong drink, but from every appearance of evil.

Having said so much I will briefly touch the law of the present age, section 26: 1, says: "Wherefore a commandment I give unto you, that you shall not purchase wine, neither strong drink of your enemies; wherefore you shall partake of none, except it be made new among you." Again section 86: 1: "That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, *Behold, it is not good*, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in as-

sembling yourselves together, to offer up your sacraments before him." Again in 1887, section 119, paragraph 3: "Avoid the use of tobacco, and be not addicted to strong drink in any form, that your counsel may be made effectual by your example."

Job said: "Behold the fear of the Lord that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

I will now close, praying that the Lord will bless us with grace to do his will and keep holy his commandments.

In bonds,

WM. HY. GREENWOOD.

TABOR, Iowa, Feb. 3, 1893.

Sr. Eleanor:—While reading the February number of the *Leaves*, I see in Nettie Heavener's letter she does not know the author of, "If I should die to-night." It is Belle E Smith. I have been acquainted with her for a number of years. She was a teacher in the public school at Tabor for nine years, and for a rest from that she taught here in the country school. Since then she has taught four years in the college. Two years ago she received the diploma of Bachelor of Arts.

She has no living relative that she knows of, but is a friend to the poor, a noble Christian, and as an instructor has few superiors.

I am glad, indeed, our department did not have to be done away with; for I think it can do a great deal of good and I pray that it may reach far and wide and cause some poor wanderer to turn their minds to something pure and good.

Your sister,

NETTIE GREENE.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Feb. 8, 1893.

Dear Readers:—The young people of San Bernardino branch met on January 8 and organized a Young People's Society of which your correspondent has the honor of being vice president. We are not yet in good running order, but I think that it will be the life of the branch.

In the young people lies the hope of the church for the future. How important then that they should be developed in the right direction. The mind is active, and if it is not trained in the right way it will bring ruin to us, and to those around us.

I see the question of a general society is being agitated somewhat and I thought I would add my mite.

I hope one may be organized at our next conference, for it is just what the church needs.

I know by experience that it is the success of other churches. But we do not want to have a society just because other churches have them, we want one for our own benefit and development.

There is a great work to be done in the future, and it is going to fall largely on the young, for many of the Lord's army are getting old. They have borne the heat of the day and are about to lay the armor down. Then, my brethren, we want to improve our talents and be ready at the call of the Master to take up the standard and carry it where our fathers have not been able to carry it, and I know of no way that we can more readily prepare ourselves then to be organized into a society. We are exhorted to make ourselves acquainted with "all good books" and I would suggest that each branch of the society establish a library of its own.

I speak of this for this reason that there are so many books of the church, so many histories and other books that we need to become acquainted with in order to be well equipped with the truth that it would cost so much money that but few can possess the knowledge of those books except by each branch of the society having a library of its own.

Another thing that the society ought to do, is to establish a tract and a missionary fund for the purpose of purchasing pamphlets and papers to lend or to give away. In doing this we may be spreading the gospel more than we would think.

It has been said the Lord can do his own work. That is true but he always uses instruments to do it with. So if we want to be his instruments we must prepare ourselves for him. It is true that he sometimes calls on the unlearned to work for him. But did you ever stop to think why he does it? It is because he can teach them in his own way, and did you ever think that he never sent anyone out to teach others until they were first taught of him?

Take his twelve disciples for an example. He called them unlearned and taught them for three years and a half, and then told them to go and teach all nations, and said: "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

Again did he send Joseph Smith out to teach as soon as he was called?

No, for it was four years or so before he was qualified to herald to the world the things that he had both seen and heard.

And now I would say from what I have heard from the elders exhorting the young

to be faithful and improve upon our time, that the Lord is calling us, unlearned as we are, to become acquainted with his word and all other good books, so we will be ready to enter the field at his call. I feel to say that a society organized for this intent will be greatly blessed of the Lord. I will leave these few thoughts with you for consideration.

Your brother in the one faith,

ELIAS B. PORTER.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb., 1893.

Dear Readers:—I think many of us have been guilty of procrastination in waiting until so late to exchange our views upon the advisability of organizing a society for the purpose of ably advancing a right cause.

It seems to me that it is a question that can be agitated and we ought to concentrate our minds upon the subject so as to give the matter a thorough investigation before we decide.

I thought we had some very able letters in our last issue concerning plans for organization, etc. They seemed to open a field in which willing workers could find plenty to do, and when we associate the cause of temperance, social purity, and many other things connected with reformation, we can see the field broaden and can hear the call for more laborers.

I think if such a society as has been mentioned could be organized that it would accomplish much good. It would aid those who are toiling now, and it might awaken some of those who are considered drones.

I am looking for difference of opinion upon this subject and hope that all letters concerning the matter will appear in time to lend their influence in the right direction.

SR. JESSIE CAVE.

LATTER DAY SAINTS' LITERARY EXCHANGE FUND.

Amount to date, March, 1893.\$3 55

L. M. Sollenberger, Pa.,2 00

2 00

Amount to date, April, 1893.\$5 55

Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances towards the past;
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born,
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask;
Each day will set its proper task;
Give other's work just share of praise:
Not of thine own the merits raise,
Beware no fellow man thou hate;
And so in God's hands leave thy fate.

—Goethe.

Editor's Corner.

NOTICE.—Our friends will please remember that all subscriptions for 1893 must be paid by June 15, unless by special arrangement with the editor. Also that after the year 1893 our terms will be *cash in advance* unless by special arrangement otherwise. None who are interested in the magazine can object to this when we tell them that it is absolutely necessary.

"Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears."

In this great, wide, wonderful world all things are, in the nature of their creation, inter-dependent. Not a beam, nor atom, nor leaf is lost; not one of them exists, however short the period, that it does not leave somewhere upon something the influence of its presence.

Sunbeams fall upon the earth, winds rise, waves toss to and fro, clouds form, rains fall, plants spring up, blossom, leave their fruits and decay, all things working together, each leaving upon the others the effects of its own individual existence.

They make their impressions too upon man, the creature for whom God made the world and into his hand gave the dominion of it.

Away in the northern lands of snow and ice it is said the plumage of birds is of white or neutral shades as also is the coat of the polar bear and many of the fur-bearing animals. Man too, among our northern races, is commonly of fair skin and the poet says of his nature that

"The cold in clime are cold in blood."

Be this a poet's fancy or not, it is commonly admitted that the nations of earth's temperate regions are its most advanced and the cause is largely attributed to the influence of climate.

Tropical regions are brilliant with color in blossoms, and in the plumage of birds; its wild beasts are the fiercest upon the globe, and of man in those zones, it is common to speak of his "hot southern blood."

The silent influence of things about us we cannot measure, we cannot estimate. The immortal Thanatopsis says of Nature, "For our gayer hours she has a smile and a voice of gladness and eloquence of beauty, and she glides into our darker musings with a mild and healing sympathy that steals away their sharpness ere we are aware."

One poet exclaims in a breath of delight,—

"Ah, what is so rare as a day in June!"

And another says with regret of some hardened character,—

"The soft blue sky did never melt into his heart;
He never felt the witchery of the soft blue sky."

The beautiful, starry heavens impressed the mind of Job with the thought of the wonderful love and condescension of God, and his words still "tremble in the air," his voice still vibrates in those words that in the "far off eternal years will echo," "I know that my Redeemer liveth." How many have felt the influence of that testimony, into how many souls has it sunk deep and been the lever that raised them a little nearer to God?

Have we influence? All have; every created thing has, some in greater degree than others. "We are a part of all we meet; we are influenced, perhaps unconsciously at times, by all who meet us; and we in turn influence them. President Garfield said, "I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under that shabby coat." O, friends, we must pause in silence when we think of the influence we owe the children, not only our own, not only those placed by parents under our care to be taught, but to every child we meet. Every man and every woman should be at his very best when a child looks into his face, no matter whose child it is. If children could see in the faces looking down upon them only kindness and goodness and purity, if they heard from those lips only words wise and true, if they saw only deeds of love and works of righteousness, though Satan came with his power to tempt, how soon would evil be overcome by good.

Two boys trudged up the hill one winter day dragging a sled behind them, one a large burly boy, the other a little fellow hardly up to his elbow. I heard only one sentence of their talk. The little boy said and looked up anxiously into his companion's face as he said it, "What made you look so cross?" I could not hear the answer, but I saw that the large boy, eager to get up to the starting-place again, hardly heard the anxious inquiry of the little one, and a little pain came into my own heart as I thought of the many rebuffs that sensitive child would meet in life, of the many times his mind would be anxious to know why there were frowns upon faces turned to him, why cold words and indif-

ference should be given him when he longed for smiles and pleasant words and I had a feeling of sympathy with one who wrote,

"O, little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin
Am weary, thinking of your road."

Who would not rather lay his hand upon the heart-strings to awaken love and joy than sadness or hatred? We have all read perhaps that plaintive incident of a lady who so befriended a little outcast that with his limited knowledge of God and his deep sense of gratitude for her goodness he asked her reverently if she was God's wife. Her kindness so surpassed anything he had ever known, was such a revelation of goodness to him that he could only account for it in that way.

These impressions are not easily erased from the mind. They are seeds that spring up and bear fruit, and how we regret, how we have need to regret the fact that there are children, thousands of children like blossoms that hardly spring into life before, from the influences about them, they are soiled, stained, crushed, and bruised.

The man who reels down the street is an influence in the lives of the crowd of little boys that tag at his heels curious to see what he will do; the prosperous man of business who dresses well, takes his occasional glass of liquor, smokes cigars and uses the name of his Maker lightly is an influence, too, and a stronger one than perhaps even he realizes. The woman who would rather be "out of the world than out of style," who sacrifices comfort to pride and truth to appearance is another influence felt especially by the young girls who see the beauty of her garments, are attracted by her ornaments and costly trifles to desire such for themselves.

The sensational novel, the theater, the card-table, and the men and women who are the votaries of these things are all influences—in what direction, for good or for its opposite? Answer this question with another. Do they lead the soul out in longings for the better, purer life that God requires men and women to lead? "Whatsoever leadeth and enticeth to do good cometh from God." Is such the influence of the things mentioned?

There are other influences. There are mothers who fold the hands of their babes in prayer, who begin early to teach the sweet lips to call upon "our Father." There are fathers who show constantly before their children a loving,

conscientious obedience to the commands of God, not fitful and uncertain, but daily steady and unwavering.

There are such fathers and mothers, and in one home that we know of there is a little bud of promise, a little child endowed by nature with strong feelings, strong desires, strong appetite. Now think of this and then measure the strength of a parent's example, if you can.

A visitor went into that home one evening just at supper-time and as the father was not at home and the busy mother was anxious to put the finishing stitches in a piece of work before laying it away, she had brought in a tempting dish for Charlie's supper and when the caller came he was in the act of taking a satisfied look at his anticipated repast. He turned away from it, however, and did not go near it again for some time, and the visiting sister asked after a time why he did not eat his supper. The child did not reply then, but after a stay of what might have seemed interminable length to a hungry child with a plate of good things before him, she went away and when she gone he said to his mother in tones of serious gravity, "Did Sr. A— sink I would eat 'out 'turnin sarks?"

Think again of it and of the principles you see there. Do you think the father and mother in that home are ever careless in their devotions to the Lord? Does that father ever neglect to return thanks as he sits at the family board? The child's action says that he does not.

The same principle that governs here with such effect will hold true if applied to other things, and Saints should let the whole aim of life be to exert the influence of the gospel, its pure righteousness, everywhere; we should let the life of Christ be lived again in us drawing men to the good and when in the homes of Zion all the little ones are taught early to love and obey the Lord then surely her light will have come and she will rise and shine.

MARGARET.

In the interest of our many readers who are watching and waiting for further developments in regard to the young peoples' contemplated organization, we give place in "The Corner" of this issue to the work of the committee appointed to consider and devise ways and means for completing an organization. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded to each one interested to judge of the movement in reference to the breadth and scope of the work contemplated, and by this means come to the meeting prepared to act intelligently. It will also place

the friends of the movement in a position to offer helpful suggestions. May God inspire each heart with a realizing sense of what the times demand.

SR. ANNA ROBERTSON has written us concerning *Autumn Leaves*. Will she please to send her address as we fail to find it.

CONSTITUTION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

This society shall be known as the ———.

ARTICLE II.—HOW COMPOSED.

It shall be composed of a general organization, and such local organizations as are hereinafter provided for.

ARTICLE III.—GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

Sec. 1.—Officers.—The officers shall consist of a President, a First Vice President, a Second Vice President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, which shall be elected by a majority delegate vote at the annual meetings.

Sec. 2.—Duties of Officers.—President.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the general organization, to issue pamphlets of instruction and outlines of the work for the several local organizations, and to perform all duties usually devolving on such presiding officer.

Vice Presidents.—It shall be the duty of the Vice Presidents to perform the duties of the President, in their order, in the absence of that officer, and to assist him when needful.

Secretary.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the minutes of the general conventions, to keep such a record of the local organizations as may be necessary for a systematic distribution of information, pamphlets of instruction, outlines, etc., as may be necessary from time to time; he shall also distribute such information, pamphlets, etc., to the local organizations, as directed by the President.

Treasurer.—The Treasurer shall receive and account for all money of the society, and pay out same on orders drawn by the Secretary and countersigned by the President.

Sec. 3.—Meetings.—The society shall hold its meetings annually at such time and place as the society may decide upon from time to time, the character of the meetings to be arranged by a committee composed of the general officers, and superintendents of departments.

Sec. 4.—Departments.—How Classified.—The

work of the society shall be classed under the following departments: Literary, Religious, Temperance, and Missionary; each department to be under the supervision and management of a superintendent, who shall be appointed by the President, after consulting with the other general officers.

Duties of Department Superintendents.—It shall be the duty of each superintendent to outline the work of his department, giving topics for study, also citing to books and periodicals treating such subjects, and reporting same to the President at such times as that officer may direct.

Sec. 5.—Finances.—The expenses shall be met by contributions from local societies as may be necessary for the prosecution of the work, the amount needed and purpose to be made known by the treasurer to the local societies.

ARTICLE IV.—LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Sec. 1.—Officers.—The officers of each local organization shall consist of a President, a First Vice President, a Second Vice President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer; and such others as may be needed, who shall rank in the order here named, and their several duties, if not otherwise specifically provided for, shall be such as pertain to like officers in other organizations.

Sec. 2.—Elections.—The officers shall be elected semi-annually by a majority ballot vote. There shall be no nominations to office. At the last meetings of June and December each member present shall be provided with ballot containing names of offices to be filled and under these each member shall write the names of those he wishes to fill each office named. If for any office no one receives a majority vote, either a record ballot therefor may be cast, or, on motion, the two who received the highest number of votes may only be voted for.

Sec. 3.—Membership.—Any person whose reputation is satisfactory at the time of application, and who aspires to a higher degree of spirituality, to intellectual development, or to a noble and pure morality, shall be eligible to membership. Candidates for membership shall be received on motion and majority vote of members present.

ARTICLE I.—BY-LAWS.

Parliamentary Rules.—The Church Book of Rules shall be authority on all questions of parliamentary usage.

ARTICLE II.—MEETINGS.

Sec. 1.—Time.—Each local society shall hold

weekly meetings at such hour and place as may be deemed best by its membership.

Sec. 2.—Character.—The first regular meeting of each month shall be devoted to prayer and testimony, all business for the evening being suspended. The programme of other regular meetings shall consist of the subjects provided by the President of the General Organization and such other exercises as may be provided by the programme committee of the local society.

ARTICLE III.—FINANCES.

Sec. 1.—Dues.—Each local society may impose such dues and levy such taxes upon its members as may be thought necessary.

Sec. 2.—Contribution.—It shall be the duty of each local society to respond promptly and liberally to the President's call for means.

ARTICLE IV.—COMMITTEES.

Sec. 1.—Lookout Committee.—It shall be the duty of this committee to bring new members into the society, to introduce them to the work and to the other members, to look after and reclaim any that seem indifferent to their duties. This committee shall also by personal investigation satisfy itself of the fitness of young persons to become members of the society, and shall propose their names at least one week before their election to membership.

Sec. 2.—Programme committee.—A committee on exercises shall be chosen of which the

President shall be president *ex officio*, to whom all questions for consideration shall be submitted. This committee shall be a standing committee of three, and shall apprise the society at least two weeks beforehand of every subject that will be presented for discussion or consideration.

Sec. 3.—Relief Committee.—It shall be the duty of this committee to do what it can to cheer and aid, if possible and necessary, by material comforts, the sick and destitute.

Sec. 4.—Good Literature Committee.—It shall be the duty of this committee to do its utmost to promote the reading of good books and papers. To this end it shall do what it can to circulate the church publications and other standard literature.

Sec. 5.—Calling committee.—It shall be the duty of this committee to have a special care for those who do not feel at home in the Society, church, and Sunday school, to call on them, and to remind others where calls should be made.

Sec. 6.—Other Committees.—The Programme and Lookout Committees are indispensable: the others are optional with each local society: also other committees may be added if necessary.

Sec. 7.—Amendments.—Changes or additions to this Constitution and By-laws may be made by a two thirds vote, if notice has been given thereof two weeks previously.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

BY MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL.

With kingle, klangle, kingle,
 'Way down the dusky dingle,
 The cows are coming home;
 Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
 The airy tinklings come and go,
 Like chimings from some far-off tower,
 Or patterings of an April shower
 That makes the daisies grow;
 Ko-ling, ko-lang,
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingledingle
 'Way down the darkening dingle
 The cows come slowly home;
 And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
 And starry nights, and sunny days,
 Come trooping up the misty ways
 When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
 Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
 The cows are coming home;
 Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
 De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
 Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue.—
 Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
 And clang her silver bell;
 Go-ling, go-lang,
 Go-ling go-lang golingledingle,
 With faint, far sounds that mingle
 The cows come slowly home;
 And mother-songs of long-gone years,
 And baby joys, and childish tears,
 And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
 When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang,
To-ring, to-rang, toringlelingle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle.
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam.
Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phoebe Phyllis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank,

To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with butter-cups a-twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time
sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With kingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the Whip-poor-will;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-king, ko-klang,
Ko-ling, ko-klang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

COLORED ROSE BORDER.

An extremely pretty border, consisting of roses and sprays of leaves, may be crocheted with colored thread, using pink or red for the roses and green for the leaves. For a rose—with pink—begin in the centre of a flower with 6 chain, and join in a circle.

1st round—Do 5 chain, 1 treble in the first stitch of the foundation chain, * 2 chain, 1 treble in the next, repeat from * three times more, 2 chain, and unite to the centre stitch of the five chain with which the round commenced.

2d round—Work 1 double crochet, 1 treble, 3 long treble, 1 treble, 1 double crochet, *all* under each of the six spaces of two chain, and join evenly at end of this and every round.

3d round—Do one double crochet on a treble stitch of the first round, 5 chain, and repeat, making 6 loops of five chain behind the petals of the second round.

4th round—Work 1 double crochet, 2 treble, 4 long treble, 2 treble, 1 double crochet, under each of the loops of five chain.

5th round—Do 1 double crochet on a double crochet of the third round, 6 chain, and repeat.

6th round—Work 1 double crochet, 2 treble, 6 long treble, 2 treble, 1 double crochet, under each of the loops of six chain.

7th round—Do 1 double crochet on a double crochet of the fifth round, 8 chain, and repeat.

8th round—Work 1 double crochet, 2 treble, 7 long treble, 2 treble, 1 double crochet, under each of the loops of eight chain, and fasten off; this finishes the rose. Work more roses in the same manner, joining each to the preceding by a single crochet from the centre long treble stitch of an outside petal to the corresponding stitch of a petal on the preceding rose, till the row is the length the border is required to be.

Next, work the heading of the border:—

1st row—With green thread, do 5 chain * 1 treble on the third long treble stitch of one top petal of a rose, 1 chain, 1 treble on the fifth long treble stitch of the same petal, 5 chain, 1 treble on the third long treble stitch of the next petal, 1 chain, 1 treble on the fifth long treble stitch of the same petal, 11 chain, and repeat from * to the end of the row.

2d row—Also with green, and recommencing on the right hand side. Work in open crochet, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss one.

For the leaves, with green—Work 9 chain, 1 double crochet in the second chain from the needle, 6 consecutive double crochet, 3 double crochet in the top chain stitch, 7 double crochet down the other side of the chain; * turn the

work, 2 chain, miss one double crochet, work 7 consecutive double crochet, 3 double crochet in the centre stitch of three double crochet at the top, 7 more consecutive double crochet, all this taking up the one back thread of the stitches that the work may sit in ridges, and, working firmly, miss the end stitch; repeat from * six times; and one leaf will be fashioned; fasten off. Make two more similar leaves and sew the three in a group, placing the sides of two leaves together, and the third leaf below between the two top leaves. Then for the mid-rib, bring the cotton to the front by the tip of the leaf at the bottom of the spray, do 12 chain, 1 single crochet in the top of the same leaf, 8 or 10 chain, and 1 single crochet at the top of the two upper leaves, where they are sewn together, 12 chain, 1 single crochet where two roses are joined together, 10 chain, and 1 single crochet in the foundation chain of the heading above, and fasten off, securing the end neatly; rib the other leaves similarly, bring up the cotton by the tip of the leaf to the right of the spray, 12 chain, 1 single crochet in the place where the two leaves are joined and where the centre mid-rib is already affixed, 12 chain, 1 single crochet by the tip of the leaf to the left of the spray, and fasten off, and secure the ends. The other sprays of leaves are worked in the same way.

A very handsome portiere for a summer parlor may be made of creamwhite cotton-canvas by painting on it a frieze design in shades of yellow, outlining the design with liquid gold. Or the design may be painted in outline between two bands of color, and then all the spaces outside of the design painted in liquid gold, throwing up the design in the creamwhite of the canvas. A water lily design, showing each blossom set against the disk of a lily pad, will be very pleasing. The lily pads and stems may be painted in golden green, leaving the lily in white against its green leaf or pad. Or the pads and stems may be in gold, throwing out the blossom in white. Any other color may be chosen for the design, as this treatment is entirely conventional, and therefore nature is not followed.

WATERCOLOR DRAWING ON WOOD.

The art of watercolor drawing on wood is a delightful amusement for ladies. The tools are simple and inexpensive. Half a dozen brushes of different sizes, three sable brushes of different sizes, an H. B. pencil, a bottle of India ink, half a dozen Gillott's artist pens (303), some tracing and transfer paper, a bottle of Chinese white and a pan or tube of sepia will be found ample for the beginner. Articles to be decorated can be bought at any of the artists' material stores in plain woods, the same that are used for pyrography, comprising stools, tables, frames, bon-bon boxes, trays, basins, etc. Hard, plain woods should be chosen, without any ornamental grain.

The harder the wood the less possibility of color running. The best surfaces are white maple, boxwood, and holly. A little practice will enable a correct judgment of the most

suitable woods, yet with care any plain wood surface will answer the purpose.

The design is first drawn in outline with the H. B. pencil on the tracing paper, then transferred to the wood. Do not press hard enough when tracing to injure the surface of the wood which must not be polished. The spaces left light are first filled in. Take some of the Chinese white and rub it smooth; add a little water if required. It should be worked pretty stiff. Go over the parts and lay on the white as smoothly and evenly as possible. The black portions of the design are next treated in the same manner with the India ink, while the shaded part of the design is tinted with the sepia. When thoroughly dry the pencil lines are gone over with the pen and India ink. Should the colors not have been laid even, it will be necessary to go over them a second time before the outlining is done because these fine lines give a decisiveness and finish that is not otherwise attainable.

The foregoing is the simple method. Other colors, gold and bronzes may be used. This work does not necessarily involve acquaintance with the higher principles of art, and accordingly success may be attained with natural ability, joined to perseverance and patience. The last part of the work remains—the polishing of the surface that has been colored. This may be done with lacquer. Take two ounces of white shellac and dissolve it in one pint of 95 per cent alcohol. Put this in a warm place and frequently shake it, allowing the liquid to settle for twenty-four hours. Then decant the clear liquid. This should be kept in a dark place or put into a dark bottle as the light discolors it. Apply the liquid lightly with a wide camel's-hair brush several times, allowing a few minutes for each coat to dry. This will be found a beautiful varnish for colors and metallic lusters. Ordinary work may be wax finished. Put 2 ounces of ordinary beeswax into a pint of turpentine. As soon as dissolved it is ready for use. Apply as above, and when almost dry polish with a medium stiff brush.

AN EASEL WORKSTAND.

The easel is formed by stringing spools on heavy wire, and stands three feet high. It is made in the form of the illustration given. If carefully made it will be very strong. I put a little good glue on the ends of the spools as I string them, thus making it quite firm. (I pride myself in making what I do make as strong as a man would.) The easel when finished was gilded, taking about half a package of diamond gilt powder to it. I then procured a round Japanese basket that would just fit between the sides of the easel and rest upon the lower cross piece. Upon the opposite sides of the basket long hairpins were thrust, and thus were firmly twisted around the sides of the easel. The basket had been lined before it was placed in position. It was then tilted a little forward, and a two-inch peacock blue satin ribbon tied around the outside of the basket (this concealed the twisted hairpins), and the ends were tied in a handsome bow upon one side.





"Where the sunbeams knelt down with the shadows,"
And the leaves rustling fell red and gold.

AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 5.

THE MORNING COMETH.

By night the Winter came out of the North,
And went through the sleeping land:—
All wrapped in shroud
Of the dun, gray cloud,
Over forest and fell,
Over field and hill
(The wind was asleep, and his step was still),
Went he like a sower, and scattered forth
The snow from his spectral hand.

It fell like a dream
Over meadow and stream,
Along the ways of the woodland glen,
Above the homes of sleeping men,
By the gray rocks on the ocean shore
Where Mystery sleepeth evermore,
On the broad highway, on the footpath small,
Fell the eddying whiteness enwrapping all.

Then the sun looked over the white world's rim,
And peered through the aisles of the woodland dim;
The forest and fell,
The field and the dell.
The broad highway, and the footpath small,
The sun looked forth and beheld them all.

Then every deed of the vanished night
Lay plain to the eye of the risen light,—
Its story writ in the telltale snow.
The hillside fox that had prowled below,
The hungry wolf that had torn his prey,
The strange, wild creatures that shun the day,
The skulking thief with his booty fled,
Pale murder chased by fear of the dead;
The homeless turned from the rich man's door,
The mercy that sought out the shivering poor,
Each left his track where his foot did fall:—
The Night remembered and told it all.

So, sooner or later, each hidden deed,
Wrought in a darkness where none can read,
But leaving its track on the Ways of Time,
Shall stand confessed; for a Light sublime
Will arise at last, when the night is done,
And Truth will shine as another sun.
For the elements all are in league with Right,
And they serve her cause with a tireless might;
The Earth is the Lord's, and whatever befall,
Will mark, will remember, will publish all.

—Rev. W. H. Savage in the Arena.

TRUE NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

Though old the thought and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who does it best.

Of all the objects of contemplation, those that exhibit human nature in its most exalted form are the noblest. Our hearts instinctively burn in sympathy with grand thoughts and brave actions, radiated from great characters. They make us feel what we ought to be; they either improve our weakness by the energy of their strength, or perhaps, sting our pride by the irony of their elevation. We wonder what power can thus enable them to cut a clear path through all impediments; it is only genius in action which converts imagination into fixed purpose,

for we must not only possess the necessary qualifications to conceive an idea, and the capacity to form it into some tangible shape, but we must have the ingenuity to put it into practical operation, and the power of will necessary to force it to success.

All knowledge must be organized into faculty before it can be wielded as a weapon; vital ideas and purposes have their beginning in sentiment; this is the living principle, the soul of thought, determining the direction and constituting the force of faculties. It takes the form of intelligence in productive ideas and the form of organization in character, and at

the end, intellect and will kindled in one blaze, united in the same individuality, break out in one purpose. The person is then a living soul, there being no flaws in the various parts of his nature, but a vital unity in which intellect seems to have the power of will and will the foresight of intellect. There is no hesitation here in the pursuit of a lofty aim because the elevation, being the elevation of nature, is established on the sound basis of character. One thus possessed realizes that not failure but low aim is crime, and, though he may be met by disappointments and obstacles of every kind, his energies are indeed sharpened by the opposition; he has found that defeat is but the first step to something better, and so beyond the bright spot of his hopes is shining clear to the inner eye of his mind, tempting, enticing, urging him on through all difficulties by the sweet attractive force of its visionary charm. This life of the soul is the swift ascending instinct of the spirit to spiritual ideas and laws, a complete resignation of self to something it values more than self, and it is this that shows the true element in one's nature—that indicates an ideal standard of conduct.

It is not measured entirely by intellect, for the reach of our thoughts depends on the pressure of the will; thus, while the desire and necessity of the age in which we live is education, or that culture which enlarges and enriches each individual intelligence according to its capacity for becoming familiar with the facts and laws of nature and human life, yet no education can make us a positive force in the world. There is no escape from slavery but in the radical power of self; all solid intellectual culture is simply the right development of individuality. We build up our natures in time though our origin and being are in eternity. All the objects of sense and thought exist outside of the essential personality; but, bound up in that being, are sympathies and capacities which connect him with external objects and render it possible to convey their inner spirit and substance into his own personal life. The result of this assimilation is character which converts unconscious things into self-conscious men, and it is from this doctrine of the mind's growth that success in all the departments of life over

which intellect holds dominion, depends, not merely on the outside knowledge connected with each department. Take a man from any profession and we find that the principles of his calling are inwrought into the substance of his nature; he has laid a good foundation and knows that there is no act, however trivial, but has its trail of consequences. He feels that to perform well that duty which lies before him in daily life is the highest wisdom, and, commonplace though it may appear, this accomplishing of one's duty, embodies the highest ideal of life and character. Such a one can feel himself growing stronger day by day: soon the presence and pressure of his whole nature in each act will keep his opinions on the level of the good solid character he has formed. We remark in men of this kind no distinction between power of intellect and power of will but an indissoluble union of force and insight, because facts and laws have become so blended with their personal being. They may exhibit no striking individual traits and yet be none the less potent individualities.

Indeed, in the highest efforts of action, where the person is mightiest and amazes us by the giant leaps of his intuition, the mere peculiarities of his character are unseen. His caprices are burnt away by the fire of his genius. These, though they may sometimes cause despair, rather than encourage, still simplify and emphasize the principles of all mental growth and production, for this power they possess of having their thought radiated from them as acts, is by no means accidental. The progress is from form to form, and it is only when any individual has reached his full mental stature that he is capable of noble thoughts and great actions. If we search into the causes of that excellence which in its intensity has dazzled and confounded us—if we trace it from the minor stages through which it has passed to its present summit of power, we shall find that to unceasing labor it owes its splendor and that under similar circumstances and with as firm a will, there are few of us who could not present the same result. Many are the valiant purposes formed that end merely in words; many the deeds intended that are never done; and all for want of a little courage or decision. We too often

calculate the risks and weigh the chances until the opportunity for effective duty has passed—passed, it may be never to return. There is none more replete with truth of the many maxims we might select than the one, "Be there a will and wisdom finds the way."

To a great extent life is always what we ourselves make it. No doubt there are limits to human capability in all affairs; everywhere men meet with obstacles which even their highest energy cannot overcome, still, as a rule, our wishes, are but prophecies of the things we are capable of performing. We conquer difficulties because we feel that we can do so. Nearly all great characters have been remarkable for their power of will. Napoleon was not the only man that ever said to himself, "There is nothing impossible." What could better exhibit his dauntless spirit than the answer he made when told that between him and the enemy he would conquer, stood the Alps! "There shall be no Alps," was his daring reply. So most obstacles can be made stepping-stones to success. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he organized victory out of defeat and triumphed in the end.

Classed with perseverance, which is so necessary to success, are patience, courage, hope, and self-knowledge which is by no means the least of these qualities. "Know thyself" was considered by the ancients to be a maxim so divine that they said it fell from Heaven, while religious teachers, philosophers, poets, all have taught its importance. The great advantage of any self-study, which shows what our special gifts and corresponding defects are, is that it makes us both humble and hopeful! Self-conceit comes from a vague imagination of our possessing remarkable qualities and not from any real perception of what we are. Actual knowledge of one's self will show that some temptation surrounds every success; that new opportunities come with every failure; that our weakness has a force hidden somewhere, and that our strength, on which we pride ourselves, has its weaker part; as some one has said, "Our virtues and vices grow out of the same stem." We cannot always root out an evil tendency, but by the growth of truth and love we may be able to conquer the evils of the heart. Thus we see we are humbled while

thinking that our greatest success and highest gifts have their dangers, and are hopeful when we see that even our worst propensities can be turned to good.

We may study our complex nature, and, when we come to know it, we can animate and strengthen what is best, discouraging at the same time that which cannot work to our benefit. While we cannot invent circumstances we can select those which are favorable, and make use of the power to fix and solidify all our good qualities; and with the light of great examples to guide us—representatives of humanity in its best form—every one is not only justified, but bound in duty to aim at reaching the highest standard of character. Everywhere are found in man evidences of conscience, rewarding him when he does what he believes to be right, punishing when he falls into wrong. In all souls there is this instinctive sense of good and bad; morality itself is nothing if not respect for duty and principle, apart from all rewards they may bring. For if we do right in hope of some reward to follow, we are not acting conscientiously but from selfish motives. There are men we know possessed of active perceptive powers, while in others, the intuitional powers excel, being more shocked at the sight of injustice and more elevated by acts of benevolence. We take men with active perceptive powers as our guides, in respect to outward things, but quite often we look upon the men of intuition as visionaries. If they are so, we might well be proud to have their visions of infinite truth, beauty, and justice—their visions of the great realities of the spiritual world. They place before our minds great moral truths, which join us to God and eternity, and lay the foundations on which the stage of society, morality, the very worth of man depends. This is the instinct of the future and rests in faith and trust. While some have more, others less, it may be strengthened by exercise. We may look down or upward, upon our sorrows or our joys. All experience teaches us that we become that which we would make ourselves. If we wish to be of any use to ourselves and those around us, we cannot fear responsibilities; we must be ready to run a risk of failure, to expose ourselves, to be misunderstood, to encounter opposition, censure, dislike. All real life is a warfare. If we are real to our convictions, and

have a desire to obey conscience, we shall soon find ourselves in the heat and thick of battle. Think as others do, drift along with the masses, and no exertion is required; life is apparently one glad dream. But what reward will such a dreamer receive at last? The same as that bestowed upon him who exhibited in daily life, as well as on rare occasions, that moral courage, born of conscience, which he obtained by hard work? We reject the thought at once, and yet do we not live half forgetful that there is an end to all things? We forget that sterling qualities are necessary even in the minor events of life. True courage is what we want, not rashness, insensibility to danger; qualities of this kind which so often pass for courage—these are natural, while that is acquired by discipline and education; it consists in self-control, presence of mind, and devotion to what is good and true.

Closely associated with it is the love of truth; this quality alone makes men strong. He who follows with unfaltering steps the path of truth is lifted above fear; but sees through and beyond all impediments. What matter though the world criticise and perhaps condemn him? He may make mistakes but our glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fall; and in the end they fail and they alone who have not striven. When a man is able to rise above himself, only then he becomes truly strong. The very effort to advance, to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached, is inspiring, and we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction. Whoever, though, seeks to bring all power into his own hands for personal ends, no matter how high his standing, will surely decline and fall. We have this exemplified best, perhaps, in the first great French emperor. He knew that his campaign throughout was beset with unknown dangers; he saw the awful abyss before him but his ambition, which but answered the promptings of his vanity, cried out to him, Advance, go on; a Bonaparte may sway the sceptre as monarch of the whole world. Whose fall could have been greater? He had force of will with intellect which carried him to a great height of power but he lacked the principles of conscience, perhaps not

entirely but to a certain extent. When the fall came he would gladly have commenced life again, but we cannot always be taking the initiative and beginning anew.

We need to be carried forward by our daily work; this is one of the blessed influences which keep the soul strong. The sight of what there is to do, the feeling that whatever ought to be done, must not be passed over, and the trust that God will help us to do—with these incentives, who can predict for us failure? Nothing is so encouraging as the knowledge of what has been achieved by patience, wisdom, and determined purpose. We look back at the great men of history—Columbus, Washington, Milton and a host of wonderful characters, generally thinking only of their own success; their whole career seems to be one of steady triumph; but when we dwell upon their lives, we find them so checkered with difficulties of all kinds that we shrink from the very thought of what they have so bravely encountered; we desire the renown they have won for themselves, remembering not that to the victor alone belongs the spoils. We forget that life grows out of struggle, and that the greater the conflict the more deserving are we of the crown we would wear. The world gives its admiration to that worker who does best what multitudes do well.

Then it is excellence we must cultivate and this comes from constant, persevering efforts, directed towards a noble purpose to bring at the close its well-merited reward. 'Tis Perfection that crowns this excellence; she weaves the garland; 'tis hers to bestow. She stands ready to encircle the brow of him whose merits she is pleased to crown, but on that brow she must find clear and bright the name she herself has won.

—Maria Hamilton.

"Our homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody or discord are the members. If each is rightly attuned, they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument and destroys its sweetness."

It is He alone who knoweth the heart, the strength of the temptation, and the means of resisting it, that can determine the measure of the guilt.

—W. H. Prescott.

HE CONQUERS WHO ENDURES.

Hopeless the task to baffle care,
Or break through sorrow's thrall!
To shake thy yoke thou may'st not dare;
It would more keenly gall.
Through life's dark maze a sunnier way
This tranquil thought insures—
To know, let Fate do what she may,
He conquers who endures!

Vengeance for any cruel wrong
Bringeth a dark renown;
But fadeless wreaths to him belong
Who calmly lives it down;
Who scorning every mean redress,
Each recreant art abjures,
Safe in the noble consciousness,
He conquers who endures!

Who quells a nation's wayward will
May lord it on a throne;
But he's a mightier monarch still
Who vanquisheth his own.
No frown of Fortune lays him low,
No treacherous smile allures;
King of himself, through weal or woe,
He conquers who endures!

Mark the lone rock that grandly studs
The melancholy main—
The raving winds, the foaming floods,
Burst over it in vain.
In age majestic as in youth,
It stands unchanged, secure;
Symbol immortal of the truth—
They conquer who endure!

—Charles J. Dunphie.

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

AT the time our serial begins the dominant religion was the established one or that of the Church of England. It contained the well-known thirty nine Calvinistic articles, but these were interpreted by the clergy in general according to the more liberal principles of Arminianism, all other religions being tolerated.

Such was the condition of the British Isles when, about the first of June, 1837, Heber C. Kimball was called by the spirit of revelation and set apart by the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, then at Kirtland, Ohio, to preside over a mission in England, accompanied by Orson Hyde who was set apart for the same work at the same time. In a few days James Fielding was set apart, and on the eve of the 12th Williard Richards who had been away several months on a long journey, and had returned the day previous, was set apart for the same mission.

The following morning, Tuesday the 13th, these brethren gave the parting hand, bade farewell to home and loved ones and without purse or scrip started for England. These men displayed the spirit and genius of the work. To start out on a journey of near four thousand miles, under adverse circumstances and

among strangers, with no apparent prospects of sustenance or aid, required that faith and confidence in God and his word which is only born of a true discipleship in Christ.

They were accompanied twelve miles to Fairport by several Saints and there took a steamer for Buffalo where they arrived next day. At this place the brethren expected to receive some money from Canada to assist them on their journey, but were disappointed. They arrived in Albany on the 19th and by the 22d all were in New York. There providential aid was received and on July 1 they started on the Garrick for Liverpool.

During the one week they were in New York they lodged in an old store room, sleeping on straw placed on the floor, eating what cold victuals they could get and conversing with the people as they had opportunity. On the 29th the brethren sealed, superscribed, and forwarded one hundred and eighty of Orson Hyde's "Timely Warnings" to the ministers of the different denominations in the city. On the 16th of July Elder Hyde preached on the aft quarter deck and in twenty days they reached Liverpool.

Here the elders found themselves on a foreign shore, surrounded by strangers.

They immediately took lodging in a private house on Union street until after the inspection of the ship and on the 22d took coach for Preston. When they had alighted from the coach and were standing by their trunks in front of the hotel a large flag was unfurled over their heads on which was printed in golden letters, "Truth Will Prevail." At the sight of this their hearts rejoiced and they cried aloud, "Amen, thanks be unto God; truth will prevail."

During the day they secured lodgings, and in the evening they visited the Reverend James Fielding, a brother of Elder Fielding, then a preacher in the Vanshall chapel. He had previously been apprized of the coming forth of this work in America, through letters from his relatives and then had requested his church members to pray that God would send them his servants and exhorted the people to receive their message when they should come.

On the following Sunday, they went to hear the Reverend Fielding preach, and he announced that an elder of the Latter Day Saints would preach in the afternoon in his pulpit. This was voluntary on his part as no one had requested the privilege. In the afternoon Elder Kimball gave a brief history of the rise of the church and of the first principles of the gospel and Elder Hyde bore testimony. Elder Goodson preached in the evening and Joseph Fielding bore testimony. On Wednesday Elder Hyde preached and the Reverend Fielding closed his doors against them and began to oppose the work, stating that the elders had promised to say nothing about baptism in their sermons before he consented to let them preach in his pulpit, whereas the subject of the elders preaching had not been named between them before Mr. Fielding gave out the public appointment, much less (if possible) "that they would say nothing about baptism."

On Sunday, the 30th day of July, nine of Mr. Fielding's members offered themselves for baptism and Mr. Fielding presented himself before the elders and forbade their baptizing them, but he received for answer that they were of age and could act for themselves and the candidates were baptized by Elder Kimball. George D. Watt was the first who offered himself for baptism and he afterwards

became a staunch defender of the faith.

Elder Russell (who in connection with John Goodson and John Snyder of Canada had joined the brethren at New York) preached in the market place in the afternoon, and from that day the doors of private houses were opened on almost every hand for the elders. After a night of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving the brethren separated, Goodson and Richards going to Bedford in one of the south Midland counties as before described, Russel and Snyder going on a mission to Alston.

The Rev. Fielding continued to oppose the doctrine of baptism for a season, but, finding that he was likely to lose all his best members, he offered to baptize them himself; but they, being aware that he had no authority, declined his friendly offer whereupon he engaged the Rev. Giles, a Baptist minister in Preston, of as little authority as himself, to do the baptizing for his flock, but the iniquitous scheme succeeded little better than the other as only one came forward to his baptism.

Mr. Fielding's people also stated that he acted the part of a hypocrite and deceived them when he read the letters to them in public which he received from America, by keeping back those parts which treated on baptism, which, since the foregoing failure, he had opposed.

Miss Jenneta Richards was the first one confirmed in England. She was visiting friends in Preston, but soon returned home to Walkerford to her father's house and informed him relative to what she had done and requested him to send for Elder Kimball. Mr. Richards complied and in response Elder Kimball arrived on Saturday evening, and the following day preached three times in Mr. Richard's pulpit to crowded assemblies, twice the following week and also the next Sunday, being kindly and courteously entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Richards. Six persons were baptized within the week.

After a short visit to Preston, where Elder Hyde continued preaching and baptizing, Elder Kimball returned to Walkerford, the work soon spreading in the neighborhood, and from there going forth to Clitheroe, Waddington, Downham, Chatburn, Thornly, and Ribchester through the labors of Kimball and Fielding.

On Wednesday, August 2, Elders Good-

son and Richards arrived in Bedford and, having letters of introduction to the Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, they immediately repaired to his residence, while he, in turn, expressed great joy at their arrival and manifested his sincerity by walking arm in arm with the elders through the streets of Bedford, calling on the members of his church and extending invitations to attend the lecture of the elders at his chapel vestry that evening.

Mr. Matthews had lately been apprized of the Saints in America through the medium of Reverend Fielding. He was also a brother-in-law of Elder Fielding. In the evening his church assembled in the vestry and Goodson and Richards addressed them, as also on the three following evenings with the entire approbation of the Reverend Matthews, who, at the close of the lectures, publicly bore testimony to the truth advanced and called upon his people to know why they did not come forward for baptism, while they in return wished to know why he did not set them the example.

After this he (Matthews) engaged another house in the neighborhood for the elders under the pretense that some of the proprietors of the chapel might not be disposed to allow the elders to longer occupy the "vestry." He continued to attend and spent a major portion of each day with the brethren in conversation. He told the elders that he had received two ordinations, one from Bishop West, whom he had proven to be an imposter and another from the Church of England, which he acknowledged to have descended from the Church of Rome, and he further acknowledged that he had no authority from God.

On the tenth five were baptized by Elder Goodson. Soon after this Mr. Joseph Saville a member of Mr. Matthews' church desired baptism, but, wishing his pastor to be baptized at the same time, waited on him in connection with the elders, and Matthews and Saville mutually agreed to meet the elders on the banks of the river Ouse, at a specified hour in the afternoon, as both wished to be baptized. At the appointed hour Mr. Saville and the elders were there, but Matthews did not make his appearance, and after an hour's wait, Mr. Saville was baptized. The elders returned to Mr. Matthew's home to learn the cause of his non-appear-

ance and were informed by his family that he had gone out in the country to preach.

In a day or two it was currently reported that he had baptized himself, and this was afterwards confirmed by his wife, who stated to Elder Kimball at Preston, that he had done so, reasoning on this principle, "If I have authority to administer the sacrament to my people, why have I not authority to baptize, etc.?" This he did, after he had acknowledged that he "had no authority to administer in the ordinances of God's house," and altogether regardless of the injunctions of Scripture. Here we see the straits to which men will go in order to maintain their preconceived ideas in contradistinction to the word of God.

From that time he commenced to preach baptism and to baptize all those who felt it their duty to be baptized, and then invited them to the "penitent form" to get a remission of sins, but finding that would not answer all the designs he intended, he afterwards began to baptize for the remission of sins. He kept on adding one thing to another in imitation of truth as fast as it answered his purpose, but it was some time before he arrived at the heaven-daring, conscience-seared hardihood to lay hands on those he baptized for the reception of the Holy Ghost, while at the same time he acknowledged that he was not in possession of it himself by praying that he might receive it.

He called his church the "Latter Day Saints" while, before that, he had been crying in public and private that the Latter Day Saints and their doctrines came from hell, and that the brethren were false prophets. In seeking thus to secure prestige among the people without conforming to the claims of God's servants, he dismally failed, and only made his weakness the more prominent.

In Preston the work was attacked by a Rev. Atkins, and although he and Fielding did all they could to injure the influence of the elders they only became the more painfully aware that they were adding fuel to the flame, and the work spread far and wide, and on the 6th of August, Elders Kimball, Fielding, and Hyde addressed a large concourse of people in the market place amid the most bitter persecution. On the same evening some forty or more of those previously

baptized were confirmed. Most of these had originally been members of the church over which the Rev. Fielding presided and it only made that gentleman's ire the more intense as in this he saw the loss of his means of livelihood.

Meanwhile the brethren at Alston were not idle. Through their instrumentality a branch had been organized and the work began to spread. Soon branches were organized at Clitheroe, Waddington, Downham, Ribchester, Eccleston, Whittle, Leylandmoss, Dauber's Lane, Thornley, Chorley, Euxton, Hexkin and other places.

Some years previous to this the principles of the Temperance Society (originally established in America) were introduced in England, and Preston was the first town to receive them. Among the many interesting and valuable things taught by the Temperance people was that, "Temperance was the fore-runner of the gospel," which properly proved true; for when the fulness of the gospel came from

America to England it was first preached at Preston, and through the influence of the Temperance Society the Saints procured the use of the Temperance hall.

On December 25, 1837, a conference was held in the "cock pit" at Preston, with three hundred Saints in attendance, and the ordinances of the house of God were attended to. By March, 1838, the church had extended to Penwortham, Longton, South Port, Hunters, Hill Charley, Bessingbourne, and Peter's Green and the membership had increased to hundreds. On April 1 a second conference was held at Preston at which Joseph Fielding was chosen to preside over the church in England.

At this conference there were twenty baptisms, forty confirmations, and sixty children blessed as well as the ordinations of several elders, priests, teachers, and deacons. During this conference one session was held for eight hours without intermission.

LESS THAN A YEAR IN THE KINGDOM.

TWO sisters who were members of the Washington, Daviess county, Indiana branch, are the subjects of whom we write. Under the labors of Elder L. F. Daniel, among others who joined the church, were these two. The marked spiritual advancement made by these dear departed ones, and the premonition to them, as also to the writer, of their departure, together with the experiences of the last hours of their illness, occasion the writing of this. The lateness of the writing of this is not apologized for, other than to say that it has been delayed in consequence of such obstacles as have barred the performance of many meritorious tasks. This, it is hoped, will be ample to those who are especially concerned.

On August 22, 1891, when first alighting on Indiana soil, as a minister for Christ, among others to make the social call was Sr. Julia Spurgeon, whose mien evinced that she had partaken of the true spirit of the work of latter days. During some three weeks of service, marked interest and devotion for the work of God

were manifest in Julia's cooperation. One testimony she bore, though only in the work a few months, sparkled with a bright conception of God's work and impressed the writer most signally. How I longed that all the young might drink such deep and fresh draughts at the fountain of spiritual life as she had! The impression came to me uninvited that her earthly pilgrimage would be brief, which impression was sacredly kept by me.

Returning in December, she was found prostrate in sickness from which, on December 16, she was set free and entered into rest. During the interval between August and December at times she had spoken of how she desired to be buried, which relatives discouraged her in relating, but, ever and anon, she would refer to it. Among her other requests was that she be clothed in plain white and without jewelry, as she would be through with earth and earthly things. While her sickness was not abated, her faith and trust were implicit in God and his work. Could she have expressed herself as the lamp of life went out, no doubt rare gems

would have been added to her bright career as a Latter Day Saint. Her earthly pilgrimage was marked by but seventeen years; her time in the church, by half so many months. In his mercy and loving kindness, God who "knoweth the end from the beginning," had given his grace as her day required.

The other of whom we write, Sr. Mary Alice Black was in the church one year, less one hour, and was one of two young women to brook the tide of public opinion. She also preceded her husband and relatives into the fold of God. The writer, also, first met her in August at her home when visiting there with Elder Daniel. Fond of the songs of Zion and Elder Daniel as a singer, she requested him to sing, and her request was cheerfully responded to, but not amply enough as Sr. Alice thought. Impressed there and then, though she was in fair health, that her time would be short, the writer was pained that she should be denied; for her privileges to attend meeting were few.

During the December visit to that vicinity and after the funeral occasion of Sr. Julia, without disclosing the former premonition respecting Alice, accompanied by her younger Sister Maggie, Alice was visited. At a later visit, Alice was found ill, and from her illness she was released by the "silent messenger" on February 2, 1892, having made beforehand her burial clothes, over the protest of her mother, and having asked her mother to raise her babe, as many weeks before it was born as she lived after its birth. Conscious that she would die, she preferred not to be administered to, but asked for the singing of hymns and prayer on several occasions. Nos. 621 and 1024, two of her favorite hymns, were invariably desired and truly sung by the aid of the Spirit and with the understanding. She asked the writer to preach her funeral sermon. When her babe was blessed she remarked, "There, now, that is done." She pleaded with her husband and secured his promise to obey the gospel, which, five days later, he faithfully performed. Her Brother Charles was, also, so appealed to and, also, so fulfilled his pledge. Parents and others were entreated and admonished, so that in the haven of rest they might meet again.

To the writer, as to others, it was one of the most sacred of days and one of the

grandest experiences of life. Sorrow for the bereaved could not be suppressed; joy comfort, and peace were as irrepressible over the fruits of the gospel, manifest with the dear, departing one in her triumphant faith. Rank enemies of the work freely confessed that Alice died the death of the righteous.

Never shall I forget how the singing of the last verse of No. 621 in the funeral service appealed to heart and mind as though it were a voice from the other shore, appealing for faithful performance of duty for Christ.

"Be faithful, ye heralds, for crowns of rejoicing,
And bright palms of victory are waiting for you;
Repeat the glad story, with hearts and with voices,
Proclaim the glad tidings to Gentile and Jew."

Like Julia, Alice had made marked spiritual advancement and was permitted to converse to the last. Requesting a season of song and prayer just before the flight of her tried spirit, she charged those so engaging that, should she fall asleep while they were so engaged, they must not cease. And so it was. She fell asleep in Jesus to wake in the resurrection morning of the just.

Perfect peace, holy calm, and joy marked the entire day of her burial.

Stamped in memory as never before was the beautiful, poetic line, "As thy day, so thy succor shall be." The Infinite One measures to each, as needed, help along the journey, and to those whose days are but few, the larger measure needed. How wondrous the provision of God for his dutiful children, which all may become through the gospel "as restored to earth again!" How grand for the young to so embark on life's tempestuous sea, how appropriate for the older, and how needful for all, in these days of storm, tempest, flood, calamity, and the long-possessed knowledge that life is "but a span."

Poor sad humanity
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:—
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.
—Longfellow.

DAILY FOOD.

THE wants of our nature call for the supply that an all-wise Father hath amply provided, and our spiritual being is equally in need of being fed, and I believe that the same hand that so abundantly provides that which perishes will also provide food for the soul. With this idea in mind, I will arrange scriptural language as *daily food*:—

MONDAY.

We must first be sure that we are right; then it will be safe to proceed in the path of duty. "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

Having made a proper beginning we will be able to sing:—

"Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God.
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood."

Those who thus obtain grace with their Lord and abide in the works of faith the prophet thus describes: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Those who live by faith are never neglectful of duty, in either health or sickness, heat or cold, prosperity or adversity, in fair or foul weather.

TUESDAY.

After we become fixed in the principle of faith, we are ready to take a step upward and be that much nearer the goal of desire, and God for our good imposed this: "He gave commandment that all men must repent, for he showed unto all men that they were lost because of the transgression of their parents." That we might escape the consequence of the early misfortune that befell our race, we may obtain favor with God by repenting of our sins, and plead:—

"A broken heart, my God, my King.
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice."

Those who enjoy the benefit of repent-

ance should enlist in the holy cause of saving others from the pitfalls of sin, and "Call upon all nations to repent, both old and young, both bond and free, saying, Prepare yourselves for the great day of the Lord."

There are many glittering chains enslaving those around us. It is therefore important that our ear should not be dull in hearing the invitation to repent, and in urging others to do likewise.

WEDNESDAY.

Having found peace with God, in repentance, our confidence increasing, we take courage and boldly ask for a full pardon of past sins, when inspiration comes, and influences us to do as the ancient people did, and with them we too may be justified. "And all the people who heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptized of him." This may be distasteful from false education in things of the divine life, but if faith and repentance have prepared our hearts and minds, we can say:—

"Jesus, we come at thy command;
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,—
A lively emblem of the grave."

Should any object to the ordinance of baptism for the remission of sin, and still profess an anxiety to gain eternal life, we would urge: "If this be the desire of your hearts what have you against being baptized in the name of the Lord, as a witness before him that ye have entered into a covenant that ye will serve him and keep his commandments?" Pilgrim from earth to heaven, before you press an objection against any gospel principle, consider that you are the feeble creature that opposeth the all-wise Creator, and that the difference between your knowledge and wisdom and his is infinite.

THURSDAY.

We have progressed in the doctrine of Christ as far as humanity can go, and unless divine help be immediately furnished, we will utterly fail of obtaining the crown and the palm. Light dawns on our pathway in the following: "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall

hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come." With the aid of this God-granted light no mistake can be made, provided we are submissive to the will and law of God, which is ever unchangeable, and as the poet has truthfully expressed it,—

"The law of the gospel is perfect,
The means of salvation to man;
It remaineth the same forever,—
It is God's unchangeable plan.
No part can ever be abolished,
Nor an ordinance laid aside,
While humanity awaits redemption,
Or the heart is unsanctified."

The method of old and now of obtaining the Holy Spirit is "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost," and those who are thus led need not walk in darkness, nor fear the untried future.

FRIDAY.

The common lot of the race is death, and the wisdom of the wise cannot prevent this change overtaking all alike, and if death is our portion, and the grave our destination, our religion is a failure, and our hope a deception, but God hath provided better things for his children. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." This promise should dispel doubt and drive speculation in regard to the coming forth, off of the "debatable ground," and by its certainty, put each to preparing for the full redemption, as manifested in the glorious resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord. We may now by works of righteousness prepare to praise our God in song, and take part in the world jubilee, for that happy day is nearing, and the awe inspires the soul.

"The morn of redemption,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear."

What ecstasy will fill the waiting soul, expecting to triumph over all ills, and to enter into the full fruition of the redeemed. "This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy are they who have part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." This brings us almost to the throne of God, and our eternal inheritance.

SATURDAY.

There are but few who would object to equal justice being meted to all who have sojourned amidst earth's inconstant trials and strife, and God has promised to all in the act of his judgment that they shall obtain justice that shall be in righteousness. "And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth."

No fair-minded individual would complain with such treatment. Vividly the mind goes forward in time, and we see those who file to the right, wear a smile of relief and peace, while those who are sent to the left stand aghast, and fear mars their countenances, as they breathlessly listen to:—

"The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word."

None may escape the eternal judgment, and none should desire to escape it, for it is God's eternal plan, founded in equity and justice to every son and daughter of Adam. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive a reward of the deeds done in the body; things according to what he hath done, whether good or bad." Much more might be added on this wonderful principle of judgment, but I forbear.

SUNDAY.

In preparing this "bill of fare" of "daily food," I have the first last, and I trust it shall prove to be the "best wine," even that which will inspire us to sacrifice every wish and desire that would hinder our progress in the "divine life." "And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the works of their hands." This is no "word painting," or fancy of a dreamer, but the solid words of heavenly truth, revealed to comfort the distressed, and incite the weak

to struggle on to the weary end, with certainty of obtaining the promise:

"There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more."

The notes of this music will increase until all the hosts of earth and heaven will unite in singing as there will be fulfilled the vision of the prisoner on the Isle of Patmos: "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I

heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for former things are passed away."

When we reach this grand Sabbath of the world, and are permitted to bask in the happiness of that mild reign of Christ, our soul will be satisfied, and not a wave to trouble our tranquil sea of peace and unending rest. Pilgrim, eat of this manna daily.

ROBT. M. ELVIN.

COMING DOWN.

THE "country parson," in one of his essays, has brought into view the difference between "giving up" and "coming down," an essay which may be specially commended to a class of over-ambitious people, who, aiming too high, lose heart by failure, and give up all aspiring efforts, instead of gracefully coming down to the level of their ability, and on that plane doing earnest work in the world.

A case in point is that of a friend. He was, when quite a young man, over-weeningly ambitious. As a boy at school, he sought to be first among his companions, ahead in the class, and leader on the playground. But, as his range of intellect fell below that of certain other boys, who, if not ambitious to stand higher than the rest, still towered above them by virtue of natural growth, he was continually in the experience of humiliations, and full of jealousies. It was a common thing for him to retire from the playground, because another boy was selected to a post of honor which he desired to fill, thus giving up and sulking, instead of coming down to the place assigned him by general consent, and filling it for his own pleasure and the gratification of his schoolmates. It was also a common thing for him to lose temper, pout, and grow sullen, if rivalled in an advance position in the class through superior scholarship in another boy. From this cause he gave much annoyance to the teachers,

and involved himself in unpleasant discipline, and often in severe punishments.

Such was my friend at school. In selecting a pursuit in life, this weakness of character came in as a determining element. He must, in some way, stand out from, and above the common mass. He must be distinguished in the eyes of his fellows. His father, a careful, plodding man of trade, who had always managed to lay up something every year, was desirous that his son should, on leaving school, enter his store, and qualify himself to take part in a well-established and sure business, but Asa Grant—that was my friend's name—shrunk back from such an absorption of himself into the undistinguishable mass of common men. His was a higher ambition.

There was trouble at home about this choice of occupation. Old Mr. Grant was a plain, blunt man of the world, of limited education, but shrewd. He looked straight through pretension, and read the characters of most men as easily as he could read the pages of a book. Of his son's calibre he knew sufficient to be well convinced that, as a professional man, he could never rise above respectable mediocrity; and the worldly, or rather, money advantages appertaining to that position in law, medicine, or theology, were so much below what he could promise his son in a prosecution of the business he had founded, that he was insensible to all

arguments on the side against which he had arrayed himself.

But Mrs. Grant, the mother of Asa, who in marrying, had gone down a little—so thought her family of proud good-for-nothings, and so felt she—was entirely on her son's side. She was an ambitious mother, and encouraged her boy in his aspirations. Law and medicine were both discussed, slow and toilsome ways to distinction. Asa looked along the dreary vista that opened in advance of him, as he soberly debated a choice between these two professions, and at times his heart would fail. No wonder that he hesitated. There was no royal road to eminence for him. He must win the goal, if at all, like an Olympian racer, through strength and speed.

My friend did not lack conceit. He rated his intellectual powers at a high average. No modest doubts were likely to hold him back from a contest in any arena. His decision was bending in favor of law, influenced by certain triumphs in a debating club, because, as a lawyer, he would get more distinctly in range of the public eye than as a physician, when an event occurred that changed the whole direction of his thoughts. This event was a "revival" in the church to which his parents belonged. Drawn into the sphere of this, and making, in consequence, certain new acquaintances among clergymen and young men piously inclined, the leading impulses of his mind opened the way for a new influx of ideas. The pulpit was to become his arena.

So my friend elected to study for the ministry. After sundry contests with his father on the subject, in which his mother was uniformly on his side, the old gentleman yielded a reluctant consent, and Asa went for a couple of years to a theological seminary. Here our ways separated, and we met, afterwards, only at infrequent intervals, though, by letter, we often held communication. Notwithstanding the weak side of Grant's character, he had many good qualities, and I was sincerely attached to him. After leaving college he was invited to fill a pulpit in a small town of New Jersey. In a letter received from him at this time, and while debating whether to accept or decline the invitation, he said: "I can't think of burying myself in a little country village, among boorish and

illiterate people. I have talents and aspirations for something better." My answer to this sentence was: "The work that comes to your hand, do with all your might. If I understand it, the souls of boorish and illiterate people, as you call them, are quite as precious in God's eyes as the souls of the most refined and educated. Bear in mind, my friend, that you have entered upon his work, and do not hesitate about going to any part of the field his providence may indicate." He replied from the parish which had given him his first call, informing me that he had concluded to accept, and giving as his chief reason the pulpit practice he would gain.

He remained two years in this place, seeking, during the time, all available opportunities to exchange with other ministers, in order to get before as many congregations as possible, and thus acquire something beyond a local reputation. He also wrote for the various periodicals of his church, generally signing his name to his articles, or in some way indicating their authorship. I often received copies of these articles, marked for my special attention. They were tolerably well written, but only from the memory. I could rarely find a trace of original thought. At the end of two years, and after the event of preaching three unsuccessful trial sermons before a New York congregation that was seeking for a minister, my friend resigned his pulpit, and came home to his father's to recreate, and also to work for a call from some better parish than the one under the bushel of which he had been hiding his light. Rather than "come down" to the level of humbler duties that fitted his tastes, he was willing to "give up," at least for a while.

A year of unsatisfying idleness was followed by the acceptance of another call from a country parish. "I am going to bury myself again." So he wrote on leaving for his new home. This sentence tells the story of his state. Here he preached, and wrote for the church periodicals, and aspired to a more notable position for two or three years, when a party in the congregation, that saw through him, became strong enough to induce a resignation. Half disgusted with his profession, my friend went home, and spent another period of fretful in-

action. What particularly galled him was the fact that ministers, far his inferior in every way, according as he estimated them, were selected for the most desirable places, while he, to use his own language, was "left out in the cold."

Ten years afterwards I met my friend again. During this interval of time I had nearly lost sight of him, our paths in life having taken a strong divergence. Stepping from a railroad car at a watering station, near a village in central New York, I met Grant on the platform. The meeting was one of genuine pleasure on both sides. I had only left the car in order to stretch my limbs and get a few drafts of pure air, while the engineer supplied himself with water; but my friend insisted that I should give him a day or two, for the sake of "auld lang syne," and as my journey was for health, not business, I yielded on short debate. A drive of half an hour, through pleasant country lanes, in my friend's carriage, brought me to a snug cottage, just outside of a thrifty looking village, into which I was ushered, and presented to Mrs. Grant, whom I had never seen before. My friend had been married seven years. His wife impressed me, at the first glance, as a woman of character and cultivation. Her eyes were large and serious, and rested on my face, as she offered her hand, with a look of searching inquiry. I noticed this peculiarity—the look of inquiry, almost suspicious—and it gave me a feeling of discomfort. It was so much taken from the cordial welcome of my friend. Apart from this, my impression of Mrs. Grant was favorable, and I was soon aware that she was a woman of more than common intelligence.

It was late in the afternoon when I arrived. Tea was served early, and after tea we went to my friend's study, his wife, who had become interested in our conversation, accompanying us. It was natural that I should inquire as to my friend's life and prospects. This was a subject nearest his heart, as quickly appeared. "I am simply buried in this place," was his response, in a dissatisfied voice.

I noticed a movement in his wife, and glancing towards her, saw that she was looking regretfully, almost sadly, at her husband.

"How large is your congregation?" I asked.

"Not above three hundred average attendance," he replied, in a depreciating tone. "A congregation of three hundred poorly educated people, in an out-of-the-way country town, is a settlement, after some twelve or fourteen years in the ministry, wholly outside of my poorest anticipations. I looked for something higher, as you well know. For a wider sphere, an arena worthy of myself."

I noticed a shadow falling over his wife's face as he thus talked. Not venturing a response, my friend continued:—

"I am about discouraged. Men of half my ability—pardon this seeming egotism; but every man knows, or ought to know, the range of his capacity as compared with that of others—are preferred before me, and selected by city congregations that I could serve with double their effectiveness. There is something wrong in all this; management and underhand work, I must conclude. Forgive my reference to an unpleasant subject, but I am feeling sore just now.

"A parish in Albany was vacant, and I was invited to spend a few weeks there and preach, in order that the people might have an opportunity of seeing and hearing me. I went as desired, and preached four times. I never had a more attentive and sympathetic audience, never was more in freedom, never liked a people in their social relations, as far as I came in contact with them, half so well as I liked the people of that parish. I could understand them, and they could understand me. Two months have passed since my visit, and during all that time I daily looked for a call. Imagine my disappointment, my chagrin, on opening our church paper yesterday, to find announced the call to this very congregation of a third-rate man, brother to one of the most influential members. I am disgusted at all this! It doesn't suit me. The right man should be in the right place. He is not in the right place, and I am not in mine. After thirteen years of unappreciated and nearly fruitless labor in the ministry, I have about reached the conclusion that it is time to abandon the field."

I saw the shadow falling more heavily over his wife's face; saw moisture gathering in her large eyes, that were dwelling upon him.

"Three hundred souls," I remarked, in the silence that followed his concluding sentence, speaking deliberately, and with an impressiveness of manner that corresponded with my feelings, "are precious fruits, if you can garner them in the harvest time."

A light flashed over Mrs. Grant's countenance, and she gave me a single grateful look, that was a revelation of her state; then rising, at the call of a child, she left the study. Her husband regarded me in evident surprise, and some perplexity of thought. He had not anticipated such a response.

"Three hundred souls, committed to your care by God, make your position one of high responsibility," I resumed, as his wife closed the door, and we were alone. "Shall I speak out freely of what is now in my thought, or will you regard the plain speech of an old friend as intrusive?"

"Hold nothing back. I know your heart."

There was a low thrill in his voice, as if from the presence of sudden pain or dread. Evidently, my language had formed the basis in his mind of some startling convictions.

"I see that time and experience have not changed you in one particular," I said.

"What?"

"As a young man you were ambitious."

"I was, and I am."

"Ambitious for what?"

"To excel," he replied. "To be first in whatever I undertake."

"For the sake of excellence or use?" I queried.

"For the sake of use, I hope." But his voice dropped from its tone of confidence.

I did not resume immediately, that he might have time to look inward, in self-examination.

"Let me suggest a query," I said, after a brief silence.

"Say on." He shrunk a little in his arm-chair, as if bracing himself for a painful thrust.

"Perhaps we had better change the subject, and talk pleasantly of old times."

"No-no," he replied, firmly, "Say on. You have opened a window in my thoughts, through which a few rays of light are streaming. Perhaps you can give me more light. At any rate I wish to hear."

I then said:—

"Has it never occurred to you, that a humbler estimate of your abilities than the one you have maintained, might be nearer the truth? That, in fact, you have always soared, in thought, too high; and that, to be really useful, according to the range of your ability, you must come down to your work in a lower sphere?"

It was painful to see the effect of this, striking as it did at his very selfhood, at the very life-impulses of his whole character. His face grew very pale; his lips fell slowly apart; his eyes rounded into an almost frightened stare.

"It will not do," I continued, "for God's minister to act over his schoolboy weaknesses, to refuse to spell because another has got above him in the class, to give up because he must go down."

He covered his face with his hands, that he might conceal from me the emotions he could not repress. I saw that a low quiver was running through his frame.

"God forbid that I should say this, my friend, to hurt! I speak from high regard, from my yearning wish to serve. I meet you, in a great crisis of your life, at a point where two ways open before you, and I am concerned that you take the right way. I find you with three hundred souls in charge, yet complaining that you have not scope and verge enough. The Lord of the vineyard may possibly know best; and I think you will be happier if you diligently work the field where he has placed you; if you come down to a sphere lower than your ambition has desired, and, doing your duty, leave all the rest to him."

For the space of several minutes he sat with his face still hidden. I was in doubt whether I had helped or offended him. But I had gone as far as I thought prudent, and so awaited his response. It came. Withdrawing his hands from his face, that was still pale, but now wearing a subdued aspect, he said: "What a revelation of myself you have given! In all these dissatisfied, unprofitable years, I have been striving for a position; seeking for the praise of men; contending for honors, instead of bringing my life down into my work with the sole end of doing good. You have hurt me in a tender place; you have revealed my nakedness, but you are the truest friend of my life, and even in this moment of

bitter suffering I offer thanks. Three hundred souls to care for; three hundred souls to lead heavenward—and yet impatient for a wider sphere! If not faithful with three hundred, shall I be trusted with thousands?"

The study door opened quietly, and his wife came in. My friend ceased speaking.

"Am I intruding?" Mrs. Grant paused a few steps from the door.

"Not at all," was my answer, rising to make room for her.

But her eyes were on her husband's countenance. She saw in it a great change. It was for him to say whether her presence was acceptable or not.

"Sit down, Margaret." He spoke kindly, yet very soberly. I noticed that her face was full of eager questionings, and that she looked on him with a most tender, yet anxious concern.

"I shall not leave here, Margaret." I saw her countenance lighten.

"I shall not abandon my work because it lies out of the sphere of general observation, and does not reward me with the praises of men. God helping me, I will come down to it in a spirit of self-denial and self-devotion, justly accordant with the office I have assumed."

It was as if a gleam of sunshine had been flung across the face of Mrs. Grant. I saw her eyes glisten.

"Go up to it, rather," I said, "on the stairway of spiritual ascent, up, interiorly, to higher planes of life and usefulness. The coming down of which you speak is only a descent on the external and worldly side, in order that you may rise on the inner and spiritual side to mountain heights that reach upward into heaven."

Mrs. Grant turned and looked at me while I spoke, with a glad and grateful expression. I noticed that she had little to say, and that when she did speak her words were guarded, lest her husband's sensitive pride should in any way be hurt, and thus obscurity of mind follow. She saw the true way opening before him, and trembled in fear of some obstruction that might turn him aside ere sufficient progress were made to show him the better country through which he was journeying.

As we sat at breakfast on the next morning, I spoke of leaving in the afternoon. My friend would not hear to it;

and his wife, who had received me with almost a suspicious scrutiny, joined warmly in her husband's plea, that I would remain at least another day. "Not yet," she said, on the following afternoon, as I sat alone with her, and, in a pause of the conversation, referred to the succeeding day as that of my departure. "Remain a little longer with us. You are the truest friend my husband has known, for you have helped him to an understanding of himself. The thought of his giving up because dissatisfied with the sphere of labor in which God's providence has placed him, instead of coming right down with earnestness into his work, pained me beyond expression. I could not help him with my woman's reasonings; and my perceptions did not penetrate his thoughts. He could not see as I saw, nor feel as I felt; and I knew that he was drifting away from safe anchorage. God sent you in the right time, and put right words in your mouth. Stay yet a little longer, and speak other words, each of which shall be as a nail in a sure place."

My visit was prolonged for nearly a week. On leaving my friend he said, as he held my hand with a tight grip:—

"I will be no longer as a schoolboy, pouting and giving up because I cannot be head; but a man, doing the best I can wherever I am."

"And thus," I answered, "you will grow wiser, better, and stronger every day, and, like water, find by an unfailing law, the level of your ability."

In the years that followed my friend went up to a higher place, both externally and internally. A weak ambition had hindered a just development of his powers. But in coming down to the work in hand, and entering into it with a patient effort to do it well, he naturally grew wiser and stronger, and, in due time, was called to richer and broader fields where he now labors.

In "going down" he had not "given up," and here lay the secret of his right development.

—Selected.

By two wings a man is lifted up from earthly things, namely, by simplicity and purity. Simplicity ought to be in our intention, purity in our affections. Simplicity doth tend toward God; purity doth apprehend and taste him.

—Thomas A' Kempis

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

In the quiet nursery chambers,
 Snowy pillows still unpressed,
 See the forms of little children,
 Kneeling, white robed for their rest,
 All in quiet nursery chambers,
 While the dusky shadows creep,
 Hear the voices of the children,—
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the meadow and the mountain
 Calmly shine the winter stars,
 But across the glistening lowlands
 Slant the moonlight's silvery bars,
 In the silence and the darkness—
 Darkness growing still more deep,
 Listen to the little children,
 Praying God their souls to keep,

"If we die,"—so pray the children,
 And the mother's head droops low,
 (One from her fold is sleeping
 Deep beneath the winter's snow)—
 "Take our souls," and past the casement
 Flits a gleam of crystal light,
 Like the trailing of his garments
 Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
 Listening at the gate of life,
 Hearing far away the murmur
 Of the tumult and the strife;
 We who fight beneath those banners,
 Meeting ranks of foeman there,
 Find a deeper, broader meaning
 In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
 Which to-day you watch from far,
 When your deeds shall shape the conflict,
 In this universal war,
 Pray to him the God of battles,
 Whose strong eye can never sleep,
 In the warring of temptation.
 Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the conflict ends and slowly
 Clears the smoke from out the skies,
 When far down the purple distance
 All the noise of battle dies,
 When the last night's solemn shadows
 Settle down on you and me,
 May the love that never faileth,
 Take our souls eternally.

—Churchman.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XII.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

HUNTING hen's nests was a favorite pastime, especially in the early spring, so that we might have a feast of eggs in store for "Easter Sunday." I did not know why we ate more eggs on that day than on any other. I only know that we *did*, and supposed everybody had to. And, being very fond of eggs, we looked forward to "Easter" morning with a pleasure very much akin to that of Christmas morning. Our flock of laying hens was not large, consequently there had to be "thought" taken some time beforehand or our feast would be small on that day. Tamza did the planning on all such occasions; and, if she was with us, we entered into the work of nest hunting with a keen enjoyment, feeling it a double pleasure if we had a leader. And she in turn enjoyed the relaxation of a half hour's stroll about the premises,

with we two younger girls as her willing agents, ready to go, or do, as she suggested for, being the eldest daughter she had many household cares and duties. This given half hour was at noon, just after we had finished our dinners.

Mother usually remained in her place at the table, to wait on the smaller children, who came after we were done. It was one of my father's eccentricities not to have any children at the table who were not old enough to wait on themselves when once helped. He was a lover of order, and could not enjoy a meal if there was tumult or confusion, such as a little child or two causes at the table. Besides, he affirmed that mother should eat her dinner while it was fresh and hot, and not be robbed of all the enjoyment of it by continually waiting on, or feeding the little ones.

So, while these little ones were eating, was our time for recreation except in hurried seasons. And this was our op-

portunity for nest-hunting until we had satisfied ourselves that there was no hidden nests on the farm. We would search in every available place where a hen was likely or unlikely to make a nest, and every stump, clump of weeds, or of brush was duly examined. Then the loft over the woodshed, the hay-mows and scaffolds, and not only in the barn, but under it also. The result of such searches were more often a torn and soiled dress than a nest of eggs. How I did wish my dresses and aprons would not tear so easily, when Sophy's were hardly ever torn. We had the privilege of storing away all the eggs that we found or gathered from what was called "outside nests."

I will cite one occasion: Easter was drawing near, and we had not in reserve nearly so many eggs as we desired. Tamzie thought there must be some nests away under the barn. Accordingly we set apart a certain nooning for a more thorough search. Owing to the unevenness of the ground where the barn stood one corner (at the front) rested on a heavy block which was over two feet high, while the other three corners were only on low blocks; and these had settled so that the frame work which was of heavy hewn timbers, was very near the ground. It was quite easy for a small person to crouch down and creep between the beams part way. Being the smallest of the trio, and the most reckless, I was the one sent into such places. This day I had gone all about the fore part, on my feet to be sure, but in a very doubled-up attitude alternately bumping my head against the flooring and my chin against my kees. When half way under, the opening suddenly became much less, and there was no way to get under the beams but to lay flat down and drag myself along by my arms and the aid of my toes. When once under, there would be room enough to creep. How dirty and dusty it was under there. But the thought of finding a nest of eggs impelled me onward. I was near the far end of the barn, had gone under one beam where I had not been before, but there was quite an opening, at least I got through without much difficulty and had dragged myself along between the ground and flooring in hopes to find a prize. I had been out of the girls' sight much longer than usual, owing to the difficulty of moving

about, when a call came from them to know if I had found any eggs.

"No!" I answered, "but I see a place where something has been going under a beam. It is pretty dark under here, but I think I see feathers."

"Well, crawl under and see," said Tamzie.

"But I can't! The place ain't big enough."

"O yes you can, if you try."

"But what if I should get stuck."

It is awful dark under here."

"See, if you can get your head through," shouted Tamza, "and if you can, you will get through all right."

I laid the side of my face down on the ground and commenced the process. The upper side of my face was scratched against the beam, while the under side rubbed the damp ground pretty closely; but I got it through. Then it took some dragging, squeezing, and wiggling before I got my body through. I began to think I should have to stay there forever unless I was dug out. And when I did get through, there was so much loose dirt and fine chaff-dust that had sifted through the flooring, being immediately under the cow's mangers, that I thought I would smother, breathing it in my mouth and nostrils. And when occasionally my head came in contact with the well-filled cobwebs, I got an extra shower. I commenced to drag myself farther in where I thought the nest was.

But hark! There was a hissing noise. Could it be a rattlesnake? I think my hair stood on end, and my heart stood still. How I did wish I had not gone under there. Presently it came again, "something louder than before." I recognized the sound, and with a feeling of relief I murmured, "Oh, you're a goose." The appellation suited well for both of us. Yes, it was mother's gray goose, which had been missing for some time. She had decoyed me in that dreadful place, and now how was I going to turn around and get out again. Oh dear! why had I not thought of that before. These two beams were closer together than the others, and I was longer than the space between them. There was very little room to double up. I could not "tack ship;" it was a slow "wear around;" and so difficult that I became alarmed and called out to the girls in a

very trembling voice that I could not get out and would have to stay there till I died."

"No you won't," shouted Tamzie, "for father can take up the floor if you can't get out any other way. But I believe you can if you would try hard and not be scared." At length I came out into the daylight, and breathed once more the pure fresh air; but I was in a sorry plight.

"Oh! Just look at the side of your face, and the front of your dress!" exclaimed careful Sophy. I don't think I looked at the side of my face; but I did look ruefully down at my dress, a nice bright plaid, that mother had woven, now fairly plastered over with damp dirt well ground in. The gathers across the front were now torn out, and a portion of the underclothing, which was exposed where the gathers were torn, was of the same color as the under side of the sleeves and front of the dress.

I shook, and brushed, and shook again, but it was no use. I still had the appearance of the under side of a dirt-drag that had been used in damp weather. Tamza shook the chaff and cobwebs out of my hair, and suggested going to the house for a needle and thread to sew the gathers up before I went in. But it was too late now, for there was mother calling us. I knew she would be very much displeased with me, only that I had found the goose that she had been regretting the loss of, and I hoped with that message, I should get off without being punished.

As soon as I opened the door I eagerly exclaimed, "I've found the goose!"

She did not appear to hear that, but surveyed me from head to foot.

During that momentary survey, I fancy that I felt much as did David Copperfield when he presented himself before his Aunt Betsy Trotwood in a similar plight. In astonishment she said:—

"Where in this world have you been?"

"I've been under the barn where I found the goose. I saw something away under there that looked like a nest, and Tamza told me to go under and see, and I got stuck under a beam, and the dress tore while I was trying to get myself through."

My voice began to get pretty shaky before I got through with this little speech; for, judging by mother's countenance,

the goose was not going to save me after all. She now looked a trifle undecided. I suppose she was struggling with herself for a victory over the inclination to box my ears soundly. During that momentary pause, I ventured to say: "She is setting on a great big nest, and I suppose it is full of eggs."

That was the telling wedge. She had thought that the goose was dead when we found her, but she was too judicious to let it appear that what I had said had won her from her purpose. She waived that question entirely, and said that I deserved to be punished for going to such places. This time, however, it was more the fault of older ones who sent me. But she knew that I was too ready and willing to go on all such excursions, and it was a real task to keep my clothes mended and in order. Then she asked about where the nest was, and if I thought she was setting. Gaining confidence little by little we each had our portion to tell of the adventure, and she enjoyed it too, and said if she could clothe me in sheet-iron she would not care where I went so long as I got back alive.

At first our hidden nest was in one corner of the haymow, but, fearing they would be discovered, we had moved them a few days before "Easter" to an unused horse manger. In digging down in the chaff to bury them up we found quite a large nest of eggs. What a delightful surprise! We thought there had been an undiscovered nest there that had got buried up with hay. So we added them to our store, and put them all in the other end of the manger, buried them up well in the chaff, then put some loose hay over the top, and went to the house feeling quite well satisfied with our "stock in store."

At length the Saturday before Easter dawned upon us. How we wished it was time to gather the eggs. While eating dinner, some one remarked that to-morrow was "Easter Sunday."

"Well," said mother, "I fear we may not have many eggs for to-morrow unless you children find some."

Of course she knew we had been searching for new nests ever since the hens commenced to lay; but she never spoiled the joke by making direct inquiries. She knew we liked to keep the secret and surprise her when the time came; it had become an Easter custom.

"For," she added, "the hens must have stopped laying; I have got such a very few lately."

George kept his eyes on his plate and chewed vigorously. He knew the hens had been laying extra well, but he said nothing.

We three girls were trying to keep straight faces and to look unconcerned. We looked at him, because we did not dare look at each other for fear we would laugh.

"O, we don't know but what there may be a steamer load come in before to-morrow," said Tamza,—meaning the tin steamer. It had been our ambition to get it full before Easter.

That was too much; we nearly choked ourselves to keep from laughing outright. Sophy was afraid we were betraying our secret, and tried to make it appear that I was making her laugh with some of my "nonsense," as she said.

Father was not at home to dinner that day, or we should not have taken the liberty to laugh while at the table. We could smile broadly, or laugh in a quiet way if such was caused by general conversation, but not to get up a titter among ourselves. Our big brother, who was still fond of teasing us, looked very quizzical all the time. But we were sure he did not know anything about it.

As soon as we had finished eating our dinners we asked mother if we could have all the eggs cooked for Easter breakfast that we could find that afternoon. She said she would see first how many we found. George said: "I will promise you that you can have all you can find."

So we took the steamer and all three went to the barn as fast as we could run, threw the hay out of the manger and commenced digging down for our treasure.

"I guess they must have settled," remarked Tamza, as she drew aside the chaff.

She searched all through it but not an egg could be found. It was rather a crestfallen trio that returned to the house. We saw that mother and George had been having a good laugh and we knew that he was the culprit.

"Now, George," we began, "what have you done with our eggs?"

"What did you do with mine?" he said.

"Were them yours in the horse manger?"

"Yes!"

"We put them with ours!"

"Well I have returned the compliment, and just put yours with mine. Now I'll go and see how many I can find."

So he started for the barn, and we three in pursuit with steamer in hand, and brought back a nice lot. He had gone a day or two before to add some to his store, and while hunting for his, discovered our big nest in the same manger and resolved to have a lark with us, and so removed them to another place. Of course all the eggs were there, but the gratification of bringing them to the house, was gone.

The patience of a mother is often sorely tried where there is a family of robust, active children. We did not intend to be disobedient, but those noonings often slipped away so fast, that we provoked our mother to displeasure by remaining out far beyond the allotted time; and the dishwater which would be put on to heat before going out, would be either boiled away or got nearly cold again, especially when, for a change, we took a run down to the brook. I think children always like to play by a brook. There seemed to be a peculiar charm about this mountain stream which came down through the deep crevice between the hills, and went babbling and gurgling along over the bright pebbly surface, which formed its bed, and hurried on beneath the bridge and out to meet the tide. As it neared the outlet just above the bridge its bed became much broader, and besides the bright pebbles, there were stones of various sizes strewn over it. Against some of these stones the water would strike and curl around, while others were entirely covered. Here we would tell our own fortunes by tossing a leaf, bit of chip or bark on the stream and see if it would wend its way safely around the miniature breakers, and go successfully out to sea, or whether it would get stranded, or dashed against the rocks and engulfed.

It seemed quite impossible for us to realize how quickly the fifteen minutes that belonged to us, after deducting the time it would take for going and coming, would slip away, especially when our little barques became so tempest-tossed that they made slow headway.

Then there was the grand old "Balm of Gilead" that stood within a few yards of the brook. It made the air fragrant with its thousands of sweet-scented buds, so full of the sticky balsam. We often wished to break off a twig when the buds and blossoms were thickest; but all the branches were yards above our heads.

This tree had a history. We were told that a very long time ago an old woman passed along that way on foot and stuck her rustic walking stick in the ground by the brookside and it took root and became this great tree. It stood alone, a giant of its kind. There was not another balm of gilead in the whole neighborhood.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 3.

BY ELDER HERMAN C. SMITH.

KNOWLEDGE.

AS a further answer to this important question I will say, "Giving all diligence" add "to virtue knowledge."

Virtue in its gospel sense is so comprehensive in its meaning, and so grand in its possibilities that we can see at once that no ignorant person can be fully and completely virtuous and, consequently, cannot be saved.

By this I do not mean that one must be educated in the schools of men, but I mean that we must be informed of the things necessary to make us wise unto salvation. Unless we are, mistakes of thought and action will occur and our minds will be filled with darkness instead of light; with error instead of truth; with vice instead of virtue.

Jesus said: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall *know* the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It follows, then, that if we do not *know* the truth, we shall not be free. If not free, then in bondage to sin; hence in darkness, unable to discern the right; and therefore not virtuous in the highest sense.

We may be desirous of doing well, and the world looking from their own standpoint, may, as they should, give us praise for our virtue. But we should not be satisfied with the "doctrine of a hurried world too out of breath for holding balances where nice distinctions and injustices are calmly weighed." We should seek for that high plane of virtue that will be approved by One who knows the thoughts and intents of the heart.

To do this we must *know the truth*; therefore the necessity of adding to our virtue *knowledge*. I trust then that we

will remember that we cannot be saved in ignorance, and also that knowledge is only obtained by close application or by "giving all diligence."

It will be useless to go to men for it. Knowledge of the character and degree which we need solving this problem is not found in the schools of men. Men have sought it and have longingly yearned to penetrate into the unknown, but like the caged bird which presses the bars of the cage and longs to breathe the air of freedom, it seems to be decreed that so far shall he go but no farther. In seeking knowledge men have discovered in the physical world many inventions, but the wisest of them have concluded, as one expressed it, "We can know nothing of God, except some one who knows more than man can naturally know come and teach us." We recognize such an one in the meek and lowly son of Mary, who has said: "This is life eternal, that they might *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." To have eternal life—to be saved, then, man must *know* more than he can naturally know.

In speaking of the natural man, Paul says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." This agrees with the conclusion of the philosopher and shows how utterly futile it would be to seek to receive true and complete knowledge from man. And yet we must have it from some source in order to be saved. How can we obtain it?

Paul continues by saying: "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea,

the deep things of God." This puts the matter beyond controversy and teaches clearly that the only way to add "to virtue *knowledge* of the kind and character necessary to lead us to an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," is through the operation of the Holy Spirit.

This places all men on an equality. The towering intellect of a Mills, a Darwin, a Spencer, a Payne, a Tyndall, an Underwood, an Ingersoll, fails to grasp what the lowly fisherman of Galilee knew full well, and what you, kind reader, may know, if you will, thereby not only adding to your virtue *knowledge*, but making your faith and virtue more secure.

Money cannot buy it; place nor position can secure it; research nor learning can discover it; the honorable ones of the earth will not be favored; the king upon his throne is no more entitled to it than the peasant in his hut. It is given to the meek, the lowly, and contrite. To the humble child of God who in trust simply lifts his heart in prayer and says: "My Father, the way is dark and difficult, lead me," is the Holy Spirit which "searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God" given. To such it imparts the *knowledge* necessary to save.

We have seen even among ourselves acute, logical, educated minds filled with doubt; we have seen them totter and fall, while the simple and unlearned stood unmoved, with faith unshaken, saying, "I *know*, for God has revealed it unto me by his Spirit." But how *much must we know* to be saved? If we know enough to-day, is the necessity for improvement at an end, and, consequently, life not worth the living? If we do not know enough now to save us, then are we unsafe, and would death mean condemnation? We cannot doubt that thousands have been saved who died ignorant of some things which we now know, things, too, which concern the kingdom of God. We have reason to hope, also, that if death should now find us, that we would be saved; yet we expect that those who follow us will live in, and enjoy a grander light than we have ever experienced. Where should we draw the line? How much must we know to be saved? These are grave questions but questions that we should be able to answer ere we feel that we have solved the question of "what

must I do to be saved?" Jesus said: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." This must be understood in a *limited* sense as regards the amount of truth the Spirit will guide you into, or it must be understood in an *unlimited* sense as regards the time of its accomplishment. Truth is infinite, and the finite can never fully comprehend the infinite. Then, while man is finite, he will never know all the truth in the broadest sense of the word. Again he says: "He shall teach you all things," etc. This must also be understood in a limited sense. No mortal man ever knew *all* things in the most comprehensive sense of the word.

In my opinion Nephi gives the correct solution of this problem and expresses the true meaning of the passages quoted above. He says: "For behold, again I say unto you, that if ye will enter in by the way and receive the Holy Ghost, it will show unto you *all things what you should do*." This is exactly the amount of knowledge we need to be saved, to *know* what we should do. There may be other things which men sometimes have the *special* privilege to know, but it is not essential to salvation to know them. Let us seek to add *this knowledge* to our virtue. He who always *knows* what he should do and does it, will be wise, obedient, humble, just, faithful, diligent, pure, and virtuous, and it will lead him to other steps to be considered in this series. But I am admonished that this is a degree of knowledge seldom possessed. Who does not often hesitate, not knowing what he should do? And how often after the decision is made we regret it, and wish we had done otherwise; all because we *did not know what we should do*. This suggests the necessity of being in constant communion with the Holy Spirit.

To-day we may know what we should do, and do it faithfully, but to-morrow new conditions and circumstances may surround us, and if left to ourselves we will be in doubt and darkness. Well did the apostle say, "He that lacketh these things is blind and can not see afar off."

What is true of individuals is true also of the church, the body of Christ. Circumstances are constantly arising which never in her history arose before, and, unless revelation of the divine mind is received, she will not know what she

should do. Thus our fathers did what they should have done, according to what their circumstances and callings required of them, and *are* saved. The times and circumstances may demand of us a different, though not conflicting line of action, and if we have knowledge enough imparted to us to know what we should do and are faithful in its performance, we shall be saved, regardless of what our successors may know or be required to do.

Much more might be said in regard to knowledge, but this is sufficiently lengthy and contains all the points I care to make in this connection.

Then "giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue *knowledge*; and to knowledge temperance," etc. On the principle of temperance we will treat in our next. Until then "think on these things."

THE RUMSELLER'S SIGNS.

ONE bright October afternoon, when all nature seemed in quiet repose, a man was seen walking leisurely along one of the shady avenues of the city of L——.

He had wandered away from the busy throng and seemed enjoying a quiet stroll. He was tall and had been, in youth, well-proportioned. Now he was somewhat stooped; and the too frequent tip of the wine glass had left its effects. His eyes, which were not the clearest, had also a cunning gleam.

As he walked along, he now and then glanced back over his shoulder at a beautiful mansion among stately trees, surrounded by lovely lawns, terraces, and fountains, and with pride written on his countenance he was heard to say, "all mine; not a more splendid one in the city. My beautiful home."

And, indeed, it was a lovely one. All that money could procure had been brought to beautify and enrich both house and grounds. Walking on for awhile, he seemed lost in thought; then, suddenly turning to retrace his steps, he came face to face with a man of medium size, a firm elastic step, clear blue eyes and an open countenance. One glance into his honest, expressive face was enough to assure one he was square with the world and his fellow men.

"Ed Barton! Is it possible this is you?"

"Well, Frank! How are you old friend? I am glad to see you. I hardly expected to meet you here, you are looking well."

"Yes, I am feeling well, but, Ed, you look as hearty and young as you did eight years ago when we were chums at college. I believe old Time has been kind to you and laid his hand rather lightly on your shoulders, judging by your still up-

right figure. How goes the world with you anyway, old boy?"

"I have nothing to complain of, my friend, on the contrary, since I last saw you fate has been very kind to me in many ways. I have no great amount of wealth, but I have a nice little cottage and grounds all paid for; and a sweet little wife and two rosy-cheeked children.

"I suppose you know I have been teaching in the public schools ever since I left college, and, although I have not made a fortune, I have some laid by for a rainy day. We live happily in our cosy nest, contented in each other's society, thankful for our share in the world's goods and for the health we enjoy."

"Whom did you marry, Ed? Was it anyone I knew?"

"Well, I should say so! The prettiest girl in our class. You remember Carrie Day? Well, she is my wife."

"Is that so! You are a lucky man! More than one of us fellows would have considered ourselves such to have won her, as good as she was pretty and as innocent as a dove.

"You may consider yourself worth a mine of gold. But it seems to me as though your progress in making property has been rather slow than otherwise. Why don't you get into some profitable business instead of plodding along through life as a teacher? Now, I have been doing a splendid business since I came to this city. You know I was a poor man when you saw me last; had hardly a dollar to my name. Look yonder at that building. That is my home now, the loveliest one in the city.

"Besides that I have several thousands in other property. That is doing pretty

well in eight years, I think. But I suppose you have heard of my prosperity."

"Yes, but, knowing what business you follow, I need not have been told of your prosperity to know of it, as I had not been in the city many days until I saw by your signs in different parts of the city that you were doing your work well."

"My signs in different parts of the city! Why, I have only one sign up and that is on the front of my establishment in gilt letters. Pray, my friend, what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Since coming to this place, I have seen at least six or seven of your signs. I say, as I have said before, you have your business pretty well advertised, and if you will come with me I will show you. Just step around the corner here to where my horse and phaeton are. Get in while I untie, and we will take a drive."

"I am most happy to accept your kind offer. You have a nice little outfit here; I am sure you must enjoy it. What a pretty roan this is, where did you get him?"

"Do you remember that colt father gave me for a Christmas present the time you went home from school with me to spend the holidays?"

"Yes, I remember very well how elated you were and how I almost envied you such a gift. And this is the one! Well, well! He is as nice a driving animal as I ever saw. What will you take for him?"

"I shall not sell him. He is mine as long as he lives. Why, Carrie and the girls could hardly get along without him. They drive him wherever and whenever they please. He is as gentle as a kitten and seems to know perfectly well when they are in his care. Money would hardly buy him, if I am a poor man."

"No, I suppose not; I do not blame you. But, my old chum, those signs you were to show me—I am anxious to see them."

"We will stop here at this house a few minutes and go in," said Ed Barton as he sprang lightly from his vehicle and tied his horse. They were in one of the back streets now, and, ascending a rickety stairway, he knocked at the door. A rough "Come in" was heard and, opening the door, a desolate sight presented itself. A rough coarse-looking woman was

standing over the wash tub, while around the bare comfortless room were at least half a dozen half-clothed children with dirt begrimed faces and touselled hair. Some were crying, some quarreling, and above all the coarse voice of the woman was scolding.

"Where is your husband?" asked Ed Barton. "I would like to see him."

"I don't know and I don't care; I never want to see his whisky bloated face again" she answered. When I think to what he has brought me and my little ones, I almost hate him. I have worked hard to keep them dressed respectably and in school, but I can do it no more. I can scarcely keep enough for them to eat. Yet once I had a good home and plenty. He has brought me to this, the miserable man that he is. Last night he came home drunk and beat me and the children; but he won't do it again. I will lock him out to-night, and he can go, I don't care where. He shall not impose upon me any longer."

Pausing in her story of abuse to get breath, our friends took advantage of it, and, bidding her good morning, went away. As they descended the stairway together the one turned to the other and said, "*That is sign number one.*"

They rode along a few minutes in silence; then, stopping in front of a small cottage they went in. There were two occupants in the room, neither of whom at first noticed their entrance. An old man was walking the floor, his head bowed on his breast and his form bent as if under some heavy load. A deep groan now and then escaped him. His gray hairs and white, flowing beard showed that the sands of life were well nigh run.

"What is the matter, my friend." said one of the two who had entered.

The old man looked up and a world of woe was in his unshaken eye. He stood as in a dream for a few minutes, then, raising his trembling hand pointed to the unconscious form of a youth, lying on the bed.

"See what they have done for me!" Then raising his eyes to heaven he said, "O, God, help me to forgive them." Turning again to the unconscious form of his child he said, "They took him from my side a pure stainless boy; they enticed him into their gambling den and have

done their work well and then brought him back to me thus. He was all I had left and I had such high hopes that in my declining years I might lean upon him. He was always such a comfort to his mother and me. Ah, his mother—thank God, she is where no knowledge of this will reach her." Throwing himself on his knees beside the bed he gave vent to his anguish in sobs and groans that shook his frame and the bed by which he was kneeling.

Ed Barton, turning to his companion and pointing with a steady finger to the scene of sorrow before them said, "Look, man, at thy brother! There is sign number two." Leaving the old man in his grief they once more entered the phaeton and drove slowly down the street. Presently a man came staggering toward them and, unable longer to keep his feet, fell into a gutter at one side. "See, there is sign number three," said our friend to his companion as he stopped his horse, but it is down, hadn't you better pick it up, for fear it will not be seen down there in the mud?

"You say it would not stand. Perhaps you had better set it up against the fence or stand it up there by that lamp-post or some one may go by and not see it. Look! there comes a bright-eyed happy youth down the sidewalk. Be in a hurry or he will pass by and go home to spend the evening with some fair-haired gentle sister who loves him as her life and is never happier than when in his company. She will cheat you of his company to-night if—but there he is gone. He disappeared around the corner, whistling as only a light-hearted boy can.

"There comes an honest looking man. If you will be quick, he may not pass before it is too late for you. No doubt some fond wife and loving children are waiting for him. Yes, he has turned toward that little white cottage with green vines, and, as he opens the wicket gate, the door is opened and out rush children that are clasped in his arms. A sweet woman meets him at the door with a kiss and kind words of welcome.

"The door is closed; you are cheated again, of a prize, for he is now safe in the arms of loved ones. Surely no art of yours can lure him now from their sides. Let us drive on and stop at this lovely home."

They ~~stopped~~, went in the gate, and mounted the marble steps. Ringing the door bell, a servant answered and bidding them enter conducted them to the waiting room. Presently there was the rustle of silken garments, a light step at the door and a lady stood before them, a true lady as every lineament of her face indicated.

Her form was beautifully molded, slight but graceful. Her delicate features showed a refinement of the soul that dwelt within. Her sweet face was pale with the exception of a red spot that burned on either cheek and in her large brown eyes was an expression of sadness mingled with patience.

"We called to see your husband," said Mr. Barton.

"He will be home soon," was the reply.

Hardly had the words been spoken when steps were heard in the hall, the door was pushed open and two men entered carrying the unconscious form of her husband. He was in a drunken stupor.

Her face already pale turned a deadly pallor; her lips were compressed tightly; and with her slender finger she pointed to the couch. They laid him there. She stood and looked at him a few minutes, then spreading a handkerchief over his face, excused herself and left the room. Not a murmur escaped her lips, but think you she did not suffer?

Ah, cruel heart that says she does not. She does not give vent to feelings by threats and imprecations as did the washerman. No, she is too noble for that. But there is deeper suffering there. It can be seen in the shrinking form and compressed lips, in the despairing looks of blasted hope and in the pallid countenance that shows too well the approach of that dreadful disease, consumption. Her silent suffering is many times harder to bear than that of her more boisterous neighbor.

Ah, what must be the feeling that rankles in her loving bosom as she sees the idol of her heart in this condition, he who vowed on the marriage altar to love, cherish, and protect her through life, he whom she loved so well that she left all others and chose him for a companion here, and had hoped to meet him in eternity. Too proud to let her dearest friend see her sorrow, she weeps in the solitude of her chamber with no earthly comforter. The

one who should be her consoler in her hour of need is not there but, instead, is the cause of her breaking heart.

Ah, who can fathom the woe that crushes the heart of this noble woman? None but God knows the depths of her sorrow. How long, O how long will these things be! How long will fond hopes be shattered, earnest vows be broken, loving hearts crushed, and souls eternally lost? As long as the demon, Alcohol, reigns!

"Take me from here," said the rum-seller; "I have seen enough," and he buried his face in his hands.

"We will go," said our friend, "but one more of your signs I wish to show you and then I am done." They rode for some time and left the busy part of the city behind them. Presently they came to a large building set back among the trees. They walked up the general path toward the gloomy looking building. It was the insane asylum. They were conducted through long halls and narrow passages. A heavy door swung on its hinges, a few more steps and they were in front of a cell behind whose bars was a woman scarcely thirty. Her long disheveled hair hung around her shoulders in tangled masses. Her large wild eyes were turned toward the visitors. Then in wild gestures and broken sentences she said:—

"Do you know where my baby is? I can't find her, I have looked and looked so long, I am tired now, but I want my baby. Will you not get her for me? O quick, before they kill her! Those demons! Help! Help!"

Her words ended in a scream, then tearing her hair, she beat madly against the bars of her cell. Directly becoming more quiet she sat down on the floor and commenced swaying backward and forward and singing a lullaby in a most pitiful tone. No doubt she imagined she had her baby in her arms.

"I will tell you her story," said the keeper as they turned away.

"She was a lovely maiden and the petted daughter of doting parents. All that money and love could purchase was hers. She was the idol of a loving brother and the favorite of all who knew her. She married one whom she almost worshiped and who in turn seemed to love her fondly.

"But there was one thing he could not resist; that was the wine cup and when under its influence was as cruel as the demon could make a man. His gentle wife would plead with him in loving words and fond caresses, and many times would he vow to reform and as many times would the tempter overcome him. One night, one bitter night, he came home in a drunken fit. Staggering into the room where his wife sat holding her babe, he ordered her in insulting tones to get his supper. 'Just in a few minutes,' she said kindly. 'Baby is not well to-day and has been very peevish, but she is almost asleep now and I will put her down presently.'

"I tell you I want my supper and I want it without delay. You can do nothing lately but take care of that snivelling young one," he said, and snatching the child from her arms with the strength of a madman he flung it across the room against the wall.

"Almost as soon as the babe struck the floor the mother had it in her arms and started to flee from the room. There stood her husband as if turned to stone, sobered now by the deed he had done. She put her babe in the bed and turned its face toward her. It was dead.

"Clasping her hands above her head she stood for a moment like a marble statue and then there came an expression over her face that froze the very heart-blood of her husband. Not a particle of color was left in her cheeks or lips. Then kneeling by the bedside she broke into a wild laugh saying,—

"Ah, little darling, you have slept a long time. Wake up now and play with mamma! O, I see, you are just trying to cheat me. I see your sweet eyes peeping out from beneath those long lashes. Open your eyes now, for mamma wants to play with her little girl. Put your arms around my neck and kiss me. Come now, sweet one.'

"But never again could she look into those laughing eyes or feel those chubby arms around her neck. Never would she feel its tiny fingers on her cheek or the touch of its warm lips to hers. Its little heart was stilled in death and its laughing eyes were closed to open on a fairer world than this.

"The babe was buried; the mother was brought here and the father, maddened

by the deed he had done, took his own life not long after his babe was buried. Thus was an earthly paradise broken up."

His narrative ended, his visitors departed, one to his cottage with a free conscience, and the other to his palace home with a conscience seared as with a hot iron. And now, kind reader, perhaps as you scan these pages you will think I have overdrawn these pictures of misery. But O, how can you? You will surely say with me that there is nothing in this wide world that brings so much woe and misery to the human family as does this demon, Alcohol. You may search from the icy mountains of the north to the sunny lands of the south, from the heathen lands of Asia to the enlightened countries of England, and you will find nothing that is its equal as a destroyer of peace and happiness. Yet all over this country of ours, in our cities, towns, and villages, are saloons, behind the counters of which stand—what? I will not name them, they call themselves men and they deal out, in doses, this deadly poison to our fathers, brothers, and husbands. And what is the consequence?

There are not words in the English

language, no, nor in all the many languages spoken by the millions that tread this earth—I say there are not words strong enough to describe one half the misery, woe, poverty, and wretchedness they cause. Yet for a handful of perishable dust will these modern Cains rob children, break the hearts of women, and destroy not only the bodies but the souls of their fellow men.

"Cain! Cain! where is thy brother now?

Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?

Where? In heaven? Go read the sacred page:

'No drunkard shall inherit there.'

Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?

Who bound him, hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled

While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped

His gold, his health, his life, his hope, his all?

Who saw his Mary fade and die? Who saw

His beggared children wandering in the streets?

Speak, coward, if thou hast a tongue,

Tell why with hellish art you slew a man!

'Where is my brother? Am I my brother's keeper?'

Ah, man! A deeper mark is on your brow

Than that of Cain. Accursed was the name

Of him who slew a righteous man, whose soul

Was ripe for heaven; thrice accursed he

Whose art malignant sinks a soul to hell."

CELIA.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY S. ALMA WHITEHOUSE.

"In the world's harvest field
With its full precious yield
Hast thou vainly appealed?
O, Soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day?"

IT takes only a thought to make the fact apparent that, as the years, days, and minutes pass by we positively are sowing. It may be profitably or otherwise; it matters not; as we continue to receive this time so we continue to sow, and that sowing to be reaped at some future time.

The decree has gone forth by Him who created and gave man's agency to him, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and natural evidences are numerous to this effect and prove the assertion to us. In being placed here upon earth, mankind is blessed with that great gift, the mind, with the sure promise that with wise, faithful culture comes knowledge, influence, and power, and the

more ardently man strives for this end, the greater will be the attainments reached thereby.

It is equally so with the man who expects to plant grain. He prepares the soil by faithful labor; for he knows his reward in reaping depends upon his labor, to neglect which would be to his loss, but the more faithfully performed, the greater his gain.

These are positive evidences to us that to receive rewards we must merit them.

From the beginning since man disobeyed God, he has found it a warfare, and that a continual one, to overcome evil with good. It is to everyone much easier to disobey than to obey, to let duties go unperformed than to perform them. In fact it seems this is our general weakness, and by oft repeated failures, because of this, man dreads his reaping.

of this constant, every day sowing. This fear is noticeable in all; it matters not what different beliefs they may have of the future in the many witnesses we have that there is a God and that he rules supreme.

Man may say he is an atheist, still we plainly see that when this short life is near a close he seems to think with awe concerning his reaping as he has sown, and with the knowledge that he might have used his time more wisely if he had been so disposed, for it had been his privilege. So much so has this fear existed that various teachers have used this influence to make men say they would serve God, not for love for him, but because of the fear and dread they had of his justice, not realizing the pleasure and profit there is in wise faithful sowing and that the justice of God is to give every man as his works have been. We cannot reasonably expect more than this, and it certainly depends upon us, what judgment is meted out to us.

Instances have been under my personal notice where parents have been very anx-

Kewanee, Ill., Nov. 24, 1892.

ious that their children be taught music. They procured every means and gave every advantage to the child, and yet it all depended on the one who had these privileges whether he became proficient in this study or not. If not, he was not profited by having had them, but was the loser by not using the privileges given.

Even the peace of mind of the one who has been faithful and discreet in the use of his time is well worth the needed effort; he can look forward in great anticipation of enjoying his well-earned reward. He need not dread the hour of his reaping; for as it draws near, well may he sing:—

"I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me."

His hope is lasting and sure, not only is such an one benefited, but the world is better for his living in it, and the good accomplished can never die. Then, though it be a task to sow that we may reap profitably, every advantage is offered that we be diligent and of a determined mind to thus sow, and that constantly, and our reaping is a sure reward.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I would that I were fairer, Lord,
More what thy bride should be,—
More meet to be the sharer, Lord,
Of love and heaven with thee;
Yet if thy love with me thou'lt share,
I know that love can make me fair.

"O, would that I were purer, Lord,
More filled with grace divine!
O, would that I were surer, Lord,
That my whole heart is thine!
Were I so pure that I might see
Thy beauty, I would grow like thee.

"O, would that I could higher, Lord,
Above these senses live!
Each feeling, each desire, my Lord,
Could wholly to thee give!
The love I thus would daily share,
That love alone would make me fair."

A LITTLE girl when asked why she drew the blinds and shut out the sunlight from the room, replied that the sunlight made the room dirty. She did not think that the dust was already filling the air, and that the sun's rays only revealed it

more clearly. So the stagnant one who complains at the success, triumph, and ability of another, whose efforts have raised the blinds and let in the light upon conditions already existing, tries to have the blind drawn and the Spirit shut out, because the light when let in "makes the room dirty." They forget that the distance between those whom they criticise and themselves in spiritual force and influence like that between their wealthy and poor neighbors, whom they have passed judgment upon, is but the measure of sacrifice, devotion, diligence, endurance, patience, and charity in the advanced ones. By dint of these all may climb, if they will, at least to that eminence, where jealousy cannot live, to that point where delight is felt in lending a shoulder to help another go where we cannot yet climb, that point where Christ is esteemed as the one character resplendent with perfect light and glory and all brethren and sisters who have reached positions where as reflectors of his radiance, they can

send rays here and there of helpful intelligence, are loved and admired for the places they hold and the righteousness with which they occupy them.

These things came to notice and the Independence branch, as a training school had work to do under these conditions. Every progressive step had to be taken carefully, so that the effect might not drive away those for whom the benefits were mostly intended. Quite a number learned that as much good could be accomplished by waiting God's time of adjustment, as by crowding things prematurely in the settlement of disputed questions, that God had not lost interest in his work but intended to "hasten it in its time" and not ours.

A host of us learned that quicker and more successful work in securing the Holy Spirit could be done by purifying the heart and life so that the Spirit could not remain absent, than by neglecting this important matter and spending the time in clamoring for the Spirit in prayer. Nor was the writer exempt from the necessities or benefits of such revelations and training. As he learned he taught, and as he taught he felt the responsibility to do; but he grew with the branch's growth and he developed under the mortification produced by snubs and the humiliation caused by failures and mistakes, as well as the joys of association. He learned that his business was to *take* as willingly as he *gave* advice and criticism.

He learned that his religion was likely to bring back to him in confidence and esteem of the Saints only the amount of the value of its fruits in the market. If he practiced his professed faith, he was rewarded by the confidence and love, ultimately, of those who were benefited by his work, though the genuineness and practicability of his ideas and methods might be temporarily questioned.

He learned that before making an attack upon practices, doctrines, and methods he disliked, it would be better to stop long enough, at least, to think how he would feel, if he was the one holding the position attacked. He learned also that it was much easier to erect standards for others than to live up to them himself. He found it harder to develop a virtue than a vice.

As in nature, so in man. The flower must be cultivated, tenderly handled, and

protected against threatening surroundings. It is easily marred and quickly ruined, while the weeds grow up unsought, uncultivated, and can scarcely be destroyed. Our virtues need to be developed, watched over, and maintained against the odds of environment and satanic visitation, while vice asserts itself at nearly every step, and grows in the neglected character, and cannot be downed and eradicated by a single effort or series of efforts less than life long.

As one brother expressed it a few days ago: "If I could make my calling sure and be a true Saint forever, as the result of a great effort for a month or even a year or two, I would then be more certain; but this every day, every hour, every moment, watching, fighting, and enduring idea makes me tremble for the outcome."

God has made the length of life the period for character-forming and so long as there remains new beauty in Christ, so long will there be an unattained virtue to develop or extend in the discoverer. Our Holiness friends tell of the perfected state to which they have attained, but the writer believes that virtue is developed by resistance to the evil presented. That the Devil will continue to present evil till the terminus of earth life is reached. That so long as the Devil works, resistance will be necessary, either to produce, develop, or maintain virtue; that till the battle ceases and the field is canvassed, results are not absolutely certain; that no character or possessor of virtue can claim "perfection" until the last test designed has been endured and nothing comes forth from the crucible but "pure gold" carrying upon its face the reflex of divinity, the Christ photograph.

I may know what I have done to-day, but I know not how I may act to-morrow. New tactics, new scenes of attraction to decoy, and greater force may be introduced to bewilder and overpower me, and my very certainty of being able to stand to-morrow because I stood yesterday and to-day (if I so argued) may prove to be the unguarded door through which my ever watchful enemy may enter and pollute my spiritual estate—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

My observation during fifteen years of gospel ministry has led me to so conclude, and let me here state that my most

convincing testimony of the divinity of this Latter Day work has not come by tongues, or prophecy, or vision, or miracle; but in the gradual revelation of its strange adaptation to human necessity. In no instance has human exigency cried out for God, under the canopy of this Gospel protectorate, without hearing the answering "Here am I" in some divine provision, formerly undiscovered perhaps, but hidden wisely to await the emergency which would demonstrate its amplitude and utility, and in no place and at no time have I had better opportunity to witness this infinite adaptation than while at Independence from 1887 to 1890.

Not that my field of observation was limited to that place and those people; but because in addition to local presentations, events transpired which led me to look far back over the church history and far around outside of any city or town, and trace the divine processes in selecting men and women of varying quality and disposition for places and purposes of his work, and the methods introduced for their development. During these years I saw the sick healed on a number of occasions, I discerned the operation of adverse spirits, I heard many things testified of by Saints of every degree; but beyond and above all these gracious manifestations, there was a silent force operating and I traced it in its unheralded transformations, transitions, and achievements in human character, worldly attitudes, and church fortifications.

One thing further I learned to believe; that God never forgets—"God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Jacob played the deceiver's part when he covered his hand and brought the goat's meat to his blind father, calling it venison, and thus received the blessing of the firstborn. He may have repented of his wrong later; but there came a time when his sons brought a coat of many colors, dripping with blood, to him and deceived him regarding his darling Joseph.

He cheated his brother Esau out of a blessing which was his by birth-right, and he seemed to enjoy the result of his falsity and deception; but there came a time when, after he had toiled seven years for the object of his affection and believed she was in his embrace (for she

was his by right) he awoke and beheld the contraband Leah by his side; she had been smuggled under cover of night into his bed. David sowed adultery and murder and reaped a harvest of adultery and murder in his own household. God has not changed, nor will he be mocked.

The Saint who sows to carnal gratification will reap in spiritual barrenness and corruption of character, reputation, and influence. The man or woman who deals in scandal or delights in peddling slanders will likely live to be scandalized. The soul that loves truth will be pastured with truth as harvest for his sowing. The heart that yearns after Christ and delights in the study of his life and character, will, even imperceptibly to itself, take on the beauties of that model nature, and shed a luster and fragrance around that will make the place of its residence heavenly. The child that abuses its parent will most likely live to be abused in turn by its offspring and he who runs to spread a net for another's feet will doubtless have enough to do in time in extricating himself from the meshes of an unexpected snare.

I do not write these things merely to parade words before the reader's eyes but simply to say that even in such matters have I discovered a divinity connected with what I have heard Bro. Joseph Smith call "The law of compensation."

It is, therefore, the more painful to behold, here and there, the evidences of recklessness in the directions named. In some instances a false idea of modesty prevails, by which even parents are prevented from warning their children against the corrupting influences of what they behold in them, notwithstanding they see all around them the demoralized and imbecile fruitage of such conduct in the generation now fading.

While it may be truthfully urged that this autobiography is not the fittest place for such references, it cannot be denied that any minister for Christ who beholds the evil that threatens even the houses and families of Saints in some cases, has the right to cry out anywhere, Parents, beware!

A ministry of fifteen years, which has taken me from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, has proven to me that even the families of Saints are not entirely exempt from the baneful influences of hid-

den vice. It is painful for a sensitive elder to see suffering anywhere; but it is peculiarly distressing to be called upon to administer to a young person and to discern that the shattered nerves and lost vitality are conditions which a little wisdom and candor on the parents' part might have avoided in the years ago, or which the suffering one might escape by wholesome restraint of self. In such

cases we feel that the gift of healing, by which such persons are sometimes restored, may well be lauded and God's mercy extolled; but if the exercise of the gift of either knowledge or wisdom had prevented the admission of such disease germs into the system it would have been better, even though nobody but God and Christ had known that the individual possessed the gift.

(To be continued.)

TINY TOKENS.

The murmur of a waterfall
 A mile away,
 The rustle when a robin lights
 Upon a spray,
 The lapping of a lowland stream
 On dripping boughs,
 The sound of grazing from a herd
 Of gentle cows,
 The echo from the wooded hill
 Of cuckoo's call
 The quiver through the meadow grass
 At eveningfall:—
 Too subtle are these harmonies
 For pen and rule;
 Such music is not understood
 By any school;
 But when the brain is overwrought
 It hath a spell,
 Beyond all human skill and power,
 To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
 For long gone by,
 The fragrance of a fading flower
 Sent lovingly,
 The gleaming of a sudden smile
 Or sudden tear,
 The warmer pressure of the hand
 The tone of cheer,
 The hush that means "I cannot speak,
 But I have heard!"
 The note that only bears a verse
 From God's own Word:—
 Such tiny things we hardly count
 As ministry,
 The givers deeming they have shown
 Scant sympathy;
 But, when the heart is overwrought,
 Oh, who can tell
 The power of such tiny things
 To make it well?

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

LIFE.

WHAT is Life? Life is the state of being which begins with birth and ends with death, the union of soul and body, and the duration of their union. How much is contained in that one word, *life!* It means joy, happiness, success, and pleasure to those who are diligent and seek eternal salvation, but to those who tread the paths of vice it means sorrow and grief, disgrace and failure. The storms of life are sure to overtake every one; but if we trust in Him, who gave us life, how rich will be our reward! True, the way sometimes seems rough and stormy, and oftentimes our feet may slip; but these trials and temptations are be-

fore us to prove our faith in Him "who doeth all things well."

If we were to have success all our lives and no trials or temptations to confront us in our journey, life would be vain; for we would be of little use to ourselves or our friends. I ask not a life all radiant, but that life may have just enough shadow to temper the glare of the sun.

We are placed here in this great unsympathizing world to battle for life alone. Some are parentless, friendless, and poor. Nothing but sorrow they see, compelled to sleep in old sheds or boxes during the cold winter months, half-

frozen and starving, with no one to cheer or help and grim death staring them in the face.

What are we placed in this world for? To do only for ourselves and to let starving humanity struggle alone, with no tender voice to lull them to rest, no soft hand to smooth back the curls from the feverish brow, no acts of kindness to cheer them in their lonely way or bring joy to their unhappy lot?

Oh people of America! who live in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," will you, as long as life lasts, see without a tear or sigh, these poor, wretched beings fall by the wayside and not lend a helping hand, or give a word to cheer?

Only one word given in kindness, may heal a broken heart and make a friend sincere. Is it better to pass them by in an unkind and haughty manner, causing the bitter tears to flow, when, if we had but given a smile, their lives would have been made brighter?

The vain ambition of this world causes many to be haughty and unkind. It may do for this life, but when we stand before the judgment bar of God to give account for the deeds done in the body, how many of us will look with regret upon our wasted lives? Wasted? Yes; if we have done nothing for the uplifting of the human race.

Let us, then, be up and doing; let us strive for right while still we may. It may be a very simple act that we do, but like the widow's poor mite, it is something for Heaven.

So many are drifting away, drifting, drifting with the tide, waiting to reach the shore. Death seems the only way out of their misery, and after death, the grave. But—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Man is a creature, having an immortal life, immortal, lasting forever; a spiritual existence or heavenly felicity; viz., a state of happiness after death. Now the question naturally arises, "How do we secure this favor?" It can be answered in three words: By following Christ. There are many ideas contained in this embodiment too numerous to mention; but all that essential in obtaining eternal salvation or spiritual existence.

Many doubt the state of existence after

death, so let us accept the belief, then, for a few moments, and try to peer into the future. If there is not an existence after death, what do we live for? What would be the use of trying to lead a Christian life, if our spirits or souls do not live hereafter but sleep in the grave? Our bodies decay and return to dust; what then becomes of our souls? Surely they must also decay and become as dust according to such a theory. Cold comfort for parents who have laid under the sod one of earth's fairest flowers, to feel that never again shall they view the lovely face or fold in a fond embrace the delicate frame. Let us leave that picture. It is too dark and cheerless.

Now we will return to the belief that we have a spiritual existence after death. Ah, how the face brightens! How the drooping spirits revive to know that we shall meet in heaven and know as we are known. How cheering to the bereaved parents, who, though knowing that they will again behold the face so dear to them, shed tears of grief for the departed one. But, thank God, for those tears; they often "prove the telescope through which men see into heaven." How they relieve the aching heart! But take warning by the bitterness of this affliction and be more faithful and affectionate to the living.

This is a vain world. All are struggling to achieve some great success which will secure for them fortune and fame. Pope truthfully says, "The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away and yet constantly coming on." What is the vain ambition of to-day compared with that life beyond? This world is constantly undergoing a change. Many are passing away to that beautiful region inhabited only by the pure and good.

"So the multitude comes
Like the flower and the weed,
So the multitude goes
To let others succeed."

We are all placed in this world for some purpose, and after our mission is ended, be it for good or evil, we will also pass away to make room for the multitude that will succeed us.

Sir William Temple says: "When all is ended, human life is at the greatest and best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little

to keep it quiet 'till it falls asleep and then the 'care' is over." And who will not agree with him? Ah, what rest we will enjoy when the "care" is over and we are placed in the kind bosom of mother earth to await the morn of the first resurrection.

Shall we take part in that wonderful drama, the beginning of a new life? God grant that we may and that our souls may be at rest in paradise.

In our journey o'er life's pathway how many little evils one has to contend with. How many vexations trials are to be overcome. How often, O, how often we let these simple trials provoke us beyond all reason and retort with short, sharp, cruel, and angry words or actions to that which does not suit our own individual tastes. What then is the result? Our souls become embittered, and we make life very unpleasant for those associated with us. It is these little evils that are most profusely scattered over life's path, that continually gnaw away like so many mice, until nothing is left but a bare-ribbed skeleton. In regard to evils, we will quote the words of Colton:—

"Evils, in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived."

These evils, insignificant though they may be, often appear to us as insurmountable hills, but if we would only consider wisely before acting, how very small these evils would seem, and how many lives we would make the happier for our timely consideration! But yet—

"We hear this fearful tempest sing,
And seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails
And yet we strike not, but securely perish."

God has intended for us to have cares and comforts, trials and temptations, grief and sorrow. We often question, Why is this? If we had known these things would annoy us, we might have been prepared. But the future is wisely hidden from us, so we will not question the wisdom of our God, but remember,

Life is what we make it.

EVELYN G——]

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustash as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away.

—Longfellow.

TWO PICTURES FROM MEMORY.

BY AGNES MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

A NEAT white house with pretty porches and green blinds; a grassy lawn shaded by numerous hickory, bitter-nut, and oak trees; and all inclosed by a fancy picket fence. Inside everything is just as interesting. There is no rich or expensive furniture, but all is comfortable and homelike. It is evening and the family are gathered in the cosy sitting room. The mother, a fair-faced, comely woman is sitting at a table working away patiently at the never empty stocking basket; dear, unselfish mother, devoted to her husband and children, so industrious and careful, cleaning, baking, mending, going through every day without a murmur, all the monotonous duties that make up the life of so many mothers. The father, resting after the labors of the day, is reading the evening paper. How true it is that,—

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

There are eight children, five girls and three boys. The two eldest girls are busily engaged at the simple, homely task of sewing carpet rags. They are to get a certain sum for every pound they sew during the winter. The eldest boy and next girl are preparing lessons for to-morrow's school, and the three younger children are playing on the broad couch, laughing and talking as children will.

The baby, a bright boy, is asleep in his cradle. Now the father lays down his paper, and the moment he does so, the three little ones run to him and beg for a story, and they are not denied. The mother, smiling, goes on with her work, but the children at once put down work and books and gather round their father to listen to the story which is sure to be a treat.

One dainty little maiden, the family pet, with golden ringlets and soft gray eyes, climbs upon the father's knee. Sometimes the story is about some old Irish legend, the mournful Banshee, the treacherous will-o-the-wisp, or a queer little fairy in a green coat and funny cocked hat. Again it is an Indian story or about a poor little boy who had a

step-mother, and the cruelty and injustice which he had to suffer seems so real to the imaginative young minds, that before the story ends, at last three or four of the children cry openly out of pure sympathy.

But the story they all like best to hear is one taken from the Book of books, told in a simple, touching manner; about the baby Moses being hidden in a basket, about David and big Goliath, or about poor little Joseph and his coat of many colors.

The story telling ended, the whole family gather in the pleasant front room, and all join in singing some familiar hymn, while the eldest girl plays an accompaniment on the organ. Thus ended one of many happy, peaceful evenings lived through long ago, and Time, which slowly but surely dims all our pleasures of the past, can never quite efface it from my memory.

CHAPTER II.

The same pretty home, the same cosy rooms, the same family, and yet there is a great change.

It is once more evening, but the mother's hands to-night are idle. The children whisper sadly together. There is no laughter nor play; the father has no heart for story-telling, even if he was asked, and the sweet-toned organ is closed.

The angel of death has entered that happy home. In a chill, darkened room, on a white draped table, stands a dainty little casket. In it lies all that remains of gentle, golden-haired little Grace, the fairest of the flock, the darling of the house. How like an angel she looks to-night in her soft white dress with its girdle of ribbons. A few white flowers are clasped in her waxen fingers; her soft little ringlets cluster round her forehead as naturally as in life, but her bright, expressive eyes are closed in mortal sleep to wake no more.

Beside the casket with bowed head, sits the sorrowing father, trying to realize the blow that has fallen, striving to trust tho' he cannot trace. To-morrow the beloved little one will be laid in her last resting

place. It is winter and the loving mother, always careful for the comfort of her children thinks it will be cruelty to put her little darling in the cold, frozen earth. She cannot realize that the little limbs will never more be sensitive to either cold or heat. O, none but a loving mother who has experienced a like sorrow, can appreciate the desolate aching of that mother's heart!

Kind friends and neighbors gather in to offer sympathy; it is gratefully received, and yet of how little avail is all one human heart can offer to another when real sorrow comes. While life and health are spared, and prosperity shines upon us,

how content we are with earthly ties and friendships, but when clouds arise, and real trouble comes, instinctively we turn to our only Comforter, the great Physician, to Him who alone can heal real sorrow and teach the rebellious heart to say, "Thy will be done." And it is to Him they turn, all those who love gentle little Gracie, for comfort in their grief, and while life lasts, the memory of her short, sweet life will be cherished in their hearts. The gayest hours trip lightly by—

And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep lines that sorrow wears
Time never can efface.

SET THE FLAG ON THEIR GRAVES.

Play the peace bugles low,
And the white roses blow,
And the apple-blossoms fill
The green valleys with snow;
Let our sweet songs arise
On the spring's western wind,
We can never forget them
Who died for mankind.
Set the flag on their graves,
In the lilies enshrined,
We can never forget them,
Who died for mankind.

Set the flag on their graves,
Where the vernal wind laves,
The roses of peace,
From the spring's western waves.
'Twas for you and for me
Their grand lives they resigned;

They are brothers to all men
Who died for mankind.
Set the flag on their graves,
In the lilies enshrined,
Let us never forget them
Who died for mankind.

Set the flag on their graves,
Where the thrush, fluting low,
Shall take up our song,
And sing on as we go,
O'er the bloom of the flag,
In the lilies enshrined;
Their lives are immortal
Who died for mankind.
Set the flag on their graves,
'Mid the lilies enshrined,
Their lives are immortal
Who died for mankind.

—Youth's Companion.

A LEAFLET OF MEMORY.

BY C. H. PORTER.

ON a bright summer day many years ago two English boys, on a Sunday afternoon, had taken a walk and finally lay down upon the greensward in the shade of a tree.

One of the boys was in a very thoughtful frame of mind. As he rested there with his head upon his hands, looking up to the blue skies above him, listening to the hum of the bees, and the music of the birds; thinking of the days of his childhood and youth, of his kind friends and

associates, of the hills, valleys, and woods of his native country with which he was familiar, and which he dearly loved, he said: "I wonder where I shall be next year at this time."

"Why?" asked his companion.

"Because next summer, if I live, I expect to go to America."

"Why are you going?" asked the other.

This question was more easily asked than answered. He knew that he had an

intense desire to leave his home, his friends, and country though they were all inexpressibly dear to him, that he might cross the broad Atlantic and try his fortune in the land of the setting sun; and although the determination thus to do caused him sadness as he contemplated the severing of those ties so dear to him, yet he swerved not from his purpose.

His companion answered him lightly and discussed his own unmatured plans for the future which extended not beyond a small business in his native village.

But time brings changes to us all. The year rolled around and before its cycle was completed, one had crossed the briny deep and commenced his life in a new country.

The change was greater than he had anticipated, and sometimes he almost wished he had not left his native land, but being young, buoyant, and determined, he made his way among the strangers he had settled among, and by dint of energy and perseverance worked his way until he became a man among men.

He learned to love the land of his adoption. He moved to the prairies of the great West, and as he watched the activity that is characteristic of that people, his breast seemed to swell with the air of freedom that seemed always with them.

He raised magnificent crops of grain upon his own land, milked his own cows, drove his own horses, planted his own groves, and orchards, saw his companion a happy wife and mother.

No wonder his heart swelled with gratitude and love as he saw how he had been blessed and prospered. But there came a time when he lost the interest he formerly had in these things. He had listened to the voice of the Good Shepherd and followed him through the gate of baptism, and as he prayed for light to guide aright along the journey of life, he heard the voice of God's Spirit directing him to prepare himself for the work whereunto he would be called.

He listened, studied, and prayed. Every step he took opened up to him a great field in which he felt assured he had to take an active part. As his interest increased in the work wherein he felt that he was destined to take a part, it visibly declined in the fields of industry

and enterprise in which he had before been engaged.

Thus was he in a measure prepared for his after work. This period of transition was short. Soon the voice of the Spirit was heard through the officers of the church calling him to the ministry.

From that time forth his voice has been heard by the congregations of the people, proclaiming the everlasting gospel.

After an absence of twenty years he again visited his native land. Again he walked over the green fields of his childhood, and listened to the murmuring of the brook he, as a child, had thought such sweet music. He walked the same paths, traveled over the same highways, heard the *Te Deum* and *Gloria Patri* sung, and the same prayers read that he had listened to in the days of his childhood and youth, in the old parish church.

Again he heard the merry chimes of the bells of his native village that he had recalled so many times while in a far-off country. He clasped by the hand bearded men that he had known as beardless boys, and saw around him a generation of youthful strangers that had arisen to take the place of the generation of which he had been a member in the years gone by.

It was to him a mixture of the familiar and strange. He could recall every nook and corner, every hedge and tree, every hill and valley, every brook and rivulet; yet some changes were visible. This was discernible in the people themselves rather than in their surroundings. When he had been among them before he knew no strangers; now the familiar forms of old, many of them, were missing, and young men and maidens had arisen to take their places. Nothing could have more forcibly impressed upon his mind the saying of the wise man of old: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever."

Here were the same green hills and valleys, the same brooks and forests, the same earth and sky, but one generation had passed, or was fast passing, away, and another generation was growing up to take the possession that had once been held by them.

"What has become of Alfred G——?" he asked.

"He has gone to Africa," was the reply.

This was the short history he was able to learn of his companion of the summer day of twenty years before.

In a few weeks he returned to the land of his adoption, rejoicing in the goodness of God in being permitted to visit the land of his birth, that he might once again see the old familiar scenes of his boyish days, and again clasp by the

hand and look into the eyes of the friends of the days of yore.

Again is his voice heard over the western prairies proclaiming the gospel of salvation, calling upon the congregations of the people to "repent and believe the gospel;" and, as he looks back over his past life, he is often led to say with the poet:—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

THE MOTHER.

"And though at last, at last,
Between us shall have passed
The tender, bending grasses where the daisy
shades are cast,—
The love shall never let me go, that held me
once so fast:
Down from the heav'n of grace
Shall shine thine angel-face,
To heal the breaking heart that only sees an
empty place!

"All weariness and woe
From out thy life shall go,
The hands so tired for love's sweet sake, a holy
rest shall know,
And unto thee in glory shall my deathless
blessing flow;—
Oh, patient feet that trod
So long the keen sharp sod!
O Mother! Mother! be thou crowned within
the sight of God."

The link that binds the world together through all the generations is the mother. Only a fraction of the women are mothers, but all have their birthright of immortal life by the suffering and sacrifice of some woman, so that the mother stands next to God in the centre of every life, and love for her is the one common chord of humanity that responds to the sympathetic touch as long as a spark of manhood or womanhood remains.

We need often to go back to this centre, to the dear child-love ourselves,—to go back thoughtfully, as Alice Cary did, shutting out the roar of city life, until she heard the whispering of the boughs upon the window pane, and inhaled the breath of Clovernook.

We need to think of ourselves as children, with mother at home, to keep the old faith serene, the heart sweet amid all the wanderings and bitterness of life.

One has said, "We are not old as long as mother lives," and the saying is a true one, because we do go back to renew our life, unconsciously, perhaps. There are so many things we want to tell mother. She is so glad of our successes, so sympathetic in our sorrows. She cares so much how the world uses us. She is conscience for us in difficult places, for she lives close to God.

If we have no earthly friend but mother, we are still rich. We do not know how rich until the chair is vacant, the presence is gone. But when we take the thought in all its meaning into our hearts, we must think of mother as our centre of the heavenly home. Unless she had been, we could not have had the blessed heritage of life.

Then each one of us will be a child in heaven, for each will seek the mother, and with our love, multiplied by the years,—for love itself, and the deeds it does, can never die,—we will say:—

"O mother, be thou crowned within the sight of God, crowned by a life that owes its existence to thee, a life that, because of thee could not be unworthy, unfulfilled, sinful, but by the grace of God rounded out into righteousness and usefulness."

It will be worth all the sacrifice of earthly desires just to have so lived that we can speed to the mother, and hear again, as when at home, her dear voice say, "My child!"

—The Household.

"No one is yet able to judge even himself, to analyze his own character, to know his own heart, to arbitrate justly in his own case. How then shall we presume to judge others, of whom we know so much less?"

TEDDIE'S VICTORY.

"O-H-H! What is that?"

And little Teddie stopped short in his brisk walk on that chilly November morning. With one hand he held firmly in place his poor apology for a hat, which the wind was doing its best to tear from his head. With the other he picked up a well-filled purse which lay at his feet. He tucked his hat under his arm to keep it safe, and with both hands held tight the wonderful purse, that seemed ready to burst with its wealth. He turned into an alley to examine it. Such a purse as that his little hand had never held in its grasp before. There before him lay a glittering gold piece, while a roll of bills were carefully folded away in another of its pockets.

"Oh!" he said aloud, "God must have dropped the purse from heaven for me, because Madge and I both prayed to him so hard that he would send us some money to buy coals. It is so cold without a fire." And the little thinly clad figure shivered in the chill air. "I'll run to Madge with it." And putting the purse in his pocket, where he could hold it firmly with his hand he started as fast as his feet could carry him for the attic he called home.

But a voice somewhere under Teddie's jacket kept sounding in his ears as he ran:—

"Teddie, is it yours? Teddie are you doing right?"

He stopped at last, as the sudden thought came into his mind:—

"I wonder if it is all mine? May be somebody lost it." And a startled look on his face took the place of that glad surprise which had lighted up his bright eyes.

He walked on a little slower than before, thinking almost aloud, "Oh! if it is only truly mine, it will buy Madge a warm shawl, and Sadie an apple, and a fire to keep warm, and ever so many things. Maybe Madge will say I may keep it. I can run home quickly and tell her all about it."

Suiting the action to the word, he started on again. But louder and louder he felt that thumping under his jacket as he went.

"You must always do right, Teddie, no

matter how hard it is. God will see you, if no one else does. Stop, Teddie, you are doing wrong. That purse is not yours."

He did stop, and said aloud, "It is rightly mine. I found it. And yet, perhaps somebody who has lost it is looking for it now, and feels awfully bad about it. I would if I had lost it. Maybe, if I go and ask Madge, I would not find the people there looking for it when I got back."

"Now, Teddie," spoke the voice under his jacket, "turn right back and go and do right. God will see, and God will help. You must not keep what does not belong to you."

"I'll do it," he exclaimed, and pushing his hat back from his face, his bright curls flying in the wind, he turned sharply around and retraced his steps.

Presently he saw a policeman and two ladies coming towards him. One was an old lady, with a face pure and sweet in its frame-work of silver hair, that carried no terror to the heart of the timid child; the other a young fair girl who seemed to be wild with excitement and grief.

"I must have dropped it on this block, for a little beyond is where I first missed it, and we made a call here," she said, addressing the policeman.

"Is it a purse you have lost, lady?" said Teddie. "I found this on the grass here, close to the sidewalk," and he pointed to the place where he had picked it up.

"Yes, that is it," exclaimed the young lady with a glad cry.

"Look into it, and see if it is all right, ma'am," said the policeman, with a side-long glance at Teddie as he spoke.

"Everything is just as I left it. My gold piece that Uncle John gave me, and all the rest," she replied, "exactly where I put it."

"And now, my little man," said the elder lady laying her hand kindly on Teddie's arm, "What shall we do for the honest little boy that would not keep what did not honestly belong to him?"

But the policeman who had hoped to find the purse and receive the reward himself, muttered as he turned away: "He'll take all you'll give him, ma'am. These ragged little urchins are a pack of thieves, anyway."

"But this little boy is not," said the elder lady, "and he shall be well paid for his honesty, too. Where do you live my lad?" she said with a sweet smile.

"In an attic in one of the houses in Poverty Row," he answered, rather unhesitatingly.

"Have you always lived in Poverty Row?"

"Only since mamma and papa died. Papa died and then mamma soon followed. After that we had to live in Poverty Row."

"Well, get into our carriage and show us the way to your home."

Teddy quickly obeyed, chatting gaily all the way, his face aglow with pleasure at a ride, the like of which he had never had before.

They reached the street, and though Teddie said that carriages did not drive through Poverty Row, Mrs. Bell's coachman found a way. They mounted the narrow, dingy staircase, Mrs. Bell and her daughter following Teddy's lead, until they reached the small attic room, where patient Sister Madge was seated by one small window earning a livelihood with the needle for herself, Teddie, and little Sadie. The story of the lost purse was told. And Teddie, with an earnest look, said:—

"Oh! Madge, how I wanted to keep it, and bring it home to you. But, then, I knew it must be wrong, and I went right back when I thought of that."

"Do you know, Teddie, that you won a great victory when you made up your mind not to keep what you felt certain was not yours?" said Mrs. Bell, looking at him with kindly eyes. "Great victories are not always won on the field of battle."

The visitors remained long enough to freely discuss the needs of the little family, and left a generous gift when they went away, with a promise to return in a few days. Then Teddie's curly head nestled close to his sister's arm, as he whispered:—

"Was that my victory, Madge, that Mrs. Bell told me about?"

"Yes, Teddie. When you made up your mind to do right, that was your victory; and a big victory it was. For the temptation was very strong to make you do what was wrong. You fought that battle with sin in your heart, and you won the victory nobly."

"Ain't you glad I did, Madge?"

"Glad! I cannot tell you how glad I am Teddie," said his sister, holding him in her loving arms for a moment while she pressed a loving kiss to his lips. "I hope you will win those victories over sin and wrong all your life. God always helps us to fight our battles if we ask him. You see how he has answered our morning prayer far better than we could have done for ourselves. God will always hear us if we trust him, no matter where we are; and he will help us to win our victories."

Mrs. Bell and her daughter lost no time in interesting their friends and neighbors in the little orphan flock. It was not long after that visit before she came again, and took them all to a lovely, sunny room, far from Poverty Row.

They gathered about the bright fire on their first evening in their new home, and the cozy room with its many comforts seemed like paradise, indeed. Teddie crept close to Madge, with a wistful look on his face.

"What is it, Teddie?" she asked.

"I was thinking," he said, "how much better it was that I turned about and took that purse back."

"That was your victory, Teddie. And you see it is always best, even in this world's wisdom, to obey God, and do what your conscience tells you is right. God sent a friend to us because he knew you were determined to do right."

"And all this good," said the little boy, "was because of 'Teddie's victory.'"

—Selected.

"THE BUTTERFLY'S EASTER MORNING."

The chrysalis lay in a cushioned box
Through the dark, cold, wintry weather,
And Bennie touched it with gentle hand,
And we talked of it much together.

We longed for the day when the living thing
Should burst its bars asunder,
Till at last it came, and the butterfly
We gazed at with joy and wonder.

As it rose on its bright and beautiful wings,
Which were fit for a fay's adorning,
Sweet Bennie cried, with his eyes a-shine:
"Tis the butterfly's Easter morning!"

—Emma C. Dowd.

DID PRINCE KNOW.

WE were discussing dogs, when Capt. Clark, a native of Illinois, related an incident that will bear repeating.

□ About ten years ago the Captain purchased some land on the south branch of the Big Wichita River, Texas, and a few months later went out to make arrangements for establishing a ranch. He took with him a large shepherd dog of great intelligence. From Fort Worth he journeyed to within twenty-five miles of his destination by rail. At the fort he hired a horse for a week, got his directions about the roads, and set off in good spirits. It was lovely weather and a bracing atmosphere, and the Captain was jolly enough until, after the first five miles had been covered, he noticed that "Prince" was acting in a queer manner. Three different times the dog headed the horse as if to turn him back, and when this did not avail he sat down in the road and howled. The Captain got down to look him over, but could find nothing wrong. The dog would look up at him and whine and bark and run back toward the town, and when his master refused to follow him he howled. No such conduct had ever been noticed in him before. He left the town at two o'clock in the afternoon, calculating to stop over night at a ranch eighteen miles distant, and, after wasting a quarter of an hour with his dog, remounted and rode on. Prince howled louder than ever. He followed, but with his tail and ears down, as if in great trouble.

Two things happened to prevent the Captain from reaching the ranch as he had planned: a thunderstorm, and he got among the cattle trails and lost his way. The dog kept up his strange conduct. It was nine o'clock in the evening, with another storm threatening, when he drew up at the cabin on a small creek flowing into the Wichita. He had seen the light and made a short cut to reach it. In response to his call an evil-looking woman about forty years old came to the door, and to his request to be accommodated for the night granted a ready affirmative. While the horse was being cared for in a brush stable, the man of the house came home. He had a face more vicious than the woman's. The

supper consisted of hoe cake and bacon, and the house and everything in it indicated shiftlessness and poverty. The woman had no questions to ask, but the man was full of them.

At ten o'clock, with the storm still raging, Capt. Clark went to bed. There were two rooms in the house, with a bed in each, and he had the front room. While he did not like the looks of the pair, he had no suspicion that they intended harm. He was well armed, a brave man, and he did not intend to sleep too soundly. There was neither lock nor catch on his door, and he kept it closed by placing a light stand against it. He had gone to the door and whistled for Prince before removing his clothes, but the dog would not come. Nevertheless, the Captain was only fairly in bed when the dog came to the outer door, snuffed about for a minute and then set up howling. The master got up to let him in, but he ran away. It seemed as though Prince was mad, and the Captain made up his mind to shoot him in the morning.

"It was after midnight when I was awakened. The dog had his nose at the bottom of the door, and was howling. I heard a movement in the next room. I heard the man walk across the floor in his bare feet and open the back door and go out. No doubt he had gone to drive Prince away, and I settled back in bed and thanked him for it. The dog ran off, but though I listened long I did not hear the man return. I did hear something, but supposed he had cried out to the dog. The storm was over now, and the light of the moon flooding the room and as I turned over I saw that the door was ajar. I rose up on my elbow to get a better look, and at that instant the door was pushed further open and in came the woman. She had a light axe in her hands, and no sooner had she made out that I was awake than she sprang forward and struck at me with all her might. I had no time to calculate, but evaded the blow by instinct. She struck at my head, and I drew myself downward, with only an inch or two to spare. As the blow fell I twisted myself out of bed, and before the woman could strike again I had her. I weighed 165 pounds, and there

are few men who can lay me on my back, but I tell you I had to exert myself to conquer that woman. She had muscle, and it was not until I got a good hold on her throat that she wilted. Our struggle lasted fully five minutes, and during all that time Prince was at the door barking and growling in the most furious manner. I had just worsted the woman when the dog came in by way of the back door, and he would have killed her if I had not restrained him. I told him to stand guard, and then proceeded to strike a light and dress.

"I couldn't understand what had become of the husband. With the light in one hand and my revolver in the other, I inspected the back room, but he was not there. I had heard him pass out, and why had he not returned? I looked out of the back door, and the mystery was explained. There lay the man on the broad of his back, feet drawn up and arms extended, and he was dead. I could see no wound, and knew that no pistol had been fired. After hesitating a bit, I seized hold of him and turned him over, and there in his back, driven clear up to the hilt, was his own knife. I did not attempt to pull it out, but returned to the woman. She had recovered from the choking and was sitting up, but Prince would permit no further move. Her hair hung down about her body, and added to this was the fact that her face was all blood. She was about as hard a sight as I ever saw. I had no sooner entered the room than she began to curse, using the most awful oaths and most terrible threats.

"It was not until daylight that I had a

satisfactory explanation. The couple had determined to murder me. About midnight, or as soon as the storm passed over, my horse was saddled and led out. They knew I was armed, and the man had the door open almost wide enough to admit his body when Prince came and awoke me with his howling. The man retreated and went out doors to settle the dog. There was a clothes line stretched from the corner of the cabin to a tree, and as he was moving rapidly along, this caught him under the chin and flung him backward. He had the knife in his hand, and as he fell it was twisted about in such a manner that he fell upon it. The woman went out and found him gasping his last. She determined to finish me herself and ride off on the horse.

"Now, then, to return to the dog. He acted perfectly natural from the moment my safety was assured. If his previous conduct did not come from an instinct that danger menaced me, tell me what it was? Didn't he know the danger better than I did, and didn't he do everything he could to warn me?"

—New York Sun.

The more we read of the wonderful intelligence of animals,—how they often tell us in advance of cold winters and coming storms—how they travel hundreds of miles from new homes to old without human help—how the birds are directed in their flight across the oceans, and carrier pigeons fly home a thousand miles over mountains and lakes,—the more we read these well-attested facts, the more we believe that there are more things in heaven and earth than our human philosophy ordinarily dreams of.—EDITOR.

—Our Dumb Animals.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

O, life, so prodigal of life!
O, love and destiny at strife!
O, earth, so full of busy feet!
O, woods and hills and all things sweet!
Was there no room amidst you all
For two more feet, so soft and small?
Didst envy me, where thousands sing,
The one bird that made all my spring,
My dove that had so many ways
Of making beautiful life's days?

No room! Or rather it may be
Earth was too small t' imprison thee,
God only knows. I know I miss
Thy sweet caress, thy loving kiss,
The patter of thy dear small feet,
Thy hand in mine through lane and street;
While all that now remains to me
Is just a precious memory.
Two little feet 'neath earth's brown sod,
Two white wings somewhere safe with God.

—Chambers' Journal.

WHAT THEY BOTH THOUGHT.

IT was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-bye," he called out. There came from somewhere up stairs through the half-open door a feminine voice, "Good-bye," then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the foretokens of coming life, and musical with the songs of the nest builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope in his life, as he took the reins out of his groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this is what he thought:—

"If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot, and my toast browned; and I should have had at least a parting shake of the hand and a hope expressed that I would come again. But I am only her husband!"

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready:—

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way with a careless 'Good-bye' tossed up stairs. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-bye, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask if I were sick. He is a perfect gentleman to everyone but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. Well, well, I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it."

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that farewell kiss.

O, husbands and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that oftentimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong?

—Christian Union.

Editor's Corner.

NOTICE.—Our friends will please remember that all subscriptions for 1893 must be paid by June 15, unless by special arrangement with the editor. Also that after the year 1893 our terms will be cash in advance, unless by special arrangement otherwise. None who are interested in the magazine can object to this when we tell them that it is absolutely necessary.

MESSRS. A. S. BARNES & Co. (New York) have in press a book entitled "LOOKING WITHIN; THE MISLEADING TENDENCIES OF 'LOOKING BACKWARD' MADE MANIFEST." As its title suggests, it is a reply to the suggestive plans in "Looking Backward" for a revolution in present social and governmental methods and ideas. The book is written in the form of a novel, a complete narrative of absorbing interest forming the principal artery through which its various characters expound and enlarge their ideas on the labor question, governmental control, etc. Exciting

episodes of new and startling phases retain the reader's interest to the end, and the imagination is given full play, amidst scenes and events happening in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. The book will be ready about May 15.

THE Preacher's Magazine, for March, edited by Mark Guy Pearse and Arthur Gregory, is at hand. Among the contents of this number we notice as the leading sermon, "Atheism, its Causes and Consequences" by Dr. Edward

White. The senior editor continues his article on "Moses, His Life and Its Lessons," and takes up the subject of The Last Plague. Other sermons are by Dr. S. H. Kellogg of Toronto, and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes of London. The homiletic department is full and complete; among its contributors we notice the names of Dr. Vaughan, William M. Taylor, George Lester, and John Edwards. An excellent article by James Stalker, D. D., on "The Lord's Three-fold Question" is also in this number. Dr. Henry Wright continues his paper on

"Secret Prayer a Great Reality." Among the other departments, in this most valuable magazine, are Notes on the International Lessons, Outline Addresses on the Golden Texts, Reviews of Books, etc., etc. The Methodist in a recent number said, "This magazine is the most spiritual of all homiletic magazines, and is most thoroughly orthodox." The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, single copies 15 cents; and it is published by *Wilbur B. Ketcham, & Cooper Union, New York.*

Department of Correspondence.

EDITED BY ELEANOR.

Address Correspondence to Eleanor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Conference is now upon us with all its work and worry, as well as its pleasure and, we trust, profit. We hope to have much to write about by next issue, and that at present our readers will be considerate. Don't forget to sustain the Department.

LATTER DAY SAINTS' LITERARY EXCHANGE FUND.

Amount to date, April, 1893.....	\$5 55
James Tredwell, Ind. Ter.....	15
E. C. Pickering, " ".....	25
W. A. Pickering, " ".....	25
A. E. Elliott, " ".....	25
Sallie Spangler, " ".....	50
Mollie Music, " ".....	50
Nora B. Short, " ".....	50
Eva M. Bailey, " ".....	25

2 65

Amount to date, May, 1893.....\$8 20

MOOLAP, Victoria, Aus.

Dear Readers of Autumn Leaves:—It gives one great pleasure to read the letters of the correspondence. I have been cheered and encouraged many times while reading of the many blessings the Saints have received.

I see that a sister has introduced the subject of "Temperance." I think many instructive lessons could be written on it, and I would be glad to see some, as I am very much interested in the temperance cause.

We have a Band of Hope Union organized in this district, and have some very good meetings.

We are glad to hear of the progress of the latter-day work in America. Truly the Lord does pour out his Spirit upon those who serve him faithfully.

I am glad to say we had the pleasure of seeing another one added to our branch yesterday, and the Lord has promised that many more shall be added in this district, if the Saints are humble and faithful before him. O, may all strive to live more Christ-like in the future, than we have in the past, so that many more may obey the gospel law, and become citizens of Christ's kingdom; for we know the time is near, when he shall appear, "yea even at the doors."

I will close, hoping to see some good articles on temperance.

I remain your sister in the one faith,

EMMA CRAIG.

HITCHCOCK, S. D., March, 1893.

Dear Readers:—I will try to pen you a few lines. This is my first effort to write for the *Leaves*. I have always thought it was for the youth to sustain. We have just received our March number. The first we read is the letter department. I was very glad to see it continued. O, how I love to read those letters, and hope and pray that it may be continued. If those that have the privilege of meeting from time to time would write and let us scattered ones know of their success, joy, and comfort they receive at these meetings, we, too, would be gladdened. I have not the privilege of go-

ing to meetings. The *Leaves* and *Herald* are the only means by which I gain any knowledge of the church. I can rejoice in the joy of my brothers and sisters, if I have not the privilege of meeting with them.

I think Bro. Luff's autobiography is grand. I have often wished that it was the will of our heavenly Father that I could hear Bro. Luff address the people of Hitchcock, Dakota. I have always let my light shine whenever there was an opportunity. They often call me, "the little Mormon." It never bothers me.

We have had a very nice winter here, not much snow and not any bad blizzards.

I for one hope Bro. Gunsolley may succeed in the organization for the young people. I have some young people and it might be of some interest to them some time. It may be that we shall not always be alone and away far from the church as we are at present. With these few remarks I will close. Yours in the one faith,

MARY A. KING.

BIRD'S EYE, Ind., March, 1893.

Dear Readers:—It having been some time since you have heard from me, I conclude to write. Several letters have appeared in recent issues of the *Leaves* upon the meat question, which have given stimulus to thought, and as a consequence I herewith offer expression to a few thoughts upon it.

The November issue contains a letter from the pen of Bro. Russell Archibald in which he criticises the position taken by a writer in the October issue in regard to the use of meat. He bases his criticism upon the following Scripture: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith. . . ."

"Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."—1 Tim. 4: 1, 3.

Now I wish to kindly criticise brother Russell's position. He seems to think this statement of Paul's is against those who abstain from the use of literal meats. To my mind he gives it a meaning that it will not bear. The meaning of the word *meats*, like that of all others, is determined by the way it is used. In its biblical use it admits of three distinct applications. Sometimes it means food in general; that is, literal food. In other instances it means the flesh of animals. In this case it means neither, but has reference to the meat, or spiritual food, which God has so generously provided, in the gospel for our spiritual nourishment. The duties God enjoins upon us, and the command-

ments he requires us to obey are spiritual food. Hence, every duty we perform, and every commandment we obey, adds to our spiritual strength.

There are some, however, who need "the sincere milk of the word;" for they are unskillful in the word of righteousness, being babes. Meat belongs to those who are of full age "who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both evil and good." Kind reader, you doubtless remember that upon one of the ministerial trips of Christ and his disciples, they passed through Samaria, and stopped at Jacob's well where Jesus remained while his disciples were gone into the city to buy meat. While he was waiting for their return a woman came to the well to get water. He began conversing with her, and while thus engaged, his disciples came and offered him some of the meat they had procured. He refused it saying: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." At this his disciples marveled and asked one another: "Hath any man brought him aught to eat?" Jesus saith unto them: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

Christ's disciples made a mistake upon this occasion in thinking Jesus meant literal meat for the natural man, when he meant spiritual meat for the sustenance of the spiritual man. To my mind Bro. Russell makes the same mistake; for, in his application of Paul's statement, he makes him mean the reverse of what he says. The meats Paul speaks of had been designed by God for those who believe and know the truth. Now it is a veritable fact that God's people have grander conceptions of the sacredness of the marriage union, or God designs that they should have at least, than the Gentiles, hence, it is among the meats God desires they should receive with thanksgiving. Paul conveys the idea that those who would depart from the faith, were to do so by abstaining from certain meats, in other words by abstaining from the gospel's provisions. His mention of marriage implies that in departing from the faith they would, among other things, ignore the marriage relation. If Paul means literal meats, as Bro. Russell thinks he does, whenever a Saint abstains from its use, it indicates that he has departed from the faith. It seems to me that our brother charges, in an indirect manner, those who abstain from the use of meat with apostasy.

Do not become offended at this, Bro. Russell. I do not believe you did so intentionally, but your position so places you. I realize that the meat question is an important one; but never

knew it was so important that either using meat or abstaining from its use evidenced departure from the faith. I believe that the command to eat meat sparingly and then in times of cold or famine is specially applicable to the flesh of the swine.

It includes others, however, also. I have always been an observer of the Word of Wisdom, excepting the meat part. I never used it excessively.

Let us have several more letters on this subject. It is inexhaustible. Why is it that Bro. A. B. Hanson does not write any more? I have not seen a letter from him for quite a while. Come again, Bro. Alma. Let us hear from some of the traveling brethren. The tourist sees many things of interest, which would develop in the reader an admiration for nature's magnanimity, and art's excellence. In conclusion; if I have misrepresented you in any way, Bro. Russell, correct me. If any of you think I am wrong, show me wherein. To my mind all the evidence upon this meat question voices the immaculateness and immutability of the great teacher from whom it emanated.

In the contest,

ALMA C. BARMORE.

HARLAN, Neb., March, 1893.

Dear Readers of the Department:—On this beautiful Sabbath morning a feeling of loneliness and isolation prompts me to a few words with you.

How much good cheer is sometimes dropped in a few words. The Department is a source of comfort to us scattered ones who have not the opportunity of conversing with people of like faith.

Once, when in time of trial, I picked up the *Autumn Leaves* and while turning the leaves the title, "To Those Who Fail," caught my eye and if the author of those lines could know what comfort I derived, he would have been well paid for his trouble.

I find in reading the *Herald* that the constant call is "more laborers, more laborers." It ought to send a thrill of remorse to the hearts of those who are not sacrificing everything in their power that there may be "more laborers." I know it did to mine and I thought of little luxuries I might have foregone to have sent their price to aid the great work.

Certainly there are thousands of souls waiting, for what lies in our united power, to give to them.

Each day I find some added pleasure in my faith in Christ and I feel as though I ought not

to deny anyone what is such a source of strength to me. Think of what the foreign missionaries are sacrificing in leaving friends, home, and many times families, that nations may hear the "glad tidings of great joy." Think how small in comparison are any sacrifices we may make. One noble woman who had nothing to give denied herself butter on her bread that she might save enough to send an offering for her babe and to the Boat Fund. Think of that, we who might sacrifice much less and give more.

Fearing to weary you by much speaking, I end, promising to cast in my mite again soon.

Your sister in Christ,

KATE WEED.

FLOWERS.

Dear Readers:—No doubt before now, yes many times, you have held in your hands some flower seeds, little dark colored, hard things, not at all pretty to look at, and perhaps you threw them aside and gave them no more thought. Stop a minute and let us talk about it for there is something inside that seed.

"All right," you say, so, picking one up from where you have thrown it, we place it between two stones and crack it, finding nothing within but an atom of dust. But, despite this, there is something very wonderful in that little hard shell if we only knew how to get it out. Let us see.

We will take a poppy seed, for instance. It lies in your hand, the merest speck of matter, very small, round, and hard. Look at it now. If you knew nothing about it, would it not seem impossible to you, if you were told that in this tiny, almost invisible seed was folded roots, stalks, leaves, stamens, anthers, and seed-vessels? And in a few short weeks these can all be brought out and we have before us a radiant, living, growing, graceful thing unfolding its scarlet, silken splendor to the sun, and rejoicing every eye that looks at it.

You say the seed must be planted. Yes, but did you ever think after placing a seed in the ground what a miracle is taking place down in the dark earth out of sight? How wonderful! It seems to me nothing less than one of God's miracles when I think of it.

A lady in writing on this subject for some of our periodicals says: "I never forget my planted seeds. I often wake in the night and think how the rains and dews have reached to the dry shell and softened it, and how the life is stirring within, and the individuality of the plant has begun to assert itself; how it is

thrusting two hands forth from the imprisoning husk, one—the root—to grasp the earth, to hold itself firm and absorb its foods; the other to reach above to help it find the light, that it may drink in the air and sunshine, and climb to its full perfection of beauty.”

Another thing we may think of which has seemed very wonderful to me and that is that every plant should draw only its own colors, its own form from the storehouse nature has provided never making a mistake but each plant taking from its surroundings just those qualities which will produce its own special characteristics. Close beside each other, in one bed, stand the rose and the lily, so different in form, color, and shape. The rose dark and rich in color sways to and fro on its slender stem and sends forth to each passerby its sweet perfume. The lily beside it receives its food from just the same kind of soil, breathes the same air and receives its coloring from the rays of the same sun. Yet how different! By what power do they select each its own color and shape when earth and air hold all the colors that God has prepared to make glorious his world of beauty?

Some have termed this power instinct, the same which we see in animals, but whatever it may be called it is certainly very astonishing. “God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.”

If we make an opening in the ground and put into it a rosebush, and fill up one side with rich soil and the opposite side with poor soil, every root of that rosebush will leave the poor side to inhabit the rich. That is a matter of fact, but the instinct of the bush is something to think about, nevertheless. There are many wonderful things in nature, and if we would only stop and think and study many times we would be amply repaid for our painstaking. But in all God’s lovely world, we can find nothing more wonderful, lovable, and beautiful than flowers.

How many ever thought that flowers might have spirits? It always seems so to me, and I believe they have. I hate to see a plant die. I always feel sad when I see flowers gathered from their mother stem and then rudely thrown aside to wither and die in the hot sun, or to be trampled beneath the feet of the passerby, in the dust of the roadside. Very often I have picked them up, shaken the dust from the delicately tinted petals and placed them in water. I have often wondered if they could not feel and suffer, and sometimes imagine they do.

When the early winter approaches and catches some of our late flowers, stiffening their leaves with its icy fingers and with its cold

blasts rudely lashing them to and fro, I always pity them and feel like gathering them into some secure shelter. Before now I have looked down in the sweet face of a pansy blossom or some other delicate flower and almost imagined I could see them smiling up at me so tenderly from their little velvety beds. And with real love, feelings such as we sometimes have for a little child, I have stooped and kissed their velvety petals. Perhaps you will laugh at the idea of kissing a flower, but I like to kiss them, they are so pure, so sweet, so innocent. What would the world be without them? Not half so beautiful and interesting as it is with them I am sure. I know all will agree with me in that.

“In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

“And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.”

CELIA.

PIPER CITY, Ill., March, 1893.

Dear Readers:—We often hear a great deal said about right and wrong, and while thinking of these two principles the question arises, “What are our motives in doing the right and shunning the wrong?”

There are several ways that we can employ to get a child to do right. One is by punishing him for wrongdoing so that he will not want to do the same again. Another way is to reward him for doing right. Another way is to get him to do right because he loves the one for whom he is doing it. Another, and I believe the highest and noblest motive, is to teach him to do right because it is right, to get him to do right because he loves the right.

Now, if these are the motives that prompt a child to do right, may we not safely say that the same motives urge the older ones towards the right and away from wrong. If we carefully examine our own actions, I believe we shall find that sometimes we have one motive in doing right and again another. Each of these motives is at times a power urging us to press forward in the path of right and duty. Whichever motive is most used in the government of the child will very likely cling to him in after life and be his rule of action.

One will do a certain thing through fear of punishment; another will do right for the sake of reward; another will not think of either the punishment or reward, but will do right for the

sake of the one who has requested him to do it; another has the last motive for his guidance.

If we choose the latter for our guide what do we in reality say by so doing. The answer we believe to be this, "We will do right regardless of consequences. When we are thoroughly convinced that anything is right, we will endeavor to do that, even if we have to stand alone and hear the discouraging words of those around us. Right shall be our watchword and, even though we fail in the undertaking, we will not do wrong because in that we might be successful." We had better do nothing than to advocate a principle which we believe to be wrong.

Difficulties may be ours to encounter and we may feel that our onward march is slow indeed, and our ideal or standard of excellence may be far beyond us. Though we may fail in reaching the standard towards which we are striving, we ought not to give up. Failure after failure may make us feel that it were better not to have a high ideal; but surely we cannot expect to reach a certain height unless we are striving for it. To accomplish the greatest good we must have a settled aim or purpose.

I remember a teacher of mine who said to his classes, "Have a high ideal, one that will make you work hard. Press forward to that with all the energy you have. When you succeed in reaching that ideal, immediately set up for yourself another and a higher ideal and press forward to that."

If we do this, I believe we will be more successful not only in our work in life but also in our spiritual development and growth. Aim high then, and although failures keep us from attaining to our ideal, yet by patient continuance in well doing we will finally accomplish what we undertake. Although we find many things to discourage us in our onward march, yet I believe it is not only better but easier to do the right. The very things, trials, afflictions, temptations, that would help us in our upward march would prove hindrances to us if we were traveling in the opposite way. They work for our future good and help us to more fully trust to the guidance of a loving Father and believe that he is leading us in the path which will do us the most good.

While we are looking towards our ideal let us remember this, "Tread not upon the flowers while looking at the stars." While it may be pleasant to look forward to that star, our ideal, that which we expect to be in future years, let us not forget that the flowers, the good, the true, the beautiful, the small things which we

can do in the present time, will help us to gain the goal.

It has been said that "we rise by things that are 'neath our feet." The things which help us in our efforts may be small in comparison to those towards which we are striving and to which we hope to attain, but they are not worthless because small.

Every temptation overcome, every good deed we do, every trial patiently endured is but a stepping stone to that higher, better, holier life for which we are striving, and if we but continue in our warfare against the wrong, and are true and faithful to our convictions of light, we will in some way and at some time reap our reward.

NETTIE I. HEAVENER.

SEDGWICK, Maine, Feb., 1893.

Dear Readers:—While reading my February number I feel impressed to write to the Department and help what I can. I feel it is little I can do to add to its progress, but I think we, as young Saints, should do what we can to help sustain it.

I think the *Autumn Leaves* is a great help and encouragement for the young in this life. I wish it was weekly instead of monthly. I think Sister Miriam Brand's *Reminiscences of Past Blessings* is worth reading and keeping in memory, seeing how God remembers his people inasmuch as they will strive to become humble and submissive to his will and commandments.

If we as children of God, try to do our part, God will do his. So I ask, let each of us try to keep up this Department and help to unfurl the banner of truth and let our lights shine around us.

It needs the energy and vigor of each and all to break the bands of Satan; for they are strong. Let us each be up and doing that the night may not overtake us with our work undone. May we all be able to hear the sound, "Well done."

Hoping this may do some good, I remain,
yours for the right,

ROSE PERT.

"ARE you faced right, and can you stand any minute before God without fear? Get that matter settled so that you can belong to the company of whom it is written: 'They did not look backward, They did not think much of themselves, They were ready to lend a hand, They were not afraid to die.'"

A dry eye means a hard heart.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

HANGING CRADLE.

During the warm days it is a good plan to have the baby sleep out of doors, if possible, and for this purpose the hanging cradles, which can be used in the nursery and bedroom, are equally serviceable when hung from the limb of a tree outdoors.

These cradles are only intended for young babies who are not strong enough to raise themselves and fall from their nest.

Olga Oliver, in one of the numbers of *Babyhood*, describes one of these cradles as follows:—

This little home-made contrivance is both simple and inexpensive. The materials used are strips of wood, a hook, wire spring, and ticking or other strong cloth.

The hook, which must be a strong one, is securely fastened in the ceiling, and from this the cradle hangs. I have found it convenient to have several hooks in different rooms. By this means the cradle may be hung wherever my work calls me.

I can keep a watch on the little sleeper, and sometimes prolong the nap by a light touch upon the cradle. A hook may be so placed that at night baby can occupy the cradle, and yet be within reach of the mother.

The frame is thirty-six inches long, inside measure. The end pieces are twenty inches long, inside measure. The wood is one inch by one and one half. The straps, which connect the frame with the spring, are forty-four inches at one end of the cradle and forty-two at the other, and one inch wide. The spring is twelve inches long and two inches in diameter. Iron strips should be tacked on the corners of the wooden frame to strengthen it.

Three yards of ticking are required to make the bottom of the bed, which must be shaped and tacked to the frame.

The straps, first passing them through a ring which fastens to the spring, must now be tacked to the four corners of the frame. Add to this two light pillows, one square and the other oblong, and a light woollen spread, and the cradle will be ready for its occupant.

I have described the cradle as my own is made, but of course the beauty of it—and it is a very graceful little affair—may be added to, to suit the taste and purse of the individual. The frame, which is covered with the striped ticking, may be also covered with a roll of plush, and a valance of the same be tacked along the outer edge of the frame. If this is done the straps should also be covered with a band of plush.

For protection from flies a strip of mosquito-netting five yards long may be gathered along one selvedge, and fastened just below the spring, in which it falls in loose folds to the frame.

The entire cost of the cradle, not including pillows and spread, was but a trifle over a dollar.

Chimney covers are tiny protectors to keep the dust from getting in the chimney of the lamp during the day, and thus dimming its clearness. The prettiest are made in the form of a little Turkish turban, using a large pill box as the foundation of the headpiece and twisting about it a half square of red silk, fastening a little buckle, or finely cut steel button, at one side. The point of the half-square turns over the top of the box to represent a head piece. Another pretty chimney cover is a scarlet poppy made of four red petals of satin, delicately tinted with a brush or with a needle and silk at their base, to make the darker shades necessary. A stem of green silk covered wire is added which serves as a handle to lift the cup-like flower from the chimney.

SPIDER WEB NEEDLE WORK.

Have the goods double, mark squares with pencil and rule, as wide as you want them. Now cut each way from the middle of each square, and double the corners in between the goods; button-hole stitch all around, then overcast, button-hole, and overcast, until the hole is filled.

Painting on chamois leather is a style of decoration which is still used for dress trimmings, and for various household ornamentations. The natural ecru color of the leather is sometimes preserved, though quite often the leather is stained to a different color. A design in dark yellows, shading into the natural color of the chamois, is probably as effective as anything else. Small pieces of this work have been in use for some time, but large hangings are now made decorated in the bold, effective way which gives the best result in this material. Quaint belts, with long, hanging ends, designed from old peasant costumes, are decorated in this way.

A little woman with more ingenuity than cash devised a covering for some worn chairs which has been much admired, and justly so, as it is exceedingly pretty. The frames, which had been a long time in her family, were of handsome carved ebony, and for this reason the ordinary way of resorting to creton or enveloping furniture linen was not to be considered. A tour of the shops revealed the white cotton Bedford cord used for art embroidery, which, while artistic, is a cheap material. On a square of this fabric large enough to cover the seat of a chair she had stamped a bow-knot tying a cluster of corn flowers. The bow-knot she outlined in blue rope linen with touches of black, and the flowers she worked partly in outline and partly in solid embroidery in different shades of dull blue. When these covers were tacked securely and the edges covered with blue gimp they presented a really elegant appearance.



**"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest."**

AUTUMN LEAVES

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PETS AND SPORTS OF A FARMER BOY.

ONE may write of scenes and incidents far away and long ago, in the first person, without individual responsibility for the history or the fiction, as the license always conceded poetry may be sometimes permitted prose.

There was a farm sloping westward gently from a curved line of low hills into one of the sunny and blooming valleys of Ohio. The farmhouse was under the protection of a grove, the sycamore and locust, cherry and cedar standing guard together. A short path led from the front door to a spring deep and cool, sheltered by slabs of limestone and shaded by a stately elm and two graceful maples.

The ridge, whose shortening shadows told of the rising sun, was timber land, rich in ash, walnut, hickory, oak, and poplar, with occasional beeches and blue gums and groups of sugar trees. Many fox and crow grapevines entwined the trunks and hung heavily over the boughs, making in the autumnal days marvellous displays of fruitfulness. Here and there the persimmon and the pawpaw flourished and when the frosts were white dropped their succulent treasures, yellow as gold and luscious as the figs of Damascus, on the scarlet carpet of fallen leaves; and there was in ample array the honey locust, the mulberry and wild cherry and hawthorn, the black and the dew berry, and piercing the delicate mosses and grasses were the stalks of the ginseng and the May apple. The woods were full of life and beauty, and provision for the turkey, the coon, the opossum, and the squirrel; and birds, from the woodpecker and yellowhammer to the pigeon and the dove; while the boys and the pigs were rivals in the consumption of the good things bounteously spread before them. The bosom

of the valley was laced with a thread of silver; a stream—the home of sunfish—murmured and sparkled under lofty sycamores, statuesque, their arms white as marble, and lowly willows that drooped along the shining water like slender rods of gold. The hillside fields were beautiful with wheat alternating with barley, rye, and oats, and declined easily to levels where the corn grew tall. The springs at the foot of the hills could be traced, like veins in a leaf, in little brooks to the larger one in the centre, that, brightening with their increase, babbled over the polished gravel and glistening sand, southward to the great Miami and the greater and splendid Ohio.

My first pet was a squirrel. It was a mere baby when the home of its parents was broken up by the fall of a tree, and it became a captive and won the heart of its young master. Ah, this was nearly sixty years ago, away in the thirties, when General Andrew Jackson was president, and the hickory trees were adored as his emblem and standard. It was the duty of a democratic boy to believe that the general lived on hickory nuts in the Creek war, and they were good enough—as indeed they were—for anyone to eat, and sanctified, as the food that heaven sent in the wilderness, to the hero of the day and the age, who had beaten the British at New Orleans, and because he was brave and good had been persecuted by the wicked, who also had slandered his poor dear wife, the “Aunt Rachel” of the people who hated the redcoats and the Whigs and Tories, until, heart-broken, she died. Through the recollections of generations I can see the bright eyes of my squirrel, his slender figure and nimble movements, the fine pose with which he held a nut in

his paws and curled his glossy tail. He could cut with his keen teeth the shells of nuts, but preferred that I should crack them. He had the goodness to sit on my shoulder and scamper with silky softness over my head. He consented to be concealed in the bosom of my jacket and put out his saucy head when a button was unfastened for his convenience. He slept in a box on leaves that I gathered, and skipped about the house silent as a shadow. I was deeply concerned about his relations with Thomas, my favorite cat, who eyed him at times with an expression of inquiry, as to whether after all this singular companion might not be a rat, masquerading with a flaunting tail of incredible proportions. But Thomas, while he maintained a reserve that I feared was sinister, lapped the milk with which he was bribed and ate the birds of his own catching—when he did not lay them as an offering before me—without flagrant hostility to the agile creature that shared my caresses with himself, and was to him a mystery, if not a rival. Alas! I did not long have a divided duty and affection in parcelling out devotion between the members of my happy family. My squirrel invaded the kitchen, where a formidable girl was the severe authority, and she said he got into mischief, and as she cast him forth rudely—oh, how cruel she was!—the skin from his tail with all its feathery fur remained in her rough fingers, leaving him like a rat indeed, and he was put to death because he had lost his distinguishing decoration. The naughty girl who had caused the calamity was not sorry, as she should have been, and had the hardness of heart to broil the delicate morsel for breakfast—but not for me. I could not eat my friend, though I remember his fine flavor when over the fire. Thomas lived long and prospered. He was a mighty hunter, catching quail and bringing them home, taking a saucer of milk in exchange. Once he caused much grief and narrowly escaped capital punishment. There was a nest full of young birds in a cedar that was so high the house as to be one of the treasures of our home, and the mother and father birds joyously fed their little ones with the choicest insects. Thomas was among the spectators of the family festival, and while I thought, from the study he made of the situation, that he had something

on his mind, I felt he was a baffled rascal, for the branches of the tree were impenetrable. But Thomas had a military head and was a strategist. He saw that a taller tree commanded the populous nest, and climbing it sailed down upon the birds, and at one fell swoop destroyed all the little chicks and the mother too, leaving the father of the flock disconsolate to scream around the scene of ruin and death. The conduct of Thomas was admired, but not approved. Unconscious of crime he purred as usual, and never seemed to know that he was the cause of sorrow to those who loved him. But notwithstanding his sinfulness in devouring the innocent, when winter came I built him a house and gave him a sheepskin with the wool on for a bed. He lived to a good old age, and died after a royal battle with a strange dog.

When my father's father came from old North Carolina, through the Cumberland Gap and the land of the cane and the blue grass, crossed the Ohio and entered the Miami country, the wilderness was almost unbroken and the big, gaunt, gray wolves howled at night. They had what the musicians call carrying voices—a clear shrillness with a weird vibration, penetrating, threatening, striking the pioneers, homesick for the old plantations on the distant tidal rivers, and jarring them with a chilling dread of something malignant and dangerous in the dark. My grandfather killed a deer and hung it in the smoke-house. There were drops of blood on the ground over which the game had been carried on a pole by two men, and when night came the watchdog—no coward as a rule—barked and whined mournfully, and as the door was opened he, with hair erect, took refuge in the house. Then, very near, in the gloom could be seen the glowing eyes of animals. Grandfather was not to be expelled from his own premises, and made a sally, armed with what he called a spontoon, or a clumsy spear and hatchet with a long handle, and stabbed the foremost of the grim besiegers, which yelped diabolically, but the troop did not give way. Quite the reverse, they advanced, and after a few thrusts and sharp ejaculations it became evident the spontoon was a failure, and the defender of his household fell back into his wooden castle and grasped his musket, which fortunately was well

charged. The flint and steel were true, and the flash and thunder that followed pulling the trigger raised the siege, when, as it was remembered wolves were afraid of fire, there was soon a log heap in flames; the venison was saved and the dog pacified.

Walking on an icy trail through the spice and sassafras bush, with his gun on his shoulder, my grandfather heard a scratching and scrambling (as if some heavy beast with claws were making awkward but rapid progress running in slippery places) and stepped aside, giving the right of way and getting ready for a quick shot, when a huge black bear tumbled along and met his fate in sudden death, the fatal fire singeing the hide over his ribs; and he was a monster, "fat as butter," and yielded better meat than a hog that picked up a living under the trees. My father had an inherited passion to go out and slay the beasts of the forest as his father had done, and as soon as he could carry a rifle was granted the precious privilege of going alone with it, but with no ammunition but the load it contained, into the dim old forest. Two hours passed and the rifle spoke! Each rifle in a frontier neighborhood has its own voice, and the family of which it is a part knows when it speaks and can usually tell what it says. There was no doubt when the ringing report was heard that the boy on his first hunt had shot at something, and presently he ran in as if pursued by savages, panting, eyes aflame, and reported he had killed a buck with four prongs on his horns; and he confidently led the way for his excited but incredulous hearers to the scene of slaughter, telling, as soon as he was able to breathe quietly, that he had heard a rustling in the leaves approaching, and concealed himself behind a leaning tree that afforded a rest, when, cautiously peering, he saw a group of deer, and, aiming at the largest, fired, whereupon the buck fell and the others—how many there were would never be told—bounded away. The boy had the eye of a woodsman and found the very spot, and there, bleeding and dead, was a spotted fawn shot through the heart—and the four-pronged buck that should have fallen, where was he? It was doubted whether he was not the product of a fevered fancy, the "buck fever" being a nervous disorder, as well

known to afflict youth and age as the fever and ague that so scorched and shook our forefathers. The story of this hunt was a romantic example, and I was promised that if I would not imperil my eyes with unworthy bows and arrows, and would study my spelling book and arithmetic so as to "get my lessons well," I might take the small rifle with a silver crescent on the stock, loaded, and go into the fascinating forest to see what I could do. It was to be, of course, an affair of a single shot, for it would have been impossible to persuade my dear mother that her firstborn, who was not as high as the gun was long, could pour powder into the barrel and thrust a bullet upon it with the ramrod (which was striped like a barber's pole) without shooting himself. I argued in favor of two extra bullets in my pocket and as many charges of powder in a phial, in vain. As for a powder horn suspended by a string over my shoulder, it was not even a debatable question, for it would surely explode on its own account as soon as the gun cracked. The time for the hunt was deferred owing to various changes of the weather, not any of which appeared to me unfavorable; and there were unsatisfying observations that it was necessary to gain advantages for sport from the changes of the season, none of which I regarded as essential or even desirable for hunting purposes. I suppose I must have been growing all this time, but my impression was from the first that my stature was considerable and ability abundant, and I did not feel the need of more feet and inches.

After trying delays, during which I fear I was tired of being good, the fateful day arrived. My slumbers would have been broken if I had known the night before what was in store for me. It was a Saturday. There was no school in the schoolhouse, and there was an intermission in the stated lessons at home. There had been several hard frosts and high winds, and the leaves had fallen so that the sharp lines of the boughs could be seen. Rain had fallen, and walking in the woods was noiseless. The squirrels were chattering and carrying nuts into their winter quarters. While I was eating breakfast my father casually mentioned that he thought it would be a pretty good day for squirrels, and asked my mother, who was in the secret, and

my sister and little brother, who were not, whether they would "like a mess of young squirrels for supper?" There was acquiescence in the idea of a squirrel supper, and my father said he did not think that squirrels should be shot in the head, for the brains were spoiled, and brains were a dainty almost equal to the hind legs. I saw that my mother was moved by emotion not explained, but it did not seem to be sorrow that was glistening in her fond eyes all aglow, and tearful too. All at once my father asked whether I thought I could find a squirrel if I had the little rifle with the silver new moon on the stock, and could fetch it with a single shot; and I truly thought I could. Then I saw there had been a deep design in the table talk. I was to kill the squirrels for supper! The pride and happiness of the hour were intense. It was in the air that I was almost a man. There was a light on my path that had not been there. The little rifle was produced. It had been cleaned and the lock oiled, and the silver crescent brightened. It had not been loaded, but that ceremony was soon performed. Powder came up in the priming tube when the bullet, enveloped in a greasy "patch," was thrust home, and a bright percussion cap was put on. How well I remember that six of the bullets that fitted the little rifle with the silver crescent on the stock weighed exactly one ounce. I begged so hard for a concession that it was not denied me, as it did not seem to offer inducements to suicide. It was that I should carry an extra percussion cap. The first one might snap! Dear mother thought the second cap might be an incumbrance or an unknown peril, but father said I could not kill myself with it even if I swallowed it—a remark that was almost disrespectful in its levity. It was further agreed that if I fired the rifle in safety I might on returning have it reloaded and go on a second expedition. Indeed, a vast vista of sporting opened, and it seemed to extend to the end of the world. The dog wanted, when I shouldered the gun, to go with me, and I could see no objection, but my father ruled that the dog should stay at home, for the reason that if he entered the woods with me he might be killed—a second remark of his that occurred to me faintly, for the moments were too exciting for strong impressions, save as to the

main event, to have a tendency to disturb the dignity of the enterprise in which I had embarked. I marched off without the dog, and that dog knew he was wronged when he was ordered to stay where he was, and if he had not seen so many other dogs die suddenly on that farm he would have been disobedient. My last instruction was to keep the gun pointing to the sky. I can see my father and mother as they stood regarding me, as with anxious deliberation I walked, carrying the rifle, which seemed light as a straw, almost at a perpendicular, on the way to the sugar camp which was an introduction to the wilder woods where I knew there were squirrels, and thought there might be nobler game waiting. The sense that the hunt was limited to one stroke was not depressing, but there was a feeling that it would be dreadful to miss the first shot. As I climbed the fence and entered the shades beyond the boundaries of cultivation there was a deep silence around me. I had never been there before without seeing something it would have been a thrilling delight to shoot. I had followed my father many times to pick up the squirrels he knocked whirling from the tree tops, and could tell where the game ought to be. Now it was Indian summer. There was a smoky atmosphere and the sun was shining red. There ought to be squirrels on every tree on this hill, I said to myself, looking around upon my dominions. I had heard squirrels barking right there a thousand times, and it was sad to think that now of all times there was silence, and I alone with my loaded rifle. Perhaps the acute animals knew that I was an armed man bent on their destruction, knew I had a gun with powder and ball in it and an extra cap, and they were the hidden watchers of a deadly, subtle enemy. But hark! Did my ears deceive me? Not that time, for I listened to the squeal of a pair of squirrels playing. The stillness was so absolute I heard their feet as they scampered on the bark of the dizzy branches that were their playground. And there they were, within range and unmindful of me! They did not know their danger. They chattered at me; one fellow stretched himself along a limb and covered his back with his flaunting tail and barked at me in fun. He was a mocker and knew not whom he was fooling with. I stepped be-

side a tree with a knot on it that gave me a rest and cocked the gun. I could feel the rapid throbbing of my heart, but my hand was steady. The squirrel ought to have fled when he heard the click of the lock, but he didn't; he was defiant. I drew a bead on him, the notch in the hindsight, the line of light of the foresight, the body of the squirrel that was laughing at me, and pressed the trigger. I knew as I pulled that the humorist must die, for I had been instructed in marksmanship. There was a clear report, and the stricken squirrel clung for a few seconds to the limb from which he had tittered at me, and, letting go, fell and was gasping on the red, wet leaves. I hastened to stand over him in triumph; there he was, bleeding and dying, his eyes fading! Then in a flash I remembered my first squirrel love, and as I saw the blood and marked the beauty in death of my victim mourned as I took him in my hand that I had not missed him. "And you did kill a squirrel?" said my father as I returned bearing the prize by the leg, "and you gave him a center shot; this fine rifle shooting must be inherited. I killed a deer the first time I was allowed to go hunting—a small deer, to be sure, but a deer." The death of the squirrel did not seem so tragic after this; there were so many squirrels. I felt a suffusion of satisfaction; I could with precision send a rifle ball on a fatal errand. I could speed a bolt that would wing a bird or pierce a beast, high or low, near or far! There were, though one was dead, a multitude of squirrels in the nut dropping trees. Life was to them gayety, a perpetual picnic, and, playing all the while, what could they expect? I did not want another hunt that day; the experience was too exacting to be immediately repeated. I was initiated as a hunter and that was glory enough for one day. We had my squirrel, and others that my father killed subsequently, for supper. Mine was cooked separately and had a delicious savor, as he was fried in a special skillet, and I had him, when done, brown and smoking hot on a plate by myself and for myself; and the next time I went squirrel hunting I had not only the little rifle with the silver crescent on the stock, but a pouch of bullets and a quarter of a pound of powder in a decorated horn;

but the memory of my first squirrel outlasts all the rest, and I have caught a glimpse of his mournful death a thousand times.

As precarious property as a boy in the country can possess is a pig. It is so easy to give a boy a pig that it is often the easiest way to get rid of boy and pig. A rural anecdote largely circulated is: A boy said to his father: "I came pretty near getting a pig this morning." "How near?" "Why, I asked a man if he would give me one, and he said he wouldn't." Colonel Ingersoll was arguing a case before a justice of the peace in Illinois, opposing the claim that the offer of a drove of hogs to discharge a debt was a legal tender. The squire was disposed to sustain that theory, but was discomfited by the eloquent counsel asking him to rule whether if a hog was the equivalent in law of a greenback, pigs would pass as postal currency. There is not as a rule a scarcity of pigs. They are launched upon the world in great numbers, and their value depends upon the food and shelter given them. A boy who was blessed with a pig said to a farmer whose swine had made him a landholder; "When my pigs has pigs they will be mine, and so will their pigs, and their pigs, and I shall keep them all until I am twenty-one years old, and then I shall sell them and buy a farm." "You had better," said the farmer, "buy the State, but there will not be corn enough in the Miami Valley in five years to feed your hogs. Why, you must want the world. Did you ever work the sum in the arithmetic in which it is stated that a man agreed to pay for the shoeing of his horse, thirty-two nails used, one cent for the first nail, and two for the second, doubling every time?" The boy had evidently not closely estimated the consequences of the free and unlimited coinage of pigs. A hog is a sensitive animal. He enjoys everything that he does, so much that he should have credit for his capacity to appreciate. There is a delicacy about his rotundity that declares the accumulation of delights. A tendency to obesity is not considered improper in him, but rather the style in which his person and his career should be rounded up. Hogs are much misunderstood. If they wallow in mud it is from an instinct of cleanliness. They would prefer, other things being

equal, to soak themselves in clean water. I was told that one of a litter of beautiful pigs belonged to me, and at once took a deep interest in his welfare. Some time passed before he reciprocated my attentions, but when he ascertained that my friendship meant certain food privileges that he was not expected to share with others, he took kindly to my society. He ate with such relish it was a pleasure to see him. His favorite food, after he had been educated for a few months, was roasting ears, and the facile grace with which he planted his feet upon the green corn and opened the husk to get at the milky grains was much remarked by his master. He was an apple eater also, and did not mind a handful of acorns if they were sweet. He expanded surprisingly, and I was ambitious that he should grow up to be the heaviest hog in the country. The painful reflection came, when there was enough of him to make a barrel of pork, that my title to him was imperfect. I could hardly claim that I had brought him up by hand, and that his rations had been drawn from my independent resources. He had been presented to me in his piggish state, and now he was a hog and I was still a boy. I could not assert that we had grown up together, for he had reached maturity first. I heard his fate discussed, and found that the fact that he was my property had been partially forgotten, and might be wholly neglected. My painstaking to secure for him the luxuries of life was not remembered as the leading fact in his history, and this omission assumed almost the proportions of a public wrong. After a fashion, however, my claims were recognized—I may say they were compromised. My plethoric pig departed with the rest of the hogs in a drove for market, and he did not appeal to my emotional nature as a pet less self-sufficient and ponderous might have done. My heart was hardened by his heaviness, and consolation came when I was told that a quit-claim deed would be made to me for one half of a new double barrelled shot gun. I lost my pull on that pig through his transformation. When he became pork the meat was not mine. The gun was a beauty in my sight, and I was free to fire both barrels, and was happy.

The queerest pet around our place was a big black snake. There are few neigh-

borhoods in which snake stories have not become classics. If a big snake has not been seen up a tree or crossing a dusty road or infesting a ravine, it is because young people going home from singing school have heard a panther, or some of the old folks have discovered a bear track in the snow. A snake story cannot hold its own with a bear story, as all newspaper readers know, and panthers, if we consider what picturesque creatures they are, have not contributed their share to current literature. When the original stock of bears and big snakes has been exhausted in a highly cultivated corner of the republic, and an extraordinary animal or reptile is heard of, shattering the peace of the community, the fact is solemnly recalled that some months before a circus passed that way, and lions, tigers, bears, and boa constrictors might have escaped. Everybody knows in the country how careless those circus folks are with their snakes and varmints. But your bear story, however captivating, does not stretch like your snake story. The tale of a snake does not travel far (the imputation of punning is resented with scoffing contempt) before the snake, and the story too, are much elongated. It is seldom that the snake falls short, at the end of the season, of ten feet, and the North American product, if there is not too much fuss about measurement, surpasses the specimens that have been caught in South America and Africa.

Now, our snake was a real big one. He was first known to frequent the fallen trunk of a giant elm which had been cut down, though a hundred feet high and seven feet across the stump, because a coon made it his home. There was no use for the huge log; it would not split and so was incapable of being rent into rails, and it was poor firewood; besides, it was slightly hollow. The snake had the impertinence to come out and sun himself on top of the log, and the big tree and the big snake grew famous together. It was the decision of the highest authority on the farm that this was none of your imported snakes, but one that had grown up with the country, and was to be protected for his utility in clearing the land of moles and rats, as well as for his superb figure. Several good people saw him and said he was awful; they said that he was an escaped anaconda and should be killed.

At intervals of a few weeks he was noticed gliding through the weeds in a dignified way, and it was held to be moderation to mention that he was three yards long. Gradually the land was cleared in the vicinity of the fallen elm, and one summer's day I was hoeing corn in a patch of new ground when I noticed a loop of snake hang out of a decayed stump. I inserted the blade of the hoe, and his snakeship made a powerful effort to return to cover. When he ceased to pull I pulled, having the leverage of the hoe handle, and soon drew out a quantity of snake that was astonishing. He was in glittering condition, having just shed his skin, and his new coat was brilliant. He did not understand the situation. I found a long strip of slippery bark and made a slip noose, which, as the snake began to move, I held before him, and when he crawled into it I tucked him up and tied him to a root. There he struggled to escape until exhausted, breathing like a weary dog. It was the big snake and I let him go, but his life was not long spared, for he grew reckless and was killed in a neighboring field by a Welshman who was a late arrival from the old country, and had an idea that a serpent could have no value as a consumer of vermin and a decoration. The superstition as to the dimensions of the pet was soothed when it was ascertained that he was just six feet four inches from tip to tip.

Selim was my grandfather's riding horse, the last of his race. He was a bright bay, with black mane and tail and feet, and in his veins was mingled the royal racing blood of England and Kentucky. It was my grandfather's theory that a horse he rode should never be degraded by wearing a collar. Upon Selim's lovely neck had not been placed the mark of servitude, and his slender limbs were considered unfitted for labor before a wagon or plough. It was the theory of my grandfather that he would very soon ride a great deal, but as a fact he took his exercise in walking. It became my duty, therefore, to mount Selim frequently that he might not become wild, and he and I knew each other thoroughly. It was not supposed that we ever tried our speed, but he knew as well as I the neck of woods that cut off the view of the road from the old house and a point of obser-

vation in the orchard; and when we reached that spot in a slow trot there was a sudden springing elasticity developed, and we amused ourselves with a slashing gallop that both were reluctant to end. There was another restriction as to the uses of Selim. He must not on any account carry a bag of corn or wheat to mill. He was not allowed in any sense to be a beast of burden. My thought that, as I had known Selim from the day he first tottered on his long slim legs, I knew all about him was not warranted, as was imparted to me by a circumstance that I may be allowed to term an accident. About a dozen farmers' sons rode to a college Commencement in which we were interested, as the circulars upon which subscriptions had been obtained stated the institution was expressly for our improvement. When we had heard from various eloquent gentlemen all about the application of scientific education in the cultivation of the soil, and started home, there were trials of the speed of our horses. Selim, of course, was my mount, and the galloping disturbed him. The achievements of his ancestors were aflame in his imagination, and he danced and soon waltzed, and the flash of his eyes and the play of his red nostrils told of the passion that was in him. Some of the boys were whipping their horses and shouting at them, and taunting me because I was trying to calm my horse and keep out of the racing. But Selim managed to keep along with the rest, and his increasing fretfulness and plunging and strain on the reins told me that I was at once worrying the noble fellow and losing his confidence and my command of him. I gave him his head and it was "Good-bye, boys." I knew Selim had speed, but the way he made the next two miles was to me a wonderful experience. I have since heard the same peculiar humming sound of the wind when riding a mile a minute on the cars, never again on horseback. My friends were not in the race, and I parted with them. When I succeeded in pulling in my fiery and untamed steed I walked him into a retired and shady place and spent three hours getting him into a condition to go home and show that he had not been ridden at a rate beyond a fast trot, and very little of that. It was not long after this that a committee of gentlemen who had made up a purse to

buy a presentation war horse for a distinguished general in the Mexican war heard of Selim, and waited on my grandfather, who made up his mind, when the figure the blooded beauty would bring was named, that his horseback-riding days were over, and Selim was shipped to Mexico and was captured at the National Bridge, when well on the way to the front, by a band of guerillas. When Selim's life took this romantic turn I fear the spurs of the Mexicans surprised him. I have often tried to picture him amid the scenes of his new life and to imagine what kind of master my successor was. I have wondered whether his satin flanks were torn and made bloody by the cruel steel. It has been a comfort, though, to accept the idea that Mexicans knew a good horse, and that they loved the gallant Selim as I did, and treated him as a friend, not as a slave.

* * * * *

It is a saddening thought that, while there are few human faces in the wide world that we knew so long ago as the war with Mexico that will ever greet us again this side the shores where we hope to see them all radiant forever, the beautiful life of animals and birds that was around us, the cattle and horses that were our companions, the dogs that walked with us, the fish that peopled the waters, the songsters of the wilderness, have been annihilated by the swift years, swallowed in the eternal melancholy march of the shadows that come and go with the generations—all gone to the dust with the roses of other days, vanished with the grasses that were green in the valleys in the old times, perished with the butterflies that old men chased when schoolboys, and the leaves that fluttered on the trees that are ashes, though they fill the haunted memory with spectral wildernesses.

—Murat Halstead In Cosmopolitan.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If Fortune with a smiling face
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up?
 To-day, my love, to-day.
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve—if grieve we must?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who wronged us own their faults,
 And kindly pity, pray;
 When shall we listen and forgive?
 To-day, my love, to-day.
 But if stern justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from memory borrow,
 When shall we chide—if chide we dare?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
 And harmed unless we pay,
 When shall we struggle to be just?
 To-day, my love, to-day.
 But if our debtor fail our hope,
 And plead his ruin thorough,
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
 His genial smile display,
 When shall we kiss his proffered lips?
 To-day, my love, to-day.
 But if he would indulge regret
 Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
 When shall we weep—if weep we must?
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
 The minutes will not stay;
 We've always time to welcome them
 To-day, my love, to-day.
 But care, resentment, angry words
 And unavailing sorrow
 Come far too soon if they appear
 To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

—Charles Mackay.

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER III.

ON April 20, Elders Kimball, Hyde, and Russell returned to New York on the same vessel they had gone over in. About this time Alice Hodge died at Preston, and it was such a wonderful thing for a Saint to die in England that Elder Richards was arrested and arraigned before a mayor's court on October 3, charged with "killing and slaying" the said Alice with a block of wood, etc., but was discharged without being permitted to make his defense, as soon as it was discovered that the iniquity of his accusers was about to be made manifest. The brethren continued to introduce the work in Preston, and shortly afterwards a branch organization was effected, the work shortly afterwards spreading to the neighboring cities. On December 8, 1839, Hiram Clark, Alexander Wright, and Samuel Milliner arrived in Preston from America, and on January 13, 1840, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, and Theodore Turley arrived from America and on April 6, 1840, just ten years from the organization of the church, B. Young, H. C. Kimball, P. P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, G. A. Smith, and Reuben Hadlock landed in Liverpool from New York, having set sail on the 9th of March. The following hymn No. 623 (Saints' Harp) composed by P. P. Pratt on the event of their foreign mission was sung on the eve of their departure:—

"When shall we all meet again?
When shall we our rest obtain?
When our pilgrimage be o'er—
Parting sighs be known no more!
When Mount Zion we regain,
There may we all meet again.

"We to foreign climes repair,
Truth the message which we bear;
Truth which angels oft have borne,
Truth to comfort those who mourn,
Truth eternal will remain;
On its rock we'll meet again.

"Now the bright and morning star
Spreads its glorious light afar,—
Kindles up the rising dawn
Of the bright Millennial morn;
When the saints shall rise and reign
In the clouds we'll meet again.

"When the Sons of Israel come,
When they build Jerusalem,
When the House of God is reared

And Messiah's way prepared;
When from heaven he comes to reign,
There may we all meet again.

"When the earth is cleansed by fire,
When the wicked's hope expire;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Proud oppressors all are laid,
Long will Zion's mount remain;
There may we all meet again."

The brethren made Manchester the center of the battlefield, and soon they commenced the publication of the *Millennial Star*, from which we have copied largely in the preparation of this work.

John Taylor stated that at the first sermon he preached in England ten came forward for baptism and he continued in about this way right along. Wilford Woodruff baptized thirty-two in one week, thirteen of whom were Methodist preachers.

A little incident, although not bearing directly on the success of the English Mission, will bear repetition here.

In the month of February, 1835, Francis G. Bishop, elder of the church came into the town of Oxford, New Haven county, Connecticut to preach. He delivered one discourse in the Methodist church and Mr. Asahel Mead, a member of the M. E. Church attended Mr. Bishop's meeting and at the close thereof, having heard some things advanced by Elder Bishop contrary and repugnant to his own views, said to some of the friends that when Mr. Bishop returned to preach there two weeks from that day, he (Mead) would go at the head of a mob and attack Bishop.

He also said that if Mr. Bishop was right in his own views and doctrines, he hoped that he should be taken away before the two weeks expired, and that if not that he would surely go at the head of a mob. So confident did he seem to be that he was right and Mr. Bishop wrong, that he repeated the statement and emphatically requested the whole company to remember what he said.

He indulged in abusing and slandering the Saints greatly, and his conduct was anything but Christianlike. He was taken ill in a day or two, became deranged, and the very day he had set to head the mob he headed a funeral procession and

was carried to his grave, a cold and lifeless corpse! This occurrence opened the eyes of many to the true character of God's work and the condemnation which would follow those who opposed it.

At a General Conference held in Temperance Hall, Preston, on April 15, 1840, there were sixteen hundred and seventy-one members represented; elders thirty-four, priests fifty-two, teachers thirty-six, deacons eight. The largest branches were Preston three hundred, Manchester two hundred and forty, Potteries one hundred, Herfordshire one hundred and sixty. Thus in less than two years we see how rapidly the work advanced in England. In Herfordshire forty preachers of other churches united with the church and in this short time forty available places for preaching had been secured.

Willard Richards, in writing at that time from Ledbury, said, "In two weeks one hundred and twelve had been baptized, two hundred confirmed, two elders, twenty priests, and one teacher ordained." H. C. Kimball wrote, "Sr. Richards was healed by the imposition of hands; some speak in tongues, some prophesy, and some have visions." A council of the Twelve was held at Preston, April 14, 1840, and twenty of the Seventy were sent for from America.

Here all the provisions were made for the printing of the *Millennial Star*, and P. P. Pratt was chosen as editor. The brethren proceeded to secure a copyright of the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. A conference was held in July when it was found that there were two thousand four hundred and ninety five members in the mission. A conference was held in Scotland, May 9, 1840, at which Orson Pratt presided and sixty members were represented.

On November 27, John Taylor and M. Guffee and — Black sailed for Ireland. Elder Woodruff reported preaching at one place a month and five days and as a result he baptized forty-five preachers and one hundred and fourteen members. At another time, in connection with H. C. Kimball, they reported having baptized forty in one day, and in the next three months there was an increase of thirteen hundred members. During the ministry of the Twelve as a body in England, Manchester was made the common center,

and in using the Carpenter's Hall, which held near two thousand people, it was many times crowded.

In an epistle of Joseph to the Twelve on January 1, 1841, they were all called home except P. P. Pratt who was left in charge of the work in the British Isles. P. P. Pratt, writing July, 1840, said: "I started on a mission to England, on the 29th of August, 1839, accompanied by my wife, three children, and Elder Orson Pratt and Hyrum Clark. We drove in a carriage to the coast, preaching by the way, and, on reaching New York, met Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon from whom I received much precious instruction, in which I shall always rejoice." After all the Twelve had reached New York he says: "Finding ourselves together once more, after all our toils and sufferings, we rejoiced exceedingly and praised God for all his mercies to us. During the few days we were together in New York we held many precious meetings in which the Saints were filled with joy and the people more and more convinced of the truth of our mission. Near forty persons were baptized and added to the church in that city during the few days of our brethren's stay.

"On the 9th of March we set sail on board the ship, Patrick Henry, for Liverpool. We bade adieu to the Saints and friends and family amid many tears. We had a rough passage of twenty-eight days and on the 6th of April we landed in Liverpool. Thus, through the mercies of God, we have been enabled to fulfill his commands so far and have accomplished a journey of five thousand miles under circumstances which would have discouraged any, except such as were upheld by the arm of Jehovah. When we take into consideration the persecution, imprisonment, and banishment, together with the robbing and plundering which has been inflicted upon the people of the West and the consequent sickness, poverty, and distress to which ourselves, families, and friends were reduced, previous to our undertaking this mission, when we consider that it has been opposed by persecution, sword, flame, dungeon, chains, and sickness, hunger, thirst, poverty, death and hell, men and devils, and all the combined powers of darkness, it would have been no marvel, if, like Paul, we had failed to accomplish the mission at pres-

ent and had addressed an epistle to the church in England saying, 'We would have come unto you once and again, but Satan hindered us.' But this could not take place with us because our mission to Europe was by express command of the Almighty and, therefore, it had to be accomplished in spite of men and devils.

"One might suppose from the opposition it met with, that Satan was aware that if once accomplished, it would result in the ultimate overthrow of his kingdom and the enlargement of the kingdom of God which may God grant for Christ's sake."

A General Conference was held in Carpenter's Hall July 6, 1840, and there was present of the Twelve seven members; five high priests, nineteen elders, fifteen priests, eleven teachers, and three deacons. On motion, Elder Pratt was chosen to preside. At this conference there were two thousand five hundred and twenty-three members represented. Manchester two hundred and eighty, Preston three hundred and fifty-four, Herefordshire five hundred and thirty-four, Staffordshire one hundred and sixty-eight, Scotland one hundred and sixteen; twenty-six names were presented for the active ministry.

I herewith present a short history of the rise of the church in Herefordshire as given by W. Woodruff:—

"I arrived at Froonis-Hill, Castle Froom on the 4th of March and was kindly entertained for the night by Mr. John Beubow, who received my testimony and opened his door for meeting, and on the evening following I preached to a small congregation. The next evening I baptized six persons, baptized seven more on Sunday. Several of these were United Brethren preachers. The people opened their doors for me to preach and on finding that the word and Spirit agree and bare witness to the truth of the everlasting gospel they embraced it with all their hearts.

"I continued preaching and baptizing daily; the congregations were large and generally attentive. I was soon privileged an interview with Mr. Thomas Kington, the superintendent of the United Brethren Church, before whom I gave an account of the rise and progress of the church of the Latter Day Saints and bore testimony to the truth of the great work, which God had set his hand to accomplish in these last days.

"Mr. Kington received my testimony and saying with candor, and carried the case before the Lord, made it a subject of prayer and asked the Father in the name of Jesus Christ if these things were true, and the Lord manifested the truth of it unto him, and he went forth and was baptized, he and all his household, and I then ordained him an elder. I baptized forty other preachers and about one hundred and twenty belonging to the United Brethren order.

"From thence I went to Preston and met with the brethren of the Twelve, who had arrived from America and after having transacted much business B. Young and myself returned to Herefordshire and afterwards W. Richards came. Truth was mighty and prevailed; the work prospered and multiplied on every hand, until several hundred, including more than fifty preachers of the various sects, were rejoicing in the fullness of the gospel.

"The Spirit of God accompanied the preaching of the word to the hearts of men. Whole households on hearing the word were baptized; frequently the first meeting we held, from eight to twelve would be baptized. B. Young only remained one month and then returned to Manchester. The Lord still continued to bless our labors, and added daily unto the church; new doors were opened on every hand and a multiplicity of calls reached our ears many of which we could not answer for the want of laborers; notwithstanding there were about fifty ordained elders and priests in this part of the vineyard, yet there were equally as many places for preaching to be attended to on the Sabbath day."

In four months six hundred saints were baptized. "There was a conference held at Gadfield, Elm Chapel in Worcestershire, June 14," 1840, at which the entire church formerly of United Brethren (with few exceptions) in that entire shire was organized into a district of our church. There was also a conference held at Stanley hall, June 21, 1840. The work in Ireland was continued under the supervision of Elder John Taylor with two others to assist him.

July 25 William Donaldson and Mahan sailed for the East Indies. Kimball returned to America, April 15. At the October conference held at Carpenter's.

Hall three thousand six hundred and twenty-six members were represented and forty-two names presented for the active ministry.

About the first definite account we have coming from Wales was October 30, 1840, when a branch of thirty-two members was organized at Ourton, Flintshire. The great additions to the church during all weather and at all times was a matter of great astonishment to the public, some threatening the lives of the elders, thinking they would kill the candidates by taking them into the cold water, while others were led to exclaim, "It must be the work of God, or they would die by being thus exposed in such cold weather," and as one of the elders stated, "In the meantime the sectarian priests are raging and lying as usual, and the editors of newspapers are helping them to publish lies against the truth; but all to no purpose, for God works and none can hinder."

In February, 1841, two hundred and forty Saints sailed from Liverpool for America. A conference was held in London, February 14, 1841, Kimball, Woodruff, and Snow of the Twelve being present.

A mob attacked a meeting at Herefordshire eight miles from Ledbury, compelling the audience to hastily disperse, owing to the volley of stones hurled on the roof and through the windows. The mob was somewhat numerous and supplied the Saints on their way home with plenty of mud and contumely. The parson of the parish dismissed a Sunday school teacher for uniting with the church and more or less of the Saints were turned out of employment and homes for obeying the gospel.

At a council of the Twelve April 6, 1841, nine of the Quorum of the Twelve were present; five thousand eight hundred and fourteen Saints were represented, not including eight hundred who had emigrated to America. There were one hundred and thirty-six elders, three hundred and three priests, one hundred and sixty nine teachers, and sixty-eight deacons reported. At this conference Elder Albertson was ordained a patriarch, also ten high priests and twelve elders were ordained. The mission was divided into fourteen conferences or districts.

I now quote from the writings of one

of these early pioneers relative to their sentiments, and the earnestness which impelled them on their arduous work:—

"What do you think were my reflections while riding away from the land that gave me birth, at the rate of ten knots an hour, on the bosom of the rolling deep? They were as follows: I have friends at home who would never let me want for the comforts of life, if I would but remain with them. I have also a good kind-hearted wife and two lovely little girls whose last embraces will long be remembered; their tears, their sighs, and their strong importunity for me to stay at home have left a lasting impression upon my heart. Add to this the fact that my eldest (then only about three years old) would frequently come to me a few days before I left and put her arms around my neck and say, 'Oh, my papa, don't go away and leave your little daughter and little sister and ma, but stay at home with us and I will be a good girl.' Then I reflected that I should not see them again for years, if ever; I considered what abuses, slanders, and perhaps violence, I might suffer in a distant nation. Then I thought further, that I was depriving myself of the comforts of my family and friends at a time when their society was most desirable and spending my life as a wanderer and pilgrim in the earth. What has induced me to leave all these things, to break all these strong ties and thrust myself abroad upon the cold bosom of a wicked world? Was it for earthly honor? No, for I am received as an unbidden guest and consequently unwelcome. I am laden with curses instead of honors by this generation and he who can say the most evil thing against me and the cause which I plead, is considered the most pious and worthy man to be found. What is it then that has induced me to leave my native shores under these forbidding circumstances? I will freely tell you; the visions of the Lord, with floods of light and glory burst upon me and the voice of the Most High bade me arise and go, trusting in him, and, like Moses who forsook the courts of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, because he had respect unto the recompense of his reward, so have I, and, although I left my wife and family in full possession of one important quali-

fication for admittance into the kingdom of God, that is the poor of this world, I willingly came.

"On the 6th inst. I met in conference with eight of the quorum of Twelve making nine myself. To meet these old companions in tribulation, in a distant country after having been separated from some of them nearly four years gave me great joy; in fact, when I looked upon them in conference I could hardly believe my own eyes.

I would gladly have taken them all in

my arms. I knew what opposition we had to encounter; that we were looked upon as vagabonds, as the filth and off-scourings of the earth, but we looked upon each other in a different point of light. We looked upon ourselves as poor yet possessing all things; in fine, if we had been angels sent from heaven, we could not have loved one another more.

"The opposition and persecution which we meet with, serves to increase our attachment for the cause and each other."

(To be continued.)

A TAP AT THE DOOR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down.

I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,

A bonny, fairy sprite in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face: "Papa, good night!"

She climbed upon my knee, and kneeling there,
Lisped softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger-tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star, and tell its place,
My child's "Our Father" bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands, at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast:

How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage;

Only the woman wise: no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then, if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet;
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer to heaven than thee—nearer than thee!

—Lillie E. Barr, in the Churchman.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XVII.

"There is never a life of perfect rest,
And not every cloud has a silver crest,
But there is a Power unseen and true
That out of the struggle is leading you;
In patience and faith to the Father cling,
You are the subject and God is king,"

I HAVE taken the reader with me from the earliest dawn of my existence to the year 1890, and to the month of September, have called his attention to a few of the incidents of my life that seemed to

indicate a Father's interest in me and mine.

Many incidents dot the diary of my experience which do not appear here. They, if recited in detail, would but corroborate like testimony borne by others. They would tell of sick ones instantly healed, of suffering relieved in perhaps hundreds of instances, and in a few instances of devils cast out, after exciting display, by the power that attended the humble elder's rebuke and command in his Master's name; but I have refrained

purposely from much of this because others have made of them a specialty in writing and have had more marvelous things in that line to relate than I have experienced.

I prefer that my autobiography, such as it is, shall present me in my peculiar individuality before the readers. My calling, as I understand it, is to preach the gospel. I have not received the gift of healing or miracles that I am aware of, though my priesthood has been honored when administering, where those gifted in that line were not present.

I have been richly blessed of God in preaching and because of this gift, which the Book of Mormon calls the "gift of preaching," I have been called upon in numbers of new places, by Saints who foolishly supposed that a man so blessed in preaching must be equally blessed with every other gift.

They insisted I should administer to them or their sick friends, notwithstanding I have told them that their local elders, who were not brilliant preachers, would do them more good. They forget that the good Book says that "to one" is given one gift and "to another" some other.

I have known some to suffer longer on account of this mistake, which they refused to correct, than they otherwise would have done; but hesitation on my part when called upon would have been interpreted as an evidence of indifference or cruelty and I have submitted.

The fact remains, however, that we have scores of elders who have but limited ability in preaching publicly, but who have gifts, designed for the healing of the Saints and for other purposes of presidency and counsel. Many of these are ignored in the idea that an apostle or prophet or president, or seventy, who happens to be favored when in the stand with a free outpouring of the Spirit to preach, must also have more power or faith to heal and perform local work than local elders have. I cannot speak for others, of course, but I know that in some cases under my own observation, they have experimented to their hurt.

Leaving home in September, 1890, was the hardest effort of the kind of my life. My oldest son was in his seventeenth and my oldest daughter in her fifteenth year. Then there was the nine year old girl,

the six year old girl, and the three year old boy (and such a boy!), besides the little woman who was to bear alone the care of their guardianship in addition to her own loneliness. On the Sunday evening I had stood while hundreds of Saints, who seemed about as dear to me as mortals can well be, shook my hands, and tearfully said good-bye, and had endured the parting fairly well, till I got to the seclusion of home and found freer vent for my feelings; but when, after nearly four years of stay, (excepting short trips away,) I reached the point where "Good-bye" must be said to my family, and some of them hung on my neck, while others looked what they could not speak, I confess it was trial enough, without thought of any ahead in my field of labor. So, with a sadder heart than I had felt for many years, I left the weeping group of children.

My wife accompanied me to Kansas City where, in company with Brn. J. A. and W. N. Robinson and their wives, Sister Belle Robinson, Bro. F. G. Pitt, and Sr. Jennie Newton, we spent most of the day. Learning that the members of the First Presidency were at the Reunion at Logan, I determined to call there on my way East to learn whether the death of Bishop Blakeslee (which had occurred) would necessitate any call upon the leading quorums, and thus make delay on my part advisable.

The train for Independence left before my train for the East, and took my wife and the others away. I was then alone, and what that feeling meant I can never describe. I walked the entire length of the Union Depot platform between the cars and wept like a child. It might be childish, but I could not help it. I there covenanted with God to remain in the field as long as he would give me health, and asked for grace to preserve me in righteousness.

My sister and her husband (Bro. and Sr. Thomas Hattey) came to the depot in time to see me before leaving. Then Bro. J. A. Robinson returned from Independence and accompanied me as far as St. Joseph, Missouri. Next morning I reached the camp ground and for nearly two days enjoyed the association of the assembled Saints and preached once.

Finding that everything had been arranged for the bishopric work, I left

for the East, though it was a hard thing to leave the Reunion before its close, a thing I had never been guilty of before. But duty said go, and I had been delayed too long already, so I pushed on to Toronto, where I visited my mother and sister and several relatives and friends, also the house of my birth, and the Methodist church (now replaced by a grand structure) where I used to preach and pray.

I talked the gospel to a good many people, but did not know that a number of Saints had moved in there and were holding meetings.

This visit was too short; but go I must, and, bidding farewell to my dear old mother, I started for my new field. The journey to Montreal and thence to Boston was monotonous, for I was in no condition to admire anything. Reaching Boston on the 8th of October I repaired to the home of Bro. and Sr. Frank Steffe, where I met Bro. W. H. Kelley and others, who were present to attend conference.

From this point my labors in the East began. Since then I have labored there and in Providence, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, also in Fall River, New Bedford, North Weymouth, Massachusetts, Deer Isle, Jonesport, and Lamoine, Maine; New Canaan, Connecticut, and Brooklyn, New York, as well as on Cape Cod.

The spring conference of 1891, at Kirtland, appointed me in charge of the Rocky Mountain Mission, but by request of the First Presidency I returned to the East for a few months first, which brings my autobiography almost to date.

My home for several months was at the residence of Bro. and Sr. William Blood, in Providence, and it was such a home as any elder may well feel proud of. The gospel is the theme there and its fruits are manifest. Sr. Blood is one of the first workers in the church and Sunday school there, and around her cluster the young ladies of the branch, like ivies around the pine.

My health failed me and after some months I reached that condition where it seemed I must return home. I prayed over it and finally told the Lord that I wished to take back the promise I made to stay in the field while I had health, and substitute a pledge to stay in the field, health or no health. I resolved to stay, though I should die. After this my

health improved when visiting Kirtland at conference time.

In the Eastern mission I found the footprints of Adam and Beelzebub. Adam had been aroused by the other and had put down his foot with a vengeance in one or two places. To uproot evil and maintain the dignity of our gospel standards, Brn. E. C. Briggs, W. H. Kelley, M. H. Bond, F. M. Sheehy, A. H. Parsons, and several local brethren, including Brn. John Smith and Thomas Whiting, had been at work, and, excepting Bro. Briggs, were still working in the district. Differences of judgment had led to different attitudes on questions under investigation and serious consequences were threatened. The missionaries had done noble work which, in time, will be vindicated fully to their credit; but where iniquity gains a foothold and Satan has clinched its rivets it requires long patience and endurance of opposition to bring about the reformation desired.

I entered the field to supplement the labors of my predecessors, for I believed they were right and had done well; but my methods of approach and dealing with the troubles before me were not in exact line with some of theirs, which led some of them to misinterpret me a little.

The great purpose, as I conceived it, was to call the attention of all hands away from the objects which had been magnified to their hurt, and to securely fasten it and their affection upon something more worthy of their interest, leaving the other matters to develop, and when a crisis came, if ever, it would hurt the few who preferred to be hurt, rather than the many who loved the gospel more than their own wills or selfishness. How far success was attained by this process, let the present conditions tell and the Lord decide.

The limits of such a writing as this will not admit of a mention of the names of scores of excellent Saints whose study day and night seemed to have particular reference to the advancement of gospel work, and who worked heart and soul with the writer to that end. A host of young ladies were banded together in Providence and other branches, and with voice and hand contributed freely and richly to the measure of success under achievement.

Extending my labors to Maine, I found a

host of earnest toilers at Deer Isle and Jonesport and proved that the reputation in which they were held throughout the the East was fully warranted. They ought to be oftener heard through the channels of church literature. While among them I grew in mental, spiritual, and physical stature, and breathed all the more freely because I was not called upon to do any other work than preach and live the gospel.

August arrived, however, and with it the time set for me to start westward. So, parting from the Maine branches, I called at Providence and Boston, and from thence started at noon, August 4, for Toronto, Canada.

Arriving in my native city again, I found mother in better health than for a long time before, and intensely interested in the gospel work.

A dozen or more Saints from different points had settled there and were holding meetings weekly in a hall which they had secured. A preaching meeting was advertised with my name as bait for old Methodist acquaintances. As a result of this and what visiting I done, a few of them were attracted to the meeting, and for over one hour I gave them reasons not only for leaving but also for staying away from Methodism. I was blessed and hope they were. All seemed to feel well pleased and satisfied. Perhaps they will remain satisfied without any more, but I hope not.

I availed myself of the opportunity to visit some of my relatives and also of "posting" them of my religious whereabouts. They gave me splendid audience and made many inquiries, and assured me of their fullest confidence. One of my aunts also expressed her faith in the

doctrine so far as I had time to explain it. It was a busy time for me till the expiration of my railroad ticket time limit, but I enjoyed it hugely.

Monday, August 10, I parted from mother, sister, and many other dear ones and continued my journey home, where I arrived on the morning of the 13th, and found all well except my wife who showed traces of care and extreme nervousness, but who improved during the few weeks of my stay before starting for the Rocky Mountains.

And now I write this closing paragraph while on my mission in the Rockies, and send from here the manuscript to the publisher. Here the hand of God has wrought with my own in the past, and I look for its revelation again. I have just learned that our young sister, Florence Robinson, to whom I administered a few years ago because of her suffering from St. Anthony's dance, has enjoyed perfect freedom from that distressing ailment ever since, and but a few days ago became the happy bride of a gentleman in Colorado, whither she has gone to reside. May the healthful remembrance of such divine favor continue with her. May the kind hand that has preserved the writer since the days of innocence and infancy, through the roguishness of boyhood, and the willfulness of following years and on till his arrival at the plane of highest spiritual possibilities, also bless the boys and girls who look through this brief autobiography as through a window at his character. May the foregoing prove a stimulus to hope and endeavor in at least some of those who have perused it and thus bring fresh cause to the writer for praise, and added glory to God.

(The end.)

ENVIRONMENT.

The Poet sat in his chamber
And sought to sing of spring.
('Twas a day of days—one of royal May's—
When one should feel to sing.)
But trying never so hard
To lift his voice, ah, me!
No musical note fell from his throat,
And never a song sang he.

But the Poet went out of his chamber
And sought the field and grove,
Feasting his soul on Nature's whole,—
The earth, and the sky above;
And he found his voice as he went along,
And now he began to sing,
And sweet was each note that fell from
his throat
As he sang that hour of spring.

—George Newell Lovejoy.

A GUIDING STAR.

BY ELBERT SMITH.

Across the prairie's level reach
 I saw a glistening star,
 Just o'er the wide-rimmed horizon
 Through dim space shining far.

And, watching through the lonely night,
 I saw the star rise high
 To shed abroad its tranquil light
 Across the earth and sky.

And so it shone, until the day
 Upon its pathway broke,
 The world that long in silence lay
 To life and action woke.

The star a feeble light had been,
 Forerunner of the day,
 That merged into the greater light
 That followed in its way.

I saw a soul in sorrow cast,
 In darkness and despair,
 But saw the Spirit's light at last
 Break through the darkened air.

At first a feeble little ray,
 But steadily it grew,
 Until a brighter, better day
 Dawned on that soul anew.

In brightness and in perfect joy,
 In peaceful happiness,
 The gospel truth in fullness came,
 The waiting one to bless.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 4.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

TEMPERANCE.

NO those of you who, by "giving all diligence," have added to your faith virtue, and "to virtue knowledge," I would say, Go on with the same diligence, and add "to knowledge temperance." You are now in a condition to take a comprehensive view of the subject of temperance.

When, in this article, we speak of temperance, we shall not have reference to political temperance alone, nor to the suppression of one evil only. Such a flood of evils has come into the world, and so great are the dangers threatening us through the improper use of intoxicants that the subject of temperance would not receive just consideration at our hands, if we failed to notice this evil; and yet temperance has a broader significance, and he cannot truthfully be a "temperate man" whose claim is based upon the fact alone that he abstains from alcoholic beverages.

The truly temperate man will be temperate in eating, in drinking, in sleeping, in working, in thinking, in fact he will not be an extremist in anything, but with sobriety and moderation will engage in

every laudable pursuit that wisdom, opportunity, or necessity presents for his consideration. He will appreciate both pleasure and profit, but will follow the pursuit of neither to excess. He will be wise, sober, just, kind, considerate, chaste, pure, benevolent, careful, liberal, charitable, forbearing, forgiving, and sympathetic. Though his passions may be strong they cannot govern him, nor bias his judgment, but under his absolute control will do him service.

He who allows his intellect to become subservient to his passion, degrades his manhood and is henceforth but a brute beast, but when intellect sways the scepter of government, and where intellect has been educated, refined, and purified, by a gospel faith, to which has been added virtue, knowledge, and temperance, there passion will contribute to social and spiritual life, sweet, ecstatic, and delightful pleasure. It can be readily seen that he who lacks *temperance* "is blind and cannot see afar off." In his blindness and excess he will be liable to walk into darkness and imperil his chances for salvation. He may eat or drink that, which, in kind or quantity, will poison the system and thus destroy the mind or body,

or he may be led by inordinate passion to an overt and debasing act dethroning reason or condemning the soul.

It has been said that we cannot be temperate unless we moderately use all things; but this is an extreme and unreasonable view. There are none of the advocates of this thought who would submit to its practical application only so far as their depraved tastes would lead them; and if they are sincere in their advocacy of this theory, it only illustrates the danger in allowing the intellect to be governed by appetite.

To be temperate in all things one only needs to use moderation in such things as he engages in, but he need not engage in all things, wicked and unclean, as well as good and just. For instance, a man should be temperate in eating, but it does not follow that he should eat everything. If he should, it would kill him. He will not be temperate in eating until he totally abstains from things injurious, and uses necessities with judgment.

The wise man says: "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee, and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties; for they are deceitful meat."

So to be temperate in drinking one does not need to partake in moderate quantities of every liquid he can swallow, or that tastes good, but, to be a temperate drinker, one must totally abstain from all injurious beverages and not use the beneficial to excess.

To be temperate in thought, one must be careful lest he overtax his mind upon any subject and must totally abstain from thoughts corrupting, unclean, or unduly exciting. In pleasure the temperate will consider with regard to both *kind* and *quantity*, abstaining totally from the *kind* which is corrupting, debasing, and unhealthful, and not engaging in the healthful, invigorating, and instructive to excess.

Perhaps there should be a word said about stimulants. All systems need a certain amount of stimulus, some more than others, but every stimulant more than is necessary to a healthy body and an active mind, serves to fire the brain and excite the passions, thus leading to excess and to an abnormal condition of mind and body, endangering our purity

and health and helping to destroy our faith, virtue, knowledge, and temperance; and, consequently, endangering our salvation. An unperturbed taste will lead to the partaking of such things as contain the amount and kind of stimulant which the system needs. But our tastes are in such a bad condition, made so both through our own mistakes, and from hereditary causes, that they are liable to deceive us.

So, to be truly temperate, availing ourselves of the benefits of temperance, both upon the body and mind, upon the physical and spiritual, we need help. Yes, we need instruction as to what we shall eat and what we shall drink as well as to what we should think and what we should do.

Men have made the first a careful and diligent study, and are able to give many wise suggestions. To these suggestions, without throwing away our own experience and judgment, we should give due consideration. But we have something still better that so far as it goes can be absolutely depended upon. Yes, the Lord himself, seeing the danger, consequent upon our intemperate lives, has condescended to advise us to a certain extent. By reference to his word (D. C. 86) we see that the stimulant derived from alcohol is not only permissible, but desirable; but we are not left in doubt in regard to how to obtain the proper amount of stimulus from this source. We are given to understand that to take it inwardly is not only unnecessary but very dangerous. We are given further to understand that all the stimulus necessary or safe can be obtained through the pores of the skin, and it should therefore be used only for the "washing of the body." In nothing is there so much danger from *intemperance* as in this, and so God has guarded it the most carefully.

The stimulant of tobacco is under some conditions good, but that of hot drinks never. (D. C. 86:1.) He who admits either of these into his system, in any other manner or form than that pointed out in the word invites their effects. He may, in some cases, successfully resist those effects, but he has done an intemperate act, and, consequently, stands on dangerous ground. There should be no question among Latter Day Saints as to the amount of stimulant to be received

from these sources, nor as to the manner of using them.

Let me advise you right here to read carefully and ponder long and prayerfully this "Word of Wisdom." It is the best and wisest temperance document ever presented to man, and in its time revealed certain things in advance of the discoveries of man, which are now quite generally agreed to.

It has not received the consideration that its merits deserve, for you cannot be truly temperate while you disregard any

portion of it. Now, if you are in earnest in trying to solve this question of "What must I do to be saved?" you cannot consider these things too seriously. The true faith of the gospel must be espoused, not with reservation but, fully, and with a determination to endure unto the end. To this add virtue, pure gospel virtue, "and to virtue, knowledge, and to knowledge, *temperance*." This will require great *patience*, which will be our next theme.

THE following poem is furnished us for publication by Sr. Ruth M. Sheehy, daughter of Bro. F. M. Sheehy. It was the "class poem" of the graduating class of 1893, of which she was a member. It was written by a former graduate of the school, whose name Sr. Ruth did not give us. It will commend itself to our readers as containing much food for thought.

KNOWLEDGE VERSUS GOLD.

The alchemist long sought to find
A means by which to change each kind
Of baser metal into gold,
And thus add value many fold.

In ceaseless toil the years were spent;
The brain grew weary, form grew bent,
As day by day he strove in vain,
The end he sought for, to attain.

The world moves on with steady pace,
And growth in everything we trace,
But gold is gold and by man's aid
Has ne'er from metal base been made.

But still some seek in other ways
The selfsame thing, and spend their days
In unremitting toil to find
What cannot elevate mankind.

I undervalue not the gold
So dearly prized, but still I hold
That many things are better far
Than either gold or silver are.

If gain for sake of gain be sought,
A noble thing I deem it not;
But, if as means by which to rise
To higher things, I count it wise.

For nothing can be mean or base
Which tends to benefit the race,
And though it be at second hand,
The motive can but make it grand.

But he has reached a higher plane
Who knowledge seeks, not paltry gain;
Who bows himself at learning's shrine
Worships a god somewhat divine.

Knowledge is power; it makes men great,
Though born to whatsoe'er estate;
Who seek it, then, seek what will tend
To better fit for life's great end.

Who knowledge seek, seek what is sure,
Yea, what will through all time endure;
Seek what will lift one far above
The petty things that many love.

He cannot stoop to what is low
Who seeks of higher things to know,
Whose mind with truths is being fed
From books or at the fountain head.

The old must needs make room for new;
The false give place to what is true;
All meaner things give way to good,
Nor can it be for long withstood.

Discovery, invention, all
That move the world, obey the call
Of some great master mind, content
Though years in earnest thought be spent.

Could fashion show with such abide?
Could he know aught of foolish pride?
Could anger, malice, hate as well,
Find room within his heart to dwell?

Would he who could the planets weigh,
Their course determine day by day,
The laws by which they are controlled,
Exchange his power for glittering gold?

Or he who can in rocks as well
The history of ages tell?
Or he to whom the earth will yield
Her thousand secrets long concealed?

Better that one his kingship sell,
And with his humble subjects dwell,
His right to sit upon the throne,
And wield the power of state alone.

Who knowledge seek, will surely find
Food for the hungry, craving mind.
Dig deep, for far beneath the soil,
Oft lies what pays for patient toil.

The stones which lie beneath our feet,
The birds that sing in numbers sweet,
The worlds above, and myriad suns,
The brook that softly murmuring runs,

The fragrant flower, the forest tree,
The rain, the dew, the boundless sea,
Give ample scope to all who can
The mysteries of nature scan.

But no one need despair, because
Not skilled to read fair nature's laws;
For books we all can understand;
And these we have at our command.

The truths, which men of every age
Have left upon the printed page,
Repay one's search a hundredfold,
And far outweigh the miser's gold.

Seek knowledge then, where'er it be,
In earth, in sky, or in the sea,
Or yet, in books, a precious store
For all who turn their pages o'er.

Be not deceived; the work's not done
When school life ends, 'tis just begun;
Then at the most has one but caught
The merest glimpse of all he sought.

Happy indeed, if each in turn,
To better use his powers shall learn;
And of the feast that is in store,
The mind shall crave yet more and more.

Excelsior then must ever be
The scholar's watchword; thus shall he
Find life is none too long to gain
The heights to which he may attain.

BLUE MOUNTAINS—AUSTRALIA.

BY AUSTRAL.

ASCENDING the post office tower on one occasion to its very dome, and while looking over Sydney and its suburbs, the writer saw to the westward the above mountains, their most prominent peaks standing as so many sentinels on guard just where the horizon appears to meet with the earth, seeming to indicate the "end of the world." But these apparent watchers on the borderland of the scene cannot be said to be "hoary-headed," but instead a peculiar atmospheric influence imparts to them the appearance of being blue, hence the name. Lying parallel with the coast and at a distance of thirty to one hundred miles and rising two thousand to four thousand feet above sea level, they are thus sufficiently near and prominent to be seen as above noted. The salubrious climate and pure and bracing air throughout all seasons of the year conduce to make these mountains the Saratoga of Australia; hence all visitors to this Austral land are sure to make a visit, if means and time are at their disposal. Not a very great amount of either, however, are requisite, as the railway communication is direct to all points of special interest.

The Great Western Railway line, start-

ing at Redfern, Sydney, dispatches three trains daily (Sundays excepted). These run through Paramatta and Penrith, both very old towns, and soon after leaving the latter town the ascent of the mountains commences, by what is known as Little or Knapsack Gully Zigzag. As the train is continuously passing from zig to zag the view both broadens and alternates sufficiently to give variety of scenery, so that one can enjoy a mental feast during the entire ascent. Reaching the summit of the hill a most magnificent outlook can be obtained.

Stretching to the extreme limits of the mental vision are the magnificent Emu Plains, dotted with towns, villages, homesteads, with their orchards and ever verdant trees, seemingly "mapped out as it were at one's feet, while the Nepean River, winding through the plains like a broad silver belt, completes a scene to which for calm and peaceful beauty it would be hard to find an equal. To view this sight about sunrise on a summer morning is to create an impression which can never be effaced from the memory."

The most noteworthy railway stations are the following: Springwood (48-1,216, these figures denote the distance

from Sydney in miles, and height in feet above sea level) is in the vicinity of Sassafras or Flying Fox Gully; the latter receiving its name from the number of sassafras trees growing there and the fact of once having been the home of the flying fox. This latter resembles the bat very much, and forms a camp in the forest from whence in myriads they make nightly raids on the fruit of the surrounding locality. They are so destructive that the government has taken steps looking to their extermination by supplying the citizens in the vicinity of their "camp" with money with which to buy ammunition. Springwood is more of a sanitarium than a special resort for sightseers, as the climate is beautifully mild throughout the year. It is also the principal locality of these mountains for ferns, lycopods, etc.

Lawson (58-2,399) has in its neighborhood Adelina Falls, Dante's Glen and Waterfall. In fact there are nine waterfalls in its immediate vicinity. Wentworth Falls (62-2,856) is the next station from Lawson, and as there is a rise of 457 feet in the four miles it will be seen that the mountains are reached. Its title is derived from the falls of the same name located here. These, formerly known as the Weatherboard Falls, are about a mile from the station and at the head of an immense valley, inclosed for the most part by precipitous rocky walls. The scenery of the falls is perhaps as grand as any to be found in the mountains, though the opinion of visitors is divided as to whether this or Govett's Leap, near Blackheath, is the grander.

To see these falls the tourist travels through the forest for the most part, emerging on the hill, whence a fine view of the valley and surrounding mountains may be had. A walk through the reserve (in which the government has erected a shelter shed for the accommodation of the public) brings one to a point of rock immediately overhanging the valley, the Falls being to the left and "in a vast amphitheater of rock." The water falls a distance of twelve hundred feet all told, there being three leaps. The first, and a portion of the second only, can be seen from the rock. In the first leap the water is broken into a fine feathery spray which forms on the rock beneath. Leaning over the iron railing, which is for the

protection of the visitor, and, peering down into the awful depths, the trees resemble mere shrubs while they are actually of considerable size. From this vantage spot one gains a very fine view of the valley, and either to the right or left an extensive gaze can be indulged of a timber covered country securely inclosed by mountains, rugged sentinels of immovable mien and undaunted courage.

If a change is wished it is easily accomplished by simply removing a few steps, and then you stand face to face with the handiwork of Dame Nature, Weeping Rock. By passing from the former position to the right of the shed a small hollow is reached in which a large flat rock may be seen forming a lovely background, and depicting all the variety known to the touch of nature. Over its surface the water trickles in tiny rills onto a ledge beneath, while ferns without number creep out from every available crevice and serve to so enhance the beauty of the scene that the lover of nature's creative genius stands enrapt, awe-struck, and visibly moved.

By following the road leading past this rock the top of the Falls is reached, and to view the winding of the stream from its first leap till it passes from sight into the dense growth of ferns at the bottom of the valley, reminds one of the hunted roe seeking shelter from its pursuers. Who shall say as to whether on the tablets of nature's annals is recorded all the events that have transpired along this gurgling rill, from where it enters this awful density till it once more emerges from the gloom of flickering shadows.

The next station, Katoomba (66-3,349), also holds a prominent position as a place of resort among these mountains. Among the many interesting and beautiful sights in its vicinity are Leura Falls and the meeting of the waters. A short distance above the falls two streams unite, and flowing over a huge rock, from two to three hundred feet in height, break into an innumerable number of silvery-like threads, which gleam in the sunshine as they trickle over the rugged surface. In the valley below may be seen ferns, sassafras, and other beautiful trees, growing in all directions.

Visitors should not fail to hear the wonderful echo from Echo Tree. This tree, like every other place of interest in

these mountains, is easily found by the ubiquitous sign-board. Katoomba, about the same distance from the station as the above, one mile, are the next falls of interest, their height being some five hundred feet, while several lesser leaps carry the water to the valley thirteen hundred feet below. A good view of this valley is not had from the inclosure, considered to be as far as it is safe for the ordinary visitor to go, but to the one possessing sufficient strength of nerve to reach the point of rock beyond, this difficulty is removed.

Going from the inclosure to the engine shed of the coal mine, a grand view of Orphan Rock is obtained. The hugeness of this "Orphan" (one thousand feet high), at once removes all sympathy aroused by the name; for whether the parent cliff has detached this mighty structure by the labor of earthquake action or some other awful convulsion of nature, in which, for the moment, the gods of confusion might have reigned supreme, it now stands out in the boldness of its own relief and the solitude of its loneliness like a huge monolith, without apparent thought or care relative to any blessings attaching to parental environment.

A companion picture, so far as solitude and grandeur bear relationship, is seen in Ruined Castle, a mass of rock on an eminence some miles out in the valley and so named because of its peculiar resemblance to an old ruin. Some distance along the same road, and a point beyond the engine shed, Katoomba Falls may be seen at the best advantage, and the visitor should on no account miss this view. A zigzag road lying between the "Orphan" and the cliff leads to the miners' huts in the valley, and from this road and while traversing it, the pedestrian will behold many interesting sights, and by permission from the manager or foreman can also visit the mines. The most interesting features yet undescribed are Nellie's Glen and Explorer's Tree.

The latter was the extreme point reached by the explorers, Blaxland, Weabworth, and Lawson, in their effort to find a road leading to the interior of the colony. They cut their initials deeply into the wood of the tree, but time and weather have served to so completely efface, that this original tell tale of the proximity of daring men has become entirely obliterated. □ A

grateful posterity, however, has perpetuated these historic deeds by inclosing with a railing, built on a stone foundation, into which a tablet, bearing essential data, is let.

A huge rent in the sandstone cliff, sixty feet in width and one thousand feet in depth, bears the bewitching appellation of Nellie's Glen, in the bottom of which a tiny rivulet meanders, murmuring and gurgling over the stones and through the trees till the extreme depths of the valley are reached. To effect an entrance into this glen one must traverse a zigzag path; and as the descent is made the flickering rays of perpetual twilight casting gruesome shadows on the almost perpendicular sides serve to try the strength of the explorer's nerves, while the gloom of these sombre depths is at once heightened and lessened, if this be not antithetical, by the myriad ferns growing out of, and, lichenlike, clinging to the sides of this wonderful glen.

Were it not for the curiosity of man, the voice of solitude could surely send forth the wail of her plaintive cry from these lonely depths, unnoted and unknown! Or did the explorer's feet, betrayed by the treacherous zag and surrounding gloom, depart the path, and he be hurled adown the mighty depths till some projecting ledge offered cessation to a further plunge, would the mechanism of man's brain be equal to the task of portraying by pen picture all the agonizings of the poor unfortunate, as his vocal importunities, striking the precipitous walls that imprison, came back to him in echoing strain!

Blackheath (73-3,494) reached, and the tourist is but a mile and a quarter from Govett's Leap, which is reached by a good road. As at Wentworth so it is here, the road abruptly at a point of rock immediately in front of the valley into which the water flows. And this is largely regarded as *the* sight of the mountains. To the one standing gazing into the awful depths below, impressions came which epochs of time and variety of change will scarcely efface from memory's tablets.

Lying walled in by perpendicular cliffs, as though consciously secure from the ravages of time or the dangers incident and accruing when martial forces meet in belligerent array, and stretching as far as

the mental vision, focused by the cornea, can reach, in this wonderful valley. And away down, one thousand feet below, may be seen a perfect sea of foliage, through and underneath which a cool and refreshing stream slowly winds its way, as though loth to leave the security afforded by such density, and calmly conscious of its mighty power to impart vitality to this luxuriant growth, which, in turn, can but contain within its heightened shades a solemn loneliness and deathlike stillness, only broken by the sighing wind or breaking twig, for here the growth is not of a deciduous nature, hence the "sere and yellow leaf" neither carpets its banks nor floats upon the placid bosom of the sluggish stream.

Here the lyre bird, parrot, and others of this Austral clime can sport in conscious security, the bold cliffs debarring man the privilege of consummating his evil designs on the lives of these beautiful creatures.

Immediately to the right of the position from whence a view of the valley is obtained, the falls are located. As the quantity of water is small it is broken into fragments in its mad leap of five hundred to six hundred feet, so that long before the bottom is reached the fragments, lashed into spray and swayed by the breeze, remind one of a long flowing bridal veil. So that the scene becomes at once strikingly effective and sublimely grand, through the great height of the fall and this peculiar swaying motion. At such times of the day as the sun's rays are thrown athwart this spray, all the tints of the rainbow are clearly depicted, adding materially to the already beautiful sight. A railing of either iron or wood protects all dangerous places, and near what might aptly be termed Point Lookout the government has erected a shed which is often utilized by picnic parties. By a road leading past this shed the top of the falls is reached, and the effort thus required is fully repaid by the proximity obtained and the view to be had, from this position, of the valley stretching far away. By crossing the creek to a point opposite, another fall can be seen, otherwise unnoticeable as it is secluded by a sort of "bay" or recess.

As to the origin of Govett's Leap, as usual in such cases, several theories are

advanced, the most reasonable and widely believed being that sixty years ago W. R. Govett, a surveyor, discovered and named it "Govett's Leap" or "Waterfall" "leap" meaning "waterfall." The most romantic, however, and which has likely served as the basis for the pen of more than one novelist to build upon, delineates the hot pursuit of a famous bushranger of that name, who, finding all hope of escape cut off, leaped, Curtius like, over the mighty precipice into the yawning gulf only to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below!

Mermaid's Cave, on the opposite side of the railway line, should be visited by those sufficiently agile and physically strong to accomplish the steep ascent.

Mount Victoria (77-3,422) is the next and most important station on the mountains, having a post and telegraph office, banks, "shops," (stores) and two hotels. From Mount Paddington an extensive view of Kanimbla Valley can be had, while at its foot may be seen Fairy Bower, should one not feel that a steep climb to return, is too expensive. The name, however, carries to the mind such food for the imaginative, that the temptation to see would likely set aside all difficulties.

Little Zigzag or Kanimbla pass leads into Kanimbla Valley past Bushranger's cave. Through want of historical data as to the origin of the latter name, the mind is left to the play of fancy to picture the scenes transpiring in times ago and which caused such appellation to be yet retained.

In the days of convict settlement, when an everyday occurrence at Botany was gangs of men chained together going to and from work, the fact of escape from such thralldom made an outcast of the escapee and served at once as an incentive to a bushranger's life. To a band of these outcasts a cave would naturally become a refuge, where, thus secured, they could revel in all the wild orgies incident to those returning from deeds of blood and pillage. The above pass leads into Little Hartley, adown which is situated a small town of the same name, surrounded by richly cultivated fields at the foot of the mountain. Some four miles distant is Mount York, from which an extensive view of the valley and surrounding country may be had, with a glimpse of Hartley. A lone tree upon its entire surface is a singular feature, and may be seen

from a long distance. It is especially noticeable when driving from Mt. Victoria to the Jenolan caves. These latter comprise a chapter in themselves and a description will be given in a future issue. Mt. Wilson, sixteen miles distant, affords means for an extensive view, the surrounding country being seen a distance of sixty miles on a clear day.

Eleven miles from Mt. Victoria the visitor will behold the greatest piece of engineering skill to be seen in the colony,

the great zigzag on the railway line. From top to bottom are three slopes; there being an actual descent of six hundred feet in the three or four miles traversed. And should this zigzag not be seen, no tourist could truly say the mounts had been "done." At Eskbank, near its bottom, are the iron works, while a coal mine is beside the station. At Lithgow, a mile distant, the pottery works are located.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins—
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

He is a hero, staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle, to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, or drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown
Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.—

—Selected.

DO YOU KNOW?

BY. R. ETZENHOUSER.

MAN in remote ages as at the present has desired knowledge, yet ignorance, gross ignorance, holds sway among millions, hence the distinctions civilized, semicivilized, and barbarous, Christian, heathen, etc.

It was desire to know that led Adam and Eve to partake of that which had been forbidden. Implanted as was the desire for knowledge in the ancestors of the races of men, it is not strange to find it everywhere. Wherever the primal or first abode of the sons of Adam, their homestead enlarged till the broad expanse of earth has been peopled. Necessity, of course, has served as cause for action in many of man's migrations, but desire to know what was beyond the dense forest,

wide plane, trackless desert, or vast sea, has been and still is man's desire. It was this that led to the discovery of the western hemisphere.

While it is probably conceded by the masses that the extent of earth's territory is known, with Dr. Kane of North Pole fame and fate, and others who embarked in the enterprise or experienced delight in the speculation, the desire to know still flourishes. When it is remembered that ten of Israel's twelve tribes, God's chosen people, are beyond the ken of man, but prophesied of in Holy Writ as yet to come from the "land of the north," such desire is not so strange.

To know was the incentive to action with Solomon, the acknowledged wisest

of men, till by research and attainment of knowledge he was led to exclaim "And there is no new thing under the sun." That she might know of Solomon's wisdom the Queen of Sheba of the South, traversed the intervening lands, and appeared at the court of Solomon, finding his knowledge much greater than it had been declared.

That they might know, "the wise men of the East," sought the birthplace of Christ, nor were they disappointed.

So it has been through the ages that desire to know has been the mainspring producing action, which has culminated in the achievements of men. It is then the key to progress and success. If in the realm of the human, why not in the divine? Columbus by one turn of the key unlocked one half of the world. Franklin chained that substance that brings earth's extremities in close communication. Through the device called the telescope, the starry heights are peered into as an adjoining field. Man's triumphs in his present estate, brief as his stay, clearly reveal that "he shall know," for all his past achievements so attest.

None who have sought aright to obtain knowledge in the earthly realm have failed.

Shall it be found that man has a pathway to *certainty, knowledge*, in reference to conditions of his physical or earth-life, and be left in doubt or uncertainty in respect to the greater interests of the spiritual life which begins now and continues through the eternal years of the future? Sad plight, indeed, would that be for man, and an equally sad abnormality in God's provision for man, the masterpiece of his workmanship.

The question used as the caption of this article, is based upon the divine promise of Christ, "If any man will do his will [God's will] he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." A practical test is here provided for individual application by which the truth or falsity of Christ's doctrine may be determined. In the professions, arts, and sciences it is acknowledged that he who is best skilled in any of these can best furnish the information how another may reach such attainment.

True as this principle is and acknowledged in the extensive realm of man's

pursuits, it is not readily conceded to be the proper basis from which to determine the true test of the doctrine of Christ.

It should be apparent to all, that he who formed the doctrine could apply the truest test. It is strange yet true that the most of men will ask for and agree to rest their case upon such a test as Satan asked of Christ, that he make bread of stones, or that asked at his crucifixion, "If thou be the Christ come down from the cross." Neither of these Christ felt at liberty to furnish, yet he had wrought things equally as marvellous in furnishing wine at the feast or in raising dead Lazarus.

If the doing of wonders which are outside and beyond the ability of man were confined to God and his power alone, then such test might be safe. When Moses and Aaron were at the court of Pharaoh pleading Israel's release, the magicians duplicated the serpent of Aaron's rod, turned waters to blood and called forth frogs as Aaron had done. If simply doing a wonder or miracle was evidence of divine power, then the magicians had it as well as Moses and Aaron, but it is conceded that they were the agents of the enemy of all good. The man possessed of evil spirits who came out of the tombs, and could be neither tamed nor bound with chains, had power not common to man, therefore miraculous though not of God, but well calculated to deceive man as magicians, astrologers, necromancers, and soothsayers of the past did and spiritualists of the present do.

The test provided by God and Christ is proof against imposition, as each individual has the matter in his own hand. If any man will *do the will* of the Father "he shall know." Having done that required, if the knowledge is not received as the result, the doctrine would be clearly shown to be *false*, while, if the knowledge is attained, its divinity is as clearly proven.

The difference between the two tests is that that chosen by Satan and men places the matter in *other hands*, therefore is not safe against deception, while that provided of God rests it with *each individual*, therefore they *know* of the truth or falsity of that tested and are in a position to approve, or condemn. There is no middle ground to occupy, and each applying the test should be valiant in

defence of truth so tested, or manly or womanly enough to condemn that which is not true so that it may be suppressed. The measure or completeness of knowledge attained can alone be determined by the measure or completeness of duty done and consequent development. Failure to continue in duty's pathway will surely arrest and prevent the attainment of more knowledge. That attained, if checked, may be corroded or even obliterated by time and ever lingering doubt. The Apostle Paul said, "Now we know in part," but he looked forward to a time, though not in this life, when knowledge would be complete, "thus we shall know as we are known" (by God). The partial knowledge was so satisfactory to Paul that though learned and a proud Pharisee, once convinced of the truth of the message of Jesus of Nazareth, nothing could daunt him, nor any sacrifice appear too great. Partial knowledge may be at once both complete and not complete. Two and two are four is a complete and demonstrated problem, yet, it is a very small and imperfect part of mathematics, but once demonstrated, it actuates to farther developments clearly assured. So, man entering the church in God's appointed way, being born of water and the Spirit *receives knowledge* and by this positive knowledge though in part, is assured of complete knowledge and final perfection. In the establishment of the latter-day work, this divine test was urged,

people applied it, thousands and scores of thousands embraced the new and peculiar faith and had the world arrayed against them but did not recant.

Disaster and disruption came. Staunch friends became strong opposers, but who of them or how many ever said that by this test they had proved the doctrine untrue? Personally we have not found one! Out of the chaos remaining after 1844, the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints developed, thousands more have applied the divine test and in consequence of its strength and the truth of the doctrine of Christ have faced the most humiliating opposition the world has ever known. Some may be found who if asked whether they *know* would say, "I do not." Ask them, "Do you know the doctrine to be false, having applied the required test?" Not one such have we found, yet none should fear so to declare, having proven *false* that which claimed to be divine.

That people may and do obey, some more fully than others, is certain; their knowledge will be in *accordance*, but all may increase. "It is written," "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." And now, dear reader, in conclusion let me ask, Have you obeyed? Do you know?

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIS AND THAT.

SOPHIA and I were as much together as we could be. I always preferred playmates older than myself, while my younger sister, Eliza, chose those much younger; consequently neither of us naturally sought each other's company. Sophia had been delicate when a child and I had overtaken her in size though neither of us could boast much of height. Mother usually dressed us alike and was sometimes asked if we were twins. But in disposition we were as opposite as could be. She was quiet, steady, and

thoughtful, while I was just the reverse. Still we agreed in almost everything, and her influence often restrained me, and sometimes saved me from incurring the just displeasure of our parents by thoughtlessness. And yet she seemed to enjoy my mirthfulness quite as much as I did her prudence and counsel. In looking back it seems as if death desired to make us his victims, while we were hand in hand; but the incidents will come in their order.

Our new home was situated near the salt water, where we had a good view of vessels of various sizes and rigs, as they passed up and down the bay. There were

several seaports and landings, farther up the bay, Windsor (the location of the great plaster quarry of which there has been a lively trade carried on with the United States since before I was born) being the terminus. Still we were not in sight of the ocean. To approach the place by water one must leave the ocean and sail up the great Bay of Fundy, (passing the shore where "Evangeline" and others landed when driven from their home on the "Grand Pre" by the English troops,) must double Cape Blomidon, and sail in a southwesterly course through an inlet into Pereaux River. Marsh flats line the shores of Pereaux River in a zigzag form, and the land on one side of the river is in zigzag form also, for there are four points of land that make far out into the river, and they form four creeks, the channels of which are sufficiently deep (at high water) for good-sized vessels to float about in; but at low water both flats and channels are bare for miles out towards the "Basin of Minas."

So great is the rise and fall of the tide in the Bay of Fundy that the opposite shore can be but dimly seen across the Basin; yet when the tide is out the sandbars that make up about midway are left high and dry, and the inbound shipping must needs come to anchor and wait the next tide. Across these points of land, well up towards the unbroken surface, is the main road. Those four creeks are bridged over near their heads. Just above the fourth bridge, or causeway, the waters are held by a firm levee. Above this levee, where the tide once ebbed and flowed, are the dyke lands. The ground rises gradually on either side of these bridges until the level is reached, being about the third of a mile from creek to creek. On one of these hills, and a little back from the road towards the mountain, stood our house. About half a mile back of our house brought us to the foot of Pereaux Mountain.

This mountain is not the highest that I have seen, by any means; but I think it is the prettiest. It commences at Cape Blomidon and extends in an unbroken chain for sixty miles, so straight, smooth, and even; and so thickly wooded that, looking towards it from the valley, no portion of the soil was open to view. Trees of almost every eastern variety, birch, beech, maple, hemlock, spruce,

pine, and fir, grew on the side of this mountain, which formed a most beautiful background to the quiet neighborhood, with its gardens, orchards, and green meadows. And in the autumn, when the ripening leaves took upon themselves almost every hue and color, it was indeed a most beautiful sight. One of nature's master pictures.

How could childhood be other than happy, with a home in such a place? A quiet, peaceable neighborhood, beautiful mountains, green fields, and bright, sparkling waters all in view. Yet my childhood was not always sunshine. I was sometimes disobedient, not willfully but thoughtlessly, and often careless which brought me into the consequent snares and troubles. Besides, children have their peculiar trials and I had mine. There was one inmate of our house who had a decided aversion to me, who seemed to take pleasure in magnifying my faults, and ever holding up to my view my imperfections in looks, features, acts, and words, till I thought I must be the ugliest looking person that ever was, and a misgiving grew with me, as to whether I should ever say anything that would sound sensible. And I wondered why I was not like other people. When I received extra favors from other sources, I was sure from that one to receive extra bitterness. I sometimes tried to please, and thereby gain the favor of such a one, but, finding it apparently useless, I went to the other extreme and took a grim satisfaction in doing whatever I thought I could do towards getting even.

Mother saw the existing antagonism, and often remonstrated, claiming the right of all the ruling in her own household; but the feeling existed just the same. We never went to father with our troubles; how I wish we had. Then father and children would have been drawn nearer to each other, and would have understood each other better. But he was only a visitor at home when we were small; and, being naturally quiet, not given to enter into children's ways and sympathies, he left our training almost entirely to mother. We grew to be shy of him, and he was reserved towards us; therefore we never got on very familiar terms with each other, which was indeed a sad loss for both parent and children.

Besides getting even with my antagonist, I at times, had my moments of triumph. I distinctly remember one such occasion, when I was not much more than nine years old. With my two younger sisters I had been spending the day at one of the neighbors, playing with their children. On our return home we were called into mother's room and saw her lying in bed. The old lady nurse turned down the covers of the bed and told us to come and see what was there.

That which met our astonished gaze nearly took our breath away, two tiny little babies with their faces close together and sleeping away like little kittens. We were told that mamma was very sick and we must step very lightly and not let the doors bang anywhere about the house. In the morning this old lady chose me for her waiting maid.

This was a time of triumph. I was permitted to enter the sick room and remain there mostly, until it was time to get the cows and milk. When the nurse was busy with the babies I stood near her to hand her whatever she called for, and I was sent hither and thither about the house to bring such things as she needed. What an important air I assumed when passing through the kitchen on those errands; and how unnecessarily careful I was to close the door of Mother's room, which opened into the kitchen; as soon as I slipped out or in, as the case might be, especially if I saw that a certain one wanted to get a peep into the room. Sometimes the old lady would let me hold one of the babies. What a happy child I was then! I kept the babies still so long, and otherwise acquitted myself sufficiently well, to gain from her the name of "little nurse," and so I felt very important.

But, notwithstanding petty annoyances, many a happy day rises up before my mental vision, when, accompanied by two or more of the children of the neighborhood, we took our pails, kettles, and baskets (containing our luncheon), and started off in the early morning, while the dew was yet on the grass and the robins sang their sweet notes, for a whole day of picking berries. Strawberries grew wild and deliciously sweet, in pastures, meadows, and on burned lands, and we used to gather them in great quantities.

But the brightest and happiest portion of the days that come floating back to me now is the eventides. How many times at the close of a summer's day, when the tide came over the flats gliding in like a sheet of silver, we hurriedly washed the tea dishes, gathered up our bathing suits, and made a hasty march for the shore and to our favorite bathing resort, but usually accompanied by mother, who was haunted with a fear of some of us getting drowned. She did not always go in the water, but remained near in case of accident. We often laughed at her for her fears, thinking there could be no danger on those hard marsh flats, where the depth of the water was so even, and no breaking waves. But it proved the saving of our lives, Sophia's and mine, that she never overcame that fear and left us to ourselves.

Yes, that treacherous silvery tide, which glided in so innocently and lay sparkling in the sunlight, like myriads of diamonds, seemed to have a fixed purpose in wooing us two into its embrace. For, one balmy eventide in June, when the air was too sweet to remain indoors, Sophia and I had driven the cows home and milked them, and now we were leisurely taking them back to the pasture again. It was only a little way, at the foot of the hill. We had let down the bars, just beyond the old "Balm of Gilead" tree, had turned them in the pasture, and put the bars up again; and now our work for the evening was done. And not feeling compelled to return immediately, we ran across the road and down to where the quiet tide was rippling around the sandy shore, inviting us to come with it.

At first we intended only to walk around the edge of the water and watch it creeping up to our feet, for it was not quite high water yet. But it was so tempting that we soon began to think and then to say, "O how nice it would be to wade in a little way this warm night and cool our feet." After a little hesitation and repeating the assurance to each other, "that it could not do any harm," we prepared to do so, and held up our dresses and walked about, at the water's edge at first, then out a little farther. The water was so clear that the hard bottom and every blade of marsh grass could be plainly seen. It was the time of low tides, so the water on the

flats was quite shallow, and it became very little deeper as we waded out farther.

We had been walking leisurely about in the water that was so warm, and yet felt cooling to our bodies, and scarcely noticed how far towards the point we had gone. Our eyes were intently on the water, looking through it to our feet, so we did not observe the deepening twilight, till we could scarcely discern the grassy bottom. Then looking up, Sophia said,—

"Why it is nearly dark; we must go home."

"O it won't be dark yet for a good while," I answered. "Let us go out to that stick."

"Well," said Sophia, "we will go that far, but not one step farther."

"No, I am sure we won't," I answered. "We will come right back and go home as fast as we can."

"Let's walk fast out there," said Sophia, "or it will be dark before we get home."

So, without trying to see bottom, we waded out as fast as we could, and true to our purpose we did not go one step beyond. It was well that we did not, or probably we would never have seen our home again. For, unknown to us, the stick was placed there to mark the channel, and one foot beyond it the water was six or eight feet deep.

Along this shore friendly Indians often came and set up their wigwams on the green among the trees, just above the sandy shore, and we often visited them, choosing the time when the men were away hunting game or getting the wood from which they made their splints. Thus we watched them in all the process of basket making, peeling the splints from the wood, putting them into the dye, and weaving the brightly colored ones into pretty baskets. These wigwams had a peculiar fascination for me. I liked to watch the contented looking squaws working away so busily with their basket making, and to smell the new baskets. And it was amusing too to watch the little half-naked dark-skinned urchins in their sports. Sometimes there would be a little pappoose. When it's mamma would be at work it would be wrapped like a little mummy and strapped in a frame that stood up against a tree. It seemed to understand its surroundings and seldom ever murmured.

One warm June morning as Sophia and I chanced to pass along the road, we saw "Mrs. Bass," the Indian woman, standing at the water's edge (the tide was in) with her little boy not yet two years old in her arms, and "Mary Jane," her daughter of about thirteen years, was standing out in the tide at a depth of two or three feet. We knew that something unusual was about to take place, and so we ran around the shore to where they were. It was only a few rods distant. When Mary Jane gave the sign of being ready the mother tossed the naked child out in the water, just as if it had only been a kitten. "Plunk," went the little dark roll, clean under out of sight, but it was only an instant till the little black head popped up again. He caught his breath and began to beat the water with his hands and that brought him ashore. He cried lustily too, but the mother called to him and encouraged him on.

We thought at first she was trying to drown the little fellow, and was perfectly horrified. But when it reached the shore the mother took it in her arms and laughingly soothed and caressed him until he forgot his fears. Then she tossed him out again. This she repeated three or four times, then took him to the camp again.

Mary Jane stood there ready I suppose to catch him in case he strangled, or to turn him in case he came to the surface with his face seaward and should paddle out instead of in shore. They were teaching him to swim.

This Mary Jane rendered us valuable service at one time. It was sheep-shearing day. As the flock of sheep was not very large, father thought he could shear them himself, with the help of Sophia and myself about catching and holding them. The sheep-pen, and the platform for shearing them on, were both under the Balm of Gilead tree. Mary Jane saw us from her wigwam home; and, being curious to learn what was going on, she came over and watched the operation. As we were in the act of raising the third one to the stage it made a lively spring and got away from us. We made an effort to head the sheep and get her back to the pen, but she ran along the brookside. Father called to us to "run around her and drive her back."

Knowing that Indians were fast on foot.

we called to Mary Jane to come, and started off after the sheep. She struck out for the woods and we followed, sighting her occasionally. The thick brambles and fallen trees impeded our progress very much, and we often had to go quite a ways around them; but we kept on as long as we could catch a glimpse of the sheep. At length we lost trace of her altogether and concluded to abandon the chase and go home.

But, to our great dismay, we had no idea which way to go, and the thought dawned upon us that we were lost. The woods were so dense there was no such thing as seeing our way out. Sophia asked Mary Jane if she knew where she was.

"No," she said; and her large dark eyes became still larger, and the corners of her mouth drooped in a melancholy sort of look.

"Can you find your way back?" we asked.

She grunted assent; so we told her to lead the way and we would follow. She

wandered about for some time, apparently hunting for something. The underbrush and brambles were so thick that it was difficult to get along. She often had to wait for us to get through, or to pick our way out of places where she seemed to glide right along.

At length she made a signal that gave us to understand that she was on a trail, and when we reached her she pointed to the stream of water in front of her. Even then we did not understand till she pointed to us that we were to go in the same direction that the water was running, and by following it we would come out to our own little brook. It was simple enough but I doubt if we would have thought of it ourselves. It was away in the afternoon when we got home, and all there were glad to see us. Mother would have been quite uneasy about us, but father had quieted her fears by telling her that the Indian girl was with us, and there was not any danger of an Indian getting lost in the woods.

(To be continued.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

L. R. DEVORE.

IT has been said, "The real facts, and actual possibilities of life are what we should study, both for profit and edification." But in viewing past history, and the present condition of the race, it is apparent that the progress made along the long line of ages, toward freely and openly permitting and defending women in their proper sphere has been very slow, and even at the present rate of advancement the school will be required to continue in session a number of generations before all people will be willing to grant her what she deserves.

There has ever been, and still exists a spirit of jealousy, for I know of no name more appropriate against woman's elevation to offices of public trust and official distinction. The few who have attained such positions as to give them a name among the public benefactors of the race, have had to contend almost daily against a surging tide of envy, abuse, ridicule, and censure. Does this vile, filthy, jealous wave of opposition arise from her own

sex? Let them answer—and we hear in clear tones, "no!" If it be true that she is not thus harassed by her own sex, where shall we find the spring or fountain of opposition?

Must the truth be told? It is facts we want, and when it is revealed we learn it is the opposite sex which has King-Herod-like sought to destroy the purest germs of sacred and heavenly intelligence; for the clearest conceptions of truth, purity, and angelic decorum have been found and are to be found among women. There is a more refined, and a more deeply imbedded principle of purity, love, and unselfishness among women, than among men. It may be urged, by way of excuse, by her opposite, that "it is necessary such should be the case, because she is mother of the race, and these natural qualifications are absolutely essential for her motherly sphere."

I do not deny the *necessity* for such sacred attributes in order to qualify her for duties imposed because of her sex,

but if these are so necessary and have such an important bearing in rearing her own family, and if in the absence of these qualities a very different race of beings would soon exist, why is it that those influences must be circumscribed, limited, to her own individual household through life? Must she confine her example and knowledge of her ability to properly lead her own offspring exclusively to them while she lives? If she loves and labors, toiling early and late (generally with more patience than men) to elevate and educate her family to meet the actual possibilities of life, is she not equally interested in seeing her children's associates as properly educated as her own? And if her philanthropy has such an ennobling effect in her own family, why should she be prevented, or hindered, or censured for attempting to extend the field of her influence, inasmuch as she exhibits a desire to do so? And when we learn from her own tongue of the unselfish motives which prompted her to write or suggest certain subjects or theories for individual or public consideration, it was with a view for the benefit of others; and usually the question is fairly canvassed pro and con ere presented, simply because the school of experience has taught her that, unless she can give a reason for her "pertness," "her place is to keep silent in public, and if she wants to know anything to ask her husband at home." I am free to admit the wisdom of the proverb, "There is a time to speak and a time to keep silent," but I am not so willing to grant *man* the *sole* right to dictate to woman *when* and *where* she shall speak. He has usurped that authority for centuries until it has become a second nature, and he makes himself believe that women are mere tools for men to be bossed about by them as a slave-driver orders a slave, and if she resents his kingly commands, then she is berated with an endless string of epithets, (for such things still exist,) that God would rebuke angels for were they to charge Satan with them.

Such constant treatment has kept our mothers under the galling yoke of bondage, and many have been sorry they were ever born. Their sensitive natures and clear conceptions of right know well when their rights have been trespassed upon, and to these very causes can be traced the

countless thousands of heart-broken women in all ages.

The love of freedom and liberty of speech has been as deeply planted by the Creator in the breasts of women as in men, but the *tyrant* man has not suffered that germ to develop, but would nip the buds, as they would attempt to spring forth till finally the chain-of-entire-submission had been riveted, and she was a silent captive to endure life as her *lord* saw fit to direct.

I have wondered what the effect would be, could there be an instantaneous *transformation* of the race, both sexes retaining their past experience. What I mean by *transformation* is, that the females be permitted to occupy the position of the males and vice-versa. It would be an eye opener to the endless cat-a-logue of female oppressors, especially so, should the women persist as the men had done, in limiting their powers and philanthropy to the family alone. I am inclined to believe very strongly that He who has said, "With whatsoever measure ye mete to others, it shall be measured to you again," will in his own due time cause every man who has caused a pang of sorrow to women, which he could and should have withheld, will be made to feel the rod of chastisement, as severe as the pain of either body or mind he caused her and possibly greater for this reason that he prevented her from doing much good her heart craved to do, and thereby deprived others of blessings which would in turn better enable *them* to still bless others. Who can foresee the extent of one false step or act, how far reaching its effects?

It is only within the last few years that I have given the subject of WOMAN'S RIGHTS any candid consideration, and it is so apparent to my mind that their *rights* have been trifled with of late, and because of unbecoming and unwarranted articles written and published in the very day in which we live, that set me to thinking. I have tried to study and find out the motives certain women had in view, for doing certain things, and have failed to find even the shadow of an impure, unholy incentive to urge them forward in what they have been censured for. At every attempt they make (no matter what they have sacrificed or may sacrifice) there is some man (?) ready to "rise to a point of order," and there is

usually a halt in business, until the point of "order" is stated. When stated, there is an influence follows tending to weaken, dishearten, distress, perplex, and grieve the very ones whose sole object was to do what they could (more than many are doing) to strengthen themselves and others.

In my travels during the last two years I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, acts and expressions from men who claim to be ministers for Christ which have caused me to blush with shame for my own sex, hearing and seeing them jealously charging females with motives, which they were as innocent of as children unborn. But because those women had a deeper, clearer conception of certain things as they are and had the womanhood to stand for the right in defense of herself and her sex, the volume of abuse and false accusations was poured forth in such torrents as would dishearten and intimidate the majority and forever erase from them the degree of reverence which had hitherto been paid.

Have not women groaned under the lash of *oppression* and *silence* long enough? Shall we not as men clothe ourselves with an armor called EMANCIPATION and rally to the relief of those still in bondage, and stand by them in the fierce conflict begun and let our voices be heard in their defense, cheering the few already engaged in the battle for liberty until their number is so augmented as to rout the enemy and thus bequeath to the rising generation of mothers the rights of liberty of speech, either with pen, or from the public platform, on secular, religious, and national topics, which will be set forth by them, as a class, when educated with the understanding that they have equal rights with men, to assert their views with the right to be heard? I predict that when such a time comes the best talent we have ever seen in men, will be eclipsed by talent equal or greater in women.

All woman asks is her *rights*, and those legalized by the nations, and then she will feel she has something to live and labor for, an added responsibility, and will so exert her powers, and concentrate her forces, that her field of usefulness will comprise the whole world, the race,

(unlike men in general, who are so selfish that they care but little for anybody's comfort, but their own,) and to us unseen and unknown fountains of moral bliss will burst forth on every hand, purifying the present cesspools of society whose number is legion, because she has had no say in political matters.

I could name a number of women, who, if they were permitted to occupy the official positions of some of our national rulers, with equal powers, would remodel much of our system as a nation, or hand down her name to after generations as one who *saw* and *knew* of existing errors which she made an effort to reform, or remove. There are numbers coming to the front, claiming recognition. They have fought valiantly for all they have attained; they need encouragement, for their cause is just, and he who now lends a helping hand, to burst asunder the long worn fetters will have the approval of heaven and the blessings of the best part of humanity.

If my sympathy, prayers, pen, and tongue can be of any benefit to them, in defending their rights henceforth, I am at their command. I will rejoice at any effort made by them in righteousness to secure and to retain what they have long been considered unworthy to enjoy; for my sympathy is completely aroused in their behalf, and being a lover of liberty, I am willing to fight to liberate others who have all their lives been in bondage, in fear, and dread of men. Struggle on, hope and pray. The clouds are dispersing. This is the period when nations are throwing off long worn fetters, tyrants are trembling, errors made sacred by age are being cast aside. It is an age of change, revolution. The star is rising and will soon shine with such brilliancy that the race will heed it as an omen, an enemy to oppressors and a friend of the oppressed. It is a proper time, we think, for women to sing the following lines in concert:—

Oh! the dust of the *past* hath been watered
With the tears from the fountains of grief;
And our aims of the *present* are slaughtered
And chilled by the world's unbelief.
But when we climb over the mountain,
And leave our oppressors below,
We shall drink of liberty's fountain,
And the bugle of *victory* blow.

DUTY'S PATH.

Out from the harbor of youth's bay
 There leads the path of pleasure;
 With eager steps we walk that way
 To brim joy's largest measure.
 But when with youth's departing beam
 Goes youth's last precious minute,
 We sigh "'twas but a fevered dream—
 There's nothing in it."

Then on our vision dawns afar
 The goal of glory, gleaming
 Like some great radiant solar star
 And sets us longing, dreaming.

Forgetting all things left behind,
 We strain each nerve to win it,
 But when 'tis ours—alas! we find
 There's nothing in it.

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze
 Upon the path of duty;
 Its barren, uninviting ways
 Are void of bloom and beauty.
 Yet in that road, though dark and cold,
 It seems as we begin it,
 As we press on—lo! we behold
 There's Heaven in it.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

REMEMBER IN YOUTH THY CREATOR.

ESSAY BY SR. BERTHA MILLS.

"REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Who was more fitted to give this instruction than King Solomon, who well knew what it was to remember his Creator while he was young; who knew the blessings that attended one who remembered to put his trust in God and follow after his ways, who also knew what the evil days were, when led to turn from his God and join in the worship of strange gods.

Had Solomon not, in his young days, leaned on the arm of God and kept his commandments, had he not been blessed with wisdom to utter many wise and instructive sayings, and had he not in his maturer years known what it was to merit the hot displeasure of the Lord?

What a glorious thing it would be to see all the young enlisted in the cause of the Lord, battling ever for the right and from their hearts remembering the goodness and mercy of their Creator, and giving praise to his holy name.

O, that the young men and women of to-day would give more heed to the voice of his word, devoting all their strength of mind, body, and talents to the Lord! Is it so hard to seek always to please our Father, when we stop to consider the blessings derived from a little effort we

put forth? How God in his great bounty returns twofold the service rendered to him!

He never called a man or woman to serve him to whom he did not give faculties to use in the service. To each of us he has given talents, to some more, others less, and with these talents he expects us to serve him and gain other talents.

You, to whom the Lord has given five talents, are you striving to increase them that you may render unto the Lord that which he has loaned you with usury?

And you who, perchance, have received but one talent, need you hide it, for fear of losing it? Why not, rather, improve even it, and, though it be but small, far better is it than none. There is ample field for improving talents right in the church. Indeed, here is a place for nearly every talent to have its scope. The Sunday school affords opportunities for many, and here those who can serve the Lord with singing or playing their instruments and thus make the place attractive to the children; others who have the ability to instruct the young minds, *should* step in and occupy the places that only they can fill.

"Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth;" rejoice that the days are yet thine to accomplish many noble and mighty works and that you have this time, before the evil days come, to store up for yourself treasures in heaven where you may never

fear that the brightness will be worn from them, nor one piece, no matter how small, be lost to you.

"The glory of young men is their strength." Yes, when a young man is fighting for the advancement of right and truth, devoting all his faculties and talents to that which is soul-inspiring and enlightening and making his body a fit dwelling place for God's Holy Spirit; then is his strength, mental and physical, a glory to him, indeed.

If there are any young men here, wondering where to apply their strength, I would suggest to you the Sunday school as a fitting place to remember your Creator by helping others to remember him.

Where can there be found a wider field for those who have not been specially called to preach the gospel, from which you may reap a glorious harvest, than right in the Sunday school? Here the young may meet and learn valuable lessons from the more experienced elders.

The influence of the Sunday school stands next to the home influence in molding the characters of the future men and women of the nation. Home influence always stands first, then the Sunday school.

Even if there were no other advantages to be gained from keeping the Law of God, there is in it that which plainly points out the way to health.

Take, for instance, a young person who is always seeking the pleasures of the world, wasting his life and indulging even to intemperance in those things that have been written in the law are not good for man neither give him riches nor dignity. One who has followed these things till life begins to decline and days follow of broken health full of misery and regret when that person can utter from the bottom of his heart, "I have no pleasure in them, my life is full of misery and distress, there is neither rest nor pleasure for me any more, and my life is but an empty dream."

When I think of the thousands of young lives that are being ruined day by day, I wonder that others yet will fall into the pit and be engulfed in the same sea of guilt. I wonder that young men, when they have seen the effect it has had on those who have tried it before them, will drink poison into their systems day by day, when they know it is ruinous to

both soul and body. Why will they choose the downward path in which it is almost impossible to turn and go back; in which pleasures vanish like shadows, and sorrow, misery, and *death* are the inevitable results? Why will they choose such a road when there is one that leads directly to that which all men love, but which no man has the power to bestow,—life, glorious life, happy life, and eternal life.

God delights to bless his young Saints when they walk after his commandments and do not wander from or forget him.

He has proved this in times past, when he spoke wonderful things to the child, Samuel, in the temple, and through him continued to speak to Israel.

David was but a boy when the Lord sent Samuel to anoint him king of Israel, and, because God looks at the heart instead of outward appearances, David stood in preference of his brothers.

Daniel, when a young man, was wonderfully blessed of God and given to understand many things that the wise and learned men could not fathom.

Yes, God has called us to remember him in the days of our youth. Jesus has called even little children to come unto him and there abide forever safe from the darkness and storm that rages without.

O, that all the little ones would come to Jesus and repose in his arms, live in his strength, and grow from childhood to manhood or womanhood, without ever knowing what it is to be one minute without his gentle and loving guidance!

O, that we, as Sunday school teachers, might be endowed with an abundance of the Spirit to impress the young minds and hearts with the beauty of the gospel and to lead them to taste of the water of life! For this we should pray.

Remember now thy Creator, ye young men and women, who are just stepping upon the broad stage of life and entering into its activity. Remember him now and be not bewildered by the ever shifting scenery; but put your trust in God, looking steadfastly ahead and never waver, never turn aside, lest you fall by the wayside and are lost.

Dear little children, in the spring time of your life, learn now from that Savior who called so long, long ago for you to come to him that he might bless you. Remember him and let your little hands be

busy helping in this grand and noble work. Let your little feet be busy running about doing good to those who are suffering, for Christ has said, "Even as much as you do it unto one of the least of these, you do it unto me."

Yes, let us all remember him who gave us life and breath and being and placed us here for the accomplishment of a grand purpose; not by casting a careless thought

to him now and then when we see some great work done by his hand, but remember him in our thoughts, our actions, and our words, making our lives so pure and noble that the closing hours may be like a glorious sunset, leaving behind a bright crimson streak just above the horizon to gladden the hearts of others long after our departure.

"A WORD OF WISDOM."

Essay by Herbert D. Ennis, read before the Young People's Mutual Improvement Society, St. Joseph, Missouri.

THE revelation to God's people in this age, on the subject before us, contains wisdom which will be recognized and appreciated by every thoughtful man and woman who will carefully and candidly examine its requirements.

Good health of mind and body is generally considered a very great blessing, but the preservation of health should be regarded as an absolute duty to kinsfolks and friends.

This revelation has proven itself true by the actual experience of those who have observed its teachings, and by its harmony with what has been prescribed since its coming forth by the best authorities on the subject of health in this enlightened day, and still again by its correspondence to the word of God as recorded in the Scriptures.

A correct interpretation of this, as well as of any other revelation, is of the greatest import; and it is to the question of what I consider to be the proper interpretation of this Word of Wisdom that I wish to confine myself.

The first precept of the revelation needs no explanation, for there is no room for controversy: "Inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold, it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father" etc. How precisely this agrees with the words of Solomon: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." There is nothing this side of deadly poison that has ever been taken into the stomach of man which has proved so much to his detriment, and well might it be placed

first in the list of those things prohibited.

As to the use of wine at the sacrament, I am firmly of the opinion that the wine used in the times of our Savior for that purpose was the pure, unfermented juice of the grape. The question has been examined exhaustively by scholars well versed in the Hebrew and Greek scriptures, ancient history and modern science, and this conclusion has been reached by them. Fermented wine is surely a very inappropriate symbol for the purpose, while no more suitable one could be found than the unfermented juice of the grape.

The words of the revelation are not definite on this point, but seem to me to be entirely in harmony with the view: "And behold, this should be wine; yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, and of your own make." A revelation given in September, 1830, section twenty-six of Book of Doctrine and Covenants, in speaking of wine to be used for the sacrament, says: "Wherefore you shall partake of none except it is made new among you" etc. This corresponds with the Scriptures, it seems to me, where new wine is spoken of in contradistinction to old wine, which, according to those who have thoroughly canvassed the question, refers, respectively, to the unfermented and fermented wine. There were in olden times, and are still, several methods of keeping the wine new, or unfermented, for long periods.

All will agree that tobacco taken into the system in any form is prohibited by this code. Tobacco is acknowledged by the medical profession generally to be injurious to both mind and body.

"And again, hot drinks are not for the body" etc. Many addicted to the use of tea and coffee object to this sentence being interpreted as applying to the use of these drinks; but inasmuch as it has been learned that, at the time the revelation was given, tea and coffee were indulged in by nearly everyone, boiling hot and lots of it, and that scarcely any other hot drink was used, we are forced to this conclusion. They are now both recognized as stimulants, and best to be avoided. Farther on in the chapter barley and other grain are recommended for "mild drinks," and they make fine substitutes for the others. Pearl barley, as now prepared, and sold by most any grocer, can be browned like coffee, and makes an excellent drink, and has a quieting effect upon the nervous system instead of irritating.

In the next paragraph of this section we have set forth that which should constitute the food of man. This paragraph, I believe, has not been fully understood by many, at least I have not always comprehended its full meaning. We read first, "All wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man, every herb in the season thereof and every fruit in the season thereof." And in connection with this, we read in the next paragraph, "as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground."

From these quotations I gather that all fruit and vegetables which are commonly used as food are intended for our use, but there is one provision which we may perhaps have failed to notice: "Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof." Fruit and vegetables are now preserved by various methods so we may have them at any season of the year; but are we not here plainly restricted in their use to the season of their growth?

A very intimate friend of mine suffered severely some time ago with sties and boils; and tried, and tried to find the cause and remedy for them. He was very fond of fruit, and indulged in it freely, in season and out of season. He finally learned from several reliable sources that these afflictions were not in his case produced by impure blood, as is commonly supposed to be their cause, but

from an impoverished state of the blood; too much acid having been taken into the system in winter, when it needed that which was more nourishing and enriching. We all know that in warm weather no healthier diet can be taken than fresh fruit and vegetables.

Let us read of the second class of diet spoken of: "Yea, flesh, also, of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, hath ordained for the use of man, with thanksgiving. Nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold or famine." This seems plain enough, and yet many have interpreted it as virtually prohibiting the use of meat. Does it not prohibit its use in warm seasons, and command its use in cold? I cannot see how it will admit of any other interpretation. In warm weather that which cools and thins the blood is necessary. In times of cold that which enriches it is needed. So says Nature, when she provides for the inhabitant of the torrid zones, fruit in abundance; and for the dwellers in the frigid zones, plenty of animal food.

Another reason for this system of diet is that pure food is thus more likely to be had. "In the season thereof" fresh fruit can be had, not having gone through a canning or drying factory; and in winter meat can be used with less danger of being tainted, as it is likely to be in summer, especially when shipped long distances from large packing establishments, as it is now-a-days; and let us remember that this revelation is given "In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days."

The third class of food spoken of is grain; and no restrictions are placed upon its use. "All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beast, to be the staff of life." Grain, for food, is good and necessary, always and everywhere. The "word" says, however, that wheat is more particularly for the use of man, but that all are good. The healthiest men and women, those capable of doing the most mental or physical labor, and least subject to disease, are those whose diet is largely of grain. Wheat in the form of graham, rather than white flour, has been found to be most healthful; while

oatmeal, corn meal, rice, and barley, are both healthful and palatable.

The last clause of paragraph 2 I take to mean that God hath created wild animals for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger. The hunter, for mere pastime and sport, is destroying what God intended as a provision against famine and want. Laws have been enacted to prevent entire annihilation of certain game, and little did the legislators know that they were but reiterating a law of God. Had this law been always kept there would be no such suffering for want of food as is so often caused now by floods and crop failures, for game would be abundant and afford relief.

In conclusion, let us think of what is promised to those who follow the counsel of this revelation. A health club, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., having members throughout the country, has

for its name, The Two Hundred Year Club; and they claim that it is possible for a man to live to the age of two hundred years by a strict conformity, all his life, to a proper code of rules for health preservation, and they have laid down what they consider the best rules. The expectation of living two hundred years may be considerably overestimated, although an observance of their rules may do much towards longevity. The promises given in the Word of Wisdom, however, are reasonable, and grand to contemplate.

Sound health, one of the greatest of earthly blessings, is promised. Wisdom and knowledge, sublime treasures, may thereby be gained. Endurance, sufficient for all the duties of life, will be given, and, at last, the destroying angel shall pass by those who have heeded its wise sayings.

Department of Correspondence.

THIS department of our magazine has always belonged to the young, but when, at the late conference held at Lamoni, Zion's Religio-literary Society was organized, a request (by resolution of the society) was made of us that it be especially devoted to the advancement of the interests of this society, Sr. Eleanor, not feeling herself sufficiently acquainted with the object and aims of the society, thought best to give up the charge of the Department, hence, for the present at least, the charge devolves upon us. Let all communications for the Department be sent to the Editor of AUTUMN LEAVES, Lamoni, Iowa.

Let us say to all who are seeking advancement by any of the avenues which this society will offer you, the columns of the magazine will be open for your use, in any of its departments, and it will be the constant aim of this department to promote and encourage this organization among the young, and if those having its various interests in charge will favor us from time to time with such items as they may wish published in our columns, it will afford us pleasure to give them space. Let it not be understood, however, that it is not still open to all young Saints who may wish to use its space as heretofore and we trust that not only

will the interest of the past be maintained but that a new interest will be awakened and that while we lose none of our old we may gain many new contributors. Want of space at this time forbids any extended notice of the object and aims of the Society, but such will appear at a later date.

LAMONI, Iowa, June, 1893.

Dear Readers:—The World's Fair has opened. The sound of saw and hammer has given place in large measure to the hum of machinery, and the buzz of human voices. Visitors from nearly every nation in the world are there, or will be there. The greatest naval review that ever graced the bosom of old Ocean, in which participated eleven of the world's greatest governments, has lately transpired in New York harbor. Millions of people will be in Chicago nearly every day for the next six months for the purpose of seeing and being seen. There will be exhibited every species of human workmanship since the evening of the fifteenth century. Not only will there be on exhibition the product of human thought; but the products of Divine thought will be represented through the human, and in the natural products of the earth. And

not only will there be seen the works of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, but there may be seen works of man dating back to the sixth century B. C., to the Nephite occupation of this continent, and even farther still, to the twenty-third century, when the Jaredite colony came to this land. Who will presume to say that there is nothing to be gained from this associating together?

Another feature of the fair is that there is to be a congress of religions. In this congress each system of faith is to be expounded, not by its enemies, but by its friends. Here will be given opportunity, such as never before has been afforded, for a better understanding between the different faiths of the world.

All this comes from organization. The great fair itself is a creature of organization.

"And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Here we see there was organization in the beginning. The Father and the Son counseling together said, "Let us make man in our own image." And not only so, but they foresaw that organization would be necessary among the works of creation, hence, "Let them have dominion," etc. In every age of the world God, in his dealing with his creature, man, has displayed organization. And the most perfect system of organization to be found upon the earth for the government of man is found in the kingdom of God.

Not only is this true when God himself has set his hand to organization, but we find that the most perfect political government to-day is the one devised by men of whom it is said they were raised up for this very purpose.

Supported by such facts as these there need be no hesitancy in asserting that there can be no high degree of success in any undertaking without organization. Some in the world are making considerable noise, and are spending much precious time and a great deal of energy in trying to establish the idea that organization is unnecessary; but no better proof is needed of the fallacy of their position than the failure themselves are making; and one might safely predict that such would be the outcome of any who base their hope of success upon similar grounds.

There have existed for years past in many branches of the church societies of a literary and religious character, whose works have re-

sulted in much good. They have in many cases reclaimed the erring, and in others have borne light to those wandering in darkness. They have been a source of strength to all who labored therein, and have blessed the community where they have been. But in some of these societies need was felt for a wider field of investigation and for intercommunication of ideas, and in some places efforts were made to enter into regular and systematic correspondence with similar organizations elsewhere. These efforts, after a few letters were exchanged, failed, because there was lacking that bond of union strong enough to hold them together. While these societies have resulted in much good in their independent and divided existence, and have been a source of solace and comfort to their membership, how much more good might they do if they were united in their efforts, and were all laboring under one bond of union, thus affording opportunity for that which some have sought to establish, and the need of which, doubtless, all have felt, intercommunication of thought and ideas.

At the General Conference of 1892 a movement was started whose object was to supply this missing link, this common bond of union. At the General Conference of 1893 this movement culminated in the organization of Zion's Religio-Literary Society, the constitution of which will soon be in print. The object of this society is to organize the forces which have been at work in the different branches and localities, and to bring together in such a manner as to be beneficial to all, the very best talent in the church. The object is good, and the principle upon which it proposes to work is correct. The question is, Shall it be put to the test?

One young brother was heard to remark, "Let us wait and see whether the new society will be a success." Suppose Aaron should have said, "Well Moses, my brother, I'll wait a few years and see how your plan works, and if it proves successful, I'll join and help you." Suppose James, John, Peter, Andrew, and the rest, had said, "Jesus, we believe your plan is all right, but we would like to see it tried before we identify ourselves with you." Suppose the family of Joseph Smith and others to whom he presented the restored gospel had said, "We believe that the gospel was to be restored, and that you seem to be in harmony with the prophets, and no man could do the work you have done except God be with him, but we want to see how it will succeed before we proclaim it to men." Suppose all would act upon the idea suggested in the remark of this young

brother. The conclusion is apparent to everyone. Now, that the principle of the new society is correct, all must admit. That there is a need for such an organization would seem apparent to everyone who will give the matter a little thought. That God by the inspiration of his Spirit is in the movement who will presume to deny? Our duty in the matter then is plain. Let us step forward and discharge it, with every other duty enjoined upon us, that we may prove ourselves "workmen that need not be ashamed."

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

LIFE'S EDUCATION.

How MANY of us stop to consider the importance of this subject? The fact that we are learning lessons, either good or bad, every moment of our lives, should cause us to seriously ask ourselves the question, "Are we learning as we should?" and if we are not, it is time we began.

Life is too short to waste in learning lessons that will be detrimental to our education, because these very lessons we are daily learning will be to our honor or shame in the great day when man shall stand before the bar of judgment and render an account for every idle word. There is no standstill in this process of education. It begins when the infant first opens its eyes to the light, and knows no rest till those eyes are closed again, this time in the solemnity of death. Then, and only then, can we say our education is finished.

Beyond the dominions of mortality and the grave, that same education is taken up where life laid it down, and it will go on to perfection in eternity. That perfection cannot be comprehended by the mortal mind, but the mortal mind can and must realize the importance of a perfect beginning, if we would desire a perfect end. This life is the beginning. We know not what the end may be, but we know that the ultimate success depends much upon the present.

Some lessons are learned in sadness, some in bitterness, some in joy and happiness, but with every trial will come sufficient strength, and it remains with each individual to benefit himself by learning these lessons aright. There is no trial or temptation sent to man, but there is a valuable lesson to be learned therefrom; and there is no joy or happiness but may prove harmful, unless it is accepted as it was sent, a blessing. We may often derive our greatest blessing from our deepest sorrow, and, for this reason, we should never imagine our heavenly Father has forgotten us because we suffer.

The grandest and most beneficial lessons man can learn are those that are acquired through deep suffering.

When we realize that every day, every hour, and every moment we are either advancing or retarding our education, should it not cause us to be more sober, more thoughtful, and more prayerful? Would we not wish to walk more carefully, to guard our conversation more closely, and to have every act of our life in harmony with the law of God? With the realization of our present condition must come a desire for a better one, and within ourselves lies the foundation principles of a better life. It rests with each individual whether he improves upon those principles or not. Circumstances may have much to do with the advancing or hindering of individual education, but we cannot attribute our success or failure to circumstances or associates, because, to all that earnestly desire, is the ability given to overcome all surrounding obstacles and make for ourselves an individual education and an individual salvation.

AGNES E. WHITE.

PLANO, ILL., April 12, 1893.

[We commend the above thoughts of Sister Agnes to more than a casual reading, for they embody truths which, like all truths, are of vital importance. May we suggest this added thought not only for her consideration but for the thoughtful, careful consideration of all our young Saints to whom it will apply. Thoughts expressed and given to the world become educators and survive us. Is it wise then that we die leaving thoughts unexpressed which would have benefited others?—ED.]

TRIP TO CONFERENCE.

Dear Readers:—I hereby take the opportunity of filling part of your precious space, trusting that I may interest some one, if not more. On January 5 I, in company with a brother in the faith, left the small village of Tuncurry (where we live) for Wallsend, a suburb of Newcastle, the great coal export city of the world. We had decided upon going some time before starting, but owing to so much rain and wet weather our hopes were nearly abandoned, but through either the goodness of Providence or the scarcity of water up above it left off raining on Wednesday night, and Thursday morning came out bright and promising. So our anticipations were after all realized.

On Thursday morning, January 5, 1893, we set sail on horseback, with an adult friend for a guide along the worst part of the road. You may guess what condition the roads were in

after the downpour of rain just before, and be sure we passed through some good colonial experience, as far as mud and water are concerned, for about twenty-three miles, when we reached a place called Bungwall, where our guide left us and we refreshed ourselves and horses. We had then about seventy-four miles to go before reaching the terminus, and ignorant of the road; but we were told we could not very well lose our way, and we had passed over the worst and dirtiest part of it. We were not sorry either.

Leaving Bungwall we arrived safely at Bulladelah at half past five that evening—a distance of about eighteen miles. Arising on the morrow (Friday), we, after breakfast, left for Booral.

After journeying for another eighteen miles we reached the place at fifteen minutes to twelve, there to leave our horses and await the mail coach. Entering the coach at twenty minutes to five, after having had a good rest, we soon left Booral in the rear. Then began the pleasant (?) part of our journey, jolting, tilting, and tossing up and down the whole time.

When we were a considerable distance along the road they stopped to change horses, and we had time to survey our rough conveyance. We looked long enough for springs but could not find any. No wonder it was rough! I did not altogether relish the trip and was not sorry when they discharged us. After a journey of about twenty-six miles we reached Raymond Terrace, a small town on the Hunter River, where we were transferred to another coach and about a six miles drive brought us to Hexham railway station. We there got out with our luggage and awaited the train. We had not waited long before we were seated inside and speeding along the line—the first time in my life that I had seen a railway train. Reaching Hamilton, a suburb of Newcastle, at fifteen minutes after eleven, p. m., we soon found accommodation and rest. Sleep we did that night, for we were prepared for it, being about ninety-six miles from home, via the road we came.

On Saturday morn we went in search of the Saints knowing that some were not far away. We found Bro. Broadway, and knowing him well we were all right, and soon found the whereabouts of the other Saints. As Saturday and Sunday were conference days we had not much time to spare. Leaving with others in the train, we soon reached Wallsend. There we met Bro. and Sr. Wight, all well, and after greetings exchanged, a few hours spent at leisure, and dinner over we started for conference, which opened at half past two, p. m. We

there met with many other Saints with whom we soon became acquainted, and were most hospitably cared for during our stay.

Brother J. W. Wight presided over conference, and we enjoyed it well. After sacrament and two preaching services on Sunday the conference closed, to convene next at Tuncurry (where we reside), December 30 and 31, 1893, and which we trust will be beneficial to all, and that Saints from other parts will make an effort to come, and enjoy themselves as well as we did.

We visited Newcastle and saw what was to be seen. I must not forget our kind sister in Newcastle; and I trust that she and all the other Saints will be rewarded for their treatment of us. After bidding all farewell, we were escorted to the wharf by Bro. Wight, where we embarked in a small steamboat and were conveyed up the Hunter river to Raymond Terrace. From the Terrace we reached the welcome home of Bro. and Sr. S. G. Wright, my companion being a brother of his, and after passing a few hours in chatting over past events we retired. Making an early start in the morning (Saturday) we reached Tuncurry about mid-day and were again at our "home sweet home," and I was not sorry, for the time at least.

If this shall prove interesting to any I shall feel amply repaid for my trouble. Wishing you prosperity, I remain,

Yours in bonds,

ROBERT J. TAYLOR.

JOTTINGS.

NONE need despair if we pray in secret. It shows that we have a degree of faith if we find that we cannot become perfect at once we may overcome by degrees, "From strength to strength go on."

"Let us never be weary in doing the right

If we faint not we soon shall be blessed.

For the children of God when their spirits take flight

There remaineth a rest.

"For the frail hands that toil

For the feet that are torn

By the thorns in the path they have pressed

For the lips that unceasingly quiver and mourn

There remaineth a rest.

"For the heart that is crushed with its burden of woe

To the cold careless world—unconfessed,

For the life that is lost by the tempests of time

There remaineth a rest."

We are born into this world weak, helpless creatures with no remembrance of a former existence, and with no knowledge of a future

life. We have been taught to believe that there is a God who created all things, and that we preëxisted and will live again after this present life, and all be judged according to our deeds, and be rewarded according to our works.

We see evidences in nature and in what we understand is inspired writ that we have been taught right. "Experience worketh patience, and patience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed."

Somewhere in the book of Job we read "There is a spirit in man, but the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Then if this is truth none can understand God's ways without a degree of inspiration from God, or, a portion of his Holy Spirit to enlighten.
Jor.

Dear Editor:—In the last number of the *Leaves* there appeared a nicely written article on flowers, and one could not read it without feeling very sure that the thoughts expressed in it must have come from the abundance of a gentle, sensitive heart, awake to all sweet and lovable things.

I, too, love flowers as I do pure snow, blue sky, silvery moonlight and other things that touch the gentler chords of human nature and wake the soul to an appreciation of the tender "Love that all things made."

I sat in church one summer morning when a friend came and placed in my hand a beautiful white lily. I do not know whether the speaker that morning preached of direct revelation or not, but I know that as I gazed upon the delicate beauty of the blossom I held, it was to me a direct revelation of the goodness of God who has given us such things in which to find pure pleasure, who has caused to grow naturally all things that are pleasant to the sight of man.

Others, too, have felt this sweet revelation. Bryant tells it in this way:—

"The delicate forest flower with scented breath,
And look so like a smile, seems, as it issues
From the shapeless mold, an emanation from
The in-dwelling Deity,

A visible token of the upholding Love
Which is the soul of this wide universe."

In our mutual love for flowers, Celia and I would without doubt be agreed, but I find she has some sweet fancies that never enter my mind. Perhaps I am the loser, but while I look upon a cluster of velvet pansies and feel a sense of deep enjoyment arising from the contemplation of their exquisite richness of color, I cannot remember that ever in my life I felt like kissing them. And when I stop to ask myself why, I think that it must be because they

would not know how to appreciate my caresses, for I do not believe they are endowed with a sense that would enable them to be cognizant of any such act. In short, while God created every plant of the field spiritually in heaven before he caused it to grow from the earth, he created it in its own sphere, in its own kingdom, subject to the laws of that kingdom and I am loath to ascribe to the vegetable kingdom, lowest of Life's children, the emotions and powers that the Creator has not bestowed upon them but upon the subjects of a higher kingdom.

Truly the growth of a plant is a miracle to us and yet there are things as wonderful in the realms of the inorganic. When a seed germinates, the radicle starts downward or outward in the dark earth while the plumule starts upward to the light. It is governed by some law not understood by us. Neither do we understand the law by which the particles of a snowflake or of a quartz-crystal assume the form they do, or the law by which the earth is suspended in space and its course prescribed.

We do not know by what law each plant appropriates to itself just what it needs from the elements neither do we know how in the human system, the various organs take to themselves from the blood just what each needs to build it up, the hair taking iron, the bones, lime, the nails, silica, etc. And yet the spirit dwelling in the body has no further control in the matter than to decide the supply of food to be given to the blood. Did not the Savior himself declare that man could not by all his power of reason make one hair white or black, could not add one cubit to his stature? We see no proof of spiritual life in the fact that the plant appropriates to itself the food it needs or that the roots turn in the direction of their food.

Is it more remarkable than that the plant also turns to the sun and yet do not winds, clouds, and tides move as affected by sun and moon?

I am not sure that I know very much about this wonderful world of ours crowded so brimful of living forms from the simplest invisible germs of life to the giants of the vegetable kingdom, to man, the crowning work of all. But one who, doubtless, knew more of it than I has said:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,

I pluck you out of the crannies.—

Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower; but, if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,

I should know what God and man is."

With the Inspired Translation in my hand I

read that God created all things spiritually before they were naturally upon the earth, and yet when I turn and read the account of that spiritual creation in the first chapter of Genesis, I find that God said, "Let the *earth* bring forth grass, etc." The waters and the earth were also commanded to bring forth living creatures of all kinds, and, last of all in this spiritual creation, man was created. After having created every plant of the field before it was in the earth and every herb of the field before it grew, and all the children of men while there was not yet a man to till the ground, the natural creation was commenced and man was made the first flesh upon the earth, the first man also, made out of the ground, from which also grew the different forms of plant life.

Now that spiritual creation is what concerns me and what I am trying to understand.

My neighbor is building a house. Before a beam was laid or a stone was set in its foundation, it was doubtless created in the mind of the builder. Its size, form, apartments, every detail was planned, and in speaking of it, how correctly he might say, "I cut a door here; I placed a window there; I made a partition in another place." And yet it was not created naturally. How shall I understand the appar-

ent conflict in the account of the spiritual creation, for God says all things were created first in heaven and yet, in this same spiritual creation, it was the earth that was commanded to bring them forth, the earth and the waters and the air?

I explain it to myself by saying that the spiritual creation was the work, the planning of the great Mind whose wisdom we detect wherever we turn our attention. And I like the explanation because it seems to agree with the statement made in the Doctrine and Covenants: "Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be." Man's physical body was not created in heaven; it was made from the ground. His intelligence could not be created; it already was. What was left to be done in the work of the spiritual creation? Is it not reasonable to suppose it was the framing of the *plan* by which the "spirit and the elements" might become "inseparably connected" and "receive a fullness of joy?" I believe God created all things spiritually when he planned the natural creation and that the plant became "a living soul" when it became a created object. I do not think plants have spirits.

MARGARET.

THE PRINCE IS DEAD.

A room in the palace is shut. The king
And the queen are sitting in black.
All day weeping servants will run and bring,
But the heart of the queen will lack
All things; and the eyes of the king will swim
With tears which must not be shed,
But will make all the air float dark and dim,
As he looks at each gold and silver toy,
And thinks how it gladdened the royal boy,
And dumbly writhes while the courtiers read
How all the nations his sorrows heed.
The Prince is dead.

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak,
And to-day the wind blows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak,
They have begged a few rags of black.
They are hard at work, though their eyes are wet
With tears which must not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set;
They hate the sunbeam which plays on the floor,
But will make the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone,
They wish the neighbors would leave them alone.
The Prince is dead.

—HELEN JACKSON.

Editor's Corner.

NOTICE.—Our friends will please remember that all subscriptions for 1893 must be paid by June 15, unless by special arrangement with the editor. Also that after the year 1893 our terms will be *cash in advance*, unless by special arrangement otherwise. None who are interested in the magazine can object to this when we tell them that it is absolutely necessary.

"COMETH THE NIGHT."

"With folded hands they watch the long day dying,
With folded hands, and yet so much to do.
Their souls within a stupor deep are lying,
Composedly they watch the moments flying,
And still, so little done.—So much to do!

"What spell shall break the glamour closing round
them,
And rouse them to a sense of work undone?
What mystic thrall in power deep has bound
them

Do they not see that swift the golden sun
Sinks to its rest behind the hill-tops gloomy?
And yet, so little done, so much to do.

"Too soon, the harvest past, their cries shall fall
unheeding

Upon the ears that patient were to hear;
Too soon their bitter wails and earnest pleading
Be swallowed in the awful Gulf of Fear.
Grim Fear, and Night that closes surely o'er
them,

With all their work undone; so much, so much
to do.

"O, hasten, haste in pity for their blindness!
Tell them to trim their lamps, e'er yet the night
Shall come. O, haste in loving kindness!
Tell them the bridegroom waiteth till the light
Shall fade adown the West, and then,—alas, too
late!

Their work undone, undone must ever be!"

With hope and courage renewed we come to our Corner for the purpose of our monthly chat with absent, distant, but unforgotten friends—the chat which with a single exception we have held monthly for more than five years—and as we come to-day the thought is forcibly borne in upon us of what a privilege we have enjoyed. True, in a measure, the privilege has been mostly ours, and yet there have been exceptions to this, when responses have come to us in regard to sentiments expressed or hopes indulged, and they have been very gratefully received. There have been times when we longed—with longing absolutely intense—to fill, yes, to exceed the utmost limit of all which has been expected of us and write words such as would arrest and even compel attention to those objects so enchaining our own thoughts; but we have learned from many sources the

great and abiding need of patience. How long and patiently since the morning of creation the Lord has waited for the working out of his perfect plans—waited while man has sinned and suffered, wandered, and returned. Waited while thousands unheeding his call of mercy have grieved his Spirit and made shipwreck of faith.

But there is another kind of waiting than this—waiting which is culpable, fatal, namely: waiting to become with heart and will, collaborators with God in reclaiming mankind.

Carlyle has said, "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading on each other's heels. Woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe strings." This brings before us a terse and vivid picture of the age in which we live; and yet complain of it as we may, it is God's age and God's doing and it will finally be well for those only who are found in harmony with him in this work. The prophet of former days long since notified us that the work of the Lord would be "cut short in righteousness" and in our day his prophet has said, "The hastening time has come."

The bondmen of Egypt toiled weary days while the king, time and again, changed his mind refusing to let them go. But there came a time when Moses said to him, "I will see thy face no more." Then the Lord commanded the people to make ready the passover and said, "Thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste." Waiting had ceased. God was ready for his people to take up their line of march and he gave commandment that what they did should be done in haste.

To-day the young people of the church are being inspired by the spirit of service and are arising in response to the call made upon them, to come up to the help of him who gave his Son a ransom for the souls of those he is calling upon them to seek after and help to bring to a knowledge of the truth. The age in which we live, with all its resistless flood of intense activities, is the age in which God intends to do a mighty work—a work in comparison with which the work of former times will not be

referred to. May we not then take this lesson to heart and know assuredly that the time of waiting is past.

Let us say to the young then, rally around your standard bearers and wait not for a more convenient opportunity. To-day is ours, to-morrow may never dawn for us. Life with all its grand possibilities is before you and it will be much, very much as you will it to be. A firm determination will often compel victory, snatching it from the very jaws of defeat. In this battle of life they are crowding each other and he who would win has no time to wait.

It is you my young brother, my young sister with whom we are pleading, and when you read this don't pass it along, but keep it before you long enough to decide then and there what your duty is in relation to the Society lately organized and which is intended to be a help to the young throughout the entire church.

ONE very earnest word to our friends and patrons. Will you read it carefully? For nearly six years our work has been before you and because of this we have long since ceased to publish the testimonies which continue to reach us in regard to its usefulness and acceptableness; for we feel that you have had time and opportunity to settle this matter in your own minds. When you sent us your name desiring the magazine continued to you, did you not think it worth the subscription price? June is the time we have placed as the limit to the credit system. Is your magazine for 1893 paid for? If not, and you still wish it continued, please see that payment is made before June 20, as the July number will not be sent to any who have not paid for 1893, unless *special arrangements* have been made to that effect.

We have *never once* refused to send the magazine free to anyone who has asked us, and often we have sent it unasked when made aware of its need or appreciation. Do your circumstances make it necessary for you to ask time? It will be given you cheerfully, gladly, just for the asking. *But don't forget to ask*, for we cannot know unless you tell us, and hence your magazine will not come. July the 1st, statements will be sent out to all who are in arrears, and if such reaches you, please respond by sending us the amount due. We too are in arrears with our creditors, and need just this amount owing to us to settle all our bills and place us even with the world. It is not in our heart to distress anyone, but we do need what you are owing us (if your subscription is not paid).

MISTAKES.—Please bear in mind that mistakes are liable to occur. If one is made in your case just a few polite words written upon a postal card will help to explain and rectify. Harsh words hurt and betray a want of patience. We try never to impugn the motives of anyone, and only ask a like return. In no case do we ask payment of that for which you have not received a full equivalent.

We presume our readers will share with us the regret we feel in coming to the last page of the Autobiography of Bro. Luff. Many letters have reached us during the time it has been running in the magazine, expressing in the strongest terms the good they have derived from its perusal and the hope that it would be published in book form. Being fully persuaded in our own mind that this ought to be done we consulted Brother Luff upon the subject and are pleased to announce that measures will be taken to issue an edition of two thousand volumes. Full particulars will be given in our next. We are truly glad that the church is beginning to realize the necessity of putting such bits of testimony into a more lasting shape than the pages of a magazine. Sermons and sound doctrine are all well in their place and cannot be dispensed with, but to the end of time personal history will wield a charm and possess a fascination irresistibly attractive to the young. And it is especially so in this case, for hundreds of boys who should and will read this book, will be led to listen when the writer speaks, and when it dawns upon their perception that such wonderful utterances fall from the lips of one who was a mischievous and willful boy, he will become to them an object lesson, never to be forgotten, and one which they will study and whose example will be to them more powerful for good than any sermon written or spoken. We trust the many warm friends of Bro. Luff—the many who have been recipients of his ever ready sympathy and cheerful ministration, will respond to the call we shall make upon them for giving a wide circulation to these books.

With this issue we open a new department (or rather, having obtained the services of Sr. Lucy L. Lyons as editor we expect with her help to classify and put in more perfect order a department which all along has received a share of attention from us) namely: The Sunday school work. Sr. Lyons is known to many of our workers in this department and

being herself an earnest and most deeply interested worker in the primary department of one of our largest Sunday schools, we feel assured that this department of the LEAVES under her charge will, if properly sustained by the workers at large, prove to all who are interested in the advancement of this work a valuable help. Are *you* one of those interested ones? If so, please note that here and now is your opportunity.

For the benefit of those of our readers who contemplate attending the World's Fair at Chicago we publish on fourth page of our cover the notice of Fairview Flats. Mr Cady—one of the proprietors—is the father-in-law of Bro. T. W. Williams and both he and Sr. Cady are well known to many of the Saints. We expect in company with Bro. and Sr. Stebbins, to be their guest early in June and then can report to you personally.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

"What men want is not more talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor."

THE LEAVES this month makes a new departure in the assignment of space for the Sunday school workers.

At our conventions, re-unions, etc., because there a greater number could be reached, there has been felt a growing necessity by the primary teachers for help in their peculiar line of work. Simple ways of illustrating, holding the attention of the children, how to simplify the lessons of the *Quarterly* in such manner that they may be useful in that department. By the other teachers, who are not so fortunate as to be able to attend teachers' meetings, as to the way in which the lesson should be studied, classes conducted, scholars interested, etc. By the Superintendents, new in such work, for help in the proper way to conduct a Sabbath school. By the workers at large for every feature which helps to make the Sabbath school interesting and successful.

There are many who by persistent and painstaking effort as well as experience have solved some of these problems, and if this department is well sustained by them as we hope it may be, it will bring before those interested each month, helpful suggestions, friendly criticism and practical thought concerning conduct of class, school, teachers, and superintendent.

During the past month we have met with many friendly critics who are alive in Sabbath school work. We hear from one, I was a visitor in one of our schools a week ago and noticed a great many things that could be improved upon. From another, There are a great many things in Sunday school work which have not yet been touched, a great deal undeveloped. Still another, Your school here has many good

features but I think ours just a little ahead on this or that point.

One object of this department will be to call forth expression upon all these and other points so that others may profit by study or observation in any special direction and have opportunity to put these better features to a practical test. All who are interested in this work are not only earnestly invited but urged to contribute. You who are where conventions are held in the interest of Sunday school work, whether in or out of the church, attend, take notes and give us the benefit. Those who are privileged to attend the World's Fair where will be gathered much in little, do the same. The field is large,—occupy. The critical opportunity comes but once. This may be yours. Do not deprive others, who have not your advantages, of the pleasure as well as the profit to be gained by reading what you have learned about it.

Let us do the best we can. The Master asks no more.

If the Sunday school work is important, and is there one in the church who can deny it, it is important for us that we do our part, not only in making ourselves as perfect as we can in the work to be done, but in reaching out a helping hand. It may not be a great deal that each one can do but it will be an important thing for us if left undone.

Let us hear from the workers east, west, north, and south, and God grant that this may be a continuous effort made by loving hearts to serve him. If we cannot do all the good we would the effort will enrich all who make it.

"That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience: accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

ABOUT the first thing that I noticed after joining the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was the lack of spirituality and devotional exercises in many families of the Saints including some of the elder's families, and also the lack of Sabbath schools. I have also noticed that as a rule the children of those families are most of them out in the world today, without God or the promise of Celestial Glory. It is true that many of them have been baptized at eight years old (or afterward) but not having been taught by precept and example the necessity of a constant everyday practical Christian life, their minds have become absorbed in worldly things, pleasures, and amusements, and they have become careless about their soul's salvation and have grown up into young men and young women with worldly influences so strong around them and practical Christian influences so few and so weak, that many of them have become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, and some of them have been turned out of the church for unchristian conduct. Many others have not even been baptized; and have grown up to manhood and womanhood careless of their soul's salvation; and often are not aroused to their true condition before death overtakes them.

But the question is how can these consequences be avoided and our children be saved? My answer is, supply this lack by erecting a family altar in every family and have family prayer at least once a day in connection with Bible reading, and select a time when the family can all be present, when there is nothing to prevent. Immediately before or after breakfast is a good time, when the minds of all are rested and refreshed and capable of retaining impressions. Then let each parent watch their own thoughts and expressions and actions as well as the expressions and actions of their children each day, and not allow any expressions of hatred, malice, envy, or spite or any unchristlike expressions or actions to pass their lips without a mild rebuke. Remember Jesus said to his disciples, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Then let each family both parents and chil-

dren attend Sabbath school regularly, and if there are any branches in the church without a Sabbath school, organize one immediately; and in places where there are families of Saints but no branch, organize a Sabbath school, and where there is but one family of Saints send for our quarterlies and appoint an hour for Sabbath school and hold it regularly each Sabbath at the appointed hour; and if but one of the parents is a Saint and the other does not object, hold Sabbath school regularly, and teach the other parent and the children, remembering that there is a responsibility resting upon each Latter Day Saint and especially parents that no other can discharge. And more especially does this responsibility rest on the mothers in Zion as they have the care of the little ones so much more than the fathers, that their opportunities are so much greater to make good impressions on the minds of their children and each one will be held responsible whether these opportunities are used for good or for bad.

I believe that if each mother in Zion would do all in her power to guide and direct the minds of her own children into the doctrine of Christ, that is, into the first principles, faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, etc., and not forget the other essential part "going on to perfection," by living a practical Christian life every day, she could do more to build up the church than all the elders combined.

"Bring up the child in the way it should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

I have been surprised at the ease with which children believe and obey the doctrine of Christ and come into the church understandingly at eight years old when properly taught and not neglected by their parents.

We have but two families of Saints near here, but we meet each Sabbath and hold Sabbath school and prayer and testimony meeting alternate Sabbaths at each others' house; and stormy days we hold family Sabbath schools and I am surprised at the interest taken.

DANIEL JONES.

[THE above is plain and to the point. What can better show the vital need of Sunday schools than the good which is being accomplished wherever the work is being done. Is it a matter of greater importance to the Lord, to ourselves, when people of influence in the world are brought to see the truth of the gospel, than if our own little ones were nourished in it and grew up to understand its principles?

With such excellent help as that afforded by our *Quarterlies* there is no need for any to say

how shall we study. Just gather your family together as suggested, take your Bibles and *Quartermasters* and if you enter into the spirit of it, you will find that your study hour passes but too quickly.

"I trod in my father's steps, said Jack,
"Wherever he went I kept his track!"
* * * * *
"If he tread in my steps then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way."]

HE KNOWS.

He knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray
He knows!

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The clouds that come our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen
He knows!

He knows when faint and worn we sink;
How deep the pain, how near the brink

Of dark despair we pause and shrink.
He knows!

He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this—
He knows!

He knows! O heart, take up thy cross,
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And he will prove as gain our loss!
He knows!

—Boston Transcript.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"In those days which we old folks call 'the happy long ago,'
The girls would in the morning meet and gaily chat and sew."

DESIGNS FOR DOILIES.

This is the season when the summer girl and the summer woman begin to look about for the "fancy work" which usually accompanies them to the hotel veranda. The following chaste designs for doilies are submitted with the careful directions furnished by the artist.

No. 1.—Linen lawn should be used for these doilies, and should be cut one and one-half inches longer than the original design, which is exactly four inches. A set may be made of one design, or it may be varied by using different designs. These doilies may be worked most effectively in all white and gold silk, which is a favorite working, as they harmonize with every china set.

In No. 1 work all the darker part of the design in a single thread of white filo floss in fine work. Then around the edge of this work a hemstitch or outline of gold silk. The centers of the flowers and the small dot in each corner design is solid gold silk, in satin stitch—i. e., over and over. The delicate tendrils are in the gold silk, a single thread only being used of the filo floss. Another effective way of doing the darker part of the design is in fine darning. This is done with two threads of filo floss in the needle, all the silk showing on the surface, and a couple of threads of the linen being taken a part a time by the needles. The first row of darning is best done through the center of leaf or flower. The next row has the lawn taken up by the needle, and next the center of the pre-

vious row, making a sort of basket work. Hemstitch on the outer line and laundry with white castile, pressing before dry on the wrong side on a soft surface to raise the work. Fray out the fringe, and when this gets disarranged comb out with a bone comb.

No. 2.—As in No. 1 cut the linen lawn 5½ inches square. Do the inner drawn work first afterwards placing the design. A set of this design alone would be very pretty in white and gold. Satin stitch may be used for the points across this figure, and the center may be in the same stitch, two threads lengthwise. All the fine lines are a single thread of filo floss in a No. 12 needle. In working in white and gold silk the rays should be in gold with the center part of each figure and continuous heavy line in gold silk. All the rest in white filo floss.

No. 3.—This may be worked out in natural coloring, in soft green filo floss for leaves and stem, one shade, with forget-me-not blue for the flowers. These little flowers are worked from the outside edge into the center in two threads of filo floss. Be careful to lay the threads smoothly. The leaves are worked in Kensington stitch, but on such fine material as linen lawn (on which all fringes border or wine glass doilies are, or should be worked), the stitching must be delicately and smoothly done. When these are worked in white and gold, the flowers are white, with a gold knot. This is done by winding a single thread of filo floss three times around the middle and drawing closely, as these knots are very tiny. Stems

and leaves should be in gold silk. Finish the edge, laundrying and fringe as in No. 1.

No. 4.—Cut linen the same size as in the other directions given, and do the drawn work before treating the design. This also could be made one of a set, using natural or conventional coloring, as in No. 3. The natural coloring in this design will be found to be especially pleasing. Two shades of delicate sage green may be used for the leaves, the darker for the larger leaves and stems, with the lighter shade for the small leaves. In working any or all of these doilies, delicate shades must be used, dark shades giving a sporty appearance. Embroider in white and gold work, the flowers white, the stems and leaves gold silk. The center thread of the drawn work should be gold silk.

Draperies, curtains, and portiere, for a window are very beautiful, made of bolting, painted in tapestry paints.

Such a pair of curtains were painted and "made up" entirely by a lady, for her own drawing-room; decorated by a conventionalized poinsetta flower and leaf. The vivid bracts of the blossom were "toned down" by the translucency of the fabric, until leaf and blossom seemed more like their own shadows, if shadows had suggestions of hues, than the truly colored leaf and bract and flower.

The bolting used in the manufacture of these draperies of which I speak, had seen service in a flouring mill, and coming to the artist's hand in widths of an eighth of a yard, or a third, at most, she conceived the idea of joining these in a manner that would add to the beauty. She formed a gold-gilt lace and insertion, as "cheer," in its way, as the bolting. Three widths of the bolting, connected by the perfectly plain woven gilt insertion an inch and a half in width, and the painted widths and portiere, edged with the equally simple but effective gilt lace, and the whole suspended from the finely wrought gilt pole and rings made a most beautiful effect, in nowise *bizarre*, and harmonizing well with other tasteful and rich furnishings.

There are other blossoms that, like the poinsetta, are surrounded by brilliant bracts, that you may use, should you prefer, or I would suggest, instead of the colors, tracing the pattern in gray, so delicate that these would be white, except on white.

Whatever pattern you choose for draperies, look to it that it be bold in outline. Forget-me-nots or sweet peas, beautiful on Christmas card or satchel, are lost in a fold of drapery in "dim distance."—*Home Maker*.

Bureau drawer sachets are excellent holiday gifts, because they take but little time to make, cost but little, and are refined accessories of the boudoir or bed chamber. The favorites are perfumed this year with lavender blossoms. To make a sachet of this kind, take a layer of glazed wadding and split it into two sheets, and between these strew quite thickly freshly dried lavender blossoms, that is blossoms of the present season. Lightly tack the two sheets of wadding together at the ends and sides. These sheets must be just the length

and width of the drawer in which the sachet is to lie.

For covering a bureau drawer sachet, take any soft, semi-transparent thin material preferred, whether it be millers' bolting gauze, mull, lawn, thin silk, or cheese cloth, or Japanese cotton-crepe, or some of Liberty's gold-printed sheer cottons, such as are used for ornamental purposes. Make a slip to fit the sachet, and after putting in the sheets of perfumed wadding and closing the ends, tuft it here and there with very narrow baby ribbon, tying the ribbon in tiny bows. A set which includes a sachet for each drawer of the bureau makes a charming present. Lavender, powdered orris root, dried Seneca clover, lemon verbena leaves dried, or some of the delightful sachet powders, are any of them suitable. Jockey Club sachet powder, also heliotrope and "white rose," are delightful for a drawer in which are kept gloves and laces.—*Home Journal*.

A most convenient thing for every woman to have on her work table or as an adjunct to her glove case is a glove mending outfit. It is easy to make, and it may be as costly or as inexpensive as the means of the maker shall allow.

You will require for the outfit, a ring, of the size and shape of the rubber ones which are given to children to cut their teeth on, a pair of tiny scissors, a "finger" to insert into the glove, when sewing rips, a braid of assorted glove silks or threads, some pretty bits of silk or ribbon to make a needle-book and a small bag to hold glove buttons, some fine white flannel or cashmere for leaves to the book, about six yards of narrow ribbon and half a yard of ribbon in the same color, about an inch and a half wide.

If you wish to make the outfit costly, you may have the ring, the "finger," and the tops of the scissors of silver. But if on the contrary, you wish to have something that is pretty and at the same time inexpensive, while just as useful, you will have the scissors of good steel, the "finger" and ring of ivory or celluloid.

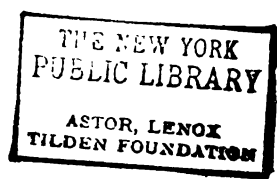
Fasten the braid of silk onto the ring by doubling it on it and catching with a few stitches; on either side tie on the "scissors," "finger," button bag, and needle-book, with the narrow ribbon in varying lengths. Tie a bow of the wider ribbon at the top of the ring, and the outfit is complete.

You have no idea what a convenience it is for your own personal use, and it makes the nicest little gift for Christmas and birthdays.

During the past two or three days I have been watching the progress of two which are for birthdays that come on the same day during the next month.

One is in old rose, the needle-book and button bag in lovely art silk showing old rose and white in the design, the ring and "finger" of celluloid in the same soft shading, and the ribbons in the darkest of the rose shades. The other is in blue and white. The ring and "finger" are in white, the ribbons in light blue, and the silk white ground with a blue design.

It is hard to tell which is the prettier of the two, but each suits the particular "sweet sixteen" for which it is intended.—*Home Comfort*.



AUTUMN LEAVES

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LAMONI, IOWA, JULY, 1893.

No. 7.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

DELIVERED AT ALLENDALE, MISSOURI, MAY 28, 1893, BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS,
OF LAMONI, IOWA.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—

IN the midst of life's toils and sorrows we have met again upon what is called Memorial Day. Only a few of us now remain, who were comrades in the past, in camp, in field, and upon the long and dreary march. For, as we commemorate the passage of another year, we remember that, as time has swept along, since last we met in annual assembly, thousands who were our comrades have passed away, among them comrade Joseph Hammer, whose memory as an honest man, a valued friend, and an esteemed citizen, as well as your faithful comrade in the Allendale Post, will not soon be forgotten, nor, I trust, his influence be lost upon those who so well knew and so fully trusted him, who wronged no man and whose memory will long remain green with immortal days of honor. As an associate and friend of mine, in the same faith, I join you in the highest tokens of honor and esteem to the memory of this man.

Therefore it is with a feeling of sadness as well as with those of pleasure that we meet to-day. I am glad that, in the thinning of your ranks, some yet live who were engaged in the great struggle by which our heaven-born nation became more firmly established as the home of the free and no longer the land of the slave, so far, at least, as African servitude is concerned.

But it was a sad and an unnecessary tragedy, one of bloodshed and destruction that lasted through years; an unhappy conflict because it seemed as a death struggle between brothers, a grappling between those whose fathers had fought

side by side in 1812-15, and their grandfathers in 1775-82. But the unhappy conflict, upon which a world gazed with wonder and with disfavor, ended at last, and the remnants of great armies that had gone into the field during four years of war came home, leaving a half million of men asleep on the field, or in the prison pens of the South, or in the national cemeteries, those coming home following the emaciated forms that the prisons gave up, those left unslain by fever, starvation, and the bullet.

I use for my text this morning a few words found in the tenth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, as follows:—

“Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.”

And I shall speak chiefly of liberty, believing it to be the God-given right of all men, whether it be inherited by all from their fathers or not, or whether the oppressor may yet hold some in political, moral, or spiritual bondage. And when I speak of liberty I do so recognizing that she has often gained her own only by force of arms and by bloodshed, sad comment upon the race that is next to the divine, and to which the Creator said, “Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.” He said it because he knows that freedom is the right of man, of all men; and only in it can men flourish, either as the race, as nations, or as individuals. It *was* the command of God, it still is the command of God, to all the kings and lords, to all the rich and the powerful, to proclaim liberty by every act and every deed, by

which any and all may take burdens and bondage from off their fellow men; and there are none so poor or weak that they have not obligations of this character, as well as have the great, to thus bless their fellow-men by every deed of kindness and love that shall lighten the toils of man and let him go free, to be happier, stronger, braver, and more intelligent and useful.

To me war is not a pleasant theme. The very name of war brings to you and to me the thought of hatred and violence; of untilled farms and empty shops; of town and country desolate of men, and the thought that, as beasts of prey fall upon man and drink his blood and eat his flesh, so, likewise, does man fall upon his fellow-man, having neither love nor pity in his breast; and it matters not where he thrusts him, or where his bullet strikes, in heart or throat, so that he whom he knows not is killed or disabled, and thus unfitted to oppose those for whom we fight.

In Europe to-day are said to be eight millions of armed men, all prepared for what? Not to obey the divine injunction, not to proclaim peace; no, but to obey kings and rulers, who by a nod may command them to destroy millions whom they have no reason to hate, and to lay waste the fairest fields of earth, the fairest produced under the highest liberty and by the arts of peace, such products as war knows not; to make them run red with crimson blood of man, who is the crowning piece of God's workmanship on earth; yes, to sweep him from the earth as if he had no right, no place in the heritage bestowed upon him, no part either in life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. And by the same powers ten millions more may, within ninety days, be set in motion for like destructive purposes. And it is all, or chiefly, to increase the dominion or add to the territory of each kingdom, or to prevent some other from success in the same line of acquirement. Thus, mainly, have been the causes of the wars that have at times devastated portions of the earth, and destroyed agriculture, commerce, arts, education, and all the fruits of peace, and the happiness of families and of nations.

On the other hand liberty is sacred, liberty is the guaranteed right of man, whether he is rich or poor, heathen or

Christian, ignorant or learned. Liberty, as declared in the immortal Declaration of Independence, is the inalienable right of every human being to be free, free to do as he pleases, so long as he does not thereby prevent the proper freedom of some one else, or interfere with the privileges and happiness belonging to others, their rights being also equal to his own as to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In other words, liberty is the right of every person to be free, and to regard all others as likewise free and equal with himself to the common gifts of the great Creator.

And, though men have contended that the old Testament Scriptures sustain slavery, yet I gather from them the reverse, and that the subjection of one man to another as a slave was always in opposition to the will of the Almighty. In his time Christ spoke of certain things that were permitted because of the hardness of their hearts, not because these things were pleasing to the Creator or for the good of man. The Almighty is compassionate in his efforts to educate man up to his requirements of virtue in them. So also he wishes them to learn that liberty is not simply the right to do as they please, but it is the right to do right, the right to respect all others in their rights, and to be free in the sense of keeping the laws by which they may remain forever free and have all other men free with them. So polygamy was permitted and slavery was allowed until they should learn better things.

See the commandment that was not extreme but was educational, namely that in the year of jubilee all in bondage should be made free as shown by the word, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." This was the process of the Almighty until slavery was eliminated. If it was a slow process so has the education of the race during six thousand years been a slow one, in many respects. And we in America wonder why all Europe does not welcome the same freedom from kings and from vast standing armies such as we have freedom from; why those nations persist in increasing their immense national debts each year to keep up royalty and millions of non-producers who profit nothing, but who only eat up earth's substance while they prepare for war; who

add nothing to the wealth, but, instead who take from it, and the nations stagger under the burdens that they never can pay only as many a poor man pays his debts when he pays the debt of nature and is carried to his burial.

Perhaps you have never thought that this passage from Leviticus was prophetically copied upon that bell which has lately been brought from Philadelphia to Chicago, called the "liberty bell," which so recently was followed through the streets of Chicago by a reverent throng, all anxious to look upon the bell that in 1776 pealed forth the glad tidings that the Congress of the Colonies had signed the renowned Declaration of Independence, whose adoption resulted in their becoming a free and independent nation among the kingdoms of earth.

If you have thought of the bell and of the message upon it you may have supposed that it was engraven there after it had rung out the proclamation of liberty to all the people of the land. But such was not the case; for it was placed there twenty-three years before the Declaration was adopted, namely in 1753, or one hundred and forty years ago this present year. You may never have thought of this, that nearly a quarter of a century before there was an idea of such a declaration, or even that the colonies would ever be united in federation, this bell was prepared as a messenger and its message stamped upon it, that which it was to proclaim and sound abroad as the beginning of a new era to the world, the era of a broader, deeper, and grander liberty than the world had seen before, though some had dreamed of such and sought to plant something like it, but had failed.

Yes, I believe that this bell was to have a voice in the great drama of life, perhaps divinely intended to give fervor and strength to patriotism as it literally pealed forth the inspiring tones that seemed to speak the engraven words, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." No wonder, then, that the bell is so safely guarded by soldiers all the way from its home to the city of the west, and there watched lovingly by them, and gazed upon with pride and honor by all who come and go. And these actions show how the Americans of to-day revere the freedom that was bought by our fathers,

and how the spirit of patriotism burns within the breasts of millions of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those patriot sires. Not only does this spirit dwell within the full grown man and woman but it is in like manner manifested by the youth, and the small boy, too, and is not confined to sex but is found as nobly exalted in the wives and daughters, as was evinced during our recent great struggle for a continuance of that union. There is everywhere, as though it came to us by inheritance, and also in the air we breathe, a veneration for liberty and for the principles of liberty, and for everything that has had part, whether it is animate with life, or inanimate as the bell, a veneration for everything that aids or has aided in the securing of freedom to humanity.

I have said that evidently the Creator intended universal freedom to be the rule, as manifest by the advice and counsel given, even as this one that the world awoke to at last and prophetically graved upon the bell of which I have spoken. Then, again, the word that was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, as a warning and a reminder, as in chapter thirty-four, verse seventeen, that reads as follows: "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; behold, . . . I will make you to be removed unto all the kingdoms of the earth."

Thus we see that judgment was threatened, and it came fully to pass, because the Jewish nation failed to give liberty to the bondmen, as they had been commanded to do. So there came upon them trouble and destruction, even as trouble and destruction came upon our land thirty years ago, following a sufficient waiting time wherein the Lord of hosts seemed proving us if we would carry out the very principles avowed by the nation as being its foundation. For the immortal Declaration set forth that all men had an equal right to life and liberty, and the men who framed it appealed to God to witness the justice of their cause. But they failed to comprehend the full scope of their own words. They did not think that it referred to slaves, for then twelve out of thirteen colonies were slave holding. But in time it was forced upon the nation; and it stood before the world as having framed something that meant,

before heaven, not white men alone, but the black man as well as the white. America must stand by her principles, not only by the outward appearance and by what they *meant* in framing but also by the true spirit of that which they appealed to God to help them to defend and maintain.

And your speaker believes that the Almighty Ruler prepared the land that we call America, as the special land of lands, as the special portion of the earth, kept until the last, that here He might establish a people whose character He had been framing through ages of ancestry and by the working of His Spirit upon men and nations, thus preparing many people to come here and lift up the standard of liberty, of justice, of human free-agency, unto the happiness and peace of all who take part in the administration of justice and mercy, or who are affected thereby.

In the "dark ages" men were divided into bands and clans, and the men who really had homes and houses called them castles; and they gathered to them the lesser ones as retainers, and with them made war on other castle holders. Then every man who was not one of these small feudal lords had to attach himself to one who was; and he had to do his bidding or he had no place in the world, and no safety. I thank God that we of to-day were not born under such a condition of things, although affairs may be unequal enough, through our own fault or the fault of others. But, whether we have a voice against any or not, yet we praise the brave and noble men who established and defended our liberties with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

And if we give praise to men, if we honor a Washington, an Adams, or a Lincoln, I call your attention to the fact that God is to be praised above all others. He first spoke the words that have been our national battle-cry, "Proclaim liberty through all the land," and to which our nation was compelled to bow as to the divine edict before peace could be had, and to strike the manacles from four million of slaves before either the north or the south could be free, or have rest from war in that otherwise irrepressible conflict, as it was called by one of the great statesmen of the day.

Yes, the Almighty said, "Proclaim liberty," and he also gave judgment and said: "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty." And I do not believe that it was a happen-so that America became the special and abiding home of freedom. I believe that a mightier power was back of John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Robert Morris, Roger Sherman, and other brave souls that framed and adopted the grand declaration of rights, in fact the power that moves the universe, one that not only inspired their hearts but also their pens when they wrote and their voices when they spoke forth sentiments that dwelt first in the bosom of God in his love for the race. And when he found men who were honest for their fellow-men as well as for themselves, men who were not fawning courtiers, who bent not their knees to kings, in them he placed his inspiring Spirit, causing them as has been well said, "to build better than they knew," or a grander and a more enduring structure than they anticipated building.

The Almighty did not want Israel to have a king, and so long as he could he prevented it; but, when they persisted in their request, he consented. He has always desired men to be free, but they have loved royalty and the pomp and splendor of courts. Many do so now, and they have their way; but they suffer the lash, endure increased taxation, and millions are added yearly to the national debts; yet they seem to kiss the rod while they groan under the crushing weights.

When the young Virginian, Patrick Henry, uttered the lofty and sublime sentence, "Give me liberty or give me death," he but spoke the sentiments of the new world that was then awaking to its birth-right. And Henry spoke the words in the right time and in the right place, even upon the land designed of God as the place where such sentiments should be uttered, the one prepared and upon which only could they have been uttered with success and carried on to victory.

And, thank God, their faith, their prayers, their labors, and their sacrifices were indeed crowned with success, the Lord of hosts being with them; and we have entered into the fruit of their labors. And if all the people of this great nation, which has been so favored of heaven,

would but carry out the divine principles of freedom, of justice, and of truth, "throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof," then everything would be well with us as a nation, and there would be nothing to fear in our land.

I wish to say something more upon this subject of the freedom of this country being under the watchcare of the great Ruler of the universe. First, that, from the days of Columbus, the men who have accomplished the most for our land have been those who not only recognized the highest principles of truth and freedom, and have been those who were the most unselfish in their own ambitions, but also they have had such a love for their country and their fellow patriots, that they have also loved their Creator, and have continually and personally appealed to him for aid, presenting the justice and purity of their cause as warrant for their supplications. Especially in the beginning, before lust for office and for wealth had so corrupted the very souls of men and perverted their judgments, in those days the most of the leading men were praying men, men who believed in God and in his power and will to intervene in behalf of the oppressed and in favor of the liberty of mankind.

Washington, the great man, the unselfish patriot, who was raised up to perform the work he did so grandly accomplish, was one who sought divine guidance, one who poured out his soul before God, in solitary places appealing to the Most High for the deliverance of his country and his countrymen from the yoke of oppression and of wrong. During that terrible winter that was spent by him and his army at Valley Forge, waiting for the spring to come, when his men with thin clothing and ragged shoes were camped in the snow, suffering hunger and all the tide of war against them when the fall campaign closed, even then Washington did not despair and give up the effort, but he continued to commit himself and the cause of American liberty to the care of God.

It was a dark hour, the darkest hour the colonies had seen, and even Washington was being defamed and his services belittled by envious ones who wished him relieved from all command. But he was not in Philadelphia asking personal favors of Congress; no, he was with his freezing

and starving army at the front, and there, in unselfish devotion, sharing their privations and daily appealing to God in behalf of his country, for a turn in the tide of war that she might be made free, never himself giving up hope but what it would yet come. Mr. Isaac Watts, with whom he boarded a portion of the time in the Valley, related his experience of finding Washington in the depths of the forest, where, upon his knees with the tears rolling down his cheeks, he was pleading with the Almighty for the aid that did marvellously come, even before the winter was over, such as astonished not only the British armies but also the colonies, such as roused the latter to greater activity and to the sustaining of the Commander in Chief with men and means to carry on the war. When Mr. Watts first found Washington thus praying he went to his house and told his wife, and, as is related, he used the following words: "If there is anyone on earth whom the Lord will listen to it is George Washington. I feel sure that our independence will be established, and that God in his providence has willed it so." And time proved this view to be correct.

And one whom I esteem to have been a true teacher in these latter days declared that God established the Constitution of this land at the hands of wise men whom he raised up for that very purpose, and that he redeemed the land by the shedding of blood, because it was not just that any people should be in bondage to others; but that all of right should be free.

Also it is written in another book as follows: "And this land shall be a land of liberty, and there shall be no kings upon this land; and I will fortify this land against all other nations; for it is a choice land unto me above all others, saith God. And he that raiseth up a king shall perish; for there shall be no kings here."

And you may see that this word is true, especially by a circumstance that occurred many years after that was written. I speak of the effort made by Napoleon the Third to establish a throne in Mexico, to make the crowning act of his reign to consist of placing a monarch in the new world, to form a kingdom and a court next door to the United States. See how it utterly failed. Maximilian landed at Vera Cruz on May 28, 1864, when our country was in her great trouble. But he

and his empire were not acceptable to the Mexican people, and, after three years of turmoil and war, he and his coadjutors were overthrown and slain, thus, 'so immediately and ignominiously, bringing to an end the effort for a throne upon this continent.

And how soon after came to pass the words that he who should even raise up such a ruler should himself perish. In 1870 Napoleon himself fell from being the head of one of the greatest nations of earth, and died in exile a few years later; not only that but he came to dishonor and died unlamented by the civilized world.

You may say that Brazil had an emperor, Dom Pedro, but he was no more a king, except in name than our presidents are; he held no autocratic sway, and at last had to give up even the empty title. How true, then, that no king is permitted to reign as a monarch upon this continent.

Therefore, putting all these things together, I am sure that America was intended of God as the choice land of liberty and of plenty. Hear what one of the orators of our time, an ex-member of Congress, said a few years ago in a Fourth of July address. It was as follows: "There is, to my mind, nothing more evident than that Providence reserved the American continent as the promised land of the human family; and that God sent Columbus, guided by unseen hands, to bring it forth. Though obscured for thousands of years by an impenetrable vale of waters, yet it was beheld afar off."

I may add that history shows that Columbus claimed that he was inspired, that he believed that into his hands had been placed some work to be done in the discovering of a land that, up to his day, had been hidden from the world. And I believe that he not only felt that he moved in line with the divine will, but I believe that he was so directed and wrought upon to bring about the discovery when God was ready to plant the lovers of liberty upon it, when they were ready themselves to be placed upon it. The same speaker said further, as follows: "Behold the wisdom of God in preparing this continent for the abode of man. He laid its foundations upon the eternal granite of its hills. He pointed its boundaries with mountains. He lined its

rivers from zone to zone. He filled it with beautiful lakes and fountains. He spread out its prairies and planted its forests. He enriched the veins of earth with precious metals. He moulded mountains of iron and vast fields of coal. He surrounded it with seas and lighted it from on high. He filled it with animal life, and prepared food for all. So perfect have been the operations of the Eternal Will, in the creation of America and the creation of man, that the most complete adaptability exists between the purposes of the Infinite and the government of the finite. In a word, 'In wisdom he has done it all; for humanity has he done it well.'"

I might rehearse to you the series of wrongs that the colonies suffered, that led them to rebel against the mother government; also tell of the seven and a half years of war against the armies of King George, but probably you are all familiar with the story of those days. It should be a matter of study to the youth of our land always, that they may ever know what was done to found our liberties. I remember that from the time that I was eight or nine years old, the history of those times was of thrilling interest to me, the story of Warren and of Wayne, of Washington at Valley Forge and Trenton, of Gates and Greene, of Marion, the "Swamp Fox," and of many other daring patriots. I have read of a consultation being held between Marion and some British colonel, and that the latter was taken blindfold into Marion's camp in the swamp; that dinner came while he was there and Marion invited the colonel to stay. But all that the darkey cook had to present was sweet potatoes and salt, to the astonishment of the man who was used to many luxuries in his own camp. And when he had returned to his fellows he said that it was no use to try and defeat these rebels, when they would defend themselves and their country while eating salt and potatoes. And he was so struck by the evidence of their sincerity and endurance that he resigned his commission and went home to England, so the story goes.

To give a few statistics I will mention that in the time of the revolution the colonies embraced only three hundred and forty-one thousand square miles of territory, and there were about three

million people. Now there are nearly seventy million people and over three million, five hundred and twenty-seven thousand square miles of territory, or ten times the surface that there was then, and twenty-two times the population. Then twelve out of thirteen colonies were slave-holding; now fifty states and territories and all are free.

Well may we apply to America the words of the poet Montgomery:—

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside.

* * * * *

Art thou a man? A patriot? Look around!
For thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps
 roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy
 home."

Of the recent war, and of those who participated in it, I will say that the young men and women of to-day cannot realize the exciting times and thrilling scenes of thirty years ago, when the nation awoke to the hard fact that the great crisis of war was at hand, perhaps a long and bloody war, whose end and results none could foretell of himself. There was to be no more compromise in the effort for peace by the North. The "irrepressible conflict" could only be settled by disastrous war, with his sword and torch.

Nor can many to-day comprehend in their hearts the almost innumerable severing of the dearest of human ties, many of them severed for ever by the death of husbands and fathers, of sons and brothers, of those betrothed in love until the coming home, which never came. No, we cannot now realize what it was when millions at home, fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts, children and friends, looked eagerly for each day's paper or listened for telegrams from the various armies, from the army of the Potomac, or the army of the Cumberland, or from the army of the Tennessee, or from the force around Vicksburg, or on the Red River, or from those with Sherman in the Tennessee and Georgia campaign, which resulted in those terrible battles of Kennesaw, Lookout, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Atlanta, and more or less all the way to the sea.

Those were trying times, indeed, when parents, and wives, and children, and sisters, read daily lists of thousands gone down to death, perhaps their own loved

ones with the others. I remember that at the crossing of the Rappahannock six thousand men went down, either killed or wounded within ten minutes. Think of it, and what it meant to thousands at home all along the hills and prairies of the North, to say nothing of those who felt the same pangs in the southern land.

Will Carlton puts it pretty well, for one who was only a small boy at the time of the war. He speaks for the boys who went, in the following language:—

"We struck our camp at break of day, we
 marched into the fight;
We laid the rose of pleasure down and grasped
 the thorn of right.
The roll of drum was joy to us, the fife was
 sweetly shrill;
The waving of our country's flag, it made our
 pulses thrill.

"They cheered us as we walked the streets; they
 marched us to and fro,
And they who staid spoke well to us how brave
 it was to go.
Our faces set with iron deeds that yet were to
 be done;
Our muskets clean and bright and new, and
 glistening in the sun.

"It was so like a tournament, some grander sort
 of play,
That day we bravely shouldered arms and
 marched, marched away.
There came a sudden dash of tears from those
 who said 'Good-bye,'
We set our teeth together tight and made them
 no reply.

"'Twould never do to droop our heads 'fore go-
 ing in the fray,
So gallantly we shouldered arms and marched,
 marched away.
But when the boy within us had to perish for
 the man,
'Twas then the holiday was done, 'twas then
 the fight began.

* * * * *

"And O, it seemed a grander time, when through
 the battle's cry,
We went to show, if needs must be, how bravely
 boys could die;
It seemed so like some brilliant dream, that
 glory-painted day,
We turned our faces towards the fight and
 marched, marched away."

As one with you, as one who believed that the nation should remain undivided, I, as a boy in my teens, enlisted at the first call for 300,000 more in 1862, which call was soon increased to 600,000. Those of us who were sent to Louisville, to the assistance of General Buell, marched out of that city on the first day of October, 1862, the portion I was with going through Bardstown and Springfield to

Perryville, where a battle was fought on the 8th.

Our march was through a dry land, no rain having fallen for many weeks. Little water was to be had except in ditches and holes. Where the water was an inch or two deep we skimmed our cups carefully over and got what we could as free from mud as possible. Where we couldn't do that we put down our pumice stone and sucked the muddy stuff through the rubber tube attached until the mud became so thick on the stone that we could get no more without cleaning it. It was nauseous and bad enough. And there was misery in marching through deep dust under a hot sun, day after day, carrying gun, canteen, haversack, and perhaps a knapsack also. One's blood seemed to be at boiling point by day; and then at night, without tents, and many without blankets, we suffered with cold until morning came to begin another day in dust and heat, without water and sometimes with little to eat. We were fortunate if we got time to boil some coffee or partially cook a bit of beef held on a stick over the fire built by the wayside.

The correspondent of the *Louisville Journal* wrote of this march in the following language: "Along the roads there was one continuous stream, day and night, of infantry, cavalry, artillery, ambulances, and baggage and ammunition wagons. Both men and beasts were almost strangled by the dust, and there was no relief of water to check the suffering. The enemy boasted that they had us in the dry valleys and we would perish. And they held the springs about Perryville and Danville as long as they could keep us from them. But it is over now, yet I have a recollection of it that will last me to the grave."

Comrade John Hunt of this congregation was there in the 75th Illinois, while I was in the 74th. Perhaps others of you were there. I remember that the night after the battle was over we camped near a dry creek, but finding a low place, holes were dug in the sand and gravel, and we stood in line waiting our turn to dip the dirty water from out those holes, glad to get even that to moisten our dry tongues and fevered lips.

After the battle, came a cold rain that chilled us, for we had no tents and few blankets, many regiments having left knapsacks and blankets at Louisville.

We built rail pens and sheltered ourselves the best we could. But it is over, and we shall never again join in the march, nor bivouac on the field. With each recurring Memorial Day your number is lessened by tens of thousands, and, ere long, we shall also be mustered out of service on earth and enter into the beyond. But while here we should ever abide in the principles of freemen, free in the liberty that regards all other men as free and their rights as sacred as our own, free to walk in manhood along the way that yet remains to us and free in doing good, free in every act of truth and mercy to our fellows, and in protecting innocence, virtue, and the right wherever we may find them. The watchwords of brotherly love, charity, and loyalty should be the sentiments in the hearts of all true men, of all who were ever soldiers in any good cause upon earth.

I close with a few brief but important statistics about the Union soldiers who perished during the war of the rebellion:—

The total enlistments in the northern armies were two millions eight hundred and forty thousand (2,840,000) men. Of these sixty thousand were killed in battle, forty thousand died afterwards of wounds received, making one hundred thousand slain by bullet and sword. Forty thousand, at least, died in captivity, in those cruel places where they were starved, beaten, and shot, of whom about fourteen thousand lie at Andersonville, Georgia, over twelve thousand at Salisbury, South Carolina, seven thousand at Belle Isle, Virginia, and six thousand at Florence. Statistics say that two hundred thousand died of disease and exposure during the war, and untold thousands soon after, so that three hundred thousand are buried in the National Cemeteries, north and south, besides all that were brought home and buried by friends. Therefore not less than a half million men perished as the direct result of the service, that is of men in the northern armies, to say nothing of those of the south. Then all along from that day to this the lives of thousands have gone out far sooner than they otherwise would have done. Hence we have some idea of the blood poured out and of the strength taken from the nation by the war had for the continuance of the nation and to perfect the pledge given in the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, namely that all men have an equal right to life, liberty, and happiness.

And, my comrades, may you still be soldiers of honor, and stand both publicly and privately as lovers of truth, justice, righteousness, and purity, as those worthy of the trust that may be reposed in you, and as guardians of virtue in yourselves and of the honor of all men. And, breath-

ing a prayer for the perpetuity of our nation, and desiring to see a greater degree of political honor and integrity than seems now to exist in our land, but committing it unto God until he shall accomplish his great purposes for the redemption of man and of the earth, I bid you, comrades, adieu until we meet again, here or in the hereafter.

CLASS SONG.

Sr. Ruth Sheehy has kindly furnished us the "Class Song" of her graduating class, and finding it expressive of lofty aims and pure sentiment, we give it place in the LEAVES, thinking perhaps it might be useful to others on a like occasion.—Ed.

As we stand on the threshold to-night,
And we think of the paths we must tread,
How our thoughts wander back in their flight
To the two pleasant years that have fled.
Yet a tinge of regret
That we cannot forget,
Steals like shadows o'er hearts that are bright;
Then to work we will do,
For our watch-word we know:
What is done, must be done with our might.

REFRAIN:—

Beautiful thoughts of our home,
Now to our hearts may return.
Touching the chords that send forth melody,
List to the echo it brings back to thee.
Sweet dreams of home! Sweet home!
Our loved ones at home! Sweet home!
Beautiful thoughts of our home!

Do we pause till the breakers roll past?
Till the waters are peaceful and still?

Do we many a look backwark cast
As if fearing the winds ruthless child?
It were better by far,
That we enter'd the war
Midst the fiercest and bitterest strife,
Than to calmly await
For an ideal fate.
Thinking not of the value of life.

REFRAIN:—

Then we'll turn with face to the field;
Break our ranks with the school and the class;
And as conquerors only we'll yield,
Till the forests and deserts we pass.
When at last we have won,
All our labor is done.
And our hearts throb in sweet sympathy;
Still this thought will remain
Like some lingering strain,
"O'er the Alps lies our fair Italy."

REFRAIN:—

EDITH A. EASTMAN.

IDEAS OF HELL.

AS TAUGHT BY BOTH CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MINISTERS. ALSO A FEW THOUGHTS ON PROBATION, FOREORDINATION AND UNCONDITIONAL ELECTION.

COMPILED BY R. C. EVANS.

AS the Latter Day Saints have been accused of dishonoring God and robbing Christ by their teachings, relative to future punishment and probation after death, permit me to pen a few thoughts as I find them clothed in the words of some of the most brilliant minds of the religious world. Competent and reliable statisticians estimate that about one hundred and forty-three billions of human beings have lived on this earth in the last six thousand years, or since the creation of Adam. Of these, it is said, the very

broadest estimate that can be made with reason would be that much less than one billion were even brought to a saving knowledge of God. This would leave one hundred and forty-two billion to be born in ignorance, to live in ignorance, and to be consigned to hell forever.

Now I state what I believe to be a truth, that there is not a Latter Day Saint in all the wide, wide world who believes that the "God of love" ever created one hundred and forty-three billion persons so that one hundred and forty-two

billions of them could be material for hell's endless flame.

That the above blasphemy is taught and has been taught by many of the most popular churches may be seen by a perusal of this article. The doctrine of probation, as generally held and taught, is simply this: "That every human being is here in this world on probation for eternity, that in the case of every individual this probation ends at the moment of death, that those who, during this life, have exercised evangelical repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ will be saved in eternal glory, while all others will be forever damned and cast into the never ending torments of hell fire."

Now Latter Day Saints refuse to believe that this is the doctrine of Christ, and because they affirm the contrary, they are told that they deny the blood of Christ. Let us see which is right.

If this doctrine of probation is true, as taught by the churches, it logically follows that all who die in infancy are unavoidably lost. While I am aware that some good people refuse to believe that infants go to hell at death, yet all are forced to admit that this doctrine consigns them to eternal flames. In proof of the statement that many of the leading minds of both the Catholic and the Protestant world have taught this soul-debasing doctrine of "infant damnation," I submit the following:—

"There is a never ending hell
And never dying pains,
Where infants must with demons dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains,
Have faith, the same with endless shame,
For all the human race,
For hell is crammed with infants damned,
Without a day of grace."

This is one of the immortal Watt's beautiful hymns that thousands have sung, believing it to be true. Latter Day Saints claim that no human being possessed of the slightest idea of justice could sing the above misrepresentation of the God of love.

The following extract is given from a Roman Catholic work, published by the Rev. J. Furness in which he describes the purgatorial fires prepared for infants thus: "The fourth dungeon is the *boiling kettle*. Listen, there is a sound like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear

what it is. The blood is boiling in the scalding veins of that boy; the brain is boiling and bubbling in his head; the marrow is boiling in his bones.

"The fifth dungeon is the *red hot oven*, in which is a little child. Hear how it screams to come out! See how it turns and twists itself in the fire! It beats its head against the roof of the oven! It stamps its little feet on the floor of the oven! To this child God was very good. Very likely God saw that this child would get worse and worse and would never repent, and so would have to be punished *much more* in hell."—Page 380, *Future Punishment* by Rev. William Cockrane.

Now Latter Day Saints say that this reverend gentleman basely misrepresents God and they say that "God is love." They say that if an earthly father were to take his helpless innocent babe and roast it to death the laws of the country would punish him, that every breast in which dwelt the least spark of lingering justice or love, would denounce such a father as a fiend. The neighbors would cry for him to be put to death. They would hold him up to public execration as a demon who was unworthy the name of man. If this is true, why will men frame and preach creeds that make man more just and loving than God? From the confession of faith, chapter 10, "of effectual calling," we submit the following:—

"*Elect infants* dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, . . . so also all other *elect* persons. . . . Others not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the word and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come unto Christ, and therefore *cannot be saved*."

Here you see all babes and others not elected *cannot be saved*. Just think of the stainless One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," electing one baby to salvation and millions to damnation, just "for his glory." In the mother's catechism by Rev. John Willison we read:—

"*Ques.* Who are the elect?"

"*Ans.* Those whom God did choose from all "eternity, and gave to Christ, to be redeemed from wrath.

"*Ques.* Are you guilty of Adam's first sin?"

"*Ans.* Yes.

"*Ques.* Is original sin enough to damn you though you had no more?"

"*Ans.* Yes."

We are informed by the catechism for young children, published by the Presbyterian board of publication in Philadelphia, that "all mankind are born in a state of sin and misery" and that no one can go to heaven with this sinful nature, that *only those who* repent of sin, believe in Christ, and lead holy lives will be saved, and that infants should be baptized, because they have this sinful nature and need a Savior. Hence the people are taught that all infants not baptized are sure of hell, and even if they are baptized, if they are not of the "certain and definite number of the elect," they will be damned anyway. Even the great John Wesley and Methodism believe and teach what is known as "birth sin." They teach that in this life only is *probation*, that is we go out of this world either in a saved or lost condition, saved or damned when death comes; that none are saved only Christian believers. They teach faith in Christ in this life and that all who die without faith in Christ, go to hell. Now all know that infants are utterly incapable of exercising faith in Christ; hence, being born in sin, having the "birth sin" upon us, we go to hell. Now Mr. Wesley kindly informs us that infants may be saved, have the curse of being born removed as it were, have our "birth sin" removed. "The old Adam in the child may be buried;" it may become a member in Christ's holy church, and "receive the fullness of God's grace." All this is confessed upon the baby by being baptized. Now, while I write, I am handed two editions of the "Methodist Discipline." I see there is a little change. The change in part is nearer the truth, but as one part contradicts the other it is still in need of further revision. Right here I would ask, if the Methodist ministry who compiled the discipline years ago were "guided by the Holy Ghost, into all truth," why do other ministers of that church in 1886 change the creed those men wrote? Are they who changed the creed guided into all truth? If so, the fathers of Methodism were not; for one opposes the other. The Methodists to-day profess to love, revere, and follow the teachings of John Wesley. The first section of the discipline of 1886, declares

"the doctrines of the Methodist church to be those contained in the twenty-five Articles of Religion, and those taught by the Rev. John Wesley in his notes on the New Testament, and in the first fifty-two sermons of the first series of his discourses, published during his lifetime."

Now let us see what Mr. Wesley taught relative to infant damnation and salvation. He says: "What are the benefits we receive from baptism is the next point to be considered, and the first of these is, the *washing away the guilt of original sin* . . . that we are all born under the guilt of Adam's sin, and that all sin deserves eternal misery . . . as it is expressed in the ninth article of our own church. And the Scriptures plainly assert that we were shapen in iniquity, and in sin did our mothers conceive us . . . in Adam all die . . . this plainly includes infants, for they, too, die, therefore they have sinned. . . . But as by the offence of one (Adam), judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one (Christ), the free gift came upon all men to justification of life. And the virtue of this free gift, the merits of Christ's life and death, are applied to us [babies and all] *in baptism* . . . agreeable to this *our church* prays in the baptismal office, that the person [baby or adult] to be baptized may be 'washed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost,' and being *delivered from God's wrath, receive remission of sins*. . . . And declare in the *rubric* at the end of the office: 'It is certain by God's word that children who are baptized, dying before they commit actual sin, *are saved*,' and this is agreeable to the unanimous judgment of *all the ancient fathers* . . . By water, then, as a means, the water of baptism, we are regenerated or born again. . . . But the grand question is, Who are the proper subjects of baptism, grown persons only or infants also? . . . If infants are guilty of original sin, then they are proper subjects of baptism, seeing in the ordinary way, *they cannot be saved, unless this be washed away by baptism*. It has been already proven that *this original stain* cleaves to every child of man, and that hereby they are *children of wrath*, and liable to eternal damnation.

"It is true, the second Adam has found a remedy for the disease which came upon all by the offence of the first, but the

benefit of this is to be received through the means which he hath appointed, through baptism in particular which is the ordinary means he hath appointed for that purpose. . . . This therefore is our first ground. Infants need to be washed from original sin, therefore they are proper subjects of baptism." The above extracts are taken from Mr. Wesley's treatise on baptism in the doctrinal tracts, pages 246-259. Comment on the above is hardly necessary, but we offer a few words.

Mr. Wesley founds his argument upon a statement that "the Scriptures plainly assert that we were shapen in iniquity and in sin our mothers conceived us." Permit us to say the Scriptures plainly assert *no such thing*, and Mr. Wesley and his friends have to distort and garble the Scriptures to make it appear in any such way.

The command to be fruitful and multiply (Gen. 1:28) was given before sin entered the world. Paul tells us that marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled (Heb. 13:4). Now is it a sin to comply with God's commands? If so, is not God the author of sin? Did Jesus look upon children as the emblem of purity (Mark 9:36. Matt. 18:10) or the personification of sin? The statement of Mr. Wesley is doubtless made upon his misunderstanding of two or three passages of Scripture. The first is found in the fifty-first psalm where poor David was confessing before God his great crime with Bathsheba, and pleading for pardon.

He begs for pardon, and presents before God that his [*David's*] parentage was bad. That he [*David*] was shapen in iniquity and in sin did his [*David's*] mother conceive him [*David*]. Now who knows who David's mother was? Was she the first and only *legal wife* of David's father or was she a polygamist wife or concubine? We know that David was born, lived, and died in an age of polygamy and concubinage. He, poor man, may have been the result of lust, sin, adultery, and as such, "was shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin," but if he was the result of pure, true, honorable marriage and love, he misrepresents his poor mother in order to form an excuse for his cowardly, filthy crime.

David's father was an old man when David was still young. (1 Sam. 17:12.)

Dr. Wm. Smith in his celebrated Dictionary of the Bible, speaking of David says: "His [*David's*] mother's name is unknown. . . . Is it too much to suppose that David's mother had been the *wife* or *concubine* of Nahash, and then married by Jesse?"

We see no difficulty in supposing that if this woman was the beautiful wife or concubine of Nahash, that Jesse did with her just the same as his son David did with Bathsheba, Uriah's wife, and after the result of their crime was on the road to this world, as an uninvited pilgrim, he married her as David did Bathsheba. Yet Mr. Wesley in the face of this darkness and crime misquoted David's prayer in order to show that we are all shapen in iniquity, and in sin did our mothers conceive us in order to bring in the dark, God-dishonoring doctrine of infant baptism and also to prove hell to be the doom of children who are not baptized.

The other passages where he may find solace for his theory are found in John 8:41; 9:34, where hypocrites insinuated that Jesus was born of fornication, as they afterwards boldly affirmed concerning him. The other is where the same class of people accused the man whom Jesus healed of blindness, of being altogether born in sin.

That some men, David and others, in this and other ages of the world were born in sin we do not deny, because they were conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity and not in pure love under God's marriage law.

What is sin? Let the Bible answer this all-important question. *Sin is the transgression of the law*. See 1 John 3:4; Rom. 4:15; 3:20; 7:7, 8. Now if this be truth, in order to make the point that infants are sinners it must be proven that they transgressed law. That the sins of the fathers came to the children physically and mentally may be true, but the parents transgress the law; the result, their child comes into the world deformed. But we do not believe that innocent children are to be damned eternally because of Adam's sin. No, Christ saves all who keep his commandments and infants who can neither break, nor keep the gospel law, are saved by his atonement.

Hence we believe that the debt of original sin was paid by Christ; therefore John said, "Behold the Lamb of God

which taketh away *the sin of the world.*" (John 1:29.) By the shameful introduction of infant baptism the churches have, in part, denied the atonement of Christ, and by teaching that baptism of infants washes away their original sin, they show that those dear babes all over the world that have died unbaptized are lost and as the former statements, herein recorded, affirm are burning forever in hell. That

this doctrine is a falsehood, delusion, and a snare is apparent to any man who will lay aside his creed and let the Bible be his guide.

I have now shown that the leading men of Catholic and Protestant Christianity condemn a large majority of the infant children to an endless hell of fierce flame. Are such men guided by the Holy Ghost to thus teach? *No.*

To be continued.

THE SCARLET WOMAN.

REV. DR. DIXON ON THE GATES OF HELL IN MODERN BABYLON.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, Jr., delivered this morning (at New York, May 7), to the usual throng able to gain admittance to the hall the third sermon of the series on "The Shadows of the City." The sermon was devoted to the discussion of the social evil. The text chosen was Proverbs 3:5, "The lips of a strange woman drop honey, but her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell."

The subject of the social evil is one upon which our teachers of morals have maintained a strange silence through the past century. There has been an effort to ignore apparently the existence of this tremendous evil. There has been in fact a conspiracy of silence that has been the opportunity of the Devil. Miss Frances Willard in a recent article on this subject expresses herself most vigorously upon this point. She says most truly: "A conspiracy of silence, whether conducted by boys in the pantry or men in society, is almost a conspiracy of sin. It is pretty sure to be at the expense of something precious to the homekeeper. The hush policy has had ample time in which to disport its failures, and it has miserably failed. Bad men would have good women think that a culture like that which separated Lazarus from Dives must separate them from women no worse than the very men who inculcate this shameful heresy. Bad men would have us believe that to be virtuous we must be ignorant, and that the least contact with such women that they hold themselves free to consort with would be to us a profanation."

Not only has society suffered from this

conspiracy of silence, but the moment the silence has been broken by some bold reformer, some prophet of righteousness and truth, who has dared to draw the sword and challenge the enemy, that moment there is raised the cry of sympathy and of pity for the so called Magdalene of society. This cry usually comes from a set of hypocrites who are themselves the contributors to the very evil over which they mourn. They tell us at once of the pity and the mercy of Jesus. They have always scorned the life and the example of the Christ, whom they now quote with so much unction. If ever an incident in the life of Jesus has been perverted and caricatured by interpreters, this incident of a woman taken in adultery is surely an example. The truth which Jesus taught is so simple that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. He did not teach that the woman who thus sinned against society was deserving only of tenderness and sympathy and love.

The acts of Jesus must be taken in their setting of time and place to be understood. The circumstances were simple. A crowd of hypocritical Pharisees and scribes, desiring to tempt Jesus and to entrap him in his words in some violation of the Mosaic law, dragged this cowering woman before him, and though they themselves were lecherous wretches they whined before him, asking if the woman should be stoned. Jesus, turning upon them in the righteous disgust of his pure soul, knowing their own impurity and villainy, said to them: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast

a stone at her." And when all slunk away and none remained to stand the test of a standard of purity and of truth Jesus said to the woman: "Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way; from henceforth sin no more." He did not say go back to your life of shame. His answer to these impure Pharisees was the great truth that there is but one standard of purity, and that it applies equally to man as to woman. This was news to the Pharisaic world. It was an arraignment of the imperfection of the Mosaic law.

There is no truth delivered by Jesus that so cuts to the very heart of the fallacies of those who would excuse this sin and those who would build a false system of tolerance upon it, in which men are excused and even cared for in their excesses by law, as does this deliverance from Christ to the Pharisee and the woman. There is no common ground on which the modern Magdalene and her hypocritical supporters and the woman of the New Testament and Christ can possibly stand. The modern Magdalene is a different creature from the woman to whom Jesus spoke. She maintains an establishment which is itself in violation of the laws of society, an establishment whose motive is gain, whose methods are the methods of the pirate and the smuggler, and around whose evil resort, run in defiance of every law of society, cluster a hundred kindred crimes.

When the cry of these hypocrites who were whining the example of Christ, whose name they had only spoken before to profane, was recently filling the ears of the public in a certain great city, through the public prints, a working woman, roused to indignation by the maudlin sympathy of these men for her disreputable sisters, wrote a most remarkable reply in a daily paper. She arraigned these men for their hypocrisy and for the injustice of their position. She declared that disreputable women, who sold out their honor, and who threatened home and home life and society, received more sympathy than honest womanhood which preferred poverty and hard toil to a life of shame. The plain truth is that the hour has come in the history of our great cities for action upon the part of those who love humanity. The long silence must be broken. The long stupor of inaction must be thrown off if we would save

our young men and women from death.

A CITY PRODUCT.

The plain truth is that the social evil is increasing each day in power and virulence and threatens more and more the foundations of social order.

This is true—

First—Because the city is overshadowing the earth. Prostitution is a peculiar product of the city. It is practically unknown as an institution in the rural districts. There public opinion is a power against evil and evildoers. It is in the city's surging impersonal mob that the evil-minded take refuge. In this shame is easily hidden until shame is forgotten. The city, in other words, is the cesspool of the surrounding territory. It drains the rural districts of its evildoers—male and female. It is the Mecca of the thief, and the loafer, and the harlot. Boston is the cesspool of New England; New York and Philadelphia the cesspools of the Middle States; New York of the nation. Chicago is the cesspool of the Northwest; San Francisco of the Pacific slope; New Orleans of the South. And so each great city is the receptacle of the filth and corruption of its respective tributary districts.

If this filth were drained in to be destroyed in the fire of a righteous life, all might be well for the nation. But the city is the heart of the nation to-day. Into it flows its life. It flows out again, and it flows out contaminated of necessity by all the influences that make or unmake the life of the people who dwell in the city. Luxury and idleness and crime and poverty are in the cities supreme forces. These are the powers that create prostitution. In the cities they are massed, and the aggregate results from these causes make up its horrible total.

There are scores of women who enter this life because they are vicious in disposition, because they are lazy and ignorant and because they prefer, from vanity and selfishness, a life of coarse luxury to a life of honest toil. A large per cent, larger than one would wish who believes in the best there is in man, will be found in this class. And yet to many an honest working girl in our great cities there comes again and again the unspeakable, horrible alternative, which rises and will not down at the bidding, either to beg, to steal, to starve, to commit suicide or to

sell her body. This is the sad story which the city writes in these modern days for the lover of the race to read.

ITS BRAZEN BOLDNESS.

Second—The house of the strange woman has become in the modern city an established institution. It has become a commercial enterprise. It has its law of supply and demand, and the consequent corruption of the life of the people is something incomprehensible to those who have not seriously studied it. A group of earnest Christian women, impressed with this horrible fact and of its growing reality, went a few years ago to the editor of a great newspaper in London and laid before him the facts of this social evil in his great city. At first he hooted the idea. It seemed to him a monstrosity impossible in the English world. They insisted upon its truth. He decided to investigate it for himself; he did investigate it. The result was that he hurled that immortal thunderbolt into modern society printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, entitled "The Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon."

An explosion followed the hurling of that bomb which shook the world. Pharisees and hypocrites succeeded in putting Mr. Stead into prison for his bold assault, but the great and the noble in the English world rallied in the hour of trial to his support, and the reaction swept from the statute books of England every disgraceful law that bound woman with the chains of a slave through the past generation. The report of Mr. Stead was investigated by men of the highest character, and every statement and every allegation was found to be substantially true.

If the truth were known to-day in the great cities of America, the story written by Mr. Stead could be rewritten here with equal force and unanswerable logic. So great is this power as an institution that it lays hold of society in our city on every side. The cabmen, for instance, who rule a certain class of passenger traffic, are almost every one in the employ of these houses of ill fame, and beneath the seats of their cab cushions are kept the cards of direction to the various establishments. A sailor cannot enter the port of New York without receiving letters inviting him to these brothels high and low. Even some of our own

great newspapers print in their personal columns with marvelous effrontery, from Sunday to Sunday, the advertisement of these infamous establishments. Nearly every saloon in the city of New York and in all our great cities has private parlors in which women of loose character are found, and it is scarcely possible for a man to enter a saloon without coming in contact with this underworld of social vice. Every gambling establishment in the city is the vestibule to the house of ill fame.

Not only is this true, but there are vast districts of our cities through which it is impossible for a man, young or old, to pass at night without being addressed and solicited by a woman. A young woman newspaper reporter recently undertook the experiment of walking the streets of New York through the entire night to see what adventure might befall a woman unaccompanied. She wrote her experience for one of the daily newspapers. In it she declared that she was not addressed or solicited by any man at any hour of the night or on any street, and she passed through some of the most unfrequented and dangerous. She gave it as her opinion that a woman who went about her business could go and come through the streets of the city at any time unmolested. But I dare to say to this young woman that she will meet an unpleasant revelation if she will array herself in masculine attire and walk the streets of the city. It will be scarcely possible for her to report accurately every incident that will occur.

The boldest of these spirits that conduct the commercial transactions in this underworld often accumulate great power and wealth. The great masses who feed their coffers go down in disease and despair and death. The horrible number of those who are thus given to the corruption of the youth and the manhood and the homes of the nation is something appalling. As the modern city grows in numbers this evil grows apace, and even in higher ratio than the arithmetical proportion.

It is said by those who have studied the situation most carefully that in the city of Paris there are 100,000 women given to this evil life. There certainly are not less than 50,000 in the city of New York, and the lowest estimate for

Chicago places the number at 30,000, while other cities will be found to maintain similar proportions, some greater, some less. It is said and on the best authority that the city of Washington, the capital of the nation, shows a higher percentage of disreputable women than any city in America. And this is a problem which the politicians who inhabit the city should not be slow in confessing and solving. It certainly rests at their door.

Third—It can but threaten the life of society because of the terrible nature of this evil. The debauchery of the body is something whose horrors surpass belief save to those who come in daily contact with the facts in the great medical world. A practicing physician told me that a large proportion of his daily practice was given to the results of prostitution, and he said that every physician of large practice could bear practically the same testimony. Dr. Currier declares, and bases his declaration upon the statistics gathered from the outdoor poor department for the city of New York, that there are from 6,000 to 7,000 cases of contagious disease from this cause which are annually treated in the dispensary. He says that there are as many more cases in private practice.

He declares that it is safe to say that there are 10,000 women in New York City who are each day in a condition to propagate contagious diseases. Add to these 10,000 women 10,000 men, and behold the army of death sowing the seeds of a corrupt body, damning unborn generations to curse the earth. Each city in America will show a like proportion of disease and of consequent debauchery of the physical life of the people. It is no wonder that manhood declines, and that the people of the cities are not able to maintain themselves in the contest with the brawn and fire of the rural laborers.

It utterly drags down and destroys not simply the body but the soul of the victim. This sin is a violation of the divinest thought given to the human race—love. It is a desecration, with unclean hand, with impure purposes, of the holy of holies of the race. The climax of human experience is the hour of two pure hearts discovering each other. The supreme mystery of nature is the mystery of love. The one high and holy miracle

that illumines life, that makes poverty of riches, and sorrow a joy, and suffering a privilege, is this mystery of love. Prostitution is the negation of this dream of humanity. It is to stab to the heart the faith of the race. It means more. In doing this, of necessity those who thus sin must drag down in the mire the name of home and of mother and all that clusters round this holy altar. Here rests the very foundation of human civilization. The state is built upon the monogamic group of society—man and woman. The nation is built not upon the individual, but on this social unity. All law rests, in its last analysis, upon this foundation. All national and international law must be traced back in its origin to this primal ordinance of God.

The home is the fountain of universal blessing from whose center radiates the divine influences that make a national life a possibility. It is a refuge, a haven, in which man accumulates strength to battle with the elements, to fulfill indeed the dreams of his heart, to be a patriot, to be true, to be noble. It is the little kingdom of God on earth that is the prophecy of the kingdom that is to come and rule the earth supreme. The house of prostitution is a threat against the very foundation of home and home life. It is the denial of the right of motherhood and fatherhood.

The house of prostitution is the home of the gambler. Thousands of professional gamblers have fallen to the disgraceful depths of being willing to be supported by these women. So intimate is the connection between the brothel and the gambling hell that it may be said that they are inseparable. Every house of prostitution is a saloon of the lowest order, where the meanest drinks are served at the highest possible price. The fool who drinks is willing to pay. There are constant and chronic violations of every excise law ever put on the statute book. Infanticide, murder, theft, forgery, and every crime on the catalogue of criminality is laid daily at her door. When such are the direct and approximate results of such an evil, how is it possible for the Christian world, how is it possible for the humanitarian, to remain silent? What are the remedies proposed for this terrible evil? There are two.

REMEDIES PROPOSED.

First—Regulation, so called. Is this a possibility? Is it a practical principle worthy of a moment's serious thought? Our superintendent of police has recently informed us that it is the only solution of the evil, and police authorities from time to time have given us the same instruction. Regulation, so called, whether in the form of the European license system or legalization, is an infamy that will never be tolerated on Anglo-Saxon soil and for the very patent reasons—

(a) Such a system means the slavery and degradation of womanhood. It means the denial of her individuality, of her right to life. It means a return to barbarism. It means the negation of her personality before the common law. It means the stamping out of the last hope by which her womanhood may be reached and saved. And let it be observed that this proposition has never emanated from a human being who bore the image of a woman. It has ever come from two sources and only two—namely, the licentious scoundrels of the male sex and officers of the law who desired to profit by the experiment. The womanhood that could submit to this infamy of license and suspicion and regulation falls simply to the level of the poor wife of the Cossack of Russia who kneels to be beaten by her brutal husband for suspicion of the act of which he is daily guilty.

(b) Such a solution would only aggravate the evil by emphasizing its cause—namely, a dual standard of right. The secret of the curse to-day is that there are two codes of morals—one for women, another for men. Any proposition to regulate this vice is a proposition to erect a dual standard of right, of truth. It proclaims the monstrous lie that indulgence in vice is a necessity for man. Prostitution is not a weakness—it is a crime.

(c) Therefore the state cannot legalize crime without committing suicide. The state has no more right to recognize prostitution as a necessary evil than it has the right to recognize stealing as a necessary evil. Stealing will doubtless never be totally suppressed. Is it sane, therefore, to say that because we cannot totally suppress it we must regulate it?

(d) No system of regulation has ever

checked the evils of prostitution, but has only served to increase them and aggravate them. This is the testimony incontrovertible from every experiment where it has been tried. The result has been not the decrease of disease, but the increase of disease. It has not diminished the evil, but increased it in the number of those who fall victims. The number of evil women has increased; the number of young men debauched has increased. A wider harvest of death has always been reaped. The city of Colmar, Georgia, has recently abolished the system of regulation, having pronounced it a dismal failure. The mayor of Colmar declares that the morals of the town have steadily improved from that day. All the laws on the subject of regulation have been swept from the statute book of England as a disgrace to the nation. In Russia the system has been pronounced a failure. In Austria it has been pronounced a failure. None of its professions has ever been carried out, and in every case they have failed to do what was pretended could be done by their promoters. In Spain Castello states that the means for regulation are utterly imperfect; that the visitation provided in law is inefficient and the treatment in hospitals equally so. In Germany we have the same story of failure in her great cities. In Italy the laws regulating prostitution were repealed in 1888. In 1880 the laws of regulation were abolished in Bern, Switzerland, and in Christiania, Norway. Denmark swept the laws from her statute books in 1889. In France the failure has been most dismal of all. The city of Paris has registered between 4,000 and 5,000 women of ill repute, and yet we are told that in the city there are 100,000 such women.

THE ONE POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

What does regulation amount to? Paris is the most corrupt city socially in the world. Contagious diseases are more prevalent in Paris than any city in the world. What has regulation done for Paris? It has simply debauched the public conscience and taught the young manhood of France that prostitution is a necessary evil; that the state recognizes it, and that therefore indulgence is a question of taste. But men say that it is impossible to suppress the evil; that it has always failed where tried. Is this

true? Where has it failed? Where has it ever been tried? We have not yet emerged from the primitive barbarism that would seek to degrade woman by the process of regulation. We have never failed because we have never tried. Man has never really risen to the position of meeting woman upon an equal ground. Charles Darwin, the great scientist, tells us that man is the only animal in which the male is ever unkind to the female. It was a subtle Frenchman who said, in view of the long subjugation of women, "The virtue of woman is the wittiest invention of man."

This is the opinion, I know, of certain leaders of thought in the old world, but are not better things to be expected of American manhood? We have been the founders of the world in leading the race to the heights of liberty and of truth. Shall we crawl back to the sewers of the dark cities of the old world to find the ways of life? Let American manhood look to a higher and diviner ideal. Well has Miss Willard said on this point again: "The manhood of America is the noblest and most masterful on earth because it has mastery of itself. Our everyday religion has so developed woman and refined men that men think of us with respect and reverence." Let American manhood not crawl to the depth of infamy of the European ideal, which degrades woman to the level of a brute, who may be deprived of her person, of her rights, of her life to feed the lust of man.

There is only one possible solution for

this question, and that is suppression, and it should be wrought in two ways—legally and persuasively. Our laws should enforce a single standard of truth and purity. The house of the strange woman should be suppressed as an institution. It should be made impossible for any woman to earn her bread by the sale of her person. Certainly it should be made impossible for her to establish a commercial enterprise in which virtue is the commodity of barter and sale. Prostitution should be suppressed by law, and it should be a crime punishable both for the woman and the man. The woman who is found the inmate of such a house should not only be punished and driven out, but the man who builds it should suffer precisely the same penalty. When it is made impossible for woman to earn her living by this process of shame, the temptation to hundreds of the lazy, and the worthless, and the vain, and the ignorant to enter such a life will be removed.

This force should not be resorted to in any harsh way, but it should be done firmly and determinedly. In addition to this there should be the arousing of the Christian world to the awful obligation of carrying the gospel of Jesus Christ to these women. Mr. Moody has shown in his great meetings that these abandoned women still have hearts that can be touched and reached; that they can be saved. Again and again those who have gone down into the depths with the message of love and forgiveness in Christ have rejoiced in the restored life.—*Daily Mercury*.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

My soul floats in the thought of God,
As birds float in the air;
Like them, from thickets dark she springs,
And the low grounds of care.
Upward they fly, and I too soar;
With one glad thought my spirit sings,
For I escape from ranges bare,
To the wide thought of Him
Whom I adore.
The birds may swim
In tideless seas of air above,
But I float only in God's love.

My spirit rests in thoughts of God,
As birds poise on the wing;
Strong currents of the upper air
Support them while they sing.
So rest I in this thought, as broad,
As deep, as wide as heaven, and dare
To rest while mighty currents swing
On their majestic way.
"Thou art my God!"
When this I say,
My soul draws breath in utter rest,
As if I leaned upon his breast!

—Sunday School Times.

IN ANSWER.

"Madam, we miss the train at B—."
 "But can't you make it sir?" she gasped;
 "Impossible, it leaves at three,
 And we are due a quarter past."
 "Is there no way? O, tell me then,
 Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
 "And are there none among the men
 Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
 I think this fellow over here
 Oiling the engine, claims to be."
 She threw upon the engineer
 A fair face, white with agony.
 "Are you a Christian?" "Yes I am."
 "Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
 All the long way, that God will stay,
 That God will hold the train at B—?"
 "Twill do no good; it's due at three,
 And,"—"Yes, but God *can* hold the train,
 My dying child is calling me,
 And I must see her face again;
 O won't you pray?" "I will," and a nod
 Emphatic, as he takes his place.
 When Christians grasp the arm of God
 They grasp the power, that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train.
 On time, swept on past wood and lea;
 The engineer, with cheeks aflame
 Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B—,"
 Then flung the throttle wide, and like
 Some giant monster of the plain,
 With panting sides and mighty strides
 Past hill and valley swept the train.
 A half, a minute, two are gained,
 Along those burning lines of steel
 His glances leap, each nerve is strained
 And still he prays with fervent zeal,
 Heart, hand, and brain with one accord
 Work, while his prayer ascends to Heaven,
 "Just hold the train eight minutes Lord,
 And I'll make up the other seven."
 With rush and roar through meadow lands
 Past cottage homes and green hillsides
 The panting thing obeys his hands,
 And speeds along with giant strides.
 They say, an accident delayed
 The train a little while, but He
 Who listened while his children prayed
 In answer, held the train at B—.

FROM THIRTEEN TO FORTY-FOUR.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

SHORTLY the people of America will meet together in celebration of one of the great days that are landmarks of our national existence. Nay, we may say *the* great day that is the landmark of our existence as an independent nation.

In all probability the World's Fair city will witness the largest and grandest celebration of Independence Day ever held, and representatives of almost every nation under the sun will witness the ceremonies.

Free America will go wild with their speeches and cheers, and burnt gunpowder, and ringing bells, and all who live on this soil, whether German, Irish, Briton, or Jew, that have become thoroughly possessed of the spirit of our American institutions, when they see the stars and stripes (Old Glory) flung to the breeze will feel their hearts thump and their eyes grow dim and a queer knot gather in their throats, a feeling that they would strike

out against the whole world, if it dare insult the old flag.

Gen. Gates said that he would stir the Yankee blood. He did; it is stirring yet, and a sight of the old flag is one of the things that keeps it stirring. Why is this? Why is it more dear to our hearts than the flags of other nations?

It is not partisan feeling, nor pride of state, but because our flag is a pledge of our independence, the insignia of our liberty that was bought by so much hard toil, danger, sorrow, and bloodshed, by years of death and grim disaster, the stern reiteration by a nation of the statement of an individual, "As for me, give me liberty or give me death." Unto too many came the alternative—death.

The statement was punctuated by the cannon's roar, emphasized by a Valley Forge and a Bunker Hill, and later by the surrender of the British and the ultimate triumph of liberty-loving America.

When their dream of liberty, seemingly so ridiculous, became a glad reality, do you wonder that the war-worn people sang and shouted themselves hoarse, rang their bells and fired their battered old cannon that had wailed through eight years of war, proclaiming to the world with their hot iron lips, in sentences less smoothly flowing than Jefferson's, that here was a people who held it to be "a self-evident truth that all men are born free and equal."

Do you wonder that each recurring anniversary of the Declaration of Independence sees an outburst of the old patriotic fervor, and that the flag that has become the pledge of our protection in the enjoyment of this dearly bought liberty, is dear to the heart of every true American, whether the land be of his birth or of his adoption? It is more to him than a mere design, even though that design be apt, a copy of the wide blue heavens, dotted with the stars of night, broad circle around the free spaces of upper air, each state a star, each star one of a host to light the world.

But there is more than a bright fancy, and it comes nearer his heart, for it covers his home and protects the sanctity of its privacy. It protects the public school where his children are educated and fitted for a future career broad and useful. It protects the church in which he worships, and himself in the God-given right and agency to worship when, where, and in such manner as his conscience may dictate, or not at all, if he so choose. It protects him in all the rights of life, in the enjoyment of those simple pleasures that leave no sting behind, whose memory is ever dear, second only to the enjoyment of the act itself.

Thrice dear is the flag to the hearts of those who were young when the fact became self-evident that the nation was not fulfilling its mission, while any part of its people, however small, or of whatever color, was held in bondage, and when to wipe out this stain from the nation's name, and preserve intact the starry field they went forward, offering their lives to their country's call. It is very dear to such of them as have survived the holocaust of civil war and the ravages of time.

These men are worthy of all honor and of the willing support of the government that they helped to preserve. Though

old and bent and gray, the one who jeers at their faded blue or battered buttons is a coward and an ingrate, not worthy to enjoy the privileges and liberty, the further continuance of which was made possible by these men, privileges that are beyond any granted to the citizens of any other nation.

To these other nations we extend a helping hand. Not the pale, blue-veined hand of aristocracy, but the hard brown hand of toil, the hand of free, honest labor.

We boast, not of our genealogy, but rest our claim on actual, solid worth, than which no better claim can be advanced, as a nation in our unparalleled growth and advancement in the art of government, as a people in our advancement in those noble arts that build up and civilize mankind.

Our population is made up of many people, and many classes of people from the uttermost parts of the earth, utterly dissimilar in habit and thought, most of them from the middle or lower walks of life, so-called.

Yet these have formed themselves into a commonwealth that challenges the right of any who on grounds of birth, or heritage, seek to claim preëminence over them. If the ranks of the world will go back in their genealogy far enough they will find a common heritage, an aristocracy of fig leaves. This is not vandalism nor vulgar ignorance, but a claim that rests on solid facts. The time is approaching when social distinction shall be based on true merit, when the individual may claim his rank on the ground of his attainments and not on any supposed right of birth and inheritance.

A hopeful sign is that the common people dare to call down such men as the Prince of Wales when they indulge in those things that would disgrace a peasant. This could not have happened a century ago.

Over against the proudest names of the world we may write the names of our Washington and our Lincoln, whose constructive and elevating genius, is as far above the destructive ambition of the great Napoleon as the sky is above the earth, as far apart as the wrong of thralldom and usurpation is from the right of freedom and the exercise of authority conferred by the voice of the whole people.

The Saints have been accused of a lack of patriotism, of an animosity toward the government resulting from certain unfortunate conditions and events of the past, connected with the rise of the church.

This is not true. We yield to none in our love of country and of political freedom. We deplore that the promise of religious freedom has been violated in individual cases in the past, but we do not fling this up as a taunt nor hold it as a grudge.

We see the hand of God in the discovery of this country, and in the establishment of this nation, in the rescuing of it, small and weak as it was, from one of the powerful nations of the earth, under whose rule it would have been impossible to attain that degree of political liberty and civil industry necessary to the proper opening up and advancement of this new and wonderful country.

Many of our brethren gave their blood to help wash the stain of slavery from the old flag, and mutual suffering, and common bereavement with the people have endeared their common cause. The camp fires of our soldier saints have kindled in our midst the fires of patriotism.

Since the Roman eagles ruled the earth all nations have owned their allegiance to their respective ensigns. Pride of conquest, of power or nobility, has led them to gather round their flags.

For better reasons do we gather round *our* flag. We believe that it and the nation are leading the march of the

nations, not to the conquest of each other, but toward that measure of freedom, to which it is the province of God that all men shall ultimately attain.

If we can eliminate political trickery from the management of public affairs, we will be one step nearer the goal, a step nearer the bringing about of the grand future indicated by the inspired utterances of the Declaration of Independence and that grand article, the constitution of the United States.

Star after star has rolled into the grand galaxy as the years rolled by, till the original thirteen, that unlucky number, has grown to the present number. The country has grown, with the growth of the flag, in wealth, power, and in true enlightenment, till we all may catch the spirit of advancement and may say with the Quaker poet:—

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

"The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me,
Of what mankind shall be,
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

"Ring, bells in unrequited steeples
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown;
Your triumph is my own!

"Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

"I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving."

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

WE do not intend to speak disrespectfully of any person, or any profession. One individual has as good a right to his own views as another, whether in regard to fancy or profession, inasmuch as the golden rule is practiced.

We take the standpoint that our present views were born of the parent experience, and it is our desire to show up a little of that experience, that others may be benefited thereby as well. Those who have been shipwrecked, are the right ones to point out the shoals and quicksands, as well as

the lighthouses. Also those who have been intemperate and have reformed, are the right ones to preach temperance, if they don't overdo the business. We desire to be candid and to draw a fair picture, that will not injure people if it does not benefit them. We do not urge anyone to accept our ideas, yet hope that each one may be somewhat benefited.

I was diseased from birth, have had stern circumstances and ignorance to contend with, up to the present time, have "suffered many things of many phy-

sicians," spent much of my living, and profited but little. Though laboring under very great disadvantages I have tried to inform myself concerning the physical organization, the causes of disease, and the safest and cheapest method of restoring and preserving health.

I, for one, am glad that the science that has so long slumbered has awakened and is speaking comfort and consolation to the suffering ones of humanity. Even ancient Israel understood how to keep health and how to restore it without drug medication (although it has been practiced more or less in all ages), but by simple trust in, and obedience to the commands of Jehovah.

In the early ages Job tells us that their physicians were of no value; also in the days of the kings, "Asa was diseased in his feet, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians," and the result was, "Asa slept with his fathers." And in a later age, those who had patronized physicians, and failed, were restored by the Christ method. So in this age many who have failed to be healed by the drug method have been restored by the ancient, simple, natural method.

Some of the best and wisest physicians have been led to exclaim, "The science of medicine is a failure." Such has been the fact in many instances, while in others it has seemed to be a success. Possibly, some of those cases might have terminated just as favorably if no medicine had been administered. Faith, obedience, and time have performed and still can perform wonderful works. One may have faith in the power of medicine as a healing agent, and while he thus believes, his mind is kept balanced and expectant, consequently the result is favorable and the prescriber and the drug get the credit; while on the other hand the patient has no faith in the remedy, or loses faith, and the result is unfavorable.

For an illustration: A lady who had been an invalid many years allowed herself to think that she could not endure her suffering unless morphine was injected into her blood.

After a few treatments, her physician, being an investigator, used a little pure warm water, and the result was quite as favorable as though it had been morphine. I have also heard of an instance in which

an excessive use of the same caused death, a permanent relief from the erroneous habit.

When a child, mother related the following, which shows the power of the mind over the physical matter: A man was chopping in the woods, and his ax glanced and cut through his boot-leg into his shin. He saw the blood, and felt his boot filling with the same. He fainted in consequence, and his comrades took him home. On removing the boot the red flannel drawers were exhibited, slightly injured, and the shin less than the drawers. He soon revived and was happily surprised.

Also the following incident: A lady had been ill a long time, and her disease baffled the skill of her physician. It mattered not what kind of medicine he administered, the result was invariably the same, worse after taking a few doses. His last resort was some pills which he insured both her and her husband would work a wonder. But after a few days it was the same old story, "O dear, doctor, you said them pills would surely help me, but they have made me *awful* sick. What in the world did you make them of? There, they was the wust tastin' things I ever see! I declare I won't take another one if I can get anything else to take!"

"My dear madam," he replied, after adjusting his glasses and hesitating a moment, "they were only some little pieces of my wife's most excellent brown bread."

He donned his hat, took up his saddle-bags and left, being fully satisfied with his demonstration.

She was left to her own reflection, and no doubt she learned wisdom by the things she suffered as thousands have done.

One more illustration: For crime a man was sentenced to die. Instead of being hanged, he was used by physicians to demonstrate the power of the mind on the body. He was told that at a stated time he was to be bled to death.

At the appointed hour he was blindfolded, laid on the surgeon's table and bound. The lancet was used, but it did not puncture the vein. A dish was held as in cases of bleeding, and a stream of water poured in a manner to cause him to think he was bleeding to death. Also the physician's conversation was so led as

to increase his emotions of fear and certainty of death. The result was as expected, he died because he *believed* he was dying. His fears developed into belief, and according unto his belief it was done unto him.

Each of these illustrations shows the power of mind over the body. Such victims may be, or invariably are, subjects of ridicule by those who are more fortunate, and yet they, too, may have some weak points, may screech or faint at the sight of a mouse, a maggot, an insect, or a reptile. That too, is only a habit which has arisen from belief, and it can be overcome. Probably each of us can call to mind some similar instance that has come under our own observation, but perhaps not so startling.

The late Dr. Drinkwater, who practiced many years in Sedgwich and adjoining towns, was heard to say: "Some people die, because they will die, others live because they will live;" and say, some people are happy, because they will be happy, and others are unhappy because they will be unhappy; and some people are rich, because they will be rich; others are poor because they will be poor.

Failures are usually brought about by a lack of knowledge, wisdom, or determination, while success is in consequence of, and in accordance with the cultivation and persistent practice of these acquirements. "Where there is a will, there is a way" is an old adage, but it is true nevertheless; for, if there is a will the way must open up before it. It was by a persistent will power, that all the great achievements of earth have been won.

If the will is mild and feeble the result will be the same. It is the positive *Yes*, I *will* put into practice that brings about the object desired. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Does this text convey the idea that a person can embrace and practice error, and make it a truth because he thinks it is truth?

No, no; not in the least. It may be truth to him while he believes it to be truth, but it is error all the same, and will be through all ages, and it will be error to him, as soon as he believes it to be such. If one's thoughts are wrong, his acts will be wrong, because acts are the fruits of thought. Produce always compares with the seed and the effort in cultivation. That which seems to be

right to one person, may seem to be wrong to another, for the very reason that the latter is higher in the scale of right thinking. Each person is of the same stamp that his thoughts are in mind, body, and works in spite of feigned appearance. If one has had wrong thoughts, he can have right thoughts, if he will place himself in conditions for right thinking. What are they? Overcome all thoughts that tend to produce unpleasant feelings in the minds of others, to say nothing worse, and to cultivate only such as are savored with charity. Such a course will tend to soothe, strengthen, and vivify our bodies.

As health is one point in view, we ask, What is health? "Health is a sound state of a living being," says Webster. What then is disease? An unsound state, or the absence of health.

From whence does health spring? From the Source of all good. From whence does disease spring? From error, either conscious or unconscious.

Error is the absence of truth, as darkness is the absence of light. We present this essay, on the basis that each person is under control of mind and not of body. Also that God did not, according to Moses' writings, create disease; therefore we can by obedience and faith overcome its appearance. Neither did he create sin. That came into the world by man's disobedience, and disease was the penalty.

If we should devote the same amount of time to the study of mental influences and act accordingly, that we spend unwisely, we should be obliged to accept a personal responsibility for our sins and our sickness.

According to the Scriptures, God designed that we should be his temple or that his Spirit should control us, yet he gave us an agency, thereby making us accountable beings. O, what a condescension on his part, and what an honored position for us! What an encouraging, elevating, glorious thought, that the Being above all beings will stoop to breath his Holy Spirit into us! Nevertheless it is so, for by his Spirit we live, move, and have our being, whether we are conscious of it or not. All things were created spiritually before they had a material creation, that is they were formed in the mind of the Creator before

they were brought forth by the word of his power, and he is just as well able to repair by the word of his power as he was to create. His word has gone forth, and it will not return void; all must and will be fulfilled, according as we let it be fulfilled, whether that letting be done by instinct or education, whether consciously or unconsciously. His laws are unchangeable, that is, causes will produce their designed effects.

The main object in life is to obtain happiness. We have illustrations of that fact exhibited before us daily, from the infant up to manhood, and down to the bowed, shriveled form that is trembling on the brink of the grave. Some are seeking in one direction and some in another, each according to his own fancy and development, but happiness is the main object of life.

Now the question arises, Can anyone be happy that does not possess health? "We have seen people perfectly happy who were very ill," says one. Certainly, so have we. But they were happy in the spirit, having turned their minds from the material to the spiritual, even as the martyrs who could rejoice in the midst of the flames have done. But if it is better for us to be sick, why were people created in a sound state in the beginning? And why, more especially, do those who are trusting in God try to get well?

If a person is brought very low, even to the portals of eternity, O, how quickly he will embrace the hope of recovery, even if it is but a small hope. Such is the fact, except when the mind has lost its balance, or is wholly given up to spirituality. Thus we are plainly shown that the love of life is planted in the human mind, and we also see it exhibited by every breathing object. And why?

That we may take care of the body, the house of the mind, live out our days, and fill our mission; that it may live for our use or instruction.

Now the question arises, How many of us are living? "What a question," say you. We all are staying, but how many of us are living? "It is not all of life to live," merely to breathe and move. We rarely meet a person who is living in the full sense of the word. A sound mind in a sound body, may be called the fullness of life, provided the strength and ability are used according to the author's command.

If life is so dear and so essential, why do so many wish to die and even commit suicide? might be asked.

It is because the mind is not well balanced, is not harmonious. Too much thought is given to one or more subjects, and usually a wrong subject, and that gives rise to antagonistic thought, and if the wrong is allowed to predominate, the right must succumb, and the result must be disastrous, if not fatal.

When our faith in God is perfect, we cannot desire to die that we may escape trials or duties, neither can we attempt to hasten that event.

It is like rushing into the presence of a king unbidden. Far better is it to cheerfully, conscientiously do the work before us to do, let it seem ever so menial, and trustingly wait our summons. We might excuse ourselves by saying that our troubles and sorrows are so great that we cannot endure them, if we did not understand that many, very many of our troubles are of our own manufacturing, and that if we had learned wisdom we might have escaped them. If we think they come by the wisdom of a loving Father, we ought to bear them with meekness and submission, and we surely will, if we cultivate the faith and obedience of a dutiful child.

It is not the abundance of wealth in our possession that secures our happiness; but it is the *how* we use that which we do possess, let it be much or little. It is not the many friends that gives us happiness, but it is the *how* we appreciate those we do have and especially those of our own household.

Pure happiness comes not so much through sense and sensation, as through the avenue of the soul. If it did, it would be limited to those who have means whereby they can gratify sensation, whereas we often see people comparatively happy whose means are small, even happier than some who revel in luxury. Covet no man's wealth, but earnestly desire and live for contentment, for, "Contentment with godliness is great gain," and he who possesses it is rich, rich in happiness. Not that anyone should sit in idleness, and content himself with the thought that the world owes him a living, when the fact is he owes the world for his living, but he should arouse himself to wise, active thought, and persist in it till he

has received a blessing, and reflected it on his fellow-beings. But, if after long, untiring effort the result should be a failure, what then!

Give up in despair? Yield to insanity, etc.?

We hope not. He should bear in mind that all great achievements were won by true, unflinching efforts, and arouse him-

self to stronger, wiser action, believing that though he had lacked understanding and wisdom, He who is still the source of all wisdom is able and willing to supply not by the wholesale, but according to the degree of thought and effort, on the same plan that the student, the farmer, and the mechanic, obtain their blessings.

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

SHORTLY prior to the time the Twelve went to Europe the following occurred in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. There appeared a large ball of fire over the city about the size of the moon apparently, at about three o'clock in the morning. The sky was clear and the moon shone very brilliantly. This ball of fire burst suddenly, causing a very loud report and the broken pieces flew in all directions like blazing meteors. The earth shook like an aspen leaf, and the moon turned black as ink (using the words of an editor of a daily paper who was an eyewitness to the scene). Soon the moon began to emerge from the darkness in which it was enveloped and, as it began to shine forth, it shook and trembled as though it had been a body of jelly.

Again, soon after the representatives of our nation had assembled in Congress Hall at Washington, the great chandelier in the Representative's Hall, weighing about six thousand pounds fell with a tremendous crash and broke into a thousand atoms. At about the same time the female figure, representing the Goddess of Liberty, on the east side of the Capitol, holding the balance in one hand and the cap of liberty in the other, lost the hand that held the balance. It broke off just below the elbow and the balances fell:

If these things had been seen by the ancient Romans they would have considered them ominous of their national light going out and justice falling to the earth. Heavy shocks of earthquake were felt in Philadelphia and New York.

In Philadelphia the shipping was much damaged at the docks, in consequence of the sudden rise of the water occasioned by

the earthquake. In New York people were prostrated while walking on the sidewalk. Truly as the Doctrine and Covenants says, "After your testimony cometh the testimony of the voice of earthquakes," etc.

In New Haven, Connecticut, a trumpet was blown twice in twenty-four hours. At first the people seemed to be much amused with it, but because of its continuance they became alarmed; for it grew louder and louder. Orson Hyde was preaching there at the time. The people felt assured that it was something above the human and possibly many thought it was Gabriel sounding his trump.

We now give an extract from an epistle of the Twelve to the Church in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland:—

"First of all, we would express our joy and thanksgiving to him who rules and knows the hearts of men for the heed and diligence with which the Saints in this country have hearkened unto the counsel of those whom God has seen fit to send among them and who hold the keys of this ministry.

"By this means a spirit of union, and consequently of power has been generally cultivated among you, and now let the Saints remember that which we have ever taught them both by precept and example, viz., to beware of an aspiring spirit which would lift you up one above another, to seek to be the greatest in the kingdom of God.

"This is the spirit which hurled down the angels. It is the spirit which actuates all the churches of the sectarian world and most of the civil and military movements of the men of the world. It is

that spirit which introduces rebellion, confusion, misrule, and disunion and would, if suffered to exist among us, destroy our union and consequently our power which flows from the Spirit through the priesthood, which Spirit and power and priesthood can only exist with the *humble* and the *meek* of the earth.

"Therefore, beware O, ye priests of the Most High, lest ye are overcome by that spirit which would exalt you above your fellow laborers and thus hurl you down to perdition or do much injury to the cause of God.

"Be careful to respect, not the eloquence nor the smooth speeches, not the multitude of words, not the talents of men, but be careful to respect the offices which God has placed in the church.

"Let the members hearken unto their officers; let the priests, teachers, and deacons hearken unto the elders and let the elders hearken unto the presiding officers of each church or conference, and let all the churches and conferences hearken to the counsel of those who are still left in this country to superintend the affairs of the church; and by so doing a spirit of union will be preserved, and peace and prosperity will attend the people of God."

We next present a remarkable prophecy given by Orson Hyde and Heber C. Kimball, April 3d, 1838, at Liverpool, and forwarded by letter:—

"*Dear Brothers and Sisters in Preston*:—It seemeth good unto us and also unto the Holy Spirit to write you a few words which cause pain in our hearts and will also pain you when they are fulfilled before you, yet you shall have joy in the end. Brother Webster will not abide in the Spirit of the Lord, but will reject the truth, and become the enemy of the people of God, and expose the mysteries which have been committed to him, that a righteous judgment may be executed unto him, unless he speedily repent. When this sorrowful prediction shall be fulfilled this letter shall be read to the church and it shall prove a solemn warning to all to beware."

This was signed by Orson Hyde and Heber C. Kimball. It was written, sealed, and submitted to the special care of W. Richards, that no one should know the contents until the fulfillment thereof, which instructions were strictly adhered to. However, for sake of evidence and

that every word should be established, Elder Clayton and afterwards Deacon Arthur Burrows were shown the letter. They examined it critically, and placed thereon their marks and dates so that they might know whether it had been opened.

James Whitehead, now living in Lamoni, signed his name on that envelope and was present in the meeting when Willard Richards read the letter in public afterwards. The brethren, feeling very desirous that Elder Webster should prosper, watched over him with peculiar care and prayed much for him, and he continued to grow in the knowledge of the kingdom and spake with power in the name of Jesus for some months after the letter had been written; but, becoming dissatisfied, he came before the council of September 22 and read some complaints which he had penned against Elders Richards, Fielding, and Whitehead which were soon proven to be false or of no account.

The council required of him an acknowledgment for bringing forward such charges, and laid an injunction on him that, in case of refusal, he should cease to act in his office; but he would comply with neither. The day following, Sunday, he repaired to a private house with six persons (one had been cut off and another had not yet been baptized) and administered the sacrament to them.

The Sunday following September 3, Elder Webster and the members who were with him were presented to the church, according to the order of the gospel, for the forgoing offense and were disfellowshipped.

At this meeting Elder Fielding presented the foregoing letter to Elder Clayton and Deacon Burrows, who examined it and testified to the assembly that the letter had not been opened since they had marked it months before and that they knew not the contents of the letter. The letter was then handed to Bro. Whitehead for his inspection, he having signed it, and he also testified that the seal had not been tampered with.

Willard Richards then announced, "Heber C. Kimball handed that to me previous to his leaving England for America, and told me to keep it safe and it would be made known to me when to

open it and make known its contents to the children of God, and I have been warned to make it known this afternoon. I do not know what is in this envelope or what its contents may be; but I am satisfied the time has come to make it known whatever it may be." Elder Richards broke the seal and read the contents as before related to the congregation. Elder Webster's popularity had become such that some feared he would take many along with him when he was disfellowshipped, but the reading of this letter put their fears to silence and confirmed the saints more fully in the faith, and, although a number were disfellowshipped about the same time, yet it was not through his influence; for it ended with his membership.

On October 7 Mr. Webster came before the church and requested permission to plead his cause, but he had refused to appear and do it the Sabbath before and had consequently been cut off. His request was denied as he was no longer a member. His design was evidently to disturb the church.

Soon after, as if to fulfill the prophecy to the very letter, placards were posted up in different parts of Preston with these words, "A lecture will be delivered at Mr. Giles's Chapel to expose the mysteries of Mormonism by Thomas Webster." This announcement he fulfilled, though but to little effect as only six others were in attendance at the meeting.

In a *Millennial Star* editorial of May 10, 1841, among other things we glean the following: "At the opening of this new campaign we find the cause of truth beset with foes on every hand. The war between old and corrupt institutions and the new and everlasting covenant is waxing warm; the enemy is on the alert; the alarm trumpet is sounding loud through all their ranks; the line of battle is extending far and wide over the plains of Babel and, 'the pure testimony' and vile persecution, will come to close battle ere long.

"In taking a view of the enemy's forces drawn up in order of battle we behold the old lady upon the scarlet colored beast, surrounded with all the splendor of her court and on her right her eldest daughter, the Protestant establishment of England, arrayed in royal splendor and clad in robes of state. Wealth, honor, and luxury allure her

votaries, and numberless clergy follow in her train.

"On her left a long line of various ranks and orders, reformed and re-reformed and scarcely less formidable than their venerable mother and grandmother, while the extreme rear is composed of drunkards, gamblers, profane swearers, thieves, and robbers. However these several troops may differ in other points among themselves, they are all united in unholy alliance and combined against the Saints and one spirit seems to pervade them all.

"On the other hand we behold a handful of men, or rather of stripling youths, presenting a small but formidable front. They are clad in robes of simplicity, covered with a mantle of charity, their loins are girded with truth, while in their right hand is a two edged sword and in their left the shield of faith. A bright and glittering gem of joy sparkles on their brow, and hope and confidence animate their bosom; while far on high their standard is unfurled to the breeze, an ensign of light to the nations, and the golden letters of knowledge are inscribed on its folds.

"Such is the view which the two armies present. Even now we behold the rush to battle. See, the air is darkened! It is a shower of arrows from the host of the enemy. They are hurled with a strong arm, nerved up with hatred and envy; they are pointed with prejudice and dipped in the poison of slander, falsehood, and reproach. But see, they fall harmless at the feet of the Saints, being ward off by the shield of faith. Now and then an arrow of truth is hurled back upon the enemy; it pierces their hearts, and their ranks are thinned and deserted; a shout is heard through the hosts of Israel, 'Truth will prevail; the day is ours!' and so goes the battle."

At a conference held in Carpenter's Hall, October 17, 1841, P. P. Pratt presiding, the ship *Choos* was chartered by the Saints and carried a ship load of Saints to America. Another conference was held at the New Corn Exchange, Manchester, May 15, 1842, at which there were represented one apostle, fourteen high priests, two hundred and twenty elders, four hundred and twenty-one priests, one hundred and ten teachers, eight deacons, and seven thousand five hundred and fourteen members.

The editor of the *Star* says of this conference: "Thus terminated the most important conference ever held in the British Isles by the Church of Jesus Christ, accompanied as it was by manifestations of the goodness of God unto us and an exhibition of love and affection amongst the people that must have left an impression on the minds of the Saints which time can never efface."

A discussion was held between Elder Adams and Dr. West, July 2, 1842. At a conference held in Music Hall, Liverpool, September 8, 1844, seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-one Saints were reported in Britain. At this time Joseph Martin and Elder Henshaw were just getting a foothold in Wales. There were seventy-five members reported in North Wales and one hundred and eighteen in the Isle of Man. These were scattered here and there over all the country. The first (I believe) conference held in Wales was at Merthyr Tydvil, June 1, 1845.

Elder Woodruff and family in company with H. Clark and Capt. Dan Jones left New York for Liverpool December 6, 1844, the latter going directly to his mission, Wales. Milton Holmes and Leonard Hardy went to England about this time also. It was through the instrumentality of Capt. Dan Jones that the work made such rapid strides in Wales. He was a native born Welshman. He had a brother, John, who was some years his senior. When boys together John had a serious, formal bearing that led his parents at once to set him apart for the ministry, while Dan was of a lively, jovial nature that well became a hardy son of toil.

Dan was not much concerned religiously, but one day while he and his brother were engaged in gathering hay, Dan was on the stack and John was pitching the hay up to him, he beheld a singular thing. He saw just as plainly as though it actually occurred, a funeral start from a certain place and wend its way towards the city of the dead. He seemingly knew every person, but the main question was, Who is dead? After a short while the vision (for such it was) passed away and when Dan regained himself it was to find John lustily urging him to go to work and not to stand idly gazing around. He did not communicate the fact to anyone that he had seen a vision, feeling confident

that it was a token of his death, but it wrought a complete transformation in the boy.

He became greatly concerned and, instead of fun and frolic, he began to repair to some secret place to pour out his soul to God. It was not long afterwards when he saw his vision literally fulfilled. He saw the same people, carriages, horses and all, but it was not his funeral but that of another. This did not cause him to abate his praying, and he repeatedly wended his way to a cave and kept it up until, one day, he received a heavenly manifestation, and then it was told him that God was pleased with him and that the time would come when he should leave his native land and go to a foreign shore and that there he would hear the gospel of Jesus Christ preached in its fullness (this was before he ever heard of the Latter Day Saints). He was also told what the principles of the true gospel were and was told to accept nothing unless it agreed therewith.

He wrote it down to keep for future reference. He soon manifested a great desire to go to sea, as he then thought he would have a better opportunity to find what he had been promised.

For a long time his parents objected and would not allow him to go, but after much importuning on his part they finally consented and soon Dan was on the bosom of the rolling deep, but his thoughts did not once turn to America, but to other foreign ports. He visited the East Indies; the various parts of Africa and Asia, learning the language and religious rites of the various nations with whom he came in contact, but in all his research he failed to find a religion that agreed with that which he had on his "slip of paper." After repeated failures and disappointments, he began to lose his ardor, almost despairing at times of ever finding the true gospel. But, having accustomed himself to the sea, he still continued there and was soon captain of a vessel. He followed the sea for several years, and finally came to America and was soon captain of a steamer on the Mississippi.

It was the time that the Saints were settling at Nauvoo. On one of their up-trips at one of the landings down the river from Nauvoo, several persons approached the captain, told him they were

Saints and requested a passage to Nauvoo. (If memory serves me right, they had no money.)

He willingly consented, provided that they would expound to him their faith while on the trip, little dreaming however that among these much despised "Mormons," he would find that which he was seeking for; but as he had started out to investigate all the religions he came in contact with, he did not propose to allow prejudice to debar him in this.

The boat had gone but a short distance when they were engaged in earnest conversation. As it continued, the more intense it became until the Captain could contain himself no longer and said, "Wait; I have a paper in the cabin on which is written just what I believe; I'll go and get it."

In a few moments he returned and handed it to them and what was their surprise on reading it to find the identical teachings held forth by themselves. "Why," said they, "this is Latter Day Saint doctrine!" "Then I'm a Latter Day Saint, too," said he, and by the time they reached Nauvoo he was ready to be bap-

tized. He was shortly ordained an elder and quit the water altogether and engaged in the ministry.

He was with Joseph in the jail just before his (Joseph's) death and by him was set apart and sent on a mission to his native land and was told that God through his instrumentality would effect a great work. A more extensive account of his ministry will be found later on. What I have written concerning the early life and conversion of Captain Dan Jones, has been from memory as I oft listened to the recital thereof by my parents, as my father was a near relative of the captain and accompanied him on the first ship that the Welsh Saints chartered to come to America.

At a conference held at Manchester, December 14, 1845, there were ten thousand, nine hundred, and fifty-six members represented. When we consider the opposition encountered by the early missionaries in Europe and that in less than seven years the church in the British Isles had increased to over ten thousand souls, no unbiased mind can help conceding that the hand of God was in it all.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 5.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is that quality of mind which enables one to meet unmurmuringly the trials and vexations of life, and under all circumstances to be trustfully calm while awaiting the final arbitration of real or supposed wrongs. It is possessed by all in some degree, though more developed in some than in others. Such, however, are the perplexities, difficulties, and complications of life that no one can be patient in the highest and most complete sense, who does not trust in an overruling Power which he truly believes does all things well.

It will require but a moment's reflection to discover that all other graces depend, for their continuance, largely upon this one. Should one lose possession of self through want of patience, rash acts are sure to follow, and this is not all, clear perception and wise thought are

impossible. I need not enlarge upon this idea. Let each reader think for himself of the remorse, regret, and humiliation in their own experience, which would have been avoided by patient control of self. Think, too, of the pain, sorrow, disappointment, wounds, and heart-burnings you have inflicted upon others by impatient, rash, and inconsiderate words. Form an estimate, if you can, of the crimes committed through impatience, of the lives sacrificed by blows struck when patience had departed, and you will readily see that he who does not possess and cultivate patience is in danger of being lost; yes, is sure to be lost.

The lack of this quality renders him unfit for the kingdom of God and disqualifies him for successful preparation. I have heard it said that in some cases patience ceased to be a virtue. I hardly think that those who use this expression

are sincere, and, if not sincere, they should not use it. Patience is a virtue always, and in all cases a virtue.

In answering the question, "What must I do to be saved?" it is an indispensable virtue.

The more severe the trial, the more necessary is patience. The idea that in light trials and slight provocations patience is a virtue, but when the trial becomes great it ceases to be such is not only untenable but foolish. If ever there is a time when its virtue should shine brightest and its necessity be most felt, it is under the severest trial, when all the reserved forces of your nature must be called forward to meet the emergency; when your very soul trembles in the balance, and one rash act may hurl you down to rise no more. O, no! You cannot afford to be impatient then, but in the language of Jesus, "In your patience possess ye your souls."

The plain inference of this is that by impatience you would lose your soul. Under no circumstance then are we justified, nor can we afford to sacrifice our patience, for by so doing we may lose all we have gained. The sacrifice of it will endanger our faith, virtue, knowledge, and temperance, and well did the apostle enjoin the adding to these, patience.

Jesus also commends those who "bring forth fruit with patience." The wrong-doing of others may be trying to us, but we are not justified nor wise if we sacrifice our sacred jewels at the altar of another's wrong, and thus lose our own soul. Paul says, "Tribulation worketh patience," and so it should. Impatience increases tribulation, while patience decreases it, as your own experience may testify. The wrong-doing of another may wound us, but in patience we will find a healing balm. Wrong may crush our spirits, and with bleeding heart we have to bear contumely and shame, but as the apostle says, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

I pause to ask, "Is this true?" My soul answers, Yes, there is nothing in the realm of good that man cannot obtain through patiently and properly waiting. There is no good thing that he may not miss through the loss of patience. If we could fully comprehend the fact that he who does the wrong must eventually suf-

fer the consequences, while he who bears patiently with the wrong will receive an adequate recompense, we would cease to grow impatient with the erring, but would, instead, feel such pity and compassion for them, that we, in love, would strive to save them from peril, though their efforts might have been to injure us.

So would we "bear one another's" burdens and thus "fulfill the law of Christ," and thus making the teaching of our Divine Master a practical possibility; viz., "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

You will see at once that the above teaching cannot be carried into effect without the exercise of great patience, yes more patience than you unaided command. The Apostle Paul prayed that the Saints at Colosse might be "*strengthened with all might according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering,*" etc. May we be so strengthened. Without it, we fail. The storm beats pitilessly around our unsheltered heads. Shield us Lord!

We are not only called upon to exercise patience because of the wrongs of others, but, in our waiting upon God, we are sorely tried sometimes, and all because the Lord does not see proper to let us have our own way. We make up our minds that certain things are right, and in simplicity and trust we ask for them, and are denied. Then, too often, we lose confidence in the faith, and doubt the efficacy of prayer; when by the exercise of a little patience we would see that God is doing more for us than he would have done if we had received what we wished. Let me cite you to instances where those whom God loved were not answered as they desired; and yet God showed his wondrous love in the denial.

There lived together a brother and two sisters who were very much endeared to each other, and they enjoyed the personal association of the Lord Jesus, while he was on earth. This young man was very sick, and fears were entertained lest he should die.

His sisters, remembering their friend, Jesus, and his wondrous power to heal, sent for him, doubtless believing that if he came their brother would be spared. How anxiously they must have waited

for his coming as they watched the life so dear to them ebbing fast away. Two days of anxious waiting and he came not, though he was only about fifteen miles away.

The brother dies, and in bitterness and sorrow they lay him away; *then* Jesus comes. Reader, can you blame these sisters if they meet him, and half reproachfully say: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died"? What a trial of patience to these loving ones as they waited upon their Lord while he treated them with apparent carelessness!

Reader, did you ever pass through a like experience? Did you ever see a life dear to you go out like the last flickering of an expiring taper, while with bleeding heart you plead that the Lord with his healing power would come, and be denied you? If so, did your patience become exhausted, and did your faith depart? Or, like these sisters, did you still trust his power to save? They felt doubtless, that the greatest sorrow that could possibly come to them had come, yet in that dark hour he turned their sorrow into joy by restoring to them their dead. Had he come and healed the brother at their request, it would have been a blessing to them thankfully received, but *you* probably would not have heard of it. He denied their request, but in so doing he blessed them and you.

Untold thousands have found comfort in the remembrance of that event. Reader, have you not, while taking the last lingering look at a dying face, in faith, heard those divine words, spoken so long ago in the little town of Bethany, as our Lord stood by the open grave and cried, "*Come forth*"? Has it not caused your heart to rejoice in the assurance that the being represented by the inanimate form before you would again respond in answer to your fond inquiries, return your loving kiss, and warm embrace?

In this case, the Lord denied the few in order to bless the many. Are you not glad that he did? If cheerfully, gladly you have received comfort and blessing coming as a result of the denial of others, can you patiently, calmly bear denial that others may be blessed? If so, be assured that, as in this case, God will remember the few while blessing the many.

Do good and patiently wait. No good thing is ever lost. Like the pebble

dropped in the water, so will one kindly thought expressed in word or deed enlarge its circle of effects until its waves lash the farther shore. John the Baptist sent his disciples to Christ saying, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

He doubtless expected a direct answer, but had he received it nothing would have been gained. John would have received through the answer to his request no more assurance than he had often had before, and if, in the loneliness of his prison life, he had doubted, the bitterness of doubt still would have remained.

The Lord however knowing better than he how to meet the emergency answered, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

To have answered, "Yes I am the one," would have been unsatisfactory or of but little comfort, but how cheering the assurance of this answer, as it brought to his memory the prophetic declaration of Isaiah, concerning the one who should come; and notice how forceful the language of the prophet as applied to John's condition, confined as he was in prison, weak, doubting, and fearful.

Here it is: "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees; say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not, behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you. *Then* the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. *Then* shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert."

Then cannot we ask in faith and in patience wait. If your request is not granted, rejoice; for something better will be done. Your cares may be many, but, if patiently borne, the fruit will be peace. Yours may be a trial of physical pain. Be patient; the end will bring you joy, and pain is often corrective or instructive. You may suffer loss of property, of reputation, of comfort, of friends, of pleasure. Be patient; it may duly be the investment of capital which will bring

you interest beyond your powers of computation.

The acts of enemies or friends may trouble you, but you may misunderstand them. Be patient and you will know them better. Should their acts be intentionally cruel and oppressive, still be patient, pray for them, help them, pity them, theirs the loss, the gain yours. God may wait when you call upon him, in the hour of sore distress, the heavens may seem as brass over your heads, death may come to your circle as to the household at Bethany, leaving behind it sore and bleeding

hearts, but the same voice that rang out upon the stillness of that awful scene will again be heard.

Then all nature will be filled with peace, and all the creations of God will together sing the song of the redeemed. Kind reader, if you believe the gospel, and through it would be saved, give all diligence to "add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance *patience*;" etc. For if these things be in you and abound, you will not be barren nor unfruitful.

YOUTHFUL HOPES.

We look beyond with hopeful eyes,
To us the future brightly lies
A flight of steps which stretch away
To where it is eternal day.

We lay our plans for future life,
Without a thought of bitter strife,
No clouds appear to fleck the sky,
No wrecks we see, the pathway by.

Shall we go through, and never find
A thorn among the roses twined?
Ah, no, in life it cannot be
All joy, content, all bliss and glee.

Our share of toil we must receive,
No one our burden may relieve,

Each their own cross must bear alone
For sins their own, each must atone.

Our dearest hopes will sometimes fail;
Our strongest faith prove far too frail;
The friends we love may turn to foes,
And seeming blessings be but woes.

Just now when skies are bright and clear
Don't look for sorrows; when they're here
'Tis time enough to mourn and fret,
To shed your tears, and know regret.

God grant that we may onward go
Until we reach the top, and know
That we in life have done our best
And fully earned the promised rest.

JEAN MOORE.

JERUSALEM'S SECOND WALL.

JERUSALEM contains many buried secrets. In some places sixty, seventy, and even as much as one hundred feet of rubbish has been accumulated over what was at a former period the surface of the ground. The first great beginning of this heaping up of the fragments of destruction may be dated at the time when Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem and carried off the inhabitants to "the rivers of Babylon." At that time, Nebuzar-Adan, who commanded the Chaldeans, "burned the House of the Lord," and it is also stated that "the Chaldeans burned the King's house and the houses of the people with fire, and brake down the walls of Jerusalem." This must have been a very complete demolition, and

the result necessarily produced a very large archæological deposit. The unfortunate city has undergone many similar operations since that time, and on each occasion a new stratum of remains has been laid down. Let anyone, however little he may have read on the subject, throw his thoughts back on such a history, and he will easily conceive what may be hid under the streets of modern Jerusalem. It is to Sir Charles Warren, the present First Commissioner of Police, who, as Captain Warren, acted for the Palestine Exploration fund, that we owe our first glimpses of "Underground Jerusalem." He told us in exact figures of the great depth of rubbish which had gathered in the valleys,

and which, in spite of the filling up, are still visible in the ancient city. The work of Sir C. Warren cleared up some points that were formerly doubtful, but much remains obscure. There are many problems regarding the old topography which cannot be solved till further excavations are made. Prominent among the points requiring light to be thrown on them are the exact positions of the Temple and Holy Sepulchre. The questions have not only a historical and archæological interest, but the whole Christian world has naturally a deep anxiety to know the exact truth regarding them. At present no excavations can be carried on; the Porte refuses all applications for permission to explore where digging might at present be done, and it is only when the foundations of a house require the clearing away of the ground that chance brings something to light.

Such a chance has lately taken place. A new hotel had to be built near the Jaffa Gate—this was the Mediterranean Hotel, which, as visitors to Jerusalem will remember, formerly stood not far within the Damascus Gate. The spot where this took place may be described in the words of the account which has come home—it is “at the head of David street,” not named directly from the royal Psalmist, but from the Tower of David which stands at the end of it. Here, in clearing out the foundations, old walls, canals, and cisterns were laid bare; but the most important discovery was come to at a depth of fifteen feet. Here were found the remains of an old wall, which is supposed to have been one of the ancient city walls, and almost all the authorities are agreed that it is the “second wall” of Josephus which has been so long sought for. About thirty yards of this wall have been uncovered. Two courses, and in places three courses, of the stones remain in position. These stones are large and similar to those in the Tower of David. The line of the wall begins directly opposite the tower, and runs to the north, trending slightly to the west. So far it follows a line parallel to the present wall running from the Jaffa Gate to the northwest corner of the city. The interest attaching to this wall is peculiar. A great many people believe that the Holy Sepulchre does not stand on Golgotha nor over the new sepulchre, “wherein

was never man laid,” which had been excavated in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Dr. Robinson was not the first to express doubts on this subject, but he has dealt largely on it in his work on Jerusalem; Captain Conder prefers for Golgotha, or Calvary, the round mound “formed like a skull” outside of the Damascus Gate. General Gordon, who lived some months in Jerusalem immediately before going to Khartoum, and devoted his time exclusively to the study of this subject, also accepted the knob of rock at the Damascus Gate as the most probable position. The connection existing between the Holy Sepulchre and the second wall comes about in this way: The crucifixion took place “without the gate.” Now, the second wall is supposed to be as old as the time of Hezekiah, and its existence at the time of the Savior’s sojourn on earth is not doubted. The Holy Sepulchre is at present in the very middle of the city. The city may have grown round it in eighteen centuries, but if this second wall could be traced so as to inclose the spot within its circuit, its specially exalted sanctity would be at once destroyed. The most sacred shrine of the Christian Church would cease to exist; the Crusades would be looked upon as a delusion, as only a fight for an empty nutshell. This will show the interest which attaches to the few feet of ancient masonry which has been discovered at the head of “David street,” in Jerusalem. The thirty yards of wall is not enough to decide the point; it would require perhaps to be traced one hundred yards further to know whether it went off to the west, and included the Holy Sepulchre, or turns to the east, so as to leave the shrine “without the gate.” A continued exploration is impossible, as the space is all built over to the north. Under these houses lies the secret which has such interest and importance. There for the present it must remain, and we must wait till the time comes when some other house has to be rebuilt and the digging of the foundations may give us another glimpse of this significant wall.

—London Daily News.

“False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.”

POETRY, OR FICTION?

THE novel is the popular form of literature in our days. There was a time when the drama held this place, and he who would live by his pen must write for the stage. John Dryden, who had not even a third-rate dramatic faculty, had to give thirteen years of his life to the manufacture of stage-plays, mostly out of materials taken from Moliere and other French authors. The rage passed away, and its place was taken by lyric, didactic, and narrative poetry. There was a time when each new volume by Longfellow or Whittier or Tennyson or Browning was a public event. It was the theme of talk in the street cars or on the hotel porch. The funny people of the newspapers based their jokes on it, or perpetrated parodies on it. The English-speaking world was a poetry-reading world.

But it is so no longer. There is no longer that popular demand for verse which encourages the best abilities to give themselves up to its production. If they write it at all, it is usually as an avocation from the serious work of life. No poet of to-day has a public at all comparable to that which greeted the poets of the last generation, and sustained their efforts by its applause. It is the novel-writer who holds the place once conceded to the singer, and it is time to take stock of our loss and gain through the change.

It is a loss in so far as the change is a shift from the study of the ideal to what is called realism. Poetry as a whole deals with human life in its higher possibilities. It points the spirit upward to the unattained. It fosters enthusiasm for the true and the good as well as the beautiful, and lays its emphasis on the *ought*. The novel, as a rule, takes life on the other side. It tells us what it is, rather than what it ought to be. It thus takes the strain off human endeavor toward the ideal, and makes us more ready to accept what the world is and what we are as inevitable, if not exactly satisfactory. It thus abandons one of the greatest functions of literature,—the prophetic.

This change is due largely to the diffusion of what are called scientific conceptions of life in modern society. Those conceptions tend to acceptance of what is as right, or, at least, as the nearest to right that is possible. Ethics is discarded,

or treated as a branch of the natural history of man,—as being merely a description of the social movement in directions which tended to the preservation of society. Good and evil in this view excite little more enthusiasm and repulsion than do the colors blue and red. They are here,—that is all. Now it is not necessary for a novelist to be consciously animated by any materialistic or skeptical tendency in order to bring his work into this line of influence. Margaret Oliphant and Anthony Trollope are fair instances,—the one a member of the Kirk of Scotland, and the other of the Church of England, and neither of them with the smallest inclination to irreligion, rather the contrary. Yet the works of both tend to the quenching of ideal enthusiasms, and to acquiescence in worldly society's low ideals of duty and of life. Both cherish scorn of those forms of baseness and meanness which society has stamped with its disapproval. Both fail to recognize any higher standard of duty than society does.

From these two writers, who belong rather to the past, there is a distinct descent when we come to Thomas Hardy and William E. Norris. Here the inevitableness of low ideals is broadly accepted. In Mr. Hardy's view, it would seem, women have no character at all, nor are they expected to have any. He is not a misogynist clearly; but he simply treats the whole sex as below the moral level. Mr. Norris treats both men and women with a pervasive but gentle cynicism, which saddens and depresses moral hope. He is a more logical Thackeray in his view of life and of human character. The world is a wicked world, but it would be foolish to care very much about the fact, is the burden of his message.

Now, it is true that we have poets who illustrate the same evil tendency, and novelists who cherish aspiration and enthusiasm. From the novels of George MacDonald or Edward Garrett to the poetry of Mrs. Robinson-Darmester or Walt Whitman is not an upward step into a better moral atmosphere. We are speaking of novels in the mass and of poetry in the mass; and we certainly would urge upon all young readers to make the latter rather than the former

their favorite line of reading matter.

Of course, there are difficulties. We move most easily on "the line of least resistance," and the novel is easier reading. To understand the best poetry requires patient study and sustained effort. Few novelists make any such demand on attention. Even George Eliot and George Meredith can be read for the story, to the neglect of the deeper meanings of the one and the keen epigrams of the other. To read most novels is "as easy as falling off a log." It involves little more trouble than to turn the pages. And the harvest is proportional to the toil. Six weeks later we find not a single trait of character, fact of the plot, or remark of the dialogue, remains in the mind. Except as a mode of resting a tired mind it is the most absolute waste of time; and few people tire their brains to the extent that might justify this resort to a literary soporific.

Just because other things are harder and require effort, they should be studied and mastered. It is not only poetry of which this is true. History, science, philosophy, criticism, anything and everything that sets the mind at work, is preferable to reading what makes no demand on the active powers. The body that is fed on "spoon-meat" becomes flabby even to disease. The races which have been fed exclusively on fruits and sweet roots have vanished from the earth when thrown into contact with the eaters of grain and meat. And the mind which turns away from solid and nutritious reading to the average novel, turns to its own enfeeblement and ultimate ruin.

To return to our first theme, poetry of the highest order can be made a study at once delightful and profitable by careful attention and wise direction. A young girl recently said to her mother: "I cannot express to you the difference that Miss B.'s teaching has made to me as regards what I find in Tennyson. I used to pick up the book as an amusement, and please myself with the rhythmic beauty of his verse, or of his choice of words. But now that I have the key to his meaning, every line is a contribution to its expression, every page is full of significance." That key can be had by every one. No teacher has any monopoly of it. It can be applied to genuine poetry of every kind and school.

MacDonald, in his "Seaside Parish," shows us how much we may get from Herbert and Vaughan, the two best sacred poets of the seventeenth century. Herbert's "Temple" is not a big book. It can be had for any price from ten cents up to two dollars. It contains some things which are merely quaint and fanciful according to the bad taste of his time. But it contains a wealth of thought and suggestion for the Christian life and its duties, which makes it of inexhaustible value. Here a choice spirit has distilled the essence of his own life into forms of perennial beauty. Here a soul rich toward God in faith, in humility, in wisdom, has bequeathed his best wealth to his fellow men of all the coming generations. And withal this man was one of ourselves, tempted to the frivolous life of a worldling and a courtier, plagued with a vile temper, fighting at every point for his soul's best life. And he writes not as one who has passed through it all, and looks back upon it from the safe ground of old age. Herbert died in his thirty-eighth year, confessing the greatness of that divine goodness of which he sings:—

"Love bade me welcome, but my soul drew
back

Guilty of dust and sin;
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entering in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack anything.

"'A guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here!'
Love said: 'You shall be he.'
'What, I, the unkind, the unworthy! Ah, my
dear,
I cannot look on thee.'
Love took my hand, and, smiling, did reply,
'Who made those eyes but I?'

"'Truth, Lord, but I have marred them. Let
my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' saith Love, 'who bore the
blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You shall sit down,' saith Love, 'and taste my
meat.'
So I did sit and eat."
—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

"Be ever gentle with the children God has given you. Watch over them constantly. Reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of the Scripture, "Be ye not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I heard a kind father say, "I talk to them very much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them."

Department of Correspondence.

WE are in receipt of a lengthy letter from Bro. Russell Archibald, in answer to ideas advanced by Bro. Barmore in regard to the meaning of Paul when speaking of meat. The letter has many good points, but as it is aimed at a shadow, we withhold its publication.

We think that a careful reading of the Word of Wisdom will be all that is necessary to convince any reasonable person that not only does it not prohibit the use of meat, but further that there is not the slightest conflict between this later revelation of God's will through his servant, Joseph Smith, and the statement of the same through his servant Paul. Bro. Russell concludes his letter in these words:—

"I only wish to assure you that my arguments emanate, not from the source of a selfish and carnivorous appetite, but rather because my convictions are that God has ordained meat for the use of man, and I could not teach otherwise. I am a firm believer in the Word of Wisdom—temperance in all things—and am only contending against the argument which some have produced that we should discontinue the use of meat *entirely*.

"I am aware of the fact that some of our best elders in the ministry do not use meat. They have discontinued the use of meat, not because they thought it was wrong to eat it, but on the contrary, have done this realizing it to be a sacrifice, and in making this sacrifice have made some special covenant with God. I have not yet found any who discontinued its use because they thought it was wrong, although I have heard many in advocating abstinence from the use of meats refer to these leading members of the church.

"May God help us each and all, individually and collectively, to comply with his ordinances as he shall manifest them unto us; at the same time finding no fault with others whose opinions may differ from ours."

Let us recommend to our young brethren and sisters that they put the matter to a test or in the words of the prophet, 'Try the Lord and prove him.' Was a greater inducement ever offered to mankind than is held out in this? If there is aught on earth anything more desirable than the blessings promised to the *keeper* of the "Word of Wisdom" then we would be pleased to learn what it is and if any of the young Saints can point to it we will be glad indeed to have them do so.

Let us suggest to our correspondents that there are many themes for your pens—themes full of absorbing interest and questions to be discussed because of the information to be gained from them. Seek them out and use them, for in this way the space allotted you will be well used and your efforts will result in great good, not only to yourself but to all who read. In the letter published this month from Agnes Moore, what food for thought and reflection is found in the quotation she gives. Many of you are from time to time reading good books, and as you read them you must have your own thoughts about what you read. Share those thoughts with us. Let us discuss them and by this means benefit each other, and this department will contain gems of thought worthy of preservation. By this means many valuable books will be mentioned with which you may not now be familiar, the boundaries of your information will be enlarged and the store-house of your mind enriched.

We are pleased to announce that the young Saints of Lamoni have organized a local branch of Zion's Religio-Literary society and are holding regular weekly meetings which are both well attended and sustained. We give place in this issue to a paper read before the society June 3 by Bro. J. A. Gunsolley. We are glad that Lamoni is not willing to be left behind in any good work.

CULTURE.

Of the many definitions given to the word culture, the following seem to embrace, more fully than any others, that phase of the subject which it is intended to discuss in this article: (1) Enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training. (2) Civilization. (3) Refinement and taste. With these definitions clearly before us and the subject well in mind, let us proceed.

I desire to make one or two bold assertions at the outset—assertions which I will not attempt to prove, but which I stand ready to prove at any time if necessary. First, Culture is something which very many in every community lack. Second, It is something of which very few possess enough. Third, It is that of which no one possesses too much. Fourth, It is to be esteemed more highly than gold. Fifth, It is so cheap that it is within the reach of

every one and may be acquired by all who desire it.

How many of us can remember when we have been forced into company (for we were too bashful to go voluntarily) and we did not know how to manage our hands; or we tried to get our feet which seemed rather large, behind the chair; or we fancied our clothes did not appear just right; and we were almost afraid to speak for fear we would not use proper language, and when we did speak we were almost frightened at our own voices. We have all had some of these experiences, doubtless. How many of us now can stand up before even a small audience and express freely our thoughts? I dare say there are but few present to-night who do not feel some degree of embarrassment when making such an effort. The trouble is we need culture. We need to be enlightened, and we need the mental and moral training Webster mentions. If we are certain we are informed upon a subject, there is no hesitancy to converse upon it.

Too many people assume to know all about a thing when possibly, in reality they know nothing at all. I am reminded of that class of individuals represented by the young lady who had a great habit of saying, "I have forgotten," but when told would say, "O, yes." Her teacher asked her one day for the location of a certain city, or some other place. She replied that she did know but had forgotten. The teacher said, "It is between the poles," and she replied, "O yes." Or I am reminded of the college student who when asked by the professor of science concerning a certain thing said, "I did know, professor, but I have forgotten." The professor replied that it was really too bad, because he was the only man in the world who ever knew, and now he had forgotten. Too many of us fail to learn many things we might know, if we were not ashamed of displaying our ignorance by asking questions. Let us not be too much afraid of exhibiting our ignorance by asking for information, but let us avail ourselves of every opportunity to learn, and above all, let us not presume to know when we do not; and let us cultivate the idea that it is not a disgrace to say, "I don't know."

To appear well in society we must have regard for the wants and rights of others; and how can we regard them if we do not know what these rights are? There is no other way to become acquainted with these matters than to enter into society and observe and practice them. One might as reasonably presume to build a house, knowing nothing of the science

and principles of mechanics, as to make a good appearing in society, knowing nothing of the rules of etiquette.

In order to show a proper regard for the rights of others, we must have a feeling for the welfare of others,—a genuine desire to do them good. By doing good to others, we thus secure good to ourselves. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is true in this phase as well as in others. I believe it is a truism that "honesty is the best policy;" but I do not believe that this should be the motive for being honest. I believe one should be honest, not from any policy at all, for to be honest from policy would be wrong; but one should be honest because it is right so to be. True culture leads to honesty.

The man of culture is a broad and liberal-minded man. He who has never, or but seldom, been outside of his own little domicile can scarcely be a broad-minded man; neither can he be a cultured man. To be cultured requires a mingling with our fellows, and this in good society. It is true one may be cultivated in street manners, but this cannot be called culture. There is nothing elevating or ennobling in the manners and customs of those ever present street loafers. If there is any foul language, there it will be prominent. If there is any scandal afloat, there it will be the current topic. There is the cesspool of filthy conversation and obscene stories.

To be thoroughly cultured, one must be educated. I do not mean to say that no one can be said to be cultured who has not been through college, but I do mean to say that culture and ignorance are incompatible; and if a collegiate education is obtainable, so much the better. One may hold a college diploma and still lack many of the elements of true culture. He should possess good breeding as well. By good breeding I mean he should have good common sense, good manners, polite demeanor, and a proper understanding of the rules of etiquette. And more than this, he ought to be posted upon current events. At present he should understand that there is the greatest fair the world has ever seen, the modern world at least, in progress in Chicago. He ought to understand the Behring Sea case, the Hawaiian annexation question, the Chinese exclusion act, the important Labor decisions of our courts, the remodeling, or revising, of the pension lists, disastrous floods, Woman suffrage movement, Nicaraguan difficulty, Extra session of Congress contemplated for September, Sunday closing of the World's Fair, Trial of Dr. Briggs, the Catholic movement, and a score of other

things concerning our own government directly. In addition to these he ought to know something concerning Home Rule in England, The Army Bill in Germany, the struggle for more liberal government in Norway, Persecution of the Jews in Russia, Cholera in France, Real estate boom in Palestine, Financial depression in Australia, and many other things which affect the old world. He ought to know that republicanism in government is overspreading the entire world and that monarchy is tottering to its fall. He ought to know all this and more. He ought to know that the entire religious world is filled with unrest because of disruption and division, the people, or laity, demanding more liberty, forcing the clergy to make the concession.

In the truly cultured we may expect to find consistency; and consistency comes from fidelity to our honest convictions. You will never find the cultured person playing a double part,—acting a hypocrite. A gentleman was smoking in the waiting room of a railroad depot when a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to a sign which read, "No smoking allowed." The gentleman with the cigar pointed the policeman to a sign at the opposite end of the room which read, "Smoke the choice Havana." "Now," said he, "which am I to observe?" There are many just such people in the world. Men who might wield a great influence for good, destroy their influence with all honest people because their lives act the lie to their professions. It is not uncommon to see men representing the pure doctrine of Christ, telling the world of its cleansing power—cleansing our bodies as well as our souls—and these same men who ought above all men to be examples of cleanliness and purity putting into their mouths filth and things confessedly injurious to the outward man; and there may at times be heard issuing from their mouths things which defile and corrupt the inward man—vulgar stories, boisterous laughter, unchaste remarks, and sometimes absolute profanity.

A stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Neither can we lead higher than ourselves have gone. Haply we may point to the perfect example, the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," but unless we have been there ourselves we cannot lead thither. The father who says, "Come, my son, let us go to Sunday school," will have vastly more influence over that son for good than another father who says, "Come, my son, it is time you were going to Sunday school." And so I believe the minister who can truthfully say, "Come, my

neighbor, let us go to Christ," and prove by his life that he is telling the truth,—that he has been to Christ and knows the way,—will have vastly more influence for good in winning souls from the error of their way than another minister who simply points in the direction which ought to be followed, but is not found walking therein himself.

Culture will give us a zeal to help others, to share with them the good we ourselves have received. It is claimed by some that selfishness is a natural trait of character. I admit that it is of the flesh, and "he that so weth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;" but this is also true, that no one, save an abject miser, when he finds a good thing desires to keep it all to himself. His joy is always enhanced if it be shared with another. This results from the good within us struggling for supremacy, and if we give heed to it and cultivate it, we will reap bountifully for our labor.

At the request of the members of the St. Joseph Mutual Improvement Society we give place with pleasure to the following, and add our own earnest desires to the many which will follow Bro. Forscutt, that the watchcare of the Lord may be over him and that he may be abundantly blessed in his ministry.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, Our Beloved Bro. Mark H. Forscutt as Missionary in the City of St. Joseph has labored faithfully and diligently for the past four years to establish and build up the work of the Lord, and

Whereas, by the appointment of General Conference he is about to take his departure for a foreign mission to regulate, set in order and establish the affairs of the church among the South Sea Islands, and

Whereas, Our brother was the founder and first president of the Young People's Mutual Improvement Society, and by his wisdom prudence and consideration has endeared himself to our hearts, and by his instructions guided our steps in the onward way, and

Whereas, This Organization through the blessing of heaven and the wise counsel of our brother has been, and promises to be a powerful means in the development of the young spiritually and intellectually, here and elsewhere, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby express our highest estimation of the ability and earnest devoted service of our brother, and our deepest regrets that we should be called upon to

part with him, while bowing in submission to the call which takes him from us.

Resolved, That we will unitedly endeavor to so act that the good work begun among us may never be impaired, and that the seeds of truth planted may spring forth bearing fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold, to the glory of God and satisfaction and joy of our brother.

From the depths of our sad tearful, but we trust, unselfish hearts, we say. Go, dear brother, on thy blest mission. May the Holy Spirit comfort thee, may thine angel attend thee, and may'st thou return safely to thine adopted land bringing with thee the blessings of the Islanders, as thou hast the united heart-felt prayer of the young people of St. Joseph.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sr. Maggie J. Braden, of Cameron, Ont., writes to the department, urging those who are sustaining it to renew their courage and zeal, looking to reap in time if they faint not. She asks all the young to remember that there is something for each one to do which will remain undone if they are not true to the trust committed to them, and speaks of the beauty of humility in those who choose it in contrast to those who do not choose it, but are compelled to be humble.

In a letter from a correspondent who fails to sign his name the subject of the young saints failing to let their light shine and thereby draw others to the light of truth is dwelt upon, and the assertion made that if the gospel law does not govern the life of those who have obeyed its first principles, it is of no benefit to them and becomes a hindrance to others. The point is well worthy the consideration of each one who has found and embraced the gospel of the Son of God.

Sr. Addie Grant writes from Bay Port, Michigan, expressing much the same sentiment. She says, "The best sermon that can be preached in this world is our everyday walk and conversation." It will be a brighter day for the church when all come to a realizing sense of this great truth and above all, practice it.

My Dear Sister:—You have no doubt begun to wonder, and with good reason, "why Agnes does not write," but I know you will forgive my long delay when you hear how busy I have been. And, as a peace-offering, I will promise, not only to send you a long letter now, but also another very soon again.

Do you know we have moved? What a comprehensive little word that *moved* is! Well the trouble and work was not very pleasant to be sure, but still I am glad we *are* moved, for although our migration was very short, only about one hundred feet, yet the difference in the situation of our new home is as great as if the distance was one hundred miles instead. There is not a more finely situated house on Jersey City Heights, than the one we now occupy; we have splendid views from nearly every window. We can see not only over most of lower Jersey City but much of New York as well, and far out on the bay. The Statue of Liberty seems quite near and shows off even better at night when it is well lighted up. In fact the whole scene loses very little of its attraction by the coming of darkness. It, rather, simply takes on a new form of attractiveness. The thousands and thousands of lights impress one more deeply with the vastness of the scene and make one think solemnly of the great number of our fellow creatures who are living so near, some in joy, in happiness and hope, some in sadness, in sorrow and despair.

The very finest view we have is from a window in my room. I wish you could come up with me now and take a peep. It is simply grand. Perhaps, in another letter, I will tell you as exactly as possible all that can be seen from "my window." The least extensive view we have is from the window beside which I am writing, yet even from it I can see something beautiful,—a large cherry tree, which for ten days has been a perfect picture with its wealth of white bloom, and for a few days it has had a rival in the apple tree beside it, which has dressed itself up very daintily in pink. The evening is windy, and the cherry tree is losing its beauty, for every now and then a shower of the snowy petals floats though the air.

Over close neighboring roofs I can see the western sky. The sun is setting amid heavy, dark clouds which break here and there, showing streaks and gleams of reddish gold. Isn't it nice, that although we may not all see wonderful sights or great cities, nature's triumph, beautiful sunsets, are free to us all? And after all, nature's pictures are always the best.

At last, summer is almost with us, and as an earnest of its near approach, the season has begun for the industrious and friendly (?) mosquito, the noted, far-famed Jersey mosquito! We don't make them at all welcome as we do not appreciate the feeling manner in which they show their appreciation of us.

Well, dear sister, perhaps you will think I have already fulfilled the first part of my promise, but it seems now as though I have only got started, there are so many little things to tell you. However, I do not want to weary you, so will soon say "To be continued," until another time, very soon, as I promised.

Not having had time to write much of late, I, of course, have not had time for much reading either; but in odd moments I have got nearly through two good books that old, old book Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and another called "Precious Thoughts" being selections from the writings of John Ruskin, a Christian philosopher whose writings are not only pure and beautiful to read, but teach many good lessons as well.

I told you some time ago, did I not, that I have given up the reading of ordinary "news-papers?" So many of them are filled with such awful "news," and told in as sensational a manner as possible. It seems to me they must have a demoralizing influence, don't you think so? And even though the reading of them, constantly, would not hurt nor lower us, yet it would give no improvement to our minds, nor elevate us in any way, and life is too short to be wasted in doing what we feel to be wrong. We have so little time at best, to serve our Maker, and do good to others, as far as God gives us opportunity.

This is a subject, which as you know, dear sister, lies very near my heart and I would love to dwell longer upon it, but having already written so much, I will content myself for the present by copying for you one very short selection from "Precious Thoughts":—

"Anything which makes religion its second object, makes religion *no* object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing, he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers him *no* place." The heading of this selection is, "God's place in the human heart." Hoping you are quite well, with kind love and best wishes,

I am ever your sister,

AGNES MOORE.

"PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS."

The above was the topic taken by one of the Chicago societies of ethical culture that I chanced to hear yesterday. I have listened to a great number of speakers of different sects, but never was I so taken up as this time. His lecture was in the first place original instead of the usual paper written, hobbled, and patched

theories of most speakers. His lecture was very logical with facts and common sense however abused his creed-bound enemies might conclude it to be.

He spoke of the grand work to be done by the meeting, of men of all nations, of all ideas, of the world, and the divinities they chose to worship. He saw in it something more wonderful than had ever happened before, and said that men begin to see their opposite faiths must no more prevent them from treating one another with love, brotherhood, fellowship, and the common good of humanity in general. Coming together at the sick bed, the legislature, in devotions to the poor, for the rights of home and its interests, however far creeds may be apart, men and ethics demand and see the necessity for coöperation and unity of all mankind for an infinite conception of good and love for our fellow men, and must work for the best good, for the one common cause of living beings of to-day. The spirit of all is to set their creeds aside and to shake hands in the united work and best religion or ethics to produce happiness one with another on one level divine standing. He spoke of one people having one god and another some other, of one having one kind of creed and others claiming another, but that, he says, is fast being set aside and men are growing wiser in the profound and sublime infinite law of ethics. He saw truth in the worship of all and said the ethics in each one of them brings harmony.

He then showed the foolishness of people trying to impose a book called the Bible upon people who have ethics in other books. He saw truth in the works of Sanskrit, or the Koran, the work of Mormon, the Bible, etc. and that it is possible for ethical works to continue and increase. He quoted the thought of Newton and others of modern date and the ethics taught and advanced by them, showing that the present is of more value than the past, being the seed of the future. He explained three distinct religions of our world as being Brahminism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. (He did not mention Buddhism, but that, I believe, sprung from the Brahmins the same as the popular sects of Christendom sprung from Romanism and Paganism. All have a glimpse of the one great God, the Creator of all things.) He explained ethics and creeds in comparison of the Persian statue built sitting in a low temple, and if it tried to rise the temple would have to be burst or the statue of ethics never would stand erect. He showed clearly the tendency of clergymen and public speakers of theology to teach ethics in preference to their

articles of faith and the dead past, and says he sees a restlessness and inward activity of their souls in defending their opposite faiths that they may hide their wornout creeds which they yet reverence as relics of the dark-mindedness of the dead past, and that the time has come when ethics will, like the mustard seed, grow into a great tree to the consummation of "crumbling creeds." Ethics, like the survival of the fittest, is as law which abides forever. He then shows the mode of Chinese ancestor worship. The father of the house being worshiped by the son, his grave visited when dead, and the subordinates of state falling down to their superiors, the whole of them worshipping the dead past. He then showed the consequences, the nation now a dead set, shut out from the light of to-day, going backward. He showed what inventions they had had that are now lost to them.

Their conception of divinity being the expanse of external greatness, they are full of egotism, believing the rest of the world is not worth either conquering or converting. He saw in the Hindoo fire worship the grandest of all worship. They saw the sublime, and divine, beautiful, inspiring, internal work of something awful and divine, and their idea was to convert the whole world. He claimed Hebrew worship to be of modern times, it commencing with their exodus from Egypt, their idea being to conquer the whole world and not to (force) convert it. He showed how Christianity was divided up but acknowledged the most enlightenment and power to be with it, but without ethics it was only a disgrace and a harm.

Ethics of religion was and is like a vast organ, the different creeds being its pipes and stops, and one religion plays each a different tune, but when they have the key (ethics) all can play without discord, and all will then be beautiful and a victory realized for the universal suffrage and fraternity of man.

He denies all rights of one certain sect having exclusive rights to divine favor. He advised his hearers to think more and to act for themselves. He appealed to their reason by many truths. I cannot remember them all, and what I have written is very poor compared to the original. It was well worth listening to.

Thus the meeting of one hour and a half closed without either a song of thanks, or a prayer, or humiliation, but amid cheers and clapping of hands. It put me in mind of the secret combinations of the disobedient Lamanites. The voice of that speaker almost made me shudder for it was not the right spirit.

When the nations say Peace, then sudden destruction shall come upon them, for the wicked nations will God turn into hell. No name of Jesus Christ, our Mediator, no law divine to follow. Like the people of Babel they build a tower "some other way." There is a hope for the just, for there is a rest prepared for them. The speaker said he was sick of creeds, and that all men were of the same mind. Then why not obey him who says, "this doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me," and of whom God said, "Hear ye him"? To his disciples he said, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Matthew 28: 19. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—Mark 16: 16. See also Acts 2: 37-41; 8: 36, 38; 9: 6, 18; 18: 6, 34, 35, 43, 47; 1 Corinthians 1: 13; 15: 29; 1 John 5: 6-8; and more if any want them. Commandments: Matthew 5: 19; 19: 17; John 14: 15; 15: 10; 1 John 5: 3; Revelations 14: 12; 22: 14. The some other way: John 10: 1; 2 Corinthians 11: 4; Galatians 1: 8, 9; Colossians 2: 8; Hebrews 10: 26-29. The world wise: 2 Peter 3: 3-4; 1 Peter 4: 18; James 5: 1-6, Ephesians 4: 18; Romans 1: 21; Mark 15: 22; Matthew 23: 15.

Now, Saints, we know the "truth indeed" whatever man has said. Put all the unbelieving that were, are, or ever shall be on one platform, and the Spirit of God on the other, and which shall I obey? Every man esteemeth himself a God; yes, only yesterday I spoke to a lawyer who admired men in making gods out of themselves. How humble he is when in a grave. Our God is the "Hebrews' God," the God of Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and Elijah; yes, and the God of Nephi, Benjamin, Mormon, Moroni, Peter, James, John, Joseph, and Hyrum, my God, the clay god's God, the God of the living and of the dead. The nations may rage and the people imagine a vain thing, for, saith the Lord, "I am God, and there is none other." Hear that, ye proud, and blot it out if you are able. He can and will open the graves and it maybe then your haughtiness will abate.

The wise men may raise their hellish Islamism, their Karmaism, study Aryan, and swallow hypnotism,—that does not change the unchangeable God or his unalterable decrees. Laugh, wise men, now, but weep and howl to-morrow. He that is builded upon the rock of Christ's revelation cannot be moved. "How firm a foundation!" It is one good thing, these men cannot take away our hope now so manifest. It is not because they

are not selfish enough to, however. Thus I see wickedness increasing. They are calling down fire from heaven. They indeed have a spirit, but how dark and terrible. I see a storm coming, Saints. It is working all manner of destruction in its path. Be faithful, that you all may escape. Walk not fearing a single man of clay or his weapons. We have ours and a commander that will not run away and hide in a conflict. To arms! to arms! Hold fast, and sure is the day!

We have much need of going right up the hill to victory that our faith from heaven, not of man, might gather together in one all they who are seeking the Lord while their ministers will meet together in their own wisdom to discuss just which way God shall obey them. We have much to learn that we be provided against the storm and conflict nigh.

Your fellow comrade,

ARTHUR W. G.

LA GRANGE, Illinois.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

"Clear thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent, and effective.

*We are glad to have an article this week from the Superintendent of the Sunday School Association of Decatur District. He tells in a modest way how schools may be successfully organized, but says nothing about the hard work often necessary to get to these meeting places, or the hardships often endured.

How, with one or another of the officers of the association, assistant superintendent or secretary, appointments were made and kept, through rain, snow, heat, or cold. Six miles, fifteen miles, ten miles, up and down grade, exposed to the weather they mounted their bicycle often after dark in the winter, and worked their way along the railroad to the different places in the county needing help, coming home near the "wee sma' hours" to be ready for school, plough, or office again on Monday morning. Keeping the coals glowing, stirring them up and laying fresh fuel thereon that the fires might continue to burn, and pouring oil upon troubled waters. Nor is this all. Such work to be done successfully, cannot be done spasmodically nor without thought. We know that from among the press of duties which life brings to these faithful laborers, time has been found to spend in consultation, that the work might be done systematically and successfully.

Is it worth while Sunday school workers? Ask of these three who with moistened eyes and reverent words tell of the Holy Spirit's presence with them in their work. Of a school organized here, another there. Still another kept from going down a few miles further. Yet another, discouraged, disorganized—a house

divided against itself. When word of this last, flashed along the line to the Superintendent, he felt the delicacy of the call, and yet his heart was fired with the thought of work to be done, and that he must not be found wanting at the call of duty. The next Saturday night found him at his post. All the thought, work, and trial of that night and day are known only to Him who doeth all things well, but the reward came in the shape of a large attendance at Sunday school on the Sabbath and reorganization, with hopes and prayers for successful future together in the love and fear of the Lord.

Only last Sabbath a walk of twelve miles through mud and rain was made by two of the officers of the association to reach another school. A professor in the school at that place, one not in the work asked if they had walked in that morning in the interest of Sunday school work. The reply was, "Certainly." Well! he said, as he calmly surveyed these young men and took in all the disagreeable features of the situation, "You will succeed in your work." Later on he added "Why, a heavy dew would stop our workers!"

Officers of the District Association do you think it is worth while? Please let us hear from you that others may be benefited and encouraged.

"HOW THE PASTOR MAY HELP THE SUNDAY SCHOOL."

There is not a more important field of work than the Sunday school. There is no class of

*We regret that this article has been unavoidably crowded out.

workers more enthusiastic in whatever is taken in hand to do than little children. If you can get them interested in anything its accomplishment is certain. I have never known little ones fail in any thing they undertook. Child-life too, is far more impressible than at any other period. It is far more susceptible to the bad or good which environ it; therefore great care should be taken to make those environments such as will impress the mind right, then mould the character and shape the man and the woman for the after life. Every true pastor recognizes these facts and should therefore be deeply interested in his Sunday school, and study to develop this nursery of his church. We now inquire how we can best do this.

The first thing which he should recognize when placed over a church is, that he is not only a pastor for the adults, but for the children. The devil will be glad to see him giving his time to the old people and leaving the little ones alone. He can't afford to be careless or indifferent to the well-being of the young people who gather from Sunday to Sunday in his school, for if they are not influenced for good more or less then, the chances are against them, and the responsibility may be his. No greater responsibility rests upon any man than to be called to the pastorate of a Sunday school and church where from fifty to two or three hundred children gather Sabbath after Sabbath. He is the responsible agent under the Holy Spirit to direct all efforts of officers and teachers for the salvation of these little ones. He should therefore show his interest in them by being present at every session, and see that, as far as he can, the exercises are carried out enthusiastically. His place is side by side with the superintendent, the two working together, each sustaining the other, both understanding their relation to each other and the school, and while the pastor does not seem to take any deep interest in the detail work, he should not even allow detail to escape his attention and be carelessly done. If it be impossible for the pastor to be at the school each and every session on account of duties to be performed elsewhere, then he should arrange his plans for stated visitation, and never fail to keep his engagement. He should be on time, and not come in five or ten minutes late, and should take his place by the side of the superintendent's desk, and show his interest in every part of the exercises from the singing of the first hymn till the close. If his visits are occasional he should never allow himself to be coaxed to teach a class, but should visit each class as far as possible, taking special care to

look in upon the "little tots," to whom, above all others, he should have something to say on the lesson.

Should the pastor teach a class in the school, is a question which depends very largely upon his adaptability. All pastors are not teachers, neither are all preachers pastors or teachers, and therefore the question is an open one. There is a great difference in men, and the Sunday school is fortunate if it has a pastor who is likewise a teacher. A thorough acquaintance should be cultivated with the parents as well as the children, especially with the latter, so that when they meet there will be a mutual recognition. A pastor will help his school by not only being acquainted with those who come, but also with those who do not. It will be no loss to him, but a great gain if, when on his pastoral visitation he should stop occasionally and have a chat with the little ones, or speak to the youth on a message on leaving day school, finding out from he or she whether the hours of Sabbath are spent at school. I think there would be less reading of filthy periodicals if pastors would be careful to note the youth of their individual district and show some interest in the girl or boy he passes by. We Protestants have not given the attention to the young we should.

A pastor can help his school better by having a superintendent rather than officiating in that capacity himself. All the best schools I have visited have been superintended by some gentleman or lady who was an enthusiast on the Sunday school, and took his or her pastor into the plans of the school. If it is impossible to get a suitable person, and the pastor can be there every session, he should take the superintendent's position, and secure an assistant, training him or her for the position, and when fitted for it place him or her there, at the same time keeping the oversight of all, while not interfering with the individuality of the superintendent. By so doing he will prove the adage—It is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men. The oversight or pastoral care cannot be given to the school by any one as well as by the pastor. It will, however, require tact and good judgment in holding the reins, so that the superintendent will not feel himself cramped or his individuality interfered with, or his responsibility for the success of the school decreased. The pastor who does this, and finds for every man his work, will be granted, without doubt, success in the gospel ministry. The late Dr. Goodell gave large prominence, I understand, "in the plans of his ministerial life to the Sunday school as the

church agency for discipling and training children, and the child-life; and he recognized no duties as standing in the way of his presence and personal ministry to and through his church Sunday school." Dr. Goodell never acted as superintendent, but only as a pastor, this being his preference, and no man was more successful in building up his church. He was so deeply interested in his young people that, it is said by his biographer when he died, a little boy, who did not belong to his school, ran home and said to his mother, "O, mother! the children's friend is dead!" On the other hand, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, senior, was one of those who acted as superintendent and pastor over his own school. He did not think the Sunday school was an appendage to the church, but, like Dr. Goodell, the foundation, and saw to it that the energy and strength of the church was given to the school. So must every pastor who desires to see his work prosper, keep this thought continually before him, and work accordingly.

Again, a pastor can help his school by a short review of the lesson each Sunday, which should not be longer than from five to ten minutes, gathering up the points and centralizing them, applying some one practical lesson at least. This was one of Dr. Tyng's methods and proved successful in influencing the young people of his school. Every pastor should cultivate this habit, and so apply the lesson that the minds of those committed to him may be influenced for good, and thus gain more helpers.

He can also help his school by seeing that his teachers are prepared to teach their classes. To this end a teachers' normal or preparatory class should be organized under his care for the study of the lesson. He should not occupy the whole time by a comment on the lesson, but should divide the time, say, half for his comments and half for the expressions of the minds of the teachers. It would be well at this class for the pastor to show the teachers how to teach, if he is apt himself.

In short, the pastor should be intensely interested in every department of Sunday school work, in every teacher and every scholar, and should as far as possible cultivate that fraternity of feeling necessary to reach and influence those who come under his care. For he who would build the Church of Christ must save the children. If the world is to be saved it will be saved most effectually by saving the children. The pastor who looks after the children will do most to build up the kingdom of Christ, and to thin the ranks of the enemy. Shepherds increase their flocks by caring for the lambs; so will pastors enlarge their flocks by caring for the young. How can we reach and save the men? is a question asked daily. Save the boys; then you'll have the men. Seek the children early, seek them faithfully, seek them lovingly, seek them prayerfully. The pastor's best work will be in giving direction to their life at the start, and he who does this will help his school and church.

—Missouri Sunday School Evangel.

Editor's Corner.

NOTICE.—Our friends will please remember that all subscriptions for 1893 must be paid by June 15, unless by special arrangement with the editor. Also that after the year 1893 our terms will be *cash in advance*, unless by special arrangement otherwise. None who are interested in the magazine can object to this when we tell them that it is absolutely necessary.

ON THE WING.

MONDAY, the 5th, with a clear sky above us and balmy breezes waking and wafting the fragrance of June's profusion of flowers, we started from our quiet prairie home, our prospective destination Chicago, and the object of our journey a visit to the World's Fair. As we took the parting hand of loved ones and separated ourselves from their clinging embrace, a wave of sadness swept over us, and the question came with force, "Why should we go? Is there aught on earth like love, and what compensation is

there in all the treasures of Jackson Park for even a week's loss of such quiet happiness?" "There is no place like home," is never more keenly felt, more fully appreciated, than in hours of parting or the time of returning. We did not attempt to answer these questions even to ourself, and shall not to our readers at this early day, but perchance the future in its silent ministry may answer them for us with its own revealments.

As the train swept out we cast a last lingering look behind us and set our faces steadily towards the Prairie State. The copious rain

of Sunday had most effectually laid the dust and bathed both field, shrub, and tree with its crystal drops, until they stretched out before us soft and green, like garments of emerald covering the brown earth, which in places opened her bosom for fields of grain just bursting the mold and spreading their tender blades to the balmy air and sunshine of heaven. Here and there the fields were flecked by sleek and round limbed herds, cropping the sweet and tender grass in quiet until disturbed by the shrill whistle of the locomotive they raised their heads, listened a moment, and then bounded away only to turn and gaze from a safer distance.

When our stay at the Junction was ended, and we were about to step aboard our train, the sight of a familiar form arrested us and we waited to see the love-lit face of Sr. Vida Smith as she caught sight of "little Joe" and other friends who were there to greet her home-coming. We too wanted to grasp her hand and bid her welcome, but felt that a moment so sacred were better not intruded upon, and so passed on to another car; not however without feeling the strong outgoing of our heart in tenderest love and sympathy for this noble wife of one of our most faithful missionaries.

Ah, what a study; what object lessons do these self-sacrificing wives of our missionaries present! Has Jackson Park with all its assembling together of the representative women of the world any to equal these? Nay, verily, for *they* represent the world—hence are truly named, but these are not of the world. The Master has chosen them out of the world, that like him far apart from its vain show and allurements they might walk in that way the very entrance to which is through the gate of self-denial and humiliation. Dear Sisters, who by every sacrifice possible for loving, tender hearts to make, are vindicating your right to the near relationship into which the gospel has brought you to him, your Elder Brother, let not the trials and hardships of life bear too heavily upon your spirits, but look forward in hope to the time of reward—the time when the opening heavens shall reveal him, for to that great gathering it will not be "The representative women of the world," who will be called, but upon the weary listening ear of the faithful ones will fall the glad summons, "Come ye blessed of my Father!" Is it not enough for the disciple that he be as his Master? To the end—the weary end—he followed the rugged pathway, drank the last

drop of the bitter cup, and then into the hands of a loving Father committed his spirit. Oh, surely sorrow, trial, and pain, all have their ministries, and will work out "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Representative women of the world!" You have no place among them, for his kingdom is not of this world. But to return to our journey.

Leaving the Junction we were soon speeding upon our way over hill and dale towards the "City by the Lake." How quickly we were hurled by thrifty, teeming villages, where church and schoolhouse side by side reared their spires towards heaven; by distant hills, through green valleys and by crystal streams, until Chariton is reached. Here our branch road joins the main line, and a pleasant wait of nearly two hours is enjoyed in a quiet parlor attached to the hotel at the depot, the windows of which command a lovely view of the surrounding country. No difficulty whatever in discovering the fact that we have left the branch for the main line of road, for the rush and whirl towards Chicago is something which must be seen to be appreciated, and this is augmented by every town passed through. The chariot drawn by steam is equal to the occasion, however, and rushes on undaunted and undiscouraged by the constantly increasing burden.

Night draws on apace, and the sun sinks towards the west. As we lean back, closing our eyes to outward sights, and memory reverts to the past and back through the centuries winds her way, until they number five before the birth of Christ—five and upward. In fancy we are with a mighty host—a multitude traveling over the plains and mountains of Syria, toward a scene oft pictured by fancy in other quiet hours, when the sun sank apace and the stars came out. Far in the distance there looms up the plain of Dura, where the great Babylonian Monarch has erected a mighty image of gold, and has sent forth proclamation to all the officers of his realm to assemble and bow down before this image which he has erected. In fancy we see them journeying by twos and threes. Alone and in companies—upon camels and in various ways, until a mighty company is gathered together. And for what? to worship an image made by the hand of man—an image fashioned of gold, speechless, blind, and dumb. We go over again in memory the scene, standing awe-stricken and terrified when we hear the

declaration, "As for us, O, King, we are not careful to answer thee concerning this matter." We see the three brave, dauntless youths refusing to bow the knee, and stand with bated breath while at the command of the infuriated monarch the furnace is heated seven times hotter than before, and shut our eyes at the ghastly sight as the three men bound hand and foot are cast in. It was surely a brave thing to do thus unprotected and alone. Unsustained by any popular applause, or by aught save a sense of duty, to bid defiance to that haughty monarch and refuse compliance with his demands, simply because their conscience holds them,—because they had given in their allegiance to the God of Israel and could not bow to idols. We recall the thoughts which have come to us when reflecting upon this scene, and remember to have wondered often if more heroic deed in defense of the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience was ever enacted!

But why the going back of memory into the dim past, the centuries wherein human rights were little regarded and those who bore rule consulted only their own will? Why? Are we not also one of a company hastening as fast as steam can carry us—not indeed to the plain of Dura—but to the mighty city beside the lake, upon whose shore a wonderful image is erected—a marvelous display is made. Not an image of gold set up to be worshiped by subjects willing or unwilling, but an image representing the goddess of liberty, the goddess of a free and happy nation which has gathered here her treasures in one vast magnificent display, and is stretching out her hands to the nations of the world asking them to join her in worshipping at the shrine of the good, the pure, the beautiful in art and nature. Not indeed to bow the knee in servile homage, but to behold, admire, and stand amazed at the wonderful specimens of man's inventive genius, his skill, and the rapid strides with which he is marching towards the mastery of nature and her secrets, to the attaining of knowledge long locked away in her laboratory, and at the revealment of which he himself stands half aghast and at times wholly bewildered.

The light of dawn reveals that we have left Iowa far behind, have passed the "Father of Waters," and as the dew sparkles on the herbage by the roadside and bathes the far-stretching fields of corn and grain we note that the season is in advance of our own and the outlook for crops more promising. We

remember, however, that "the battle is not always to the swift" and recall the fact that last year with a less encouraging outlook, an abundant harvest rewarded the farmer's toil. Illinois is certainly a paradise for farmers, and her level fields all their hearts can desire so far as landed possessions are concerned.

The sun has scarcely risen when we are whirled through Sandwich, our old home, and near by which, in the silent city of the dead, the forms of mother and sister are resting. A few moments later and we pass through Plano catching just a glance of the stone church in which we often worshiped with many yet living and with yet many others who have joined the church triumphant.

Not long after leaving Plano the route becomes one succession of villages and manufacturing towns until in the distance Chicago may be discovered, revealed or concealed by the dense clouds of smoke hanging above and around her far stretching avenues of travel and commerce, Chicago which is herself par excellence the typical city of the new world, the outgrowth of conditions to be found nowhere else upon the globe. Nature seems to have planned largely in her favor, for long before the spot where she now stands became the abode of white men it was the terminus on the great lakes of a long route of canoe travel, and as soon as settlement began west of Indiana and north of Missouri, the creation of a great commercial city at the head of Lake Michigan followed as a necessity, and the growth of Chicago has kept pace with the rapid development of the west. Phoenix like she rose from the ruins of the vast conflagration of 1871, and what then was regarded as an awful calamity by the sympathizing world is to-day almost entirely forgotten by those who dwell there, or if remembered is looked upon as a blessing.

Having reached the city in safety, while waiting for the rest of our party to join us before starting for Jackson Park, seems a favorable time for closing the first chapter of the brief sketch which it is our intention to give our readers of our trip to the World's Fair.

IN compliance with the promise made in our last issue, we are pleased to be able to say to any of our readers who may be interested in the matter, that we found Fair View Flats a very quiet, clean, and comfortable home during our stay in Chicago, and as such can recommend it to those who contemplate

visiting the Fair. We give in this issue a correct view of the building.

OWING to our absence from home and consequent inability to communicate fully with Bro. Luff, we are unable to announce fully in regard to his book at this time, as we had expected to do; but think we will be prepared to do so, next issue.

MANY responses have reached us in answer to the notice contained in our last, and we gladly give to all who have asked us an extension of time. We have, however, heard from only a very few, when compared with those who should have written. Think of this matter, friends, and act upon it, and do to us as you would like to have us do to you were the case reversed.

THE following is language none too strong to be used in speaking of this work. It is a volume which should be in every home in the land and if as a wedding present we could give our daughter but one thing, that one would be a volume of Tokology:—

Dr. Alice B. Stockham, the author of Tokology, a complete ladies' guide in health and disease, has made extended tours in

Europe and around the World, lecturing and introducing her wonderful book among the women of Russia, India, China and Japan. Dr. Stockham received marked attention everywhere. She is a most charitable and broad-minded woman, with kindly disposition that makes all women with whom she associates, want to call her sister. She is a rarely successful physican of over twenty-five years' practice. Tokology is already printed in four languages, and 200,000 copies have been sold. Arrangements have been made with foreign publishers for the sale of this grand book. It is sold exclusively by subscription, and the publishers offer liberal terms to agents. Marietta Holley, "Josiah Allen's wife" says of it: "When I opened the book and saw the strong, sweet face of the writer, I knew I should find nothing but good in its pages. It is written with delicacy, bravery and wisdom. I wish every woman in the land could read it." Lizzie N. Armstrong writes: "If I knew I was to be the mother of innumerable children it would have no terror for me, so great is my confidence in the science of Tokology." Sample pages free. Alice B. Stockham & Co., 277 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Drones do not bless the human hive;
It is the toiling bees that thrive."

ART PRINCIPLES FOR BEGINNERS.

From the crude daub on an advertising card, to the world-renowned Angelus of Millet, we call them all pictures. This wide disparity points out to the student of art the necessity of studying pictures and cultivating her perceptions so sedulously that she will gradually come to know, as if by intuition, what is true and what is false in art.

There is a vast difference between a painting and a picture. A painting may show mechanical excellence and technical skill, but a picture must show more. The first essential is truth, or the faithful statement of any fact of Nature. By this is not meant simply imitation, for imitation has only to do with material truths, the best examples of which are to be found in the Dutch school of artists, they who have painted every hair on a cat's back. There is a popular notion in the minds of the uneducated that perfect imitation of itself constitutes perfection. "What is a picture for, if not to look

just like the object?" we sometimes hear asked. Let it be remembered that there are moral and spiritual truths—truths of impression and thought, as well as of form and matter. And are not these a thousand times more important than the purely physical? Not that physical truths can be or should be ignored, for the purpose of a picture is to impress us just as the object itself does, and in order to accomplish this, physical truths must be respected, but they must always be subordinated to the higher moral ones. Ruskin tells us that pictures are language, and "that is the greatest picture that expresses the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

Now comes the point, "How shall we know when art is true to Nature?" "Cannot we see Nature with our own eyes and see what is like her?"—say the public. This mistake which people make in the supposition that they must see what is before their eyes, is the greatest impediment to progress in art, for

they fail to realize that there is a constant disposition to allow the brain to tell the eye, rather than the eye to tell the brain what is seen. A good perspective drawing appears as false to the Chinese as their set of childish patterns do to us. The eye of an Indian, the keenest in tracing an enemy or prey, is so blunt to impressions of light and shade, that an incident is recorded where the picture of a face in half light was mistaken by them for the picture of half a face. Though our perceptions are undoubtedly more acute than those of the Indian or Chinese, a little attention and reflection will enable us to see that Nature does not reveal her truths to all alike, and it is probable that her highest, most divine truths are concealed forever from the commonly endowed. To find them, requires a penetrating eye that sees far below the surface, for "there is no bush on the surface of the globe exactly like another bush; there are no two trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network, nor two leaves on the same tree that could not be told one from the other. And out of this mass of varying, yet agreeing, beauty, it is by long attention alone that the conception of the constant character, the ideal form—hinted at by all, yet assumed by none—is fixed upon the imagination for its standard of truth."

This penetration, though in the case of the great masters a natural endowment, may be acquired in no small degree by patient study. Perhaps you have already demonstrated that your eyes are capable of change. You may recall a picture which you once thought the perfection of excellence, now discarded or barely tolerated. And as long as you study, your eyes will continue to change, and the landscape of to-day will never coincide with the same one of yesterday.

One point in which a developing taste early shows itself is in respect to the finish of pictures. Amateurs usually prefer a smooth, highly finished painting, a thing almost universally distasteful to the experienced. Extreme finish, if it consist in such matters as laying on the paint smoothly, is a low aim with the artist, for by its effectiveness, and often truth are sacrificed. If it be an *added fact*, as in the more perfect bend of a bough or curve of a petal, the finish cannot be carried too far, providing the work consists in perfecting what is already in the picture, not in adding more, for a picture must not contain too much. You ask why not as much as Nature? Simply because the range of human vision is what it is. When we look at a mighty cataract, the torrent of waters subordinates the mosses and lichens on the bank. By representing both with equal fidelity, we are ignoring one of the first principles of optics. A picture should show only what we can see within the range of one optical focus. When it shows more it becomes a panorama rather than a picture.

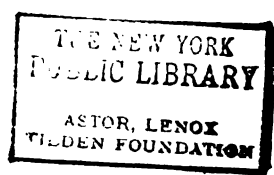
We have been dealing mostly with the development of perception. Side by side with this must come that of memory and reflection. It is to her memory quite as much as to her eye and hand that the artist owes success, and in proportion as the beginner gains in memorizing

the facts that strike her eye, she becomes strong in the hidden forces of her art. The eye catches and absorbs the impressions, but the memory must store them up and utilize them. Ruskin, that exceedingly close observer of art and nature, goes so far as to say that "all which we call genius for fine art, is simply an admirable memory. Claude Lorraine and Turner paint the sky well because they well remember what they have seen."

As an aid to memory it is an excellent plan for the student to take notes of the ever varying phases of Nature. When out for a walk take note-book and pencil, and bring back written pictures of what you see. It may read like this: "Sky clear, with greenish cast above, and sunset colors near horizon. Distant woods purplish-gray. River at righthand of foreground, partaking of the sky tones, only darker and more subdued. Forest at left bordering the river, with aged oak in rear, while in the foreground are several birches which the setting sun has lighted with a rosy glow." The pencil in this way becomes a potent help in making our observations more decisive and clearly defined, and consequently better remembered. Even if you never again refer to the notes, you will find that images of the scenes can be called up with more distinctness and fullness and less of vagueness than before. The same plan may be followed in regard to pictures. But do not waste time on unworthy subjects. Neither if you copy a picture should you ever select aught but the best to be had. If you have not access to paintings of merit the much despised and often abused chromo is brought within the grasp of all. Only be sure that you select wisely. There are many that are taken from valuable paintings, and the excellences of the originals are so well preserved in the reproductions that the young artist finds in them most valuable studies for eye and brush.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

IMPRESSIONS OF FLOWERS.

"I accidentally stumbled upon a method for obtaining a perfect impression of flower leaves in all their beauty of coloring not long since," said William Tenmore. "I was meddling with a number of drugs, of which I have a collection, the relics of many ills. I dipped different leaves of the same rose in various acids and spirits with varying effects. Some of the leaves instantly lost their coloring, while others were partially deprived of their beauty. Then I devised a scheme. I took a leaf and placed it between the leaves of a book. Over it I placed a small piece of white linen, soaked in spirits of niter. Then I laid the book away. About a week afterward I examined the condition of the rose leaf and found it completely lacking all color. But the paper had received a splendidly colored impression that will last forever. I have tried the same process with better paper—perfect impression. The result has invariably been very satisfactory, and I have many fine impressions now stored away as a dainty collection."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.



AUTUMN LEAVES

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NONE OTHER MAY ENTER.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

Our minds build a forest
Of evergreen trees,
Where scarce the leaves rustle
In Autumn's warm breeze.
When ways of our living
Get tangled and pressed,
The soul sick of grieving
May enter and rest.
In shade of the mind trees
That wave to and fro,
And cast their cool shadows
On green banks below.
Where light of the morning,
A silver robe flings,

Like the mist of the marshes
Over commoner things.
Where the waters that break
On the pebbly beach,
Sweet melodies make
For the ears which they reach.
And those ears are our own;
They catch the sweet sound,
But they catch it alone
Of thousands around.
None other may enter
The dream lands we own.
The one who createth them
Enters alone.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY SR. ALMIRA.

MY firstborn was a son, and from his earliest infancy my desire was, that he should be a child of God. Always when I rocked him to sleep in his cradle, and later when taking him to bed, I did it with silent prayer, and as soon as he was able to do so, taught him to say his prayers.

His father was in the army in the time of the Rebellion, and there was no certainty of his return, consequently I had a more tender care of the object of our affections. He was a very active child and, as time passed on, he showed great energy and daring courage, which oftentimes caused him to be hard to govern, yet by kindness and perseverance he would yield. On being questioned in regard to his mischievous acts he would invariably tell the truth.

I had a great desire that he should be a

minister, so when he was quite small I taught him to memorize and recite many appropriate pieces. He showed great tact and brilliancy in that direction which was truly very flattering to my wishes.

Sometimes in my imagination I could see and almost hear him speaking words of truth from the sacred desk, words that would give the child of God more clear views and that would cause the sinner to turn from the error of his ways.

He was apt to learn, but was so bent on fun regardless of the result that he often found himself in trouble, and, like all before him of a similar disposition, thought that he had done nothing wrong only to have a little fun and that people need not make a fuss about it. Time and culture, however, showed him the other side of the case.

One day he played truant with other

boys of his school and set fires in the pasture, which would have resulted in great damage, if the fathers had not learned of the fact in time to prevent it.

The whole circumstance gave me very painful feelings, so I took it in secret to my Counselor, my help, and on the following morning was impressed to take him apart from the family, and reason and pray with him, after which I requested him to go to the teacher's boarding place, and make an acknowledgement, seek her forgiveness, and promise to do better in the future.

"Now, my son, if you feel that you cannot grant me this request, ask God to help you to obey your loving mother, and faithful teacher," I continued, and his reply was: "I can do it without his help." He did not realize that every right thought was from God. He went, however, as he decided to do, and respectfully sought his teacher's forgiveness.

She patted him on the shoulder, kissed him, and said, "I freely forgive you."

That was one good step in the pathway of overcoming, and it gave pleasure to his teacher and joy to me.

When he was ten years old, he came in and said, "Mother can't I have some money for the Fourth? The other boys have some."

"How much do you want my son?" I asked.

"About fifty cents, or so."

"You may have it," said I, "if you are willing to do something to earn it."

"What can I do?" said he. "Tell me and I'll give it a try."

"You can take some pop-corn to the village and sell it," said I.

"All right I'll do it," was the quick energetic reply, and he started as if to get it.

"But wait a moment, my son," I said, "I have not fully stated my ideas, so listen."

"Well, what is it, I want to be off," said he hurriedly.

"You must give one half of what you receive for the corn as an offering to the Lord," was my reply. For a moment his countenance lost its brightness and I continued, "You know that all things are the Lord's, and it is our privilege to give back a part of his gifts to us."

"All right," he said, "I'll sell a dollar's worth, or more if I can. But it'll take me more than one day to do it, though."

In a few minutes the little fellow was on his way with as much pop-corn as he could haul in his handcart. His blue eyes looked hopeful, and his full lips radiated smiles over his entire face as he bade me good-bye and started with motions that showed that thought said, Now for business!

I occasionally glanced out of the window, expecting to see him return with his hopes fully realized, but instead, just as the sun was saying good night to us, and good morning to others, I saw him slowly coming up hill, dragging his cart as though it was very heavy.

I stepped to the door and said, "How have you prospered, my son? How much have you sold?"

"Not one single ear," he answered, "and I can't have any fun like the other boys." His lips pouted and his forehead scowled in harmony with his emotions.

"O, perhaps you will. Some other way may be provided. Often we are obliged to trust and wait, and this may be a rich lesson to you after all," I replied, yet pitying him in my heart and hoping that such might be the case.

"Mr. Hinkly wants father to come down with his oxen to-morrow, without fail, he is all ready for him," said Fred.

"I cannot possibly go; I have work that cannot be postponed, although I promised to go when he got ready," said his father.

"Cannot you go Fred? you are a nice boy to drive oxen you know," I said in an encouraging tone, thinking that possibly he could.

"I'll give it a try, if father will trust me," he replied, his countenance beaming with hope.

After a moment's hesitancy his father said, "Well, my son, you may try. Mr. Hinkly will look out for you, and, as you are a strong boy, I think you will stand it."

The renewed hope, a good, though late supper, and childhood's sleep prepared him for the labor of the following day. At night he came up the long hill with eager steps, driving the oxen with a spirit of manhood. I met him at the door, and asked, "What success to-day, my boy?"

"O, fine! I've got three dollars in my pocket!" he said, "I did just as well as father!" he almost shouted as he took the oxen to the barn.

On coming in he passed the money to

his father with a degree of satisfaction and pleasure unknown to those who do not put forth an effort to help themselves and others. One half was given to him, fifty cents for the Lord, fifty for pleasure, and the other fifty was deposited in his bank—another step taken on the road to true manhood.

The offering was not made, however, without some hesitation. When being prompted he replied: "I asked God to help me sell the corn and he didn't do it, so I don't see that he deserves it."

"Very true," said I "he did not bless you in selling the corn now, but you may sell it to good advantage yet, and besides he ordered the circumstances that brought you fifty cents more than you started out for, don't you see?"

Thus it was satisfactorily settled, and he learned that God blesses, yet not always in our way, but in his own, which is always better than ours.

During the trying age of youth, that is the teens, at one time it seemed as though it was useless for me to pray, or to hope, that my boy, my only boy would be classed with even the average of men; and O, how far below my desires, my former hopes! It seemed as though I never more could lift my heart in prayer in his behalf. It seemed as though my soul was nearly crushed with its weight of anxiety and doubt. At the same time I had the work to do for a sick mother, an aged father, an imbecile brother, a husband, and two little girls (one had been laid in the cemetery).

How did I meet it all? It came moment by moment, as such experience has come to others. While being in this crushed state, almost overwhelmed, a still small voice whispered, "My child, 'Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'"

The burden was lifted immediately and I went about my duties, my soul filled with a peace and trust that passeth understanding. I left my boy's destiny in the care of Him who gave me that peace, for awhile, but oftentimes when he was out on an excursion, with a skating party, or hunting, my fears for him were so great that I felt faint, and I found no way to rid myself of the anxiety, but to go to my Burden-bearer.

Often an assurance was immediately given that he was all right, then I could

resume my labors. On one occasion the sweet assurance, "I have a watchcare over your son," was given me, and ever after, when feelings of fear and doubt would arise in my mind the same words would dispel them.

When about nineteen he was very desirous to learn a trade. The thought had never come to my mind. I had long before seen that it was in vain for me to cling to the hope of his ever filling the pulpit, but I hoped that he would live at home two years longer, at the least. We did not oppose his wishes but consented to his going to a city twenty miles distant, to get a chance to learn the blacksmith's trade, that being his choice. Another young man having a similar desire, accompanied him. I prayed that if it was God's will for him to learn that trade that he might be guided and blessed with a good situation, that is, one in which his moral and religious influences would be pure, and then resigned the burden.

He came home the following day with a glowing countenance and said, "We got a chance. We will commence in two weeks."

The necessary preparations were made, and he went out from home no more a mischievous child, no more a schoolboy, but still our son, on whom we could fully bestow our blessing and our love. He was not handsome, but he was tall and noble looking. In that respect I was satisfied.

Many remarks were passed by both friends and foes in regard to that young, inexperienced fellow going away from home to live in a city, and some thought we ought to put a stop to it and save him from utter ruin.

True, that city, like all other cities, had its places of proper amusements, its saloons, and its places of ill-fame, and it had its places of instruction and worship. He was successful in learning his trade, and returned to us with an untarnished name, and I hope an untarnished soul.

He was taken into his master's family and treated as a member, went into good society, and attended church with them, and consequently formed no immoral habits except smoking. All this was very pleasing except the smoking, and that in process of time was laid aside, and, as I believe, in answer to prayer.

Since that time, I've seen him buried in

the waters of baptism, and have known that for five years he has lived a consistent Christian life.

He has been the blacksmith in the same village where he had tried to sell the corn more than that length of time. He married a worthy young lady, who had been a successful teacher, is the father of two lovely little girls, and has been the assistant superintendent in the Baptist Sabbath school for two years. "All is well that ends well."

The mother is the cousin and true friend of the writer.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"It rests like dew upon the rose,
When life is young and fair;
It softly kisses down the lids,
When night is on the air.

"All up the rugged steep of life,
And in the sun's fierce glare,
It covers him with angel's wings,
The sainted mother's prayer."

MEMORIES OF THE OLD OHIO HOME.

See here, little Pearl, I've been writing to-day,
Letters which are soon going far, far away.
One goes to the east, another goes west,
Another goes back to the old home nest.

Yes, we are scattered, one here, one there,
And death came in too, for his usual share,
And change came about, in its slow, sure way,
Till it finds me here in this place to-day.

My thoughts are with those who are dearer to me,
Than it seems now for others ever to be,
Tho' many my heart goes out to in love,
For have we not all one Father above?

How memory brings to me dear Brother Jim,
For my childish frolics were mostly with him;
How we wrestled and tugged, till one day I knew

Brother Jim was the stronger, and could throw me too.

Then dear Sister Lib, who was older you see
Said, O, what a tomboy sister had she,
And how hard she tried to make me look slim,
In that green delaine dress, she squeezed me in.

And the more she tugged to get the dress shut,
The redder I grew, and the fatter I got?
Straw bonnet then trimmed all in pure white
She tied on my head. I looked like a fright.

Then forth I was sent as other girls go,
Feeling so out of place with my first "Town beau."

But the bonnet came off and fell under the wheel.

What a bonnet! and O, what a wretch I did feel!

Dear Brother Lem, the oldest of all,
The first one to leave our home in the fall.
My heart sadly ached when he did not return,

How a child can suffer! How the heart can yearn!

There were Mattie, and Charlie, and twin girls 'mong the rest,

A house full of babies; I loved all the best.
But Lib claimed our Mattie, while I claimed the others,

Putting aside rightful claims of the fondest of mothers.

Then came there another, dear father's fond joy.

"I love him the best, my beautiful boy.
I will call him Joseph for he is dear to me,
As Abraham's son to him ever could be."

Of the "coat of colors," he often would tell
While his fond eyes would turn to the son loved so well,

"The rest will all leave, but Joseph will be,
Right here, on the farm in old age with me."

And, as he grew, they were seldom apart,
For father was dear to his childish heart.
Happy with pa each day on the farm,
Who could have dreamed that aught could bring harm?

First Lem, then Lib, and Jane too had gone,
Each one away to a home of his own,
When a telegram came, "Our Joseph is dead!"
For the father I loved, my heart sorely bled.

Fond hopes crushed forever, buried 'neath the green sod,
Yet who knows but his treasure drew him closer to God.

A year quickly passed bringing me home again,
To find a wee baby where once Joseph had lain.

Not like him at all, but pale and so thin
Poor little "Rolla!" Mother's heart took him in

And for a few years, what love 'twixt these
two!
Stronger and closer and firmer it grew.

Swift word came again, with pain to our breast;
This time it was mother called home to her
rest,
Faith speaks to my soul, "You will meet her
again,"
So rest, my dear mother, from sorrow and pain.
Home changed after this: all had now gone
away
But the dear aged father, who lives there to-day,

OMAHA, Neb., March 22, 1893.

Waiting in patience, to be reunited in joy,
When the summons come to him, with Joseph
his boy.

And mother's dear Rolla a man stout has grown,
And in far California is making his home,
While Mattie and Lib are at home in the East,
And Jim still is nearest the old home nest.

And I in Omaha, midway 'twixt the oceans
In memory's embrace, fondly each am folding.
There is room for you all in my heart as of yore
With the fond hope of meeting, where partings
are o'er.

JANE.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

BY MAY GUNSOLLEY.

"**H**OW can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

"A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." —Matt. 12: 34-37.

I have especially noticed of late the evil that is among us in great force of slander, talking against our neighbors, backbiting, and evil speaking. I hear it on every hand. This should not be. We should control our tongues. Our Savior has taught us to be pure in heart, to be kind and gentle one toward another. If we have nothing good to say about a person we had better, far better be silent. Just because we know an evil against anyone do we need to spread it abroad, first here, then there? Will it elevate us? Will it not probably lower them, and perhaps our own selves as well?

I have had people come to me and tell tales of others that I highly esteemed, and I could not believe what they told me and do not believe it to-day. Still, it makes me feel strange.

Really I felt like asking them not to tell me anything about it, but I did not dare to do so. However if I had, I would to-day have more love for them than I can possibly now have. I thought a

great deal of them, too, before they told me those things. They lowered themselves in my estimation a great deal, while they tried, I think, to turn me against another.

Ofttimes things are told me about a person when I do not know whether they are true or not, and every time I see that person, for some reason, this tale presents itself to my mind, and, although I love them, this thought comes to me.

Some of these tales may be true; some may be false. They surely ought never to be repeated if they are false; and if they are true, no doubt they would be better kept silent. In Proverbs 11: 13 we see the statement, "A talebearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter."

What shall we do if some one comes to us with a story against another? Shall we sit and listen to it, or shall we tell them we would rather not hear it? Yes, it would be perfectly right to tell them we would much prefer they would not tell it; or another good plan would be to say, "please wait a moment until you get some paper and a pencil." Then take down what they say and when they are through, ask them kindly to place their name at the bottom of what you have written.

Dear Saints, our thoughts should not be occupied with low things, but we should think of something that is elevating and ennobling, something that will bring us closer to God. Only a few days ago a lady said to me: "I am afraid of that person." I inquired the reason and

she said, "Because when she comes to my house she always brings a bone and I am afraid that she will take one with her when she goes."

By this she meant that whenever this person came to her house she always brought some tale, told something against another, and she felt that if this one always came to her with some evil that she would most likely take some story from her home to relate to others. These two ladies are members of the Latter Day Saint Church. Let us who claim to be the people of God try to keep the commandments of God. He is not pleased with the slanderer and the speaker of evil. Then why should we do what is not acceptable in his sight. Let us banish such thoughts from our minds and never again permit our unruly tongues to utter evil about anyone. We should have more wisdom than the outside world. We should set a better example before them. We must cultivate the habit of not speaking everything we know, but of thinking before we speak. What is more pleasing than to be in company with a true, kind, and loving heart, one that always has a good word for everyone, who thinks only of the good deeds of

those around, always seeing something good in everyone. True, they may see much that is not good and elevating about them but all of that is dropped and unheeded.

A dear, true, noble friend and sister I once had, but the Lord saw fit to take her from us not long ago. A sweeter nature I never knew. She was indeed a grand sample of Christian character. I never heard her speak a word against anyone in her life. She was always joyful and happy and she ever tried to make all others happy around her. She was very fond of flowers and music and was a sweet singer. Many there are that use her life for an example or model to follow. Many try to be like her, and when they are doing this they are trying to be "more and more like Jesus."

This is the kind of society we should seek. These are the kind of lives we should imitate.

Let us ever keep in mind the true hearts and minds and strive earnestly to keep the commandments of our Father in heaven. Let us pray that we may have strength to shun all the evils of the world. Let us live true lives that the world may be better for our having lived therein.

PEARL'S STORY.

So Pearl, you want a story to-night,
What shall it be about, my dear?
As you look at me with those blue eyes bright,
Another child's face so bright and clear
Comes up before me, with winsome grace,
Large, wondering eyes, in the little face.

One cold and bitter winter's night
The snow lay heavy on the ground.
And just before the morning light
A stranger in my home I found,
A tiny, pretty baby girl,
Just think of that, dear little Pearl!

I gave her welcome, the little one,
For I said, "She is just from fairy land,
The dearest baby under the sun,
Given to me from the Father's hand.
So she must be good," and I fondly pressed
The little stranger to my breast.

After awhile, she would laugh and crow,
And splash in her bath in happy glee;
From the crown of her head to her little pink
toe,

She was just as sweet as a baby could be.
At last asleep and limbs at rest,
Like a birdling she seemed in its downy nest.

Four years more, and a little girl
With a quiet face and dark brown eyes,
Like yours looked up at me, dear Pearl.
Though yours are blue, as the brightest skies,
It seems I can so often trace
An angel's touch in each little face.

She has grown to womanhood now, and I
Oft wish she were little again like you.
But never while rivers flow 'neath the sky
Will "old Time change his course," is true,
Guess, dear Pearl, can you not see
The brown-eyed girl, is Cousin Marie?

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.—No. 2.

A HOUSE must be systematically managed in order to make its occupants happy, so in like manner the physical house must be managed, in order that the spirit may be happy. This point was explained in the first essay; but we will make a brief repetition. The head should be kept cool and calm, extremities warm, the form erect, lungs well inflated, and there should always be a plenty of pure air. Food should be adapted to the age, occupation, and physical infirmities of the consumer; also it should be taken at regular periods.

Don't overload the stomach and then resort to cathartics for relief. Keep up a good circulation either by exercise or manipulation.

Keep proper hours of sleep and take a fair amount of recreation. Father wants us to enjoy all his blessings and not abuse any. We know by sad and almost fatal experience, that circumstances will not always permit one to observe these hints, but that does not lessen their value. So let us demonstrate them individually, inasmuch as is within our power, and besides cultivate cheerful thoughts. "My troubles are so many, and my spirit so gloomy by past trouble, I can't," is the response of many a heart. We reply, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls." Such has been the experience of many, in all ages, and such is the experience of many to-day. What if a person has failed to rule his own spirit in the past, it does not prove that he cannot in the present. He only has to make a stronger effort.

Cities that have been laid low, have been built up again, and flourished even better than before; so have minds that had been laid low, and left without protection. The mind can be built up by cheerful, peaceful, hopeful thinking, and it can be fortified by being held positive against evil and passive to good.

"What if life's pathway has been strewn with misfortune's skeletons, is that any sign that we should keep dragging them along with us?" Such a course only burdens and unnerves us for the reception of present enjoyments. There is no day, no hour that does not

give some blessing for which we should be thankful. No situation in life is entirely destitute of a blessing. There is no error, no sorrow that we cannot be relieved of, by our own trusting, obedient efforts to obtain the blessings offered by the Infinite. It is "I can't," that paralyzes our efforts and robs us of their effects. It is "I can and I will," that give power and result, and it depends upon our own choice.

Then if we want sickness and sorrow we only have to live in conditions to produce those effects; and if we want health and happiness we must live, if we compel ourselves, in conditions required to produce that result.

"I can't" is a sprout from the root of fear, and it can be exterminated only by ceasing to think of it, and then filling the mind with brave demonstrative thought.

"O I could, if I were situated as other people are, but, in my situation, I can't," is the response of the burdened heart. If we can't in our own situation, probably we could not in another's. If we yield to fear once we may again, and every life has its obstacle. Every one has trials and sorrows, and they are the penalty that follows error either consciously or unconsciously, not that a loving Father willingly inflicts punishment upon us, but as a faithful teacher deals with his pupil. It is for his good and, like us, he learns wisdom by suffering, if he is sensible. Each heart feels its own bitterness, and the less it is cherished the better. "Fear and sensitiveness are a part of my makeup; they were born in me, and I have always been under their control; so how can I help it?" is the language of the victim.

We now say, although such has been our experience, that the idea is false, is baseless. Error must yield before truth and invariably will if the truth or right is applied strongly enough to meet the case. Error is the absence of truth and its opposite, so, consequently, as truth rises, error must fall. Then let us learn truth, gird on the armor of faith and go forth to battle, not with our neighbors, but with self, and never give up till victory is won. The greater the conquest, the greater the conqueror. 'Tis he that overcomes that shall have the crown. In like manner, he

that overcomes self and sensation, shall have health and happiness. But in order to arrive at a certain serene condition of mind, which results in a proper discharge of every function of the body, we have to overcome not only our own positive inclinations to evil, but also the evils of those with whom we associate. All are liable, if not on guard, to unconsciously adopt the habits and evils of others. The result will be the same, for that which we adopt is ours.

If every person should cease speaking of others' faults and cease thinking of evil of any kind, in a short time there could be no evil to think of, neither to contend with. Then it might be said by each, My heart is filled with thy love, and I am ready to do thy will, O God.

Now, insomuch as we practice the same, we are advancing in the right direction, in the direction to attain health and happiness, and we shall cast a pure reflection on the minds of others, which will be reflected again and again.

According to our understanding of the structure and use of the nervous system, we know that when we have once had a thought, or performed an act, whether by our own will, or the influence of others, it is easier to think or do the same again, whether right or wrong. The virtue or the vice is not in the nerves but in the mind that controls them. We should avoid every thought and act that tends to give unhappiness to ourselves or others, and by so doing we shall live by the "golden rule." Don't understand that the writer desires to give the idea that she has always practiced as she preaches. No, no; she cannot be so false, but with you will try. Mind will act, mind must act, and at a very early age, too, and it will act and develop upon what is placed before it. The impression always corresponds with the instrument that impresses. All impressions on the mind will be exhibited sooner or later and perhaps when not desired. This point shows the necessity of those who have the care of youth and children, being watchful over their own thoughts and acts, before them; for surely thus the iniquities of the parents are visited upon their children, and children's children, as well as being filtered down through the blood of generations.

The mind develops by exercise as do the muscles, and it is more necessary for

us to make good selections for its use than for them. That is the spiritual part; they are the material. That is real; they, the unreal; or that endures forever, while they are of short duration.

"The mind receives nutriment, digests, assimilates, secretes, and excretes. According to the harmony of these processes, intellectual power is developed, and bodily functions held in equilibrium. The mind should no more be crowded with useless and hurtful imaginations, than the stomach with more food than it requires, or with indigestible or poisonous substances. We should cast all beliefs and opinions from the mind that experience has proven to be false and valueless. The state of the mind, as the quality of thought, is exhibited by its corresponding appearance upon the body, upon the face the most visibly portrayed. Gluttony, selfishness, licentiousness, fear, grief, doubt, etc., all and each are exhibited through their victims, and each affects the quality of the blood, and its circulation. The nervous system controls the caliber of the blood vessels as well as the chemical action of their fluids, and any mental condition, which destroys their equilibrium, and makes tense or relaxes the venous or arterial circulation, produces appearances of inflammation, congestion, etc."

If we establish an equilibrium of mind, and turn our attention from the body, except to keep it clean, comfortably clothed, and properly fed, the functions will naturally take care of themselves, even as the broken bone is healed.

As the real person is the mind, the body should be no more to us than the house through which we express the idea of home.

The love of home with all its enjoyments is often lost sight of by fostering and rehearsing unpleasant details, even though it may be a rich home. While on the other hand, a humble cot may become a happy home by its occupants' cherishing and rehearsing only pleasant details, and omitting all sensations, likes and dislikes. If we allow our minds to be occupied with past scenes of discord and horror, our feelings will naturally be the same; and the result does not stop there. It is reflected and photographed on the minds of others. So in like manner, if we place the mind on harmonious scenes, they will certainly give us pleasure, and

consequently we shall have a pleasant countenance, and our associates will accept and practice the same in spite of themselves. If we seek to give pleasure to others, our sensations will in time respond to pleasurable emotions of mind thus created. When we forget self in contributing to the happiness of others, we are filling our mission, and in no case shall we lose our reward. We shall have it in our own conscience if nowhere else. "Take no thought for the morrow," means a cultivation of faith and trust in the wisdom and power of God, which a constant fear and anxiety contradict. We should hold our thoughts positively toward a realization of the wisdom, power, and love of our Creator. There is but one source of life in the universe. That is God, the substance or he that upholds all the universe. He is everywhere present by his Spirit; is the source of all knowledge, all power, and all love. O, then why cannot we lay down all our unnecessary care and anxiety at his feet, and trust him with all our heart? It is because we allow ourself to yield to self and sensation. We center our minds too much in temporal things, too little in spiritual things. The lilies simply live their lily lives; the sparrows have no anxiety, and they are cared for; so in like manner are the fish of the sea, and the beasts of the field, and we might say the savage tribes of men. Why then should not we?

If we cannot have faith concerning our present emergencies, how can we have faith to be taken through into the untried realities of eternity? Without faith, we can have neither health nor happiness. "Pleasing thoughts, faith, affection, serene self-surrender are helps for the assimilation of strength," says Rev. W. R. Alger, while on the other hand, "Painful thoughts, doubt, fear, hate, and pride are a great source of spiritual, and consequently physical waste. Such is the testimony of thousands who have demonstrated the fact, and my feeble testimony is, I know it is so for I have experienced both sides of the question. But few realize how great the effect which his mode of thought has on his health and strength. Pierce a butterfly with a pin, and fasten him to the wall, and he will flutter till his nerves and nerve centers are emptied of force; then

he is dead. Every dissatisfying, fixed idea, is to us, such a disastrous pin. The idea that truth is unattainable; that we are wronged and undervalued; that the world is worthless and full of misery; that human nature is false and contemptible, and every similar painful, fixed idea, is a probe, pinning us against the wall of self-consciousness, and keeping up the wasteful flutter of its forces."

When in such a state of mind, he is neither fit to live nor fit to die. The world is made worse by his influence, and heaven has neither use nor room for him, until he changes. Then he is a candidate for either situation, a pupil drawing knowledge and strength from the Infinite Mind. Paul tells us that God does not give us a "spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Such being the fact, and knowing that he has no respect to persons, why do we hesitate to obey him and work rightly?

It is because we each have some weak, erring point. We think it might be said to each, "Where are these thine accusers? Go thou and sin no more." Good and evil may approach each other, but they have no affinity. One or the other will predominate, and that one is the one that has had the greatest cultivation. They are opposite in character, opposite in purpose, and obtained by opposite processes. The more a wrong idea is cherished, either in thought or speech, the darker it becomes and the worse the effects; but a right idea grows brighter the more it is cherished and its effects become more perfect.

The mind should not be allowed to dwell on disease, either our own or that of others. If one is studying botany he does not spend his time and talent examining imperfect, decayed vegetables, but the perfect; so in like manner, if we wish to have an experimental knowledge of health, we must study on the subject of health, and prove its simple laws for ourselves.

All life, all power, all good comes to us through the same great source, the self-existing Being. It is not thrown down to us by our restless, selfish pleading, but it comes to us through avenues of soul, by our faith in and obedience to the laws of that Being—somebody's soul if not our own, our parents or our grandparents.

In like manner the reverse may come to us and has come to some of us through the ignorant practices of our ancestors. We have had the sufferings and disappointments to bear in consequence, but are not held responsible for their ignorance. We are responsible only as we have understanding or as we have had the privilege of getting understanding.

In many respects the customs of our ancestors were more productive of health than some of ours, yet they erred on some points. Our error is in not striving to overcome wrong habits, and in cultivating their opposites. Evil is always cowardly, and if we assert our rightful power over it, we will conquer, whether it be our error or a hereditary error. If the true master is absent, evil will surely take its place. Right or that which is in harmony with God's established order is the only true sovereign. We must realize that error is true to us only in proportion as we make it true, and false in proportion as we make it false. We cannot deny that evil and disease exist, because they certainly do, the latter an effect of the former, but they find no lodgment in the inmost, eternal soul.

If disease exists it is not a necessary part of our body, but it is something added by an interference with the working of natural laws.

Disease has no more place in the material body, than sin had in the soul when it proceeded from its pure source. The violation of those laws produces an inharmony between us and God's established order. Then let us try to keep ourselves under the control of that order, denying the power of evil and disease to harm us, knowing we are protected in truth.

Stout and sincere denial of error weakens its power, but the denial of truth does not weaken its power. If truth seems to give way to error, it is because we do not have a firm hold upon it. The truth does not give way; we give way. Mere words of denial do not possess the desired efficacy. If we deny the power of an ailment, it must be done with a spirit of faith in the power of the mind, and the energy that is put forth. In the earnest denial, is a power that instantly begins the work of destroying that error. If there is but little result in one denial, deny again and again.

For illustration: If we have a headache, let us at once deny its power to harm, and then turn the mind in another direction, to the foot or the hand, to business or pleasure, anything that will turn it from the locality of the pain. We have demonstrated this fact in different localities, and know it is true.

If we have a cough, give the lungs all the pure air they can possibly be made to take in, and cough as little as possible. If the heart trembles and flutters, don't yield to the sensation, but brace against it, and deny its power to harm. Heart trouble is often caused by a weak state of the nerves, a disturbance in their electric forces, and can be overcome by ignoring the sensations and filling the mind with calm, hopeful thoughts. As the mind must act, let us place it on the sensations of health, and we shall be liable to attain those sensations.

It is in vain to pray for health and happiness, or financial blessings and live in conditions contrary to the desired effect. One might just as well pray for an abundant crop when he neither plants nor cultivates. No thought, no act can perpetuate life beyond the natural time; the machinery will wear out. Every object that has life, has its rise and its fall, its birth, maturity, and death.

We see the fact demonstrated in the vegetable kingdom as well as in the animal, and we learn by both, that each class is governed by its own laws. Each is saved by obedience, lost by disobedience. There is no chance, but in an overruling providence who holds the destiny of nature and nations, according to man's obedience. The vegetable exhibits itself in perfection if nothing interferes with its laws of perfection, and lives out its allotted time, some having more days and years to rise and fall in than others. Our physical organization, being yet more perfect, has its birth, maturity, and death, too, and it cannot be avoided. One is just as natural as the other. But many, however, die before their time. They might have lived longer, have been more useful, have been happier, and made their friends happier, if they had lived in conditions to produce that effect. We read that the day of one's death is better than the day of his birth. That being so, why should we have such a horror in thinking of that event? It is because

our mind is centered more in the material than in the spiritual. To be constantly fearing that change only hastens it. The ancient writers tell us that God's people lived out their days and fell asleep. If we rightly prepare ourselves for the duties and obligations of each hour, the duties of the days and years will be performed, and we shall be prepared for the great change. Dying grace will be given if we accept daily living grace.

God is not a God of the dead, but a God of the living; for all are alive unto

him. All the same to him, all the better for us, if we have so cared for our bodies, and so used our minds as to claim the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

"In the lives of blooming roses,
Wafted on their fragrant breath,
Comes these words of inspiration
All is life, there is no death.

"Death is swallowed up of victory,
Learn this truth, O sons of men,
Love is deathless, and compassion
Is its brightest diadem."

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

It is a most beautiful legend,
That the poet so sweetly sings,
Of the bell of the angels in heaven,
Which softly at twilight rings.
A music supremely entrancing,
But only that person can hear,
Whose heart is free from all passion,
And of hatred and sin is clear.

I know of a music much sweeter
And grander to mortal ear;
Everyone, if he wills, can feel it,
And at any hour can hear.
'Tis made, not by heavenly angels,
But by human hearts and wills;
This music is most inspiring,
The soul with rapture it thrills.

'Tis in the most wonderful palace,
Its glorious anthems roll;
In the very innermost chamber
Of the temple of the soul.
The heart that feels the approval
That comes from a kindly deed,
Knows well there's no sweeter music
On which the spirit can feed.

In sweet'ning the life of another,
In relieving a brother's distress,
The soul finds its highest advancement,
And the noblest blessedness.
That life is alone worth living
That lives for another's gain;
The life that comes after such living
Is the rainbow after the rain.

This spirit of human kindness
Is the angel the soul most needs;
It sings its most wonderful psalm,
While the heart does its noblest deeds.
It leadeth our spirits in transport
To celestial valleys and streams;
By day it gives grand inspiration,
And at night it brings beautiful dreams.

In the twilight of life when the angels
Ring for us their heavenly chime,
The true heart will mount on the pinions
Of a symphony more sublime.
And the reason that music is grander
Than the bell which the angels toll,
'Tis the voice of God thus proclaiming
His temple within the soul.

—Edward P. Sheldon, in the Arena.

WORD OF WISDOM.

DEAR READERS:—

I HAVE been thinking much of late in regard to the Word of Wisdom, and have often felt constrained to write my thoughts in regard to the keeping of it. Some seem to think it is out of harmony with the teachings of the Bible because St. Paul says, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some

shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared as with a hot iron. Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe, and know the truth. For every creature is good, and

nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving. For it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."—1 Tim. 4:1-5.

The apostle Paul was evidently speaking of the apostasy. (2 Tim. 4: 3.) Nearly all of his communication to Timothy was in regard to the falling away of the church from grace, which we believe occurred about the time of Constantine or immediately after, and I think that the apostle's prophecy was fulfilled when the Pope at Rome decreed that the Catholic Church as a body should not eat meat on Friday of each week, and for forty days before Easter, and that the priests should not marry. They claim that this is based on the teachings of the apostle Paul. The Catholic Church is the only one I know of that receives these as commandments.

In 1 Corinthians 7: 7, 8, the Apostle Paul talks rather against marrying; but to avoid sin they *may* marry. This he says he speaks by permission and not by commandment, but in Hebrews 13:4, he says, "Marriage is honorable in *all*." In Roman 14:13, 14, 15 we read, "Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean. But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, thou walkest not charitably [if thou eatest. (I. T.) Therefore] destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died." (Read also the remainder of the chapter.)

From this we see that St. Paul understood the Word of Wisdom.

Now I do not understand that it is a commandment in any sense, but it is to me more like a counsel of a kind, loving, and indulgent Father, who, in his wisdom, tells his children his wishes and desires for their good, that they may profit thereby and receive the reward he has in store for them. And truly obedient, and dutiful, and loving children would be as anxious and quick to obey a father's wishes as they would be to keep his command; and even more so, for the keeping of a command, because it is a command implies fear, while obeying his slightest wish shows a love that casteth out fear

and is truly more gratifying and pleasing to our heavenly Father than because of our fear of his wrath. The caption of the Word of Wisdom, section 86 of Doctrine and Covenants, reads as follows:—

"A Word of Wisdom for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and church; and also the Saints in Zion. To be sent greeting, not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom; showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days. Given for a principle, with promise; adapted to the capacity of the weak, and the weakest of all Saints, who are or can be called Saints."

Now this can in no wise conflict with the Apostle Paul; for the words the Lord uses in speaking of meat are nearly identical with the words Paul uses in writing to Timothy. In the fifth line of the second paragraph we read: "Yea, flesh, also, of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, hath ordained for the use of man, with thanksgiving. Nevertheless, they are to be used sparingly; and it is"—now please mark this—"and it is *pleasing unto me* that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold or of famine."

Now in all the Word of Wisdom there is not one "thou shalt" but the allwise Father and Lord of all gives his word that if the Saints "remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments" they shall receive great blessings of health and strength, "and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord give unto them a promise that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

What greater blessing could we ask, simply for keeping God's wishes and following his advice than those here promised, though we should have to practice self-denial in our eating and drinking and in the use of tobacco.

In the beginning, when God created man he put him in the garden of Eden; and told him, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth; and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding

seed; to *you* it shall be for *meat*."—Gen. 1: 31.

By this we are led to think that God intended that man should live on a vegetable diet. And again, in Genesis 3: 18, when our first earthly parents were driven out of the garden for transgression of God's wishes we read, "And thou shalt eat the herb of the field." Still the command was to live on a vegetable diet. Still man's meat is vegetable until after the flood we find in Genesis 9: 3 (in I. T. 9th v.) God gives commandment to Noah that "every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things."

So you see that the presumption is possible that man lived nearly two thousand years without flesh; and then with the command that it was for meat was the injunction that it was to be used with care and not wasted, if I understand the Scriptures. Even the Indians seemed to understand this wise economy of our Father; for they never wantonly kill anything, but only what they absolutely need; and the land was full of their cattle and fowls till they were wantonly destroyed by white men.

Again, when the Lord by the hand of Moses was leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, and when they wandered in the wilderness forty years, he rained down manna to feed them and they knew it was angel's food and that it sustained their strength and whole being and was sweet as honey to the taste. Yet, after all God's power and love and mercy, manifested in bringing them out of Egypt, and his goodness to them in many ways, the giving to them of water in the desert, and manna rained daily from heaven that they might drink and eat, they mourned for the flesh-pots of Egypt and rebelled against Moses, and the Lord was much displeased and poured out his anger upon them, though he had given them no commandment that they should not eat meat. King David in Psalms 78:11-39 recounts God's dealings with Israel from the time he set his hand to bring them out of Egypt down to his own time when he was chosen to be their king, and in Psalm 104: 14, 15, King David, singing of the mighty power and providence of God says, "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring

forth food out of the earth; . . . and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." And now for an example we will turn to Daniel and see what was his diet and how he throve and was blessed of God both in mind and body.

We find him in Jerusalem in the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, when Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon came and besieged the city and took the king of Judah and his people captive and a spoil of part of the vessels of the house of God and carried them into the land of Shinar. And I suppose Daniel and his three friends were schoolmates, and were active of body, and bright of mind, for they were chosen with certain other young captives, by command of the king of Babylon that there should be no blemish on them, but well favored, and skillful in wisdom, and cunning in knowledge and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and the king appointed a portion of his meat and wine that they should be fed daily and nourished for three years, that at the end of that time they should stand before the king. But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

Daniel found favor and love with the prince of the eunuchs and begged of his keeper that he would give them pulse to eat, and water to drink for ten days, and asked him to try them for that length of time and at the end of that time to look upon their countenances and the countenances of those that ate of the king's meat and as they saw to deal with them.

So he consented and fed them pulse and water to drink, and at the end of the ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which ate of the portion of the king's meat, and so the servant of the king gave them pulse, and they were fed and nourished for three years.

And to these four children, God gave knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom, and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams. Daniel seemed to be a leader with his schoolmates and boyish friends, and was more blessed than they, because he led them to do God's will or rather wishes, for we can nowhere find where God commanded even the

Hebrews to abstain wholly from meat. Yet these three endured fire for God's sake.

And at the end of the three years the man who had them in charge brought them in before the King, Nebuchadnezzar, and the king talked with them, and among them all, there was none found like Daniel and the three Hebrew children who were with him, and so they stood before the king.

And in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the wise men and magicians that were in his realm.

Now we can see how God's blessing rested on Daniel and his companions because they denied themselves and did not eat the king's meat which must have been a great temptation to young men or rather, well-grown boys who generally have good appetites and a desire for dainty food; and I do not suppose that in this regard Daniel was any different from the youth of the present time.

And we also see how God's anger was kindled against the children of Israel when they murmured against him and cried for meat and the flesh pots of Egypt.

The doctors of medicine and the learned men of our time all admit that meat is not good for our physical being. They claim that pork is injurious in the highest degree causing dyspepsia, cancer, and

a host of skin diseases, while beef is bad to cause bowel trouble, hemorrhoids, and like diseases, and if a physician is called on to treat a case of hemorrhoids, he will require as the first thing necessary to a cure that the patient quit the use of beef.

So we can see the wisdom of our heavenly Father in warning us against the use of such things as would be a detriment to us physically; for, if the body suffers, the mind must suffer with it.

And in regard to coffee, tea, and other drinks, I do not think we can expect much reward if we abstain only because we do not like the taste of them. That would be a sort of negative self-denial. Or because they make us so sick that we cannot use them, for it is no temptation to use anything of it sickens the stomach. The Lord said they would be poisonous because of adulteration, and a week ago I was at a friend's house and she showed me some coffee they had bought of a Chicago firm and it was badly adulterated with coffee grains made of clay and they were as nice looking coffee grains as anyone would want to see. Thus we see that the deception we are told of in the Word of Wisdom is already in full sway.

Hoping that all may see and understand the harmony of the Word of Wisdom with all the Holy Scriptures,

I am your sister in the gospel of peace,

C. FINLEY D—.

INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

WHAT would this beautiful world of ours be without the educated and noble characters within it?

It is the good surroundings that mainly educate and build the character of a person, as it were, round by round.

The agencies which bring about these surroundings, whether for good or evil, are first the home. This is the most powerful, because it has the person from birth and he is with the family more or less through his life; also the ties of affection bind the family together, and thus the child naturally is more easily influenced by the home.

If the surroundings are of the best, if

there are kind friends who have an interest in us, Christian parents to do all in their power to train us in the right direction, good reading all about us, we, of course, will seek the right path. But if the opposite is the case, no home nothing but evil companions, no kind friends to speak a cheering word, the tendency will be to take the downward road.

The school, society, and the church are other means by which people are influenced. The last sometimes might have greater power as it deals with the mysterious things, those things which all have to meet sooner or later.

A child is more easily influenced than older people, and the various things taught us while young are more tenaciously held and remembered than if received when older.

Much depends upon the age and nature of the child and man. What would be an influence for good to one person would appear in just an opposite light to another. All the little influences help to mold our

characters, and how we should seek and strive for the very best and be contented with nothing less. Success in life really depends upon our surroundings and whether we make the best of them. If they are bad, the effect is to draw away from the good and degrade us, while, if good, the tendency is to push us onward and lead us to seek for those things which will elevate our lives.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEW words descriptive of those four points of land spoken of in the previous chapter, will not be amiss. Just around the curve on the inside shore of the first point was, in the days of which I write, a shipyard owned by E. West and sons, where occasionally ship building was in process.

There was also a shipyard at the fourth point, owned by Mr. Daniel Huntly. Around the second point, where the channel was the deepest and broadest, the people's wharf jutted out from the road at one end of the long railed bridge. Vessels used to come into this wharf late in the fall and load with potatoes, apples, and sometimes cordwood and carry it around to help provide for "Uncle Sam's" rapidly increasing family.

The beach on the opposite side of the creek from the wharf, was very steep for a little way till it neared the point then it became broad and sandy with gradually sloping marsh flats with thickly inhabited clam beds near the channel.

This beach was a frequent resort for clam parties, being on the northeast side of the point and shielded from the sun in the afternoon. Tables were erected among the trees, or the cloth was spread down on the greensward just above the sand belt or high water mark, and great, strong ropes were made fast to the boughs of some large trees to make swings for the young folks both little and big. Occasionally a party of young people from among the wealthy classes away inland would drive down and have a picnic all to themselves, get a good feed of clams, a smell of the salt water, and, with arms

full of ferns, go home in high spirits.

Occasionally, too, the people of the vicinity all turned out and held conventional picnics, but the ones that I enjoyed most were the improvised picnics.

There were two families in the upper district, a mile or more above our place, with whom we were very intimate. The mothers would plan to give their children a treat after school, and, during the day, would make a lot of petty-pon cakes, and miniature tarts, and if there was not a supply of pumpkin pies in the pantry to draw from, some were made, and other kinds of pies too. If in apple season, two or three pans of sweet apples were baked to have cold. Just as school was out, the family wagons, well stored with wholesome nicknacks, a bushel basket, a spade to dig clams with, and two or three iron pots to boil them in would draw up to the door with the father and mother already on board and call to their children to "Get in and go to the beach for a clam party!"

Both schools would be out at the same time and the wagons would pass us just before we reached home and the drivers would call to us to "Hurry on," for all were "going to the point for a clam party." This bit of news was answered with a little gleeful shout, and the exertion of our utmost speed. Perhaps mother would know of it before they came, and perhaps not, but it did not take long to gather up a few eatables and dishes and whatever would be nice from the garden and fruit orchard. The point was only a little way from our house, down a hill, across the causeway, and then around the beach.

The children would spring out of the

wagons to make room for mother's boxes and baskets.

By that time we would be there ready to join them, and away we would go to the shore, running, hopping, and skipping, nearly wild with delight. After reaching our destination we amused ourselves in various ways, scarcely knowing just what to do to make the very most of the time.

The men hurried off to the clam beds with spade and basket, sinking nearly knee deep in the soft, sticky, black mud while digging them. The women, with a boy or two to bring the water and wood for them, made preparations for the supper.

When all was ready and two or three large dishes of smoking hot clams turned out of the pots and placed on the table, the scattered children were called together, and good-hearted Mrs. Gay Newcomb always insisted on waiting on the table, declaring she was not hungry, and no amount of urging would induce her to sit down till the children at least were well supplied. She would shell out clams and put them on our plates.

This was kindly received by us; for time was quite an item where there was so much to be eaten and our appetites

were sharp enough to relish much plainer food. What feasts those were! I instinctively catch my breath as the memory of those pumpkin pies comes back to me, of how the upper portion of our mouths would sink down in them till there was just the ghost of a sensation akin to fear of being smothered before our teeth found the bottom crust.

It may be thought by some who live in the West where there is scarcely any twilight, that four o'clock in the afternoon was rather late for a picnic, but it must be remembered that in summer time it is not dark in the eastern part of the continent till near nine p. m.

But if I linger beyond the point picnicing, I shall not get round to the sunny side to tell you of that. It was there that we used to go in bathing, though it was in sight of the main road for about twice the length of the cross-way. But it was not close to the road and there was not very much travel.

This third point of land which comprised about five acres was thickly wooded, and the trees afforded a nice seclusion for changing our bathing clothes. And on this sunny side, too, friendly Indians sometimes came and set up their wigwams.

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER V.

A CONFERENCE was held at Merthyr Tydvil in January, 1847, showing thirty-three branches in Wales and nine hundred and seventy-nine members. Thus in less than a year nearly a thousand had embraced the work there. Dan Jones baptized a blind man who afterwards apostatized and commenced an attempt to expose the work. The Captain told him that unless he repented that the judgments of God would fall upon him, but he did not desist. Soon he was taken with a complaint in which he said he was burning up alive. He had his friends night and day pouring water on him and finally he jumped into a pond.

From a letter of Dan Jones, written to P. P. Pratt January 6, 1849, we extract

the following: "After a fortnight's constant pressure of business, which beat my little bark like a raging tornado, I at length report that I am still afloat and seaworthy, and with my colors nailed to the mast head. The last Welsh conference, held December 31, and following days was much larger and more interesting than any other. Our hall, which will hold two thousand people, was so crowded before the morning service commenced that we had to engage another hall nearly as large, which was also filled and continued so for two days.

"Scores came from a distance of one or two hundred miles. All the hotels, taverns, and private lodgings were thronged like an Egyptian fair. Order, union and love were so characteristic of the Saints throughout that the Babylonians

were astonished. The statistics showed fifty-five branches, one hundred and fifty-six elders, one hundred and eighty priests, one hundred and forty-seven teachers, sixty-seven deacons, and three thousand six hundred and three members; total baptized during my labors in Wales one thousand per year. This fills my soul with joy and gladness unspeakable because the Lord God of Joseph so abundantly fulfills the predictions of the devoted martyr on my head.

"In the afternoon meeting the power of God and also the power of darkness showed a wide and marvelous contrast. Whilst I was describing the beauties of Zion, the Prince of Darkness thought I was getting to be too traitorous in the midst of his dominions. He could not bear such good and powerful truths, so he sent a legion of evil spirits into the hall at that time as though he were determined, with one grand rally to storm our little fortress and demolish our citadel with impunity.

In five minutes after their arrival which was seen by some, three females were possessed and many more nearly as bad.

"However, I perceived the enemy's design and having command of the post, lost no time in returning him a heavy broadside with the artilleries of heaven by commanding every evil spirit in the place to depart in the name of Jesus Christ which was responded to by all the audience with such 'Amen's' that the neighbors thought it thundered, and all the devils except three ran away in affright, and the echoes opened the windows of heaven, so that the power of God was felt and seen by all others in the place, and some of our worst persecutors who had come there with evil intent, confessed that God was with us, and shouted 'Amen' as loud as any.

"There were hundreds of young Saints who had never witnessed the like, and who were rather timid, which caused me to maintain the platform for more than an hour to teach them the wiles of the devil and to encourage them to be brave in the power of God. In the meantime I had sent some elders to those possessed to rebuke the spirits who were all the time making the loudest noise with each other calling out 'Old Captain, have you come to trouble us? D—d old Captain, we will hold you a battle.'

"Many other expressions used would be

indecent to utter, and others useless. Some spoke English through one that knew no English of herself and revealed many mysteries; others spoke in tongues, praying for a reinforcement of their kindred spirits and chiding some dreadfully by names such as Borona, Menta, Philo, etc., for not obeying their mandates with greater alacrity and courage.

"The spirit left one of the three females at the first rebuke, but the others cursed all the elders, calling many by name with whom the females were wholly unacquainted. They said they (the evil spirits) were at Carthage in the slaughter of the prophets. We compelled them to acknowledge the authority of the priesthood to the astonishment of all! I questioned one of them on that, asked whether he had possessed any other person in Wales. 'Yes, very many,' was the reply. I asked, 'Did you ever leave one unless compelled to?' He replied, 'No, nor will I go from here either.'

"At the same time the streets were crowded with strangers and policemen drawn there by the noise, and shortly the whole town was in an uproar like Ephesus of old.

"Having understood that these two females had been frequently possessed elsewhere, and had had the spirits rebuked out of them as frequently by the power of the priesthood, and had again given way to them and lived in transgression, I found out why the spirits assured us so often that they had a right to them and that they (the females) had broken their covenants. The instructions of Brother Hyde to me to, 'cut off such after the third offence,' came forcibly to my mind, the which, before I uttered it the evil spirits told loud enough to all, which together with many other things which they gave vent to, proved to a demonstration that these spirits have a way of knowing one's mind. The spirits said we could not cast them out, because some doubted in their minds, and one of them told me to my face in a harsh voice, 'You doubt yourself,' which was too true, because I saw that the Lord had no alternative, under the circumstances but either to turn a deaf ear to our prayers, or disregard the counsel of Brother Hyde, and I was pretty confident that he would do the former though to our great annoyance and mortification at the time.

"I closed the meeting and called the elders together with the females (who were all the time biting, kicking, and swearing most awfully and being held by men) and explained to them the principles above alluded to, and when I proposed to cut the females off from the church, all agreed to it, and after laughing, deriding and saying, 'That's what we wanted,' the spirits left them both in less than five minutes, so that the females recovered themselves, dressed their upper garments which they had previously torn off themselves, and went home without any inconvenience.

"On their way home they were informed that they had been excommunicated from the church, which they had not previously understood, though done over their heads, and they both wept bitterly. In the evening meeting the spirit led one of the females back, but the place was too crowded for her to get inside, and he kept her running about the streets in front of our hall, shrieking, cursing, barking and howling the most hideous noises imaginable, which at times penetrated to the assembly, but she failed to get inside.

"After speaking for seven and one half hours, with but little cessation (meeting all day), I closed the meeting fully determined to be more valiant than ever. We organized a presidency over the Welsh mission and learned that *Zion's Trumpet* lately started, had a circulation of two thousand. The three presidents were blessed in the presence of the vast assembly, with their duties and responsibilities made known unto them to serve the Saints, and with many appeals and exhortations to them and the Saints, I introduced them on the platform to the assembly and told the Saints, that this Presidency was the most precious New Year's gift which I or heaven could give them, and they, with tears of joy streaming down their faces, received them to their bosoms and pledged themselves to love, honor, obey and sustain them by faith and prayers, with uplifted hands, and the scene thereby described, and the sensation produced when they saw their little captain, (Jones was always called Captain Dan Jones) divesting himself of every office which he had held in their midst so long, and throwing garment after garment on some ten men, but above all when he stripped off the only

remaining garment of office voluntary and clothed these three Presidents with it, it was more than they could bear. Many burst out in unrestrained tears aloud. Such love I never before witnessed since the day when our beloved and martyred prophet left Nauvoo for Carthage."

In speaking of Dan Jones one has said, "Our beloved brother's affections and humility on one hand and his resolution and courage on the other, his bearing the contempt of the world with dignity and applause with decency had so gained the affection of the Church of Jesus Christ, particularly those holding the priesthood, that the thought of parting for a short time, would cause a sensation not to be described in words.

"It would be a difficult matter to find in Wales, among from three to four thousand Saints, one where some kind office, useful instruction etc., had not been received; particularly among the children of adversity, who can testify that his kind sympathy and consoling advice always cheered the soul. When hungry, he with our beloved sister, his consort, fed them, when thirsty, they gave them drink, naked, they clothed them, and sick, they visited them.

"The officers of the poor, in coming to his office would say, 'I was without a hat, but Brother Jones gave me this,' exhibiting my brother's best. 'I was without clothes, but the Captain gave me this suit;' or 'without shoes but the Captain gave me these.'

"At first it was a riddle with me where my brother kept his American store as, 'Give him, give her, give them,' was his language and never did I hear him say, 'Give me.'"

Many may be surprised that the church in Wales was so abundantly blessed at so late a period as 1847, but you must bear in mind that the work had scarcely commenced in Wales when the Prophet was killed, and one of his last acts was to set Dan Jones apart for that work.

The Captain left immediately and did not partake of that corruption that was then pregnant in Nauvoo, and for many years the Welsh mission was free from it, in fact until the church openly avowed polygamy in 1852 and then whole branches turned from the church and the work soon went to pieces there.

The English mission was sooner contaminated, because it was there that B. Young secretly commenced his evil.

We here append a number of cases of healing.

Thomas Brown of Dover had a child suffering severely with whooping cough, but it was restored through administration. His wife was troubled with swollen limbs, but was immediately healed by rubbing a walking stick which had been left by chance in the house. His wrist was put out of place and broken, but through administration was restored and he was able to go to work. John Watts writing from Springfield, Salford, says, "A child (the parents not in the church) was laboring under severe indisposition and had been blind for three or four days. I went at the request of the grandmother, a member of the church, and administered oil, anointing its eyes, and laid my hands on its head, and in ten minutes the child's health was restored, its eyes were opened and it seemed happy and lively.

"About seven o'clock one morning my wife was taken alarmingly ill. Her speech was nearly gone and the use of her lower extremities quite gone. She declared afterwards that she felt herself dying upwards.

"My little girl came to the factory to me. I went home and through administration she was capable, with slight assistance, to reach her chair by the fireside and was fully recovered, only she was a little weak.

"Samuel Mould of the Adelphi sent for me at eleven o'clock at night. I went and found him struggling for breath; his speech gone. In connection with Brother Bowman we attended to the ordinance of the Lord's house, and the instant we took our hands off his head, his speech returned and he exclaimed, 'Thank God, I can breathe freely!' His skin was in an ulcerated state, and threatened very serious consequences; the same ordinance effected a perfect cure.

"Thomas Bailey from infancy had been afflicted, and the physicians pronounced him incurable, but he was healed through administration.

"Last winter a young woman addressed me in Carpenter's Hall. She was the daughter of a fustian cutter, named Leo, residing in Cook street, Salford, and said her parents were desirous that I should go

and see her brother who was very bad with leprosy. I went, in company with one or two of my brethren, and I think I never saw anything so bad as the boy was, some cases of smallpox excepted.

"The whole of the lower part of his face and under his chin, as well as the back of his hands and wrists, were one entire mass of scabs. Indeed you could not have inserted a needle point, they were so thick. He was eight years old and had been afflicted since he was six months of age. They had taken him to the Manchester Infirmary and the Salford Dispensary, and were at this time paying the surgeon's bills, who attended him as a private patient.

"The surgeon told his parents he could do nothing for him as the disease was too virulent for medicine to reach it. His parents told me they did not know what it was to get a regular night's rest with him, and that it frequently took three hours to wash him. The first night we went, they were not disturbed during the night, and in three weeks he was entirely free and his flesh was renewed like that of a young child.

"Signed, JOHN WATTS."

CONSUMPTION HEALED.

"MANCHESTER, 1849.

"There is a brother in Creive, whose wife was formerly a member of our church, but for some reason or other she was cut off altogether from their society. In a short time afterwards, she was heavily afflicted with what is called "hasty consumption." She was attended by several of the doctors, who all gave as their opinion that she could not live many days. To all appearance she was going rapidly. Her husband, of course, was greatly distressed to see her and felt wishful that some of the elders of the church should visit her.

"They did so and spake plainly to her of the situation she was then in. They told her she could be restored to health again, provided that she would render obedience to the commands of the most high God, and take counsel from those who are sent in the last days to proclaim salvation to all who would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. She then said that she wanted us to attend to the ordinances of the church, and that if she was restored she would again unite with the Saints and

go down in the water and be baptized for the remission of her sins.

"We then laid our hands upon her, and pronounced the promised blessing to all who live faithful before God. Well, what was the result? Why, in a short time she was perfectly restored to health again to the astonishment of all. The doctor himself declared it was a perfect miracle and told her to 'live forever.' The name of the above family is Griffiths and they live in Creive."

BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

Hugh Pugh of Montgomeryshire, North Wales, May, 1848, in *Millennial Star* says: "My daughter, Sophia Matilda, aged eight years, was afflicted in in her eyes. She soon lost the sight of her left eye, and, on applying to medical aid, instead of her sight being restored, she immediately lost the other, the surgeon stating that the pupils were closed and that he feared she could never be restored to her sight.

"I was advised to try an eminent surgeon in Shrewsbury in the county of Salop, where in June, 1848, I sent her and her mother, as she was now quite blind. The poor little creature's sufferings were indescribable, though the Lord enabled her to be patient in her affliction.

"She remained in Shrewsbury a fortnight but found no benefit and, as the last recourse to human aid, I was advised to send her to an eminent oculist in Liverpool, Dr. Neile, under whose treatment she was relieved and a gradual improvement took place, to our great joy, until the autumn of the same year.

"I corresponded with Dr. Neile, who desired me to continue the treatment he had prescribed, but it was all to no purpose, for she relapsed into the same state as before and was in total blindness the whole of the winter, suffering acutely, and by February of the next year she had wasted to a mere skeleton, when my brother-in-law paid me a visit previous to his embarking for California. He told me if I would have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and call for the elders of the church, he believed she would be healed.

"On the following Sabbath, Elders Dudley and Richards came to my house and administered the ordinance to my child. The pain soon left her, and she was by the power of God and the prayers of the

faithful restored to sight and health and, thanks be to Almighty God, she is still in the enjoyment of these great blessings."

CHOLERA CURED.

J. Stevenson, president of the Leicester branch, writing to the *Star* said: "Elders Cordon and Robbins were at my house and left; and before they had gone ten yards from the house my wife was taken so violently with what I called the cholera that I thought every moment would be her last. I prayed over her in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the spirit of evil seemed to get stronger and stronger upon her and I thought she would be lost before I could get the elders to her.

"I sent for Elders Cordon and Robbins who came and laid their hands on her and administered the oil. Immediately the pain left her and in a short time she was asleep and when she awoke she got up and appeared as though there had been nothing the matter with her. On the 19th of the month and at the same time in the morning, which was seven o'clock she was taken in just the same way and I administered to her myself and prayed fervently to God in the name of his Son to heal her. He heard my prayers and the moment I took my hands from her she was healed.

"I was called upon on Monday morning by Alex. Petty to go and administer to his wife's sister, Dinah Petty, at Archdeacon Lane, Leicester. Elders Henfield and George accompanied me, and when we arrived we found her very ill. We administered to her and prayed over her and when we took our hands from her, she became worse, until we thought that every moment would be her last! Bro. Petty carried her up stairs and anointed her with oil, and we laid hands on her again, and the moment we laid our hands on her the pain abated and left her and the spirit entered me which I rebuked in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and so great was our united faith, that the evil spirit not only left us, but the house and everyone present could feel the renovating influence of the Holy Spirit of God. In less than two minutes sister Petty began to sing in tongues and prophecy and in the afternoon she was able to attend our meeting, which we held in the chapel."

THE SMOKING FLAX AND BRUISED REED.

BY W. B. ROBERTSON.

When evening choirs the praises hymned
In Zion's courts of old,
The high priest walked his rounds, and trimmed
The shining lamps of gold.
And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
With fresh oil vainly drenched,
He cleansed it from its socket, so
The smoking flax was quenched.

But thou who walkest, Priest most High!
Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
Thou makest fresh and strong.
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
That else must soon expire,
And swift it shoots up through the dark,
A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd, that to stream and shade
Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop soft music made,
In many a pastoral tune;

And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,
It could no more be used,—
Its mellow music, marred and hushed;
He brake it, when so bruised.

But thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pasture green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crushed hath been.
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost re-tune to harmonies
More rich than angels know.

Lord, once my love was all ablaze
But now it burns so dim;
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor broken hymn.
Yet ne'er by thee am I forgot,
But helped in deepest need,—
The smoking flax thou quenchest not,
Nor break'st the bruised reed.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 6.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

GODLINESS.

IMPORTANT question! Who can answer it? I think only those who *practically* solve it will be able to fully answer the question.

Words are too weak and the mind fails to grasp it. Yet words may aid us to thoughts which by careful cultivation will develop into a fulness of knowledge; so we will proceed.

We have discovered that he who has faith in God, if he would stand secure, must add virtue to faith, knowledge to virtue, temperance to knowledge, and patience to temperance, that we must give all diligence to possess these graces in abundance, or our faith is in vain. I wish to add now, upon the authority of the Apostle Peter that you must give all diligence to add to your patience godliness.

To be godly, or to possess godliness you must be like God, possessing the qualities and nature of God. You need not be so perfect, or so fully developed

in your godly character as he. If you were you would not need to be taught what to do to be saved. Two apples of the same variety may differ, one being larger, perfectly formed, and possessing no defects, while the other is dwarfed in its growth, defective in its formation, and possessing bruises which render it liable to decay; yet one is like the other, is the same kind of apple, possessing the same nature. So we should be like God, possessing his nature and his qualities in a limited and imperfect degree.

This plan of redemption, called the gospel, is given for the purpose of developing these qualities, and bringing us to the standard of perfection illustrated in our example—Christ, and perfecting us until we may fulfill the obligation imposed, viz., "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." As he is merciful, so must we exercise mercy; as he is just, so must we deal justly; as he is forgiving, so must we forgive. In short he has the qualities of love, patience, temperance, wisdom, forbearance,

virtue, and every other quality necessary to produce a perfect being. The Spirit of this perfect Being if in us will inspire these graces and make us more like him, and encouraging the growth of all good. Well did the apostle say: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

All these are in God in their perfection, and if we have godliness (without which we cannot be saved) each of them must be in us, if not in perfection, yet tending towards perfection. It would not be time lost, if we would calmly examine ourselves occasionally to see if we have godliness.

To do this we might ask: Have we love? If so, how deep is it; How extensive is it? Is it deep enough not to become exhausted when the object of our love errs, or cruelly smites us? Is it extensive enough to comprehend all mankind and, so far as we understand them, all principles of truth, or is it so narrow that we only love those nearest to us who contribute to our pleasure or profit, and such things as pander to the gratification of our lust? If the former, it is an evidence of godliness; if the latter, we cannot be the children of him who sendeth his rain on the just, and on the unjust.

Have we joy? If so, is it dependent upon the gratification of our senses; or is it deep enough to enable us to drink the draught from the bitter dregs without destroying it? In short is the stream, which, flowing from the fountain head of these graces, produces in us love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance deep enough that when the winds of adversity cause a ripple upon the surface, the depths with unshaken firmness will move on with grandeur and sublimity? If so, we have godliness.

Be not discouraged, however, if the very depths are sometimes stirred. Your godliness like every other virtue must be tried. Rather be admonished that you need more patience, more composure, more resignation, and so seek for grace and strength that your life may move on like a mighty river unheeding the fierce winds and howling of the storm above. The following precepts indicate something of the importance of our subject, and illustrate how careful we ought to be to

add to our patience godliness: "*Exercise thyself unto godliness, for bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*" —Paul.

From the above we learn four important lessons: First, that godliness is not an unconditional gift, but requires an effort or exercise upon our part to obtain it. Second, that, notwithstanding the great good sometimes derived from bodily exercise, yet it is a very small thing compared with the exercise of the soul unto godliness. Third, that godliness is profitable in this life, and, fourth, that through godliness we obtain the promise of the life to come.

How important then is godliness, and what sacrifice may we not afford to attain those qualities of mind which will render us godly. Paul says again, "Godliness with contentment is great gain," but warns us to withdraw ourselves from those who suppose that "gain is godliness." Is there not danger of our reversing this order and, instead of esteeming godliness as gain, esteem gain as godliness? For instance, if we are greatly blest in health or riches, do we not too often flatter ourselves that we are godly, while the facts are that we might be never so poor in all else, yet in godliness be rich. Godliness, however, must be an inner qualification of the mind and heart, and not merely an outward rule of practice.

Paul condemns those who in latter times shall have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof. There is then in godliness a power. A power producing effects known in Scripture parlance as "spiritual gifts." Those who do not in some measure enjoy promised gifts are not godly. They may be great moralists, may conform strictly to some form of godliness, but he who is truly godly will be like God, working by the power of God, that power which never changes, but in all ages produces the same effects. Paul speaks of himself as "a servant of God, and an apostle of Jesus Christ, according to the faith of God's elect, and the acknowledging of the truth which is after godliness." Then, kind reader, ponder it well. If you have not the faith of God's elect, and if you acknowledge not the truth, you are not godly, and you cannot in the highest sense be saved, though

piously inclined, and devotedly attached to your "form of godliness."

Nor should the term "form of godliness" be applied to societies or church organizations only. We may be a member of the true Church of Christ, and yet have a form of godliness which is individually our own. We may form for ourselves a rule of faith and practice, and conform strictly therewith under the vain presumption that God accepts of us while our lives may be almost or totally devoid of spiritual blessing and spiritual power.

Heed the admonition of the apostle to "examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves. Know ye

not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you except you be reprobates?"

Friends, if Jesus Christ is in you, he will manifest himself through you in godly walk and conversation.

Then we cannot be too diligent in adding to our patience godliness, for if this is not in us and *abound* we will be barren and unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and cannot be saved. O God, make us more like thee! May we enjoy that close walk and deep communion which will produce in us the nature and character of Christ Jesus, our divine Lord.

IDEAS OF HELL.

AS TAUGHT BY BOTH CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MINISTERS. ALSO A FEW THOUGHTS ON PROBATION, FOREORDINATION AND UNCONDITIONAL ELECTION.

COMPILED BY R. C. EVANS.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING the question of infant damnation, I come to another class. I refer to men and women who hold places of respect in society, good fathers, mothers, citizens, friends, neighbors, who are virtuous, charitable, churchgoers, honest business men, public benefactors, yet making no profession of religion. They admit they are not converted. They die without faith in Christ. Now, if death ends all, there is no probation after death. This class must at death all go straight to a never-ending, seething, smoking hell of fire, a lake whose waves of flame engulf all who have died without faith. Latter Day Saints say, *there is probation after death*, that God will reward all according to their works and after the disobedient have paid the "last farthing or mite," they will have another probation in which to repent, reform, and develop a character such as shall entitle them to obtain a glory wherein they may be happy. Now we are solemnly informed by the framers of the Westminster Confession of Faith, (the guide book of the Presbyterian church,) that all these people were fore-ordained and predestined to die in darkness and wake up in hell's flames there to be tortured for God's glory. See the following from the confession of faith,

chapter 3, paragraph 4: "These angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." Paragraph 5: "Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love without any foresight of *faith* or *good works* or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions, or causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of his glorious grace."

Par. 6: "As God has appointed the elect unto glory, so hath he, by the eternal and most free purpose of his will, foreordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam are redeemed by Christ, are effectually called unto faith in Christ by his Spirit working in due season, are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by his power through faith unto salvation, neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved but the elect only."

Paragraph 7: "The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the un-

searchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he is pleased for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice."

Now just a few words with reference to the above. The reader will see that all the heathen and unconverted are unable to obtain salvation; that God, before any of the sons of Adam were born, made up his mind to save a few favorites, not because they did good, but because he wished to save them. All the rest of his family he foreordained to hell, all for his glory, and that not one can go to heaven more than the certain number, for that "number" "cannot be either increased or diminished." Latter Day Saints say the above is a base misrepresentation of God's love, justice, and parental prerogatives. They say no sane-minded earthly father would hate, despise, and inflict torture on nine out of ten of his children. Nor would he inflict pain upon them just in order to have a little glory. They have refuted this God-dishonoring doctrine for the last sixty years and as a result many of the people are beginning to see the error and denounce it too.

We now introduce the reader to the heathen world, when the American board of the whole Congregational Church at Springfield a few years ago took up to question, "What is to be the eternal destiny of the heathen world?" The decision there reached and recorded (and it seems to be approved by the whole body) was that these teeming millions that have and are now living without God and without hope in the world must, unless converted to the gospel before their death, be forever damned. I am told there are one billion human beings that live now upon the earth that know very little of God or Christ. Can we think they must all be consigned to the tortures of hell as represented by the average minister when they never had the privilege of hearing of the stainless Christ?

I will present a few figures that present the case fairly before us. I am indebted to the Rev. T. J. Sawyer for the following figures: It is generally estimated that the life of mankind does not exceed thirty-three and a third years, that is three generations to a century. Assuming

this as correct, it follows that this whole mass of pagans will practically have died within the next thirty-three years and four months and consequently there will die on an average 30,000,000 every year, 2,500,000 every month, 576,923 every week, 82,191 every day, 3,524 every hour, 58.7 every minute, 1 nearly in every second. In other words the American board of the whole Congregational Church professes to believe that God creates and damns one pagan soul every second of time, every tick of the clock, every pulsation of the human heart, and that this terrible work of creating and damning souls has been going on almost from the creation of the race or at least from the flood. (See Sawyer to Brown in the *Christian Leader*, February 9, 1888.)

We ask what kind of a being must that God be who could deliberately and persistently be guilty for thousands of years of such unmitigated diabolism. We are told by the Congregational board at Springfield, that it is the God of the Bible. We are told by the confession of faith, that God does it for his own glory and that he decided to consign those billions to eternal fire before they ever saw the light of day.

Now we Latter Day Saints say that the God of the Bible never inspired any man or set of men to teach such falsehoods in this, or any other age of the world, and thank God thousands in the world are beginning to look up their Bibles, and in consequence, they have little use for the creeds that have for centuries misrepresented the "God of love."

The churches have not only misrepresented God and the Bible by teaching that there is no probation after death, but they have made the Bible and our heavenly Father to be despised by their shameful misrepresentations of the future punishment. I will give you a few extracts from sermons delivered by some of the celebrated men of the churches. President Finney, late of Oberlin College, is reported to have said in one of his leading sermons: "We may add and multiply until figures are exhausted. Let each figure represent a million of ages, that after having suffered the pains of hell until these figures are thus exhausted, we have no less days to roll in torment, than when we were first cast in." He

also states that "the torment increases eternally, insomuch that they suffer more in one hour of the second thousand years than they did in all the first thousand years," and he thinks "it is so hot when they are first cast in, that if they were taken out and put into a cauldron of *red hot potash* they would freeze to death instantly."

Spurgeon in one of his leading sermons says: "Only conceive the poor wretch in flames; see how his tongue hangs from between his blistered lips, how it excoriates and burns the roof of his mouth as if it were a fire brand; behold him crying for a drop of water; I will not picture the scene. Suffice it for me to say, that the hell of bells will be to the poor sinner. When the damned jingle the burning irons of their torment, they will say, 'Forever.'

"Forever written on their racks;
Forever on their chains;
Forever burning in the fire,
Forever ever reigns.

"We are accused of using language too harsh, too ghastly, too alarming with regard to the world to come, but if we could speak thunderbolts, if our every look was a lightning flash, and our eyes dropped blood instead of tears, no tones, words, or gestures of dread could exaggerate the awful condition of a soul which has refused the gospel, and is delivered over to justice. When thou diest, O, sinner, thy soul will be in torment alone. That will be a hell for it, but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou shalt have twin hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood and thy body suffused with agony *in fire exactly like that which we have on earth*. Thy body will lie (asbestoslike) forever unconsumed, all thy veins, roads for the feet of pain to travel on, every nerve a string on which the Devil shall play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament."—Page 327, *Eternal Punishment*.

The Rev. Thomas Vincent, a Calvinistic preacher, in his work on Christ's sudden appearance to judgment, page 133, says:—

"He (Christ) will glorify his infinite wisdom in the punishment of the damned, which will contrive such torture for them that if all the men in the world should join their wits together, and take to their

help all the devils in hell, they could not invent the like. Dreadful ingredients will his wisdom find out to pour into the cup which he will put into the hands of the wicked to drink."

From Thomas Boston's "Fourfold State," page 336, we read: "The Lamb of God shall roar as a lion against them (the wicked). He shall excommunicate and cast them out of his presence forever, by a sentence from the throne, saying, 'Depart from me ye cursed.' He shall adjudge them to everlasting fire, and the society of devils for evermore. And this sentence also, we suppose, shall be pronounced with an audible voice by the man, Christ. And all the Saints shall say, 'Hallelujah, true and righteous are his judgments.' . . . The godly wife shall applaud his justice of the judge in the condemnation of her ungodly husband; the godly husband shall say 'Amen!' to the damnation of her who lay in his bosom; and the godly parents shall say 'Hallelujah' at the passing of the sentence of their ungodly child, and the godly child shall from his heart, approve the damnation of his wicked parents, the *father* who begot him and the mother who bore him."

"The bodies of the damned will be salted with fire so tempered and prepared as to burn the more fiercely and yet never consume."—John Whitaker.

"Sinners shall suffer the most grievous torments both in soul and body, and without interruption for evermore. These torments are beyond expression and our most fearful thoughts cannot equal the horror of them."—Body of Divinity, Boston.

"It is the presence and agency of God which gives everything virtue and efficacy without which there can be no life, no sensibility, no power. God is therefore himself present in hell to see the punishment of these rebels against his government, while his presence and powerful operation maintain their being and render their powers most acutely sensible. He will exert all his divine attributes to make them as wretched as the capacities of their mind will admit."—Benson on *Endless Misery*.

"The world will probably be converted into a great lake, or liquid globe of fire, a vast ocean of fire in which the wicked will be overwhelmed. And also they

shall be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torments not for one minute, nor for one day, nor for one age, nor for two ages, nor for a hundred years, nor for ten millions of ages, one after another, but forever and ever, without any end at all and never, never be delivered."—Sermons, vol. 7, p. 166, Jonathan Edwards.

"God has revealed it to be his will to punish some of mankind forever. You know not but you are one of them. Whether you will be saved or damned depends entirely on his will, and supposing he sees it most for his own glory and the general good that you should be damned, it is certainly his will that you should be damned. On this supposition, then, you ought to be willing to be damned, for not to be willing to be damned in this case is opposing God's will."—Works of Rev. Hopkins, D. D., vol. 3, p. 145.

My soul is sad as I write all the above from the sayings of such gifted men. No infidel ever misrepresented God, and dishonored Christ by his teachings as have these men and yet we are called unbelievers and antichristian because we refuse to believe and teach that which would make devils blush.

By the above statements God is stripped of love, honor, justice, and parental feeling; made devoid of equity or mercy. He builds a seething world of fire and creates about one hundred and forty-two billions of babes, men, and women to suffer in fire as Spurgeon says "exactly like that which we have on earth." He made a devil and gave him an endless situation. His occupation is to burn forever the teeming billions of God's children. Now all this has no foundation in the Bible, but was born in the brains of uninspired men. That the Bible speaks metaphorically regarding the lake of fire, fire and brimstone, gnashing of teeth, outer darkness, smoke of torment, is true, but to say that these symbolical expressions are to be understood literally is contrary to all reason and Scripture. How can hell be a place of literal flaming fire and at the same time be a place of outer darkness? Who ever heard of literal "wrath," a literal cup of indignation, literal smoke of torment? Who ever heard of a cup full of wrath, a pound, an inch, a quart of torment? Who ever

heard of anything burning and being consumed away in literal smoke and yet as Spurgeon and Finny and the rest say of the body burn forever unconsumed while the fire gets hotter and hotter?

All these and a thousand other absurdities have to be gulped down if we swallow the doctrine of a literal hell of fiery flame. The Bible shows plainly that these figurative expressions are made to convey the idea of God's hatred of sin and that all who sin will be punished for their sin and that the lake of fire is "the second death" and not a literal gulf or sea of flame. See Revelation 20: 13, 14; 21: 8.

That they who are wicked will be punished for every unkind word and deed we admit, but that the punishment is for their good and profit we believe. They will profit in that after they have paid "the last mite" or "the uttermost farthing," and the fire of God's justice has burned out the dross, the gold will be refined, and they will then, in the *probation after death*, be enabled to hear, believe, and obey the law, and afterwards to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness until every knee shall bow at the name of Jesus, and every creature which is in heaven and in earth, and under the earth, shall sing praises to the Savior of all men "especially of them that believe."

Thus we see that when the lesson of life is learned, when the disobedient have paid the penalty of their sins, they shall then have a chance to reform and win the laurels of purity, and praise Christ when he shall have "destroyed the works of the devil."

By the way we are told that the devil's works shall never be destroyed but he shall live and reign forever, king of hell and sovereign ruler of billions of God's created beings. Shame! shame!! on so-called Christianity. Let me advise the ministers to repent and believe the gospel as taught by Christ, the apostles of old, and the Latter Day Saints of to-day.

The fallen will be raised, the disobedient reclaimed after punishment, and the heathen world be on probation after this life, and finally that Christ will be Lord of lords and "destroy the works of the Devil," and "destroy death," and bring the world back to God, and "the kingdom shall be delivered over to God" and Christ be enthroned amid the glories of all worlds as the hero of every struggle,

king over death, hell, and the grave, and the "Redeemer of all men."

That the faithful testimony will in due time be borne that he has ransomed all from the Devil, and death, and hell is very evident to the Bible student, who is unprejudiced by creeds framed by men. That there is an intermediate state between death and the resurrection where people go and hear the gospel, see the following: Isa. 14:12-17; 24: 21, 22; 42: 6, 7; 49:8, 9; 61:1, 2; Ezek. 26:20; 31:14-18; 32:18-32; Zech. 9:11, 12; 2 Cor. 12:1-4; Eph. 4:9, 10; 1 Peter 3:18-20; 1 Peter 4:6; Luke 16:19-31; John 5:25-29; Acts 2:34; Luke 23:46.

That even the heathen will yet be blessed by the atonement of Jesus, see the following: Psalms 2:8; 22:27-29; 72:11; 86:9; 65:2; Isa. 66:23; 49:8, 9. Dan. 7:14; Matt. 12:28-40; John 12:32; Phil. 2:10; Rev. 5:3-13; 1:18. Psalms 14:2-7.

That the Lord will punish the wicked, not forever, but till they have paid the penalty of their sins, and the dross of their nature is consumed and the gold refined, that this punishment is not the result of hatred and spite, but for their profit, in that afterward they may praise God, see the following: Rev. 20:12, 13; Rom. 2:6; Job 34:11; Ezek. 17:27; 2 Cor. 5:10; 1 Peter 1:17; Matt. 23:14; 5:25, 26; 18:30-35; Luke 12:59; Heb. 12:6-11.

That the words, forever, eternal, everlasting, and perpetual are expressions that do not necessarily mean *no end*, see the following: Gen. 17:7-27; Lev. 16:1-34; 7:23-38; Num. 18:8-23; 19:1-21; Ex. 21:6; 30:8; Lev. 24:1-20; Psalms 21:40; 33:6; Jude 6, 7. Ezek. 16:48-55; Matt. 11:24; Jonah 2:6; Matt. 12:14; Gen. 9:11-15; Matt. 27:20.

May the Lord enable all who read this article to see that the man made ministers and churches, have by their creeds and sermons, misrepresented the Bible and our heavenly Father and his Son, Jesus Christ.

I have not written this article to wound the feelings of any, but to reflect the light of truth and win people who are honest from the godless theories of uninspired men, who in their zeal to get people to join their church have spoken of God in such a manner as to cause many to turn into the darkness of infidelity. I conclude this paper by giving you a poem that has been printed with the sermons of Rev. Moody, and Rev. Phillips of the Methodist church of Toronto, Canada.

Infinite years in torment shall I spend?
And will they never, never have an end?
Oh! must I live in torturing despair
As many years as atoms in the air?
When these are done, as many yet behind
As leaves of forest shaken with the wind;
When these are gone, as many to ensue
As stems of grass on hills and dales that grew.
When these run out, as many on the march
As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch,
When these expire, as many millions more
As moments in the millions past before?
When all these doleful years are spent in pain
And multiplied by *myriads* again,
Till numbers drown the thought, could I sup-
pose
That then my wretched years were at a close
This would afford some ease; but, ah! I shiver
To think upon the dreadful sound—*forever*;
The burning gulf, where I blaspheming lie,
Is time no more, but vast *eternity*,
The growing torment I endure for sin
Through ages all is always to begin,
How did I but a grain of pleasure sow,
To reap a harvest of *immortal woe*!
Bound to the bottom of the *burning main*
Gnawing my chains, I wish for death in vain.
Just doom! since I that bear the eternal load
Condemned, the death of an eternal God.

LONDON, Ontario, March 28th, 1893.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast,
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet,
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

—William Cullen Bryant.

"TEACH ME THY WAY."

O thou unseen, eternal one,
Whom myriad worlds obey—
Whose being is—whose will be done,
Where'er the rays of stars or sun
Through the wide realms of ether run:
"Teach me thy way."

At morn, when first thy golden beams
Thy glorious works display,
When o'er the hill thy sunlight streams
And earth with life and beauty teems,
Like some bright isle in happy dreams:
"Teach me thy way."

At evening, when thy shadows fall
Around departing day,
And lowly vale, and mountain tall,
And stream, and lake, and forest, all
Grow sombre with their mantling pall:
"Teach me thy way."

Nor less, when in life's solemn hour,
Are sleeping silently
The weary bee, in tiny flower,
The wildbird, in his greenwood bower,
And souls 'neath thatch or princely tower:
"Teach me thy way."

When hy the smile of summer blest,
The fields and woods are gay,
All in a robe of verdure dressed;
When the wild winds have sunk to rest,
Thy waves are still on ocean's breast:
"Teach me thy way."

Or when thou stretchest forth thine arm,
In awful majesty,
In wintry skies, or climate warm,
Robing about the unseen form
With clouds and darkness, fire, and storm:
"Teach me thy way."

Maker of all—Earth, Sea, and Air,
Ruler of night and day,
Long as I live beneath thy care,
While goodness keep and mercy spare,
Be ever this my heartfelt prayer:
"Teach me thy way."

And when Life's fleeting hours are past;
When in eternity
The undying soul on thee is cast,
O take to me thyself at last,
And through that endless, unknown vast,
"Teach me thy way."—

—Our Dumb Animals.

COMMON POLITENESS.

COMMON politeness is very simple; very easy; very cheap. It costs nothing in effort; it is no tax upon either the physical or mental powers; it is always gratefully received by polite people; and it gratifies giver as well as receiver. It makes all within the range of its influence happier and better, and it smooths many of the rougher paths of life.

Many intelligent and well-bred people are often uncivil for want of thoughtfulness; and they sometimes give good reason for offense, or for the assumption that they are uncivil, when they do not mean to be guilty of such an offense. Such persons are usually understood and excused by their intimate acquaintances; but it is a misfortune to yield to the habit of even apparent rudeness. It often grieves people whose respect is valuable; and it never accomplishes any good.

The gravest complaints about incivility often come against those who assume to be exemplars of society and good man-

ners, and they are only too often just. So common is it for a lady to refuse the acknowledgment of the courtesy extended when a gentleman gives his seat to a lady in a street car that many gentlemen have abandoned that particular act of civility, except in cases where they know the lady; and they certainly have great provocation.

It is not at all rare to see ladies of social distinction accept a seat from a gentleman without the semblance of acknowledgment; and in all such cases the gentleman must feel like resenting the unpardonable rudeness. For it is not simply a want of civility; it is the positive rudeness that can be associated only with vulgarity. No true lady ever committed such a breach of common politeness; and it is only just to say that, as a rule, only those who pose as ladies commit such flagrant offenses against good breeding.

The true lady or gentlemen never

forgets common politeness to all with whom they come in contact; and the surest sign of the social pretender is displayed in public incivility to others. The genuine lady or gentleman is always so well assured of her or his position that they dignify it by courtesy to all who merit it, regardless of condition or circumstance; while the upstart, uncertain of position, repeats upon others the snubs

he or she has received in the effort to climb into social recognition.

The true lady and gentlemen are ever polite and courteous to all when those admirable qualities can be exhibited; and when those attributes are not exhibited on all proper occasions, it is always safe to assume that vulgarity is masquerading in the thin guise of the gentleness that ever marks the lady and the gentleman.

—Philadelphia Times.

A SENSIBLE VIEW OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

TOTAL abstinence, so far as alcoholic beverages are concerned, is far more commonly than in former days practiced in all classes of society, and recognized as a Christian duty. Yet there are many sensible and conscientious persons, as well as many unreasonable and wilful persons, who are still unready to recognize the practical duty of total abstinence, because they are unable to find in the Bible teachings a specific and positive command to this effect; while they do find the use of wine spoken of with approval in the Bible, and seeming to have the countenance of our Lord's example. To such persons, any attempt to apply a single detached text in warning against the use of wine, as if it were a sweeping prohibition of all alcoholic beverages, causes a recoil against the cause that seems to depend on such unfairness for its support. Hence there is a gain in the presentation of a sensible view of the total-abstinence question, apart from all points in fair dispute concerning the specific teachings of the Bible on the subject.

It certainly is not easy to point to a single text that, taken as it stands in the Bible, and looked at with impartiality and fairness, clearly forbids polygamy, slavery, or wine-drinking; yet, on the other hand, no single Bible text can be pointed to, that, judged in the samelight, can be claimed as a specific and all-inclusive command to the practice of wine-drinking, slavery, or polygamy. Therefore, in this state of things, it is obviously the privilege of every Christian to decide for himself whether the trend and spirit of Bible teachings as a whole, and the lessons of experience and sound

reason as read in the best light of the present day, make it incumbent on him, as a sensible man, to let all three of these practices alone, and to enjoin total abstinence from them on others, in the discharge of his manifest duty toward God and his fellow-man.

Just here it is likely to be said by some thoughtlessly conscientious person that there is *one* Bible-text which clearly forbids wine-drinking, under any circumstances and all; namely, the injunction in the Book of Proverbs: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Now, there can be no question that this proverbial injunction indicates a clearly recognized danger in wine-drinking, and an obvious gain in letting wine utterly alone. But its place among the proverbs of its day, with the stamp of divine approval of it as containing a lesson for all time, shows that it is a wise suggestion rather than a specific command, and that it no more lays an absolute duty of literal performance on every individual than does that other inspired injunction in the same collection of proverbs: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." If, indeed, the first-named proverb were to be taken as a command for literal observance, it might be met by a man's shutting his eyes when he drank wine, and keeping them open while he drank beer, brandy, or whisky. Clearly there must be some other teaching than this detached passage to be conclusive with those who are honestly desirous of learning from the Bible record their unmistakable duty in

the matter of alcoholic beverages, as between total abstinence, and temperance or moderation.

While wine is represented in the Bible as a symbol of joy and fulness, and its use as common in the daily life of the people of Bible lands, the peril of its using and the advantages of abstinence from it are illustrated all along the Bible pages. The one godly man who, with his family, was deemed worthy of preservation, for the bridging over of the chasm of destruction when the human race was swept from being, in beginning his new life in a rejuvenated world was overcome by wine,—pure wine from his own vineyard,—and the record of his shame in consequence has come down through the ages as a stain upon his name, with an accompanying curse upon a portion of his descendants. Wine-drinking, even in moderation, was forbidden to the priests of God when they were to enter upon their holiest services; and to him who would consecrate himself for a season, or for a lifetime, as a sacred Nazarite, the command was explicit: "He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink; he shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat fresh grapes or dried. All the days of his consecration shall he eat nothing that is made of the grape-vine, from the kernels even to the husk." The strongest man known to the world, and the greatest of all those born of women, under the old dispensation, were Nazarite abstainers; and so far there is evidence that the use of wine was always perilous, and that abstinence from wine was always consistent with the highest consecration, the greatest physical strength, and the grandest spiritual attainments, on the part of the abstainer.

It is true that our Lord came into this world as a man among men,—came, as he says, "eating and drinking" like other men, while dressing and working as one of the humbler classes in the community about him. And it is also true that because of this fact he was, in his day, sneered at as "a wine-bibber," and as "a carpenter." We may be sure that in all this our Lord was without sin; but we are not justified in claiming that in order to be his disciple nowadays one must be either a wine-drinker or "a carpenter."

And it were as absurd for a man to say that the learning of a carpenter's trade is essential to the perfection of the Christian life, as to say that every Christian ought to be a moderate drinker of wine as a beverage, in proof of his fidelity to his Lord's example. A century ago, Lord George Gordon (whose name is principally associated with the Protestant riots in London, in 1780) showed his sense of the duty of imitating our Lord by literally becoming a Jew in religion, and attaching himself to a synagogue; because, as he said, "the example of Christ . . . we were scrupulously to follow in every respect," and as Christ "conformed to Jewish customs, opinions, and manners, so we were bound to imitate his example in these things." This seems, indeed, somewhat ridiculous, yet why more so than the claim actually made by some intelligent Christians of to-day, that they are drinking wine as a beverage for the express purpose of being like their Lord—so far? Whatever may be said of the fact of our Lord's use of wine as a beverage, as showing that wine-drinking is not in and of itself a sin, that fact cannot with any reason be put forward as binding it upon every Christian disciple to drink wine whether he wants to or not; therefore the question of *our* personal duty, as to the use or the rejection of wine as a beverage, remains an open one in the light of present Christian expediency.

To-day it is evident that there is a danger in wine-drinking. Unlike other articles of food and drink, alcoholic beverages so invite to excess by their very use that their user is exposed to a peculiar temptation to indulge in them more and more freely, until his appetite is hopelessly subject to their control. As a matter of prudence, therefore, it is manifestly safer to abstain from wine-drinking than to run the special risks that it involves.

No man can say that he is above temptation or beyond peril in this matter; for if he will but stop and look at the facts in the case, he will see that men fully his equal, in intellectual power, in personal character, in strength of will, in social standing, and in spiritual attainments, have already succumbed to the temptation to drink to excess, while no man who was a total abstainer ever became a drunkard. Moreover, in view of the dangers

to others, who are under the influence of his example, in his family or in the outside community, the man who can abstain from wine-drinking ought to do it for the sake of those who look to him for wise leading. Granted, for example, in another sphere, that there be no sin in the thing itself, in the making of one's home, with one's family, in a house where poisonous sewer-gases find their way through the drain-pipes into the living-rooms; granted, also, that some dwellers in that house have remained alive, while others had died from the poison-laden atmosphere,—would it be wise or right to seek a home there for one's self, or one's loved ones, with the risk involved, while another house, of like advantages, and of no higher cost, that is wholly free from such perils, is open to his choice?

In short, even though the Bible does not explicitly command total abstinence as the duty of every child of God, the Bible evidently leaves it free to every child of God to be a total abstainer if he

wishes to be; and therefore it is for the Christian believer to do, and to deem it his duty to do, that which, in the light of all that he sees and knows, is the best and safest thing to do. Looking around him, every man sees that better men than himself have become drunkards through attempting to be moderate drinkers; and he knows that there is no certainty that he will not drink to excess if he drinks at all, while he is perfectly safe so long as he remains a total abstainer—as he is privileged to remain. Every man sees, moreover, that his example in this matter is sure to influence some who are obviously weaker than himself; therefore that, if he drinks at all, he may lead these persons to drink to excess. Having the choice between drinking and abstaining, and knowing that by drinking he imperils himself and imperils others, while by abstaining he secures safety for himself and for others, how can he choose drinking without sinning?

—H. Clay Trumbull in *Sunday School Times*.

A PHARAOH'S HOUSE FOUND IN A CORNER OF THE DELTA.

A VERY curious and interesting discovery has been made in the loneliest and dreariest corner of the Northeastern Delta. In a land where previous explorers have found only temples and tombs—the monuments of an extinct faith and the graves of a dead nation—Mr. Flinders Petrie has lighted upon the ruins of a royal palace. Not a palace of the dubious, pre-historic Byzantine sort, but a genuine and highly respectable structure, with an unblemished pedigree and a definite place in the history of four great nations. In a word, the fortunate finder of Naukratis has for the last six or eight weeks been working upon a large mound, or group of mounds, called Tell Defenneh, which Egyptologists and historians have long identified with the "Pelusiæ Daphnæ" of the Greek writers and the "Tahpanhes" of the Bible. Here he has discovered the ruins of that very palace to which, as recorded in the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah (chapter 43), Johanan, the son of Kareah, followed by "all the Captains of the forces" and "the remnant of Judah," brought the fugitive

daughters of Zedekiah, then a dethroned and mutilated captive in Babylon. This flight of the Hebrew Princesses took place about B. C. 585, during the reign of Ua-ab-ra (twenty-sixth Egyptian dynasty), whom the Hebrews called Hophra and the Greeks Apries. The Pharaoh received them with hospitality. To the mass of Jewish immigrants he granted tracts of land extending from Tahpanhes to Bubastis, while to the daughters of Zedekiah, his former ally, he assigned this royal residence, which the Bible calls "Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes."

At the time when these events happened the whole of this part of the Delta, to the westward as far as Tanis (San.), to the south as far as Wady Tumilat, was a rich pastoral district, fertilized by the annual overflow of the Pelusiæ and Tanitic arms of the Nile. It is now a wilderness, half marsh, half desert. Toward the eastern extremity of this wilderness, in the midst of an arid waste relieved by only a few sand hills overgrown with stunted tamarisk bushes, lie the mounds of Defenneh. Far from

roads, villages, or cultivated soil, it is a place which no traveler goes out of his way to visit and which no explorer has hitherto attempted to excavate. Sixteen miles of marsh separate it on the one side from Tanis, while on the other horizon is bounded by the heron-haunted lagoons of Lake Menzaleh and the mud swamps of the plain of Pelusium. The mounds consist of three groups situated from half a mile to a mile apart, the intermediate flat being covered with stone chips, potsherds, and the remains of brick foundations. These chips, potsherds, and foundations mark the site of an important city, in which the lines of the streets and the boundaries of two or three large inclosures are yet visible. Two of the mounds are apparently mere rubbish heaps of the ordinary type; the third is entirely composed of the burned and blackened ruins of a huge pile of brick buildings, visible, like a lesser Biris Nimroud, for a great distance across the plain. Arriving at his destination toward evening, footsore and weary, Mr. Petrie beheld this singular object standing high against a lurid sky and reddened by a fiery sunset. His Arabs hastened to tell him its local name, and he may be envied the delightful surprise with which he learned that it is known far and near as "El Kasr el Bint el Yahudi—the Castle of the Jew's Daughter."

Seeing at once that the interest of the place centered in this "Kasr," Mr. Petrie forthwith pitched his camp at the foot of the slope, between the tamarisks and the right bank of a brackish canal which intersects the outskirts of the mound and expands somewhat higher up into two good-sized lakes. The place being literally in the midst of an uninhabited desert he had brought with him a patriarchal following of Nebeshch folk—men, boys, and girls—some forty souls in all, to say nothing of camels and baggage. Want of space forbids us to follow Mr. Petrie step by step in his work of exploration; enough that he at once concentrated his forces upon the "Kasr," which has now been so thoroughly cleared out and cleared up that not only its architectural structure but its history has been rescued from oblivion.

The building was first a stronghold, quadrangular, lofty, massive; in appearance very like the keep of Rochester

castle. It contained sixteen square chambers on each floor, both the outer walls and partition walls being of enormous strength. It is, of course, impossible to guess of how many stories it was originally composed; but the bulk of the mound consists of its debris. This stronghold was built by Psammetichus I., whose foundation deposits (consisting of libation vessels, corn rubbers, specimens of ores, model bricks, the bones of a sacrificial ox and a small bird, and a series of little tablets in gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, jasper, cornelian, and porcelain, engraved with the royal name and titles) have been discovered by Mr. Petrie under the four corners of the building. The name of the founder being thus determined, we at once know for what purpose the castle was erected. What the excavations have disclosed is, however, still more curious. And here it is necessary to remember that the place is not merely a ruin, but a burned ruin, the upper portions of which have fallen in and buried the basements. Furthermore, it was plundered, dismantled, and literally hacked to pieces before it was set on fire. The state rooms, if one may use so modern a phrase, were lined with slabs of fine limestone covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, bas-relief figures of captives and the like, most delicately sculptured and painted. These now lie in heaps of splintered fragments, from among which Mr. Petrie has with difficulty selected a few perfect specimens. The whole place, in short, tells a tale of rapine and vengeance. It would be idle, under these circumstances, to hope for the discovery of objects of value among the ruins. Moreover, it was only in the basement chambers, where things might have fallen through from above, or have been left in situ, that there seemed to be any prospect of "finds" for the explorer.

Now, the basements were the offices, and some of these offices have been found intact under the superincumbent rubbish. There is certainly nothing very romantic in the discovery of a kitchen, a butler's pantry, and a scullery. It would be more satisfactory to find a throne-room or a treasure-chamber. Yet even these domestic arcana become interesting when they form part of an ancient Egyptian palace of 2,552 years ago. The kitchen of "Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes" is a

big room with recesses in the thickness of the walls which serve for dressers. Here some fourteen large jars and two large flat dishes were standing in their places unharmed amid the general destruction. A pair of stone corn rubbers, a large iron knife, various weights, and three small flat iron pokers—or possibly spits—were also found in this room. The butler's pantry, it need scarcely be said, was the room to which wine jars were brought from the cellars to be opened. It contained no amphoræ, but hundreds of jar lids and plaster amphoræ stoppers, some stamped with the royal ovals of Psammetichus, and some with those of Necho, his successor. Here, also, was found a pot of resin. The empty amphoræ, with quantities of other pottery, mostly broken, were piled in a kind of rubbish depot close by. Some of these amphoræ have the lute-shaped hieroglyph signifying "nefer" (good) scrawled three times in ink upon the side, which, not to speak it profanely, may probably indicate some kind of "xxx" for Pharaoh's consumption. Most curious of all, however, is a small room evidently sacred to the scullery maid. It contains a recess with a sink, a built bench to stand things upon, and recesses in the wall by way of shelves in which to place what has been washed up. "The sink," writes Mr. Petrie, "is formed of a large jar with the bottom knocked out and filled with broken potsherds placed on edge. The water ran through this, and then into more broken pots below, placed one in another, all bottomless, going down to the clean sand some four or five feet below." The potsherds in this sink were covered with organic matter and clogged with fish-bones.

In other chambers there have been found large quantities of early Greek vases ranging from B. C. 550 to B. C. 600, some finely painted with scenes of *gigantomachia*, *chimeras*, *harpies*, *sphinxes*, *processions of damsels*, *dancers*, *chariot races*, and the like, nearly all broken, but many quite mendable; also several big amphoræ with large loop handles, quite perfect. A sword-handle with a wide curved guard, some scale armor, bronze rings, amulets, beads, seals, small brass vessels, and other minor objects of interest have also turned up, and two rings engraved with the titles of a priest of Amen. Some small tablets in-

scribed with the name of Amasis (Ahmes II.) and a large bronze seal of Apries (Hopra) are important, inasmuch as they complete the name-links in the historic chain of the twenty-sixth dynasty.

To identify Jeremiah's stones (unless he had first inscribed them, which is unlikely) would, of course, be impossible. Yet Mr. Petrie has looked for them diligently and turned up the brick-work in every part. Some unhewn stones have indeed been dug out from below the surface, and it is open to enthusiasts to identify them or not as they think fit; but about the "Balat" it is scarcely possible that there should be a difference of opinion. Did Nebuchadrezzar really come to Tahpanhes and spread his royal pavilion on that very spot, and was Jeremiah's prophecy fulfilled? Egyptian inscriptions say that he came, and that Apries defeated him; Babylonian inscriptions state that he conquered, and the truth is hard to discover. At all events, there are three clay cylinders of Nebuchadrezzar in the museum at Boulak inscribed with the great King's name, titles, parentage, etc., which there is much reason to believe were found a few years ago at this place, and not as the Arab sellers stated, at Tussun, in the isthmus. Such cylinders were taken with him by Nebuchadrezzar in his campaigns for the purpose of marking the place where he planted his standard and throne of victory.

"OUR abiding belief is that just as the workmen in the tunnel of St. Gothard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of nature and students of Christianity will yet join in the unity of reason and faith in the heart of their deepest mysteries."

In all ages

Every human heart is human,
And in even savage bosoms
There are yearnings, longings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
And the feeble hands are helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.

—Longfellow.

"VERY much as the wood-cutter can judge from the successive layers of wood laid bare by his axe, how many seasons the tree has been growing, so a close scrutiny of the Bible shows unmistakable signs of the different ages and conditions of its growth."

"THE finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man."

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been
learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here
have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with
lashes wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were
right,

And how what seemed reproof was love
most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and
sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see,
And e'en as prudent parents disallow

Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth
good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's
wine,

We find the wormwood, and rebel and
shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink,

And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends his
friend,

And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings
see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, un-
fold,

We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the
land

Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may
rest,

When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the
best."

—Selected.

ARE WE RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR INFLUENCE?

BY WILLIS W. KEARNEY.

THIS is a question which has to do with one of the most striking traits of human nature, character. This, that we call character, is something that everyone possesses, and, so to speak, is the source, the generator of the magnetic quality which is termed influence. Human influence and human character, while not the same, are very closely connected. Character is the quality that distinguishes one person from another and is something that no one can part with. They may part with their self-respect, but never with this mark of distinction by which we know them from their fellows. It is wrong to speak of the drunken sot in the gutter as being without character; for the same person who would thus speak of him

would not hesitate to say that drunkenness seemed to be his chief characteristic.

Upon the other hand, influence is that which radiates from character; just as heat from fire, while not being the fire itself, is the direct result of it, and no one who comes near enough can avoid feeling it.

Are you a student of human nature? Then you have noticed that among the different people you meet in a day there are some who attract you to them—whose pure, sunshiny, happy faces cause you to turn and look a second time and you go on your way refreshed with a higher opinion of the world in general, if it can contain one such person as that. Others who repel you from them, just as you in.

instinctively went a few steps out of your way to avoid coming too near the drunken sot in the gutter.

These are two radically different kinds of influence, truly, but both sprung from the same source, character. Then the question resolves itself into this: "Are we responsible for our character?"

A mass of molten wax in the hands of an expert wax-worker becomes in time an object of great beauty, as evidenced by the wonderfully lifelike appearance of the wax figures often seen on exhibition. Now, this substance—why do we call it wax? Because it possesses certain inherent characteristics which distinguish it from other substances. It is tenacious and has a tendency to retain impressions and shapes given to it. It possesses in its crude state all the inherent characteristics that are to be found in it after it has been transformed, but it needs the skillful hand of the workman before it develops into an object of beauty.

A little child in its mother's arms is like unto this, in that it possesses in itself that which is needed to make a beautiful member of society, but it needs time and the skillful hand of the workman to mold and develop it. If cultivated and looked after carefully, it will, in time, develop into a superior being, just as the cultivated fruit in your garden is superior to the wild article in the field. But it rests with him, after having been developed, whether he will continue to be a joy and a benefit to his fellows, or decay and be cast out, as he whom we passed with a sense of disgust as he lay

in his drunken stupor in the gutter.

You will remember with what a restful feeling you went on your way after turning to look a second time at the joyous, happy, sunshiny face of the person whom you met in your path, how you thought that if all the world were so, what a paradise it would be, and you felt like striving harder, if possible, than you had done before to "come up higher" that you might be worthy the association of such. All this time the person goes her way, unconscious of the good she has done you, and is doing all the time. Thus we exercise our influence; and if, like this one, we tend to elevate our fellows, or like the drunkard we passed in the gutter, we tend to lower them, we are responsible for the good or ill that our contact may develop in those others, and we will be called to account by the great Dispenser of mercies for having used that influence for the wrong or the right.

[WHAT a field for thought is opened up in this article of our young friend, and thoughts which it will be well especially for the young to consider. Life is before them. Ah, the vast difference between that which lies before us, and that which belongs to the past! In view of the fact which we cannot escape, cannot evade any more than we can evade the final summons of death, that we each one exert an influence, exert it whether we will to or not, how earnestly should we seek to discover the kind of influence we are giving out and whether it is a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. —Ed.]

KEEPING SELF IN THE BACKGROUND.

A GOOD many capable people fail of securing the best results for themselves by their inability to rank with others easily and without friction. Military skill and genius have produced disaster, when harmony and a little self-restraint would have secured victory. Our personalities are really of small account in the great work of the world. We are placed here for what we can be and for what we can do, and society is entirely right in refusing to consider the peculiarities of our temperaments or the

demands of our vanity. It is entirely right in taking it for granted that we are to do our work and subordinate ourselves. It is true that a great many people of the highest gifts are extremely difficult to work with, but it may be said even of these that they would probably have accomplished more if they had demanded less of themselves and of others in the way of attention to their own peculiarities. The objective spirit is the true spirit both for work and happiness; the ability to forget ourselves, to do our

work with a paramount interest in it, rather than in our personal contribution, is something to be coveted and to be sought; something which every man and woman ought to develop, not only for his or her own comfort, but for the com-

fort of others. We have no right to add to the burdens of our fellow men the burden of our own peculiarities. It is strength, not weakness, which we should contribute to the general work of the world.

—The Christian Union.

DANGEROUS READING.

BY GEORGE EGGLESTON.

ALMOST any kind of reading matter, if read to the exclusion of everything else, becomes dangerous. It is never well to cultivate a one-sided mental habit. An intellectual diet, consisting only of poetry, even though the poetry be always of the best, is quite as bad as a physical feeding on nothing but pastry. Dyspepsia, in physical form, is not worse than its intellectual counterpart.

This particular danger is all the greater for the reason that people whose tastes lead them to confine their reading largely to a single kind of literature, are always people whose minds' need balancing in precisely the opposite direction. A taste so strong for poetry, or other ideal literature, that its possessor cares for nothing else, indicates a pressing necessity for the cultivation of the more practical faculties. And so it is with every other such leaning.

The student may very properly entertain preferences of this kind, and he is safe enough in allowing them to lead him to a reasonable extent, but he should at all events take pains to preserve the balance which he has cultivated, and whenever he finds his taste leading him into excess in one direction, it is his business at once to restrain and correct it by studies of an opposite character.

I have already advised the cultivation and development of strong points in every case, but strong points become points of weakness if they are allowed to control the whole man.

A little novel reading may be absolutely necessary to the intellectual equilibrium of a metaphysical or mathematical enthusiast, while there are men and women in whom the reading of fiction has destroyed all that there ever was in them of intellectual vigor, simply because their tendencies and tastes were all in one direction, and no care was taken to turn them in any other.

I cannot too strongly impress upon the student the necessity of guarding himself against all such dangers. He should know himself as thoroughly as possible, that he may know and supply his own intellectual wants; but above all, he should see to it that his reading is varied in its character, and that his changes of intellectual food are not left to caprice or chance. . . . He should read a good deal of poetry, without doubt; some speculative literature; a good deal of biography and more of history. If any one class of books please him above the rest, he will certainly read enough of that, but he should take good care that its precise opposite receives a full share of attention.

There is one other danger which comes to every reader. We must all read the newspapers, of course; but to read even one large paper entirely through every day requires a considerable expenditure of time. Now the truth is, that unless one reads newspapers in the way of business, there is very little in one that any one person needs to read. There may be nothing in the paper that should be omitted from it—nothing which will not meet the wants of some reader; but at the same time the parts that any single individual needs more than he needs the time it would take to read them, are very few and very small. Every reader should learn to find these readily, and he should read nothing else in the paper.

The head-lines and the typographical peculiarities of the several parts will enable an attentive reader to see at a glance what he wants and can afford to read; but curiosity or carelessness leads nearly all of us to read vastly more of our newspapers than this, to the great wasting of very valuable time. A little care will enable the student to avoid this, and avoid it he must, if he would economize his time properly.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

"Clear thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent, and effective.

HOW WE DO.

I AM truly glad to see a department started in the *Leaves* for the Sunday school especially. There is confessedly great need for much more being done in this work. Our system is good, but it needs working to bring out more good. By presenting our various ideas and experiences we each may get aid and encouragement such as may be of great benefit to the work of the future. In this time of hastening there is no time for delay, and it is to be hoped that those who have had experience will write for the benefit of others, and that those without experience will write for their own benefit, seeking the desired information.

Of course in giving our different plans of operation, it must be remembered that no one plan is adapted to all times and places, but from each may be gleaned suggestions and hints that may be applied and utilized.

We find no trouble to organize where the people really want a Sunday school; but in localities where there is but little or no interest, and a spirit of indifference seems to prevail, is where labor is required. In localities where there is a goodly number of Saints it is not very difficult to organize a school, for the Saints, as a rule, are desirous of having Sunday schools. It is true that sometimes it devolves upon just a few to put in operation and sustain a school, the others contenting themselves by sharing the benefits but doing nothing to earn them. Some of our people need converting to the idea that there must be no drones in the gospel hive. Some there are too, alas! who have never yet had it dawn upon their minds, that in the sisters of the church are frequently found the very best material, not only for teachers, but for superintendents as well. Occasionally we meet an individual who feels it his duty to hold up his hands in holy horror if a sister's name is proposed for office in the school. But we are thankful that such fogies are few, and growing fewer all the time.

But I started out to tell you my experience in organizing schools. When the people have decided that they want a school, you have but to appoint a meeting and get them together.

Then you call them to order and devote a few minutes discussing the subject of organization, after which you entertain motions for the election of the necessary officers. It is not best to urge the matter of District Association and *Quarterlies* too strongly at first. Some of our people have yet to learn that we have the best Sunday school system and *Quarterlies* that there are in existence, but they generally come to that sooner or later—usually sooner. My experience is that if a school does not organize under the Association at once, it will come to it all right after awhile. Latter Day Saints do not like to be driven any better than other people.

In some localities it is necessary to do quite a good deal of visiting before you can get a meeting appointed, and then you may have to try two or three times before you can effect an organization. But if you think a school is possible you must not cease your efforts, even though you may have to make the rounds visiting several times. In your visiting you will have come in contact with most of the patrons and you will have decided in your mind who would make good officers, and you can suggest their names.

We are sometimes asked whether we would organize union schools. I would say, yes, where no other is possible. A union school is far better than no school; and it may be, and it is quite likely, that the union will soon become disunion, and they will desire to become identified with a district organization.

The plan of organization is so plainly set forth in the Constitution and by-laws of our Sunday School Association that you are referred there for information on that point. A few suggestions as to qualifications might not be amiss here. The superintendent should be a wide awake brother or sister, one who is constantly on the alert for improvement, who is willing to receive suggestions and ready and able to act upon them if thought best. No one has yet reached that degree of perfection that he cannot profit by suggestions; and I venture it as a truism that in every case where the superintendent cannot improve by suggestions from others, there is need for an election of

officers in that school. Next in importance to a good active superintendent is a real live secretary, one who can move about from place to place visit the various classes, find out the number of visitors present, of absent teachers and scholars, and note the same. The time once was when it was thought that any boy or girl could act as secretary, but the time now is when a good competent person is needed. The secretary can do much to contribute to the success of the school. One other officer should be mentioned, the chorister. Nothing contributes more to the efficiency of a Sunday school than good music, and it is something very much lacking in the average school.

We are very hopeful that many will write for this department. We want to hear methods for organizing, conducting, and managing schools and of teaching classes, blackboard devices, review schemes, entertainments, etc., etc. Come out and express yourselves now, either in asserting your own views or discussing those asserted by others, that we may come to a better understanding of how to work to the best advantage of the little ones.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

OUTLINE NORMAL LESSON.

PRINCIPLES OF INSTRUCTION.

WE will hold up a piece of silk, a strip of cotton cloth, a nail, a piece of rope, a brooch of gold, etc. These are all manufactured articles. They were not all made by the same process, but by various processes in accordance with the nature of the material in each. Gold cannot be treated as iron is, nor silk like hemp or cotton. The more thoroughly a manufacturer studies into the qualities of that which he has to work upon, and then the more intelligently and diligently he fits his methods of treatment to those qualities, the better will be the article which he produces. Likewise the teacher must consider the quality of the material upon which he has to work: Human Souls, to be prepared for heaven. What an undertaking! How dare we engage in it? Only because of the promise of God that he will work in and through us. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

According to the nature of the material to be wrought upon, certain things must be done that are *principles*, the ways taken to produce results we will call *methods* or *laws of teaching*.

PRINCIPLES FOR TEACHERS.

SCHOLARS

ARE

Impressible; instruction must
[be suited to surroundings.
Active; must be engaged.
Immature; truth must be
[clearly presented.
Undeveloped; truth must be
[systematically given.
Observant; illustrations must
[be used.
Restless; must have variety.

Out of these principles and the teachers' efforts to suit to them, plans of work are developed.

THE SEVEN LAWS OF TEACHING.

I. The Law of Adaptation, by which the lesson is suited to the different grades of scholars. The subject matter of the lesson should be the same in all classes in order to promote home study and unity of interest in the school. By wise adaptation the several classes receive what their members can understand and assimilate; the little folks in the primary class being given the main facts in the lesson and tiny crumbs of truth, which by the aid of a skilled teacher they are trained to pick up for themselves by what is called the "natural method," in teaching. The lesson is adapted to the intermediate grade by a conversation with the scholars about the lesson which tests to some degree their previous study, and introduces additional information, with practical suggestions about applying the lesson to daily life. The scholars in the junior grade should come prepared to give the results of their searchings according to assignments made by the teacher on the previous Sabbath, and also to be further instructed. The scholars of the senior grade may be engaged with the "emphatic points" of the lesson.

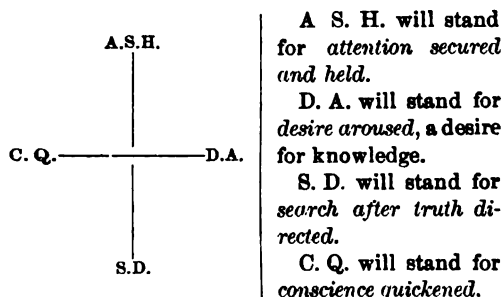
The teaching in the several grades must be

ADAPTED TO

Age.
Intellectual condition.
Social Surroundings.
Moral Character.
Spiritual condition.

II. The Law of co-operation. It provides ways and means of enlisting the activities of scholars, which would otherwise find vent in disorder. Coöperation has been called the grandest word in the teacher's vocabulary. It is manifestly the only condition in which the scholar can be to receive any good from the instruction which the teacher seeks to impart. A house is furnished by bringing things into it, but not so a mind. It will be furnished with knowledge

through the efforts which it makes to secure that knowledge. Let every teacher, the Sunday school teacher as well as the secular teacher, have the right idea of this matter as a basis, else all effort will prove to be like grinding at a mill with nothing in which to catch the meal. Instead of the "four points of the compass," we will indicate four directions in which the teacher should work to secure the coöperation of the scholars:—



In all these ways the teacher should endeavor to secure the coöperation of the scholars.

III. *The Law of Definiteness* as to the statement of questions, of facts, of doctrinal teachings, of practical duties. "Boil and skim" is the process by which the careful cook eliminates undesirable substances from fruit juice and sugar to prepare the solid yet crystalline jelly. Study and discriminate is what the teacher must do with the lesson helps, commentaries, etc., in order to have the lesson in a clear state to present to scholars.

IV. *The Law of System.* "Make a chain," should be the motto of every teacher, in which be as

LINKS Present Knowledge.
Observation.
Comparison.

To proceed with a lesson without discovering what scholars know about it is disastrous in two directions: It discourages the preparation of the lesson; it discounts the abilities of scholars. Shall we not then call it a two-edged sword which cuts the nerve of effort on their part? In this matter great tact must be used. It would be unwise for the teacher to assume a Paul Pry attitude, and proceed to examine each scholar, but a few test questions put to the class as a whole will suffice to show what the ground is.

The next link will be formed by a determination on the part of the teacher not to tell scholars what they can be led to discover. This will mainly be brought about by providing means for scholars to observe some object or

picture which will serve as matter for *comparison*. The next link in the chain, "Tell me what it is like," or "Tell me whom he looks like," we say when some one is talking with us and trying to give us an idea of a thing or person we have never seen. So through these three, draw a chain of three links. In first link put "P. K.," in second "O.," in third "C."

We make a chain that leads from the known to the unknown, which is one of the fundamental and most vital rules of good teaching. Those who would enlist the coöperation of scholars must of necessity make such a chain. It is the only way by which the powers of the scholars can be enlisted. A lesson which is adapted to the law of system will not only be more enjoyed by the scholars, but it will be better remembered by them than one taught in haphazard fashion.

V. *The Law of Illustration.* Illustrations should be used for five reasons:

- They win attention.
- They hold attention.
- They convey information.
- They impress the conscience.
- They help the memory.

The force of these five points may be easily tested by the teacher, by—

- 1st. Showing some object;
- 2d. By unwrapping it;
- 3d. By telling something interesting concerning it;
- 4th. By connecting a spiritual truth with it;
- 5th. By asking persons present why it will not be easy to forget what has been said.

Illustrations may be addressed to both **EYE** **EAR**.

They may be gleaned from

- Passing events.
- Bible story.
- Historical facts.
- Nature.
- Song and poetry.

LIFE IN

VI. *The Law of Repetition.* In telegraphy a message is sometimes "repeated" to insure its correctness, that is, the receiving operator returns it to the first operator for corroboration. Every point given in a lesson should be "repeated" by scholars, not the words, as in telegraphy, but the ideas, clothed in the scholars' own language. It is better so than that the teacher's language should be given. "Never tell anything without asking for it again" is one of the fundamental rules of good teaching. It has passed current for many years and is in no danger of becoming obsolete, since it is founded on fixed mental characteristics. The teacher is thus able to

judge of the effect of the lesson upon the minds of the scholars, whether or not the truth is being placed too high for them—above their reach—for “the measure of information should not be what the teacher can give but what the child can receive.” (Another of these fundamental rules, called the “principles of Tertalozzi.”) Not only will repetition help the teacher, but it will be very helpful to the scholars, in making their ideas clear, and aiding the memory, for they will certainly understand what they have talked about, and will remember it, too. “Whatever you wish to remember tell to somebody else” was the wise suggestion of a very wise man. It should be the custom to

REVIEW

During the Lesson.
At the close of the Lesson.
After the Lesson (by Superintendent).
Before the next Lesson.
Monthly.
Quarterly.
Annually.

VII. *The Law of Variety.* “Variety is a law of childhood. Change is rest.” Any plan of teaching, no matter how good it is, becomes tedious and uninteresting in monotony. Scholars who are not given variety by their

teachers will find it for themselves in mischief making.

What to teach. As these two lines are equal
How to teach it. let an equal amount of time be given to each of these parts of the teacher's preparation. Anyone who will do this will develop a surprising degree of variety in method. Oftener than otherwise teachers give no attention to the *how* of presenting a lesson. What wonder that scholars think them dull, and conclude that the Bible is the driest and least interesting of all books? The fear of being thought peculiar should not deter a teacher from using any means that will interest and impress a class.

Bible Teachings. The example of Christ, the Great Teacher.

Adaptation, Matt. 7:24-27.

Coöperation, Mark 8:27-29.

Definiteness, Matt. 7:13, 14.

System, John 6:33, 35, 48, 51, 53, 56.

Illustration, Matt. 13:3-8.

Repetition, Luke 10:36, 37.

Variety, Luke 4:18, 19.

TEXT QUESTION.

Which of these laws do you observe, which do you neglect in your teaching?—*National S. S. Teacher.*

Department of Correspondence.

SELF-RESPECT.

“The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his soul,) a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
On immortality, her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet there.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of earth, for guests that came from heaven;
Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
This nether world.”

From some of my reading of late I received an impression that lingers still in my mind, though the words that conveyed it to me have faded almost entirely from memory. It does not matter that they have, since the better part remains.

It was in a book of travels that the author paused to comment that among a certain Eastern people the poorest beggar had about him an air of quiet self-respect.

I am not satisfied to give you this meager fragment, and pause to search among my books for the lines that may give to you as to me a good thought, an aspiration of the heart to the lasting and enduring good which, if we obtain it, we must rise to grasp.

I find the passage in Geikie's *Holy Land* and the Bible, and read: “There is indeed, in the East, such a sense of the dignity of manhood in itself, apart from all accidents of birth or position, that any calling not obviously dishon-

orable is dignified by becoming a human vocation. The poorest beggar has a quiet self-respect which commands respect from others."

I remember, too, that W. D. Gallagher in his poem, *The Laborer*, expresses the same thoughts in strong, terse sentences. As we look about us and see the sons and daughters of toil bending over their tasks, fulfilling that unalterable decree, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," we are made too often to realize that the arch-enemy of men and of God, who in the garden tempted weak man to love pleasure more than God and to seek his own self-gratification at the expense of breaking God's law, there fastened upon the race the fetters of bondage under which millions are still groaning.

These bonds may be broken; upon One that is mighty help has been laid, and he has come to the rescue and revealed his plan for the redemption of lost man. This Savior of men came to earth and went about with a common name among men, "with nothing but his holy life to mark him as different from other men."

His only sorrow was that man was fallen and cared not to rise, and the only sorrow that we need feel to-day is that vice is abroad, that the Prince of Darkness sways this nether world in his last mighty efforts to resist the sure, steady advance of the work that shall wrest from his grasp his victims.

To be compelled to labor, to work hard is not the evil we need to deplore and truly has one exclaimed,—

"Blest work! If ever thou wert curse of God,
What must his blessing be?"

Our grief, our sorrow should be because men are unholy, as when the God of heaven looked upon the people and wept and the heavens shed forth their tears as the rain upon the mountains and he said unto Enoch that it was because "men must suffer."

How sadly pathetic, how touching, how infinitely sweet to contemplate the gracious condescension, the boundless love of the great Being to whom Enoch said, "Were it possible that man could number the particles of the earth, yea, and millions of earths like this, it would not be a beginning to the number of thy creations; and thy curtains are stretched out still, and thou art there, and thy bosom is there; and also thou art just, thou art merciful and kind forever; thou hast taken Zion to thine own bosom, from all thy creations, from all eternity to all eternity; and naught but peace, justice, and truth is the habitation of thy throne; and mercy shall go before thy face and have no end. How is it that thou

canst weep?" O, wonderful love! O, infinite compassion! He wept because we suffer, because man turns from the love that would call him up to blessings and goes down to misery.

Going back to Geikie's expression, the "dignity of manhood in itself," let us consider what this quiet "self-respect" may mean.

"Let man in homage bow who names his soul." In supplying the wants of the body, our earthly house, are we not prone to forget that in it there dwells "a guest that came from heaven?" Should we not feel a deeper appreciation of the dignity of manhood, should we not have a more conscious respect for self, if more often we reflected upon the soul, that "illustrious stranger," high-born and free, for free indeed we are since Christ has died for all!

If oftener we thought upon the rich inheritance of the soul that returns unstained to God, made white in the blood of the Lamb, would we sink into the slavery of vile appetites, would we sell our freedom for the pleasures of the world?

The word of God tells us that every man who has the hope of eternal life in him purifies himself. Is that all his work? Is that sufficient? Did not God say in answer to Enoch, "Man of Holiness is my name?" And yet he suffered, and in his great heart of tenderness devised a plan by which to save the workmanship of his hands.

Shall we be content then to strive to purify ourselves, or if there be in us a spirit of the nature of God, will it not move us to be concerned for the improvement and advancement of others? Will it not move us to guard tenderly the young souls whose few years on earth have not yet acquainted them with the experiences of life? Their souls are pure in the early years, for Jesus himself has said that little children need no repentance.

O, who can think unpained of those white souls becoming stained and unlovely in sin! Pause, all who read! Do you meet children day by day and never bestow upon them a single thought? Do you help them; do you hinder them; do you pass by indifferently because they are not yours?

And not only the children. Do you help the brother or sister, the man or woman you pass on the street or work with at your toil? If the spirit of Christ be in you it will cause you to be neither barren nor unfruitful, but as the man Jesus was known by his holy life, so will your life stand out in relief if it be surrounded by sin, or shine like a star of the firmament if it be among others of the righteous.

From the poem mentioned, *The Laborer*, we

offer a question to think over. Let it come to you when temptations come, when despondence, when impatience, comes. The question is, Who is thine enemy? Answer it to yourself.

"Who is thine enemy? The high

In station, or in wealth the chief?

The great who coldly pass thee by,

With proud step and averted eye?

Nay, nurse not such belief!

No; uncurbed passions—low desires—

Absence of noble self-respect—

Death, in the breast's consuming fires,

To that high nature which aspires

Forever till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst:

They chain thee to thy lowly cot—

Thy labor and thy life accurst.

Oh! stand erect and from them burst,

And longer suffer not!

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust—

Nor place—uncertain as the wind!

But thou mayst have what with thy crust

And water may despise the lust

Of both—a noble mind.

With this and passions under ban,

True faith and holy trust in God.

Thou art the peer of any man.

Look up, then—that thy little span

Of life may be well trod."

MARGARET.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

My Dear Sister:—This is the "glorious Fourth," and it is with difficulty one can keep the mind calm and the thoughts collected enough to either read or write, so constant is the noise and din of celebrating this one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the birthday of our nation. The celebration began in good earnest about nightfall of the third, and will doubtless continue with almost unabated vigor until nearly morning of the fifth. Do you remember our old school song book called *The Golden Robin*? There was a nice song in it about Independence Day, and although it is a long time since I sang it or heard it sung, yet snatches of it keep going through my mind all day.

I have been wanting to write to you for several days, to tell you of a most delightful trip we had to Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, a fashionable summer resort, situated on the highest point on the Atlantic coast between Maine and Florida. We went to the foot of Rector Street in New York, where we took the handsome steamer, *Monmouth*, and in about an hour we were at our destination. The view as we passed through the Narrows and out in the

open bay was grand beyond description. There was scarcely a ripple on the beautiful blue waters that calm day. It looked like a sea of glass almost stretching out before us as far as eye could reach. I only wish you could see it, for I cannot describe it. After taking a walk through the principal streets, looking at the pretty cottages and numerous fine large hotels, we found a pleasant spot in a grove near the border of a high cliff where we could rest and take our lunch, and at the same time feast our eyes on the magnificent panorama of land and water which lay before us.

At the foot of the bluff the waves were ever breaking; yachts and other small craft spread their white wings to the breeze or rode lazily at anchor in the *Spermaceti Cove*, so called because a whale was captured there in 1668.

To one like myself, who had never before looked upon the ocean, it was really fascinating to sit and gaze at the deep blue sea with its endless procession of ocean steamers and sailing vessels. Away to the east lies Long Island, while to the west the blue hills of Staten Island can plainly be seen. And to the northwest, across the bay, lies the long, white, glistening shore of Sandy Hook.

I was deeply impressed by the scene, and I feel sure the memory of it will never leave me, yet try as I may, dear sister, I find myself quite unable to give you more than a faint idea of its grandeur.

In one part of Atlantic Highlands, on what is known as the Hartshorne estate, there is a gnarled, grotesque looking tree, called the "Elephant Chestnut," said to be over four hundred years old. I have taken up so much of my letter in telling of our pleasure trip, I'm afraid I shall have to postpone any further communications until another time, but I have a few "hints" to give you, which I came across lately. You will be willing to "take" such gentle hints, as they are really good. They were printed and hung over the desk of the late Prof. Charles W. Saunders, and are as follows:—

Do not say anything you do not wish God to hear.

Do not engage in anything you would be unwilling God should see.

Do not write anything you would not wish God to read.

Do not go any place where you would not desire God to find you.

Do not read anything which you know would displease God.

Do not spend any time in such a way as to prevent you from asking God's blessing upon it.

Do something every day to make the world better, brighten some life, and make some one's future more hopeful.

In all things plan, think, and act daily for the glory of God and welfare of man. So your life will be a success, both for time and eternity. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

I would like to tell you some about a new and beautiful book which has come into my possession, but will save it for my next letter as I have already written too much. Darkness is coming on and I hear the peculiar whizzing or whistling noise of sky rockets all around, and really, the noise of "celebrating" in our immediate neighborhood is becoming so exciting, I must take a peep at what is going on, so good-bye for this time.

Your ever loving sister,
AGNES MOORE.

ST. LOUIS, July 6, 1893.

Thursday evening, June 22d, the Young People's Mutual Improvement Society of St. Louis, disorganized, after an existence of one year.

As the writer scans it in retrospect, many occasions of peace and joy grow distinct and clear, and, for the year passed in association with the Mutual Improvement Society, I feel constrained to utter, *Laus Deo*, for the good derived therefrom.

After a short period of disorganization, the assemblage elected a temporary chairman and proceeded to organize under the auspices of Zion's Religio-Literary Society. Our officers are as follows: R. Archibald, president, Jno. Hitchcock, first vice president, P. O. Wells, second vice president, T. Elliott, treasurer, L. Elliott, organist, and the writer as secretary.

We are not as yet fully organized, our committees not being appointed; however this will be accomplished at an early date.

In an organization of this kind there is one powerful enemy to combat, and that is the diffidence of some of the members. So many are afraid to attempt anything at all, for fear they will not succeed quite as well as some other brother and sister. This should not be, and there is very little personal benefit obtained. As it is an organization solely for the young, why should we not as young people, make a success of it? Self-culture, in justice to self, ought to be one of our motive powers.

Let us confront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and miserable contentment of the times. It behooves us as individuals to de-

velop our thinking powers, and improve and benefit the world, our associates, just by so much as is within our power.

Let us as members of the society develop our self-reliance, our intellectuality, and not be content with what we were a year, a month, or even a week ago.

Evolution is one of the grandest of God's watchwords, and though he in his perfection is the same to-day, yesterday, and forever, we as individuals, must adopt as our motto, Progression.

Let each of us recognize our worth and strive to improve that worth.

ETTA M. IZATT.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 3, 1893.

Kind Reader:—In talking with a friend not a great while ago on the missionary subject, he being aware of the fact that I almost invariably advocate the home mission cause, wanted to know if I did not believe in foreign missions. I assured him that I did, but took the home mission side because I did not consider it was supported as it should be. For somewhat a similar reason I take this opportunity of again speaking to you regarding society work, through the medium afforded by this department, and not because I am not interested in any other branch of church work. Were it not for the interest I feel in this Latter Day work, I would not be engaged in society work at all, but knowing the good the church and mankind have derived and may yet obtain through this medium, and that there are those within the church who need this influence around them, and those without who may be induced to unite with the great organization which God has ordained; for these reasons do I heartily and earnestly advocate this branch of our church work. Since our General Organization was effected we have received a great many letters of encouragement and approval regarding this move, and have received *one*, which was not of an encouraging nature. This brother writes that he thinks the organization is out of place at present. Possibly there are a few others who think the same way, but do not take sufficient interest to register their objections. To such I would say, Please look at this matter from an unbiased standpoint, think over it earnestly, and if you still consider we are doing wrong, it is not only your privilege but your duty to point out to us wherein we are in error. Do it in a kind, courteous manner, and I feel to assure you none will be offended.

Some have cautioned against instituting too many organizations. This we consider a very wise action, but thus far I do not think the matter is overdone. I have never yet been able to discover where the "United Daughters of Zion" or the "Sisters' Prayer Union" seriously interfered with my religious work in any way, and if there has been good accomplished in that way, why not say, Amen.

Experience teaches that organizations of this nature assist very materially in the progress of our work. We have never yet met the one who was an active worker in an organization for the Young People, but what he worked with more enthusiasm and efficiency in the general church than before he became connected with this line of work. That is the prime object of our effort, to prepare our young people to be able to "give a reason for the hope we have within us." Could we always live with an elder at our back to refer all questioners to, matters would be different, but when our lot is cast where L. D. S'ism is a stranger, we have learned from a somewhat ruffled experience that it behooves one to be prepared.

"God helps those who help themselves," and unless we do our part, we cannot conscientiously ask the Lord to fulfill his promise.

Those who are not in sympathy with this move, I would kindly refer them to the beautiful tribute paid Uncle Mark (Forscutt) by the Young People's Society of St. Joseph which was published in July issue of *Autumn Leaves* and also published in the *Ensign* a few weeks ago. What an inspiration it must be to an elder who is going forth from home and friends, and when he is laboring with those distant islanders, to think of that little band at home praying for his welfare. Think brother, sister, can you speak harshly of a movement that will develop young people in this manner? Can you conscientiously say such a movement does not better fit them for laborers in the Master's vineyard? When I read the article it filled me with a determination to press forward with undying zeal, as it is another testimony to me that such work meets with the approval of our Heavenly Father. Circumstances once permitted us to be associated with our people in St. Joseph, and this perhaps strikes me with greater force than it does you, but, to my knowledge, there is no branch in the church where the Young People are accomplishing the good, according to their number, that the St. Joseph people are.

"Zion's Religio-Literary Society," which is a little over two months old, has prospered as well as was expected, and perhaps better. Ob-

stacles have arisen which have retarded the work slightly, but the barriers are giving way one by one and prospects are becoming more encouraging daily, and we believe ere the end of this conference year the most enthusiastic will have their fondest hopes realized.

There is one thing we have noticed with a degree of sadness, and that is that this department, and the one allotted us in the *Ensign* are not supported as they should be. I do not consider it my place to urge you to accept this opportunity of aiding yourself and at the same time assisting the work we are engaged in, but I trust you will realize your responsibility and privilege in this matter, and that the time is not far distant when each issue of both these periodicals will contain something regarding our line of work. Perhaps some of you will think we had better practice what we preach, and we admit such argument would be good, but kindly permit me to say I have turned over a new leaf in this direction and if I do not, like the boy, turn back to look at pictures, will try and carry out my good resolutions. Because to my personal knowledge there are a great many who can wield the pen with greater influence than I, and they do not, is no excuse for dilatory action on my part, hence I have resolved to make an effort.

Notice in July issue of *Autumn Leaves* one of the contributors says they have moved. We might say we have had a little experience in this line recently, having moved from one of the most beautiful locations in the "Sun Flower" state to this place, and were also the happy participants in the removal of the general offices of a railroad company. Was very pleasantly surprised with our church here. Everything is in a prosperous condition, and they are alive to the work, consequently have a good Young People's society.

To be continued in our next effort, which we have promised above with a good conscience and good intentions.

Yours earnestly.

J. C. HITCHCOCK.

A FREE expression of personal feeling is the natural impulse of some; while the close repression of such feeling is the natural instinct of others. Neither the instinct nor the impulse is always a safe guide. It is a duty to give sufficient expression to feeling, and to have a fitting measure of its repression. Not what we want to do, but what we ought, shall be our standard in this sphere.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Editor's Corner.

ON THE WING.

At fifteen minutes to twelve at the foot of Van Buren street we boarded the "Christopher Columbus," commonly known as the "Whale-back." This magnificent steamer is the first passenger boat of this type ever constructed, and was built especially for the accommodation of passengers to the World's Fair. It is three hundred and sixty-two feet in length and can easily accommodate five thousand passengers. The main cabin is 250x30 feet, and the boat throughout magnificently furnished. Speed twenty miles an hour.

Ascending three pairs of stairs we took our position upon the bow of the boat in the open air in order to obtain a better view. Soon we were moving slowly and majestically over the blue waters of Lake Michigan toward Jackson Park. As we move away the magnificent Auditorium and the Masonic Temple look like tall giants guarding the city, above which the smoke rising from a thousand busy industries, pales as it ascends, until in shades of light blue, fading into almost white, it looks like mist and vapor and is finally lost in the clouds with which it blends and seems to form a part.

The city now appears like a crescent, and, as we turn our gaze away toward the vast expanse of water stretching out in the distance, how magnificent, how fascinating the view! Cloud mountains rise from the point where the blue waves seemingly meet and touch the horizon. These are overhung by veils of mist which here and there are swept aside, revealing the clear, outstretching expanse of blue ether beyond, like valleys slumbering between mountain peaks.

The boat speeds on almost without perceptible motion, but, leaning over the rail and watching with exquisite delight the foam cast up by the prow as it swiftly cuts the water and noting the increasing distance between us and the city, we know we are moving rapidly.

Soon we catch sight for the first time of the glittering domes, towers, and terraces of the great buildings of the exposition over which thousands of flags and streamers are fluttering in the sunlight, and we begin to distinguish their separate outlines. The great Manufacturers' Building spreads out along the shore like a huge mountain, making our boat (which at the Van Buren street dock seemed of such

vast proportions) appear by contrast like a speck upon the water.

Over the blue expanse now comes into view the white sculptured pillars of the Grecian Colonnade or Peristyle, classic, picturesque, and beautiful. The sun just passing the meridian throws a bright light glinting along the stately columns, here subdued into soft tints as the shadows from the surmounting statuary fall aslant and there bathing the fully exposed surface with rays of splendor.

The boat touches at the pier and we pass into the grounds beneath the Triumphal arch of the beautiful Peristyle, which connects the Casino with the Music Hall, and find ourselves in the grand Court of Honor, fairly bewildered by the scene of beauty and splendor.

This arch in the Peristyle has been called the "Arc de Triumph" of the exposition. On the top of it is the Quadriga, a colossal group representing Columbus as he appeared in the triumphal fête given in honor of his return from his first voyage. Columbus is the central figure, represented standing in a four horse chariot leaning upon his sword. The horses drawing the chariot are led by women, supposed to represent goddesses. A mounted herald on either side completes the group.

But, as we pass into the court, we involuntarily pause and, almost holding our breath, gaze upon the splendid vista opening before us. Here is a basin of water at least ten acres in extent, bordered in places with shelving banks of green turf sloping down to meet the rushes, willows, and flowering shrubs springing up from the water's edge. Among these wild fowl are sporting and graceful swans are moving majestically farther out upon the waters.

Emerald lawns more beautiful than carpets of velvet stretch in front of the buildings, while leading down to the water's edge are broad flights of steps and piers at which boats are landing at short intervals. At the western end of this lovely basin or inland lake, upon which gondolas, row boats, and electrical launches are gracefully moving, stands the architectural glory of the World's Fair, the Administration Building, with its lofty golden dome seeming to pierce the sky. Walking past huge structures so high that it is painful to look up to their roofs we come to this building and entering ascend by a winding staircase to the

balcony below the dome where a bird's-eye view of the whole grounds may be obtained. This must be seen to be appreciated, for words can convey no idea whatever of the beauty of the scene. The soft murmur of the waters falling from the beautiful fountains mingles with the strains of distant music and the songs of the gondolier coming from the lake all combine to deceive the senses and make the whole seem like a visit to fairy land through the realm of dreams.

But this illusion is soon dispelled, and we begin to realize that so far from being in dream land we are in the very midst of a hurrying multitude of human beings intensely real and desperately in earnest. Many have come from long distances, have expended large sums of money in reaching this spot, and now are intent upon obtaining compensation for the same. Every avenue, every building, and every department seems to be thoroughly alive with the restless energy characteristic of Americans, many-fold intensified by the occasion.

Before we leave this spot, however, let us notice briefly two of the most beautiful works of art adorning the exposition grounds, namely, the "Columbian Fountain and the "Statue of the Republic." The first is directly in front of the Administration building. The central idea of the fountain is that of an apotheosis or deification of modern liberty, Columbia enthroned on a triumphal barge guided by Time, heralded by Fame and rowed by eight standing figures, representing on one side the arts, and on the other, science, industry, agriculture, and commerce. The barge is preceded by eight sea-horses, forming a circle directly in front and mounted by eight young men as outriders, representing modern commerce.

The design of the base is circular, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and is flanked on each side by columns fifty feet high, surmounted by eagles. The water is furnished by a great half circle of dolphins in the rear, and by a system of jets which entirely surrounds the barge and figures. On each side of this magnificent fountain stands one of the grand electric fountains which throw streams of water one hundred and fifty feet high. The latter can only be seen to advantage at night, but, when both fountains are playing, the display is superb. A view of these fountains when in full play is enough of itself to compensate anyone for a visit to the Fair.

Looking eastward from the Columbian Fountain the eye rests upon the magnificent Statue of the Republic, which stands directly facing the Administration building.

This figure which is sixty-five feet tall and perfect in symmetry, stands with the arms and hands upraised toward the head. In the right hand a globe is held upon which an eagle with outspread wings is resting, while the left hand grasps a pole surmounted by a liberty cap. The globe and eagle symbolize the invitation of liberty to the nations of the earth. The globe is invitingly held forth under the fostering shelter of the eagle's wings, while the left arm lifts the emblem high to signify that the Republic holds liberty paramount to all else. A wreath of laurel crowns the head, and the drapery lying in heavy folds on the arms and shoulders, falls in graceful curves at the sides. The bust is covered with armored shields and an eagle with outstretched wings rests on the bosom. The head, neck, and arms of this statue are finished in old ivory while the rest of the form and drapery is of bronze or gilt. It is said that four men could find sitting room on one of the hands while the arms are thirty feet long. There is a stairway through the inside of this figure and the man who attends to the electric lights in the diadem, clammers up a ladder through the neck and out through a doorway in the crown of the head, and yet this immense figure is in perfect harmony with the scale of magnificence displayed by the buildings and its entire surroundings.

Let us say just here that we do not purpose to undertake any description whatever of the World's Fair. This will be essayed by the ablest journalists, with every facility at their command, and after they have exhausted upon it their descriptive powers from day to day even from its beginning to its close, the half will not have been told. We shall deem ourselves fortunate, therefore, if we are enabled to present just a few points with sufficient distinctiveness to impress the minds of our readers and impart to them a portion of the satisfaction we enjoyed.

Our time was limited, but looking back we seem to have been there weeks instead of days, and we find the desire to return, re-visit, and enjoy at leisure, far greater than it was to go at the time we did. The first building visited was the magnificent Hall of Mines and Mining, a brief description of which, together with some others, we reserve for our next issue.

We are glad to be able to announce to our readers that arrangements are now fully completed for issuing in book form the autobiography of Elder Joseph Luff. In addition to the matter which has already appeared in the LEAVES, it will contain two most powerful and

able sermons by Brother Luff, treating upon subjects calculated to fully meet the demands of the time and age in which we live. "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" presents our faith to the world, stripped of all its supposed narrowness and bigotry in a manner which is necessarily bound to compel attention and silence much criticism; and the other, "The Modern Stumbling Stone," must enlighten all who read it carefully, if they are honestly seeking after truth, in reference to the points upon which it treats.

The volume will be well printed upon good paper and bound in the most substantial manner, and will contain a group of the author's family beside a picture of his mother.

It will be a volume of about the same size as "With the Church in an Early Day," and will be mailed from the Herald Office at \$1.25. Here is a grand opportunity for those who desire to help in rolling on this work to do so. The edition will be limited and the friends of Brother Luff, who desire to possess themselves of this volume should send in their orders early, and those who have friends and relatives to whom they wish to present the truth in an attractive, persuasive, yet most logical form, cannot afford to lose this opportunity of doing

so. But more important, if that could be, than these considerations, is the one that your sons and your daughters need this book, and your duty to them calls upon you to place it in their hands, if you can possibly do so. Further on, we shall have more to say in reference to this matter.

With this issue we begin to occupy space for a department which from the beginning has been reserved for the Daughters of Zion, but which circumstances heretofore have prevented our using, and we trust it will be well sustained and its editor, Sr. Kelley, receive ample encouragement in her work. The field is white to the harvest, and let none lean idly upon rusty sickles, but enter in and occupy. Let love—love of our fellow beings smite every selfish aim out of our hearts and let us not rest until we find them attuned to the harmony of the gospel—the grand pæan of the ages: "God is love."

WANTED, at this office, full volumes of *Autumn Leaves* for 1888 and 1890, also January number of 1893, at \$1.50 per volume. Cash or subscription to *Autumn Leaves* given in exchange.

Daughters of Zion.

"Unity of work is the hope of our cause."

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.
—TENNYSON.

FIRST WORDS.

HAVING consented to accept the position of editor of the Department of the *Autumn Leaves* devoted to woman's work, it has not been without a degree of uncertainty as to whether I could bring the duties connected with this work along properly with the already numerous other duties of everyday life.

If, however, in attempting to fill the position, I find it necessary to neglect other essential duties, of course I shall hope that other provisions will be duly made.

Desiring that the humble efforts I may put forth in this relation shall help others, as well as myself, in trying to advance the interests of the Master's cause, I shall labor hoping for the support, encouragement, and prayers of all,

fully realizing they are needful to the success of the work, I respectfully undertake the duties assigned.

MRS. C. B. KELLEY.

AUXILIARY CHURCH WORK.

WHILE so much is being said and written about the auxiliary organizations in the church, it can hardly be termed out of propriety to offer a few thoughts which come to the mind in favor of their maintenance, and urging forward with all possible energy the work undertaken by some of them. It shows a live interest in the work and a willingness to take hold and help in the various departments. It shows that those who are willing to be up and doing while it is yet day, are not standing still. We would think indeed, if anyone is expecting to go into any one of these organizations for the glory of office, or any worldly

glory, the best plan would be for them to stand still by all means. But if the members of the different organizations and co-workers are full of the love of God in their hearts and of zeal for the cause of Christ, and strive earnestly to keep his commandments, let us heartily bid them *move onward*. Do all in our power with this aim in view. No need to grow fearful by the way; if perchance the path does not seem all sunshine. Let all work together and while the special work of some is 'For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ,' there is much to do that does not properly belong to the first officers of the church, but to lay members, sisters, and helpers of all classes.

First, it may be well to inquire what parties if any, in the church are doing, or attempting to do the work which these societies have in hand outside of the societies themselves? Are any doing, or have they ever attempted to do the work of the Sunday school, or the Sunday School Association?

Do we expect that the work performed by the many sisters' aid societies shall be taken up and carried out by the priesthood? What would they know about it, or what could they do even if their time was not fully occupied in other matters?

Is the eldership doing, or is it even possible for them to do the work undertaken by the *Daughters of Zion* in developing and training the minds and hearts of mothers and girls, and placing before them wise counsel and good advice which particularly relates to them in their work and responsibilities in life to the race, to each other, and to their heavenly Father?

Or, shall we say that the sisters have no work or responsibilities that they must individually answer for to God?

In education in letters, the sciences, music, and elocution we are compelled to seek instruction from the world, and I have actually known good, zealous Saints and sisters to attend colleges and places of learning to become acquainted with kindergarten and other means of instruction so they might teach our children after they had been under the wise tutelage of the elders for years. But should a society be formed of the young people in the church to instruct and develop in music or the art of teaching it would be considered an awful thing—why? Because everything must be done under the eye of the elder.

Now, for one, I protest against such an idea. It may be good Romanism, but it is not Christ-like nor in harmony with the teaching of the Bible where every man and woman in the

church is commanded to work and is held accountable to God for the proper performance of this work regardless of what the elder may do.

Tabitha could stand at the head of those who were "full of good works" in the time of Peter, and if so, a sister to-day may lead in the work of a sisters' aid society and receive commendation of the Lord for her work. (See Acts 9: 36. 43.)

These aids outside of the priesthood organizations are directly provided for in the revelations to the Saints. "Behold, if my servants and handmaidens, of the different organizations for good among my people, shall continue in righteousness, they shall be blessed, even as they bless others of the household of faith." (D. and C. Sec. 117, Par. 12.)

This cannot refer to elders or priesthood organizations alone, for there are no "handmaidens" belonging to the priesthood organizations, but to the sisters helping societies of *good works* of whatever kind whether in training of the mind or the needle.

The prophet and first president of the church was commanded to seek for wisdom outside of priestly lines as well as inside. "to search all good books"—books written by men of the world, and this that he might be better qualified to instruct and teach saints, and shall it be said that no one else shall learn anything unless he gets it from the elders?

Jesus did not teach an exclusive nor seclusive education of his saints.

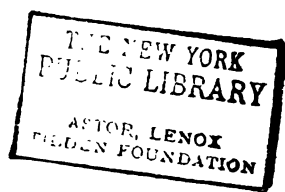
"By me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture? John 10: 9.

Men and women come into the kingdom and are saved.

For wisdom that belongs to the world they are free to feed anywhere that they may find food that is good, and so may "go in and out and find pasture." Instead of becoming fettered in mind or work by entry into the church and being under the domination of priest or layman, they are made "free indeed."

The friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—
Although it seems not so—he is my friend,
But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,
And pardon me ere pardon I demand—
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

—Scribner's.



**"All things in nature are beautiful types to the soul that reads them;
Nothing exists upon earth but for unspeakable ends;
Every object that speaks to the senses was meant for the spirit;
Nature is but a scroll; God's handwriting thereon."**

AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 9.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Adventurers have sailed to unknown lands,
Have dared the dangers of the trackless seas,
Have grudged no labor of the brain or hands,
Forsaken lives of luxury and ease,
Allured by nothing but the lust for gold.

And shall the truth less anxiously be sought?
Its price is earnest search. It is not sold

In any mart of trade. Cannot be bought,
Nor found by one whose search is mere pretense.

For confirmation of endangered creed,
Or palliation of a past offense.

'Tis such a truth as dazzled Saul we need;
That shall expose our sin, our error show.

Such truth may hide beneath the rainbow's arch;

The heavenly pavements with its lustre glow.

But lies it all beyond a mortal's search?

Aspiring soul that taught me thus to love

The truth. Cannot my conscience as a spring
Bring from its undiscovered source above

And with its crystal waters outward fling
The truth in golden grain? If so, speak forth!

Says conscience: "No, but more like mercury I

The truth assimilate, assay, its worth,

But must be brought the gold I try."

Ye everlasting hills I turn to you,

Have your rough rock-ribbed depths the truth concealed?

The earthquake yawning brought those depths to view,

The hidden treasure of the rock revealed.

And eager science read the tale it told

And shouted loud exultant o'er its prize.

But can the earth no more than this unfold?

And shall no higher truth salute our eyes?

Eternal one of infinite control!

Enthroned between the cherubim in cloud,

Hast thou no answer for the anxious soul

Whose search thyself inspired? The Son of God,

Who took no note of Pilate's curt demand,

To poor, bewildered Thomas, gently says,

"I am the truth." Again with anxious care

At thought of his poor, scattered sheep, he prays—

"O sanctify them, Father, through thy truth,
Thy word is truth." That word is then the field,

The Eldorado of our search. Well might

Hilkiah glory in the book he found;

Where'er on Sinai's peaks or Calvary's brow

The seeker tread, the paths with truth abound.

Though thoughtless throngs pass careless by

Oblivious to the rich outcropping veins,

Which growing richer as they're followed down,

Reward the seeker with increasing gains.

Discouraged one, the Spirit is thy guide.

He'll give the grace to follow where he leads,

Help thee to gather truth on every side

In precious nuggets yet uncoined in creeds.

And thou, poor wanderer, Satan's fleeing slave!

Repentant tears will open up to thee

The way to thy Redeemer, strong to save.

Thou'lt find the truth, and truth shall make thee free.

Toil on, faint not though blood-drops mingle with thy sweat,

Though shelterless thou push through snow and rain,

And jagged rock points lacerate thy feet,

The riches amply recompense the pain.

This wealth possessed, no waters shall destroy,

The alien air shall pass it hurtless by,

The fiery furnace burn but base alloy,

For truth's immortal. It can never die.

—Exchange.

INTEMPERANCE: IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIAL ILLS.

OUR subject naturally divides itself into three parts: 1. What sort of an evil is intemperance, and how great in extent? 2. What is its relation to other social evils? And 3. What can be done to lessen intemperance?

First, then, what sort of an evil is intemperance?

Many persons will reply: "It is only one manifestation of a generally undisciplined moral condition. The question of whether a man drinks to excess or not is purely a question of personal morals. Drunkenness is simply a disgusting vice of the private life, and usually found in those only of generally low moral tone." And those who thus define intemperance will protest against any treatment of it which is *specialized* into a distinct social reform; for they are convinced that only as you raise the general standard and condition morally, of both the individual and the mass, will you secure self-control in the matter of drink. And persons holding this view are apt to believe that a temperate use of liquors is better than total abstinence from them, and that all "pledges" against "any use of intoxicants as a beverage" are a confession of weakness, unbecoming a free and self-disciplined nature.

There is a basis of the soundest truth in this statement respecting intemperance; yet, to my thinking, it is built upon in so one-sided a manner, and with so little regard for a large class of well-known facts, that the definition, as a whole, is misleading in the extreme.

It is profoundly true that intemperance in drink, like every other sort of wrongdoing, is a part of that "deep disease of life," the weakness of will, the lack of insight and strength and moral devotion, which, in one way or other, keeps us all back from our true goal of freedom, wisdom, and righteousness. It is profoundly true of intemperance that the uplift of the whole nature, for the individual and for the mass, will bring uplift at this point also; and that temptations of the fleshly appetites, overmastering to the low-born and ill-bred and narrow life, are slight and easily escaped to those whose natures are filled so full of good impulses and high pleasures and wide intellectual

pursuits that they have no time to waste in poor and vulgar indulgences. And it is profoundly true also that temperance, as a social reform, ought never to be treated in such a way as to empty the reproach of intemperance of its personal and individual significance. Intemperance in the individual is a *personal vice*,—a crime against the higher nature, a chasm of infamy from which most men and women who sink into it have been warned time and again by inward monitors before the will was too much weakened to resist. And the individual drunkard is not to be excused as though he were only a "victim," save in such cases as are proved dipsomaniacs from inheritance, and these should never be allowed at large in society. No man of ordinary powers ever became a drunkard without being first, and for many times over, just a "little exhilarated." And it is too late in the day for him to plead ignorance of the law that "temperance," not "total abstinence," mind you, but "temperate use," forbids a man to take enough liquor to consciously disturb his physical and mental balance. And the man who neglects the danger-signal of abnormal exhilaration at night, and a bad headache or languor the next morning, goes toward his destruction, in some measure at least, wilfully and "as the fool walketh." Nor is any young man to hold himself at liberty to take low pleasures of vice because he is poor or friendless or shut away from higher enjoyments. What is a young man's strength given him for but to use it like a hero? Shall he complain and cry like a baby, because he has a hard task given him to do? What is the soldier called who, set to watch at a dangerous post, plays the coward and runs away? Just such a traitor is every young man who, set to guard the fortress of his purity, the citadel of his moral power, shirks the task because it is hard and difficult! I believe with all my heart that the paths toward virtue should be made easier and more attractive to innocence. I believe with all my heart that some treacherous slides toward vice and degradation, now open to youth on every hand, should be closed to public travel, and especially to the

careless foot of unprotected girlhood and boyhood,—closed by the strong arms of the combined wisdom and love of society. But a young man or woman of ordinary powers should be ashamed to plead the excuse of outward temptations to vice, when his or her business was to *resist* and not to yield to such temptations. Never did such a young man or woman take the first steps in the evil path without many an hour of pleading from the inward voice, many an hour of sacred opportunity to choose the good and be saved to virtue. If he or she silence that warning voice, it is not solely or chiefly as a "*victim*," however hard the circumstances may have been. They have been disobedient to the heavenly vision, they have slain their better selves, they have *consented* to their own undoing! And, when once vice has wrought its complete work upon body and soul, what a ruin is there! Not all the statistics of the temperance reformer, not all the massing of the evil fruits of the drink-mania upon society, can match in terrible impressiveness the lesson of one such spoiled life, especially if that life was dear to us, and we have seen it and loved it at its best. To watch the slow stamping out of manhood and womanhood under the hoof of bestiality, to see the light of love and truth and duty die out of the soul, and realize how true it is that he who sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, ah! nothing, it seems, matches this horror of human experience! But is the drunkard or the licentious person sinner above all others that the penalty is so much more loathsome a condition than is found elsewhere in the wages of sin? Nay! nay! I verily believe that many a hard, cruel, revengeful man, who steels his heart from pity and grinds the face of the poor and studies daily how he may punish his enemies, stands lower down in the scale of human virtue than many a drink-soddened creature, who, "when he is himself," yearns helplessly after the good he has lost hold upon, and who reverences in his hopeless heart all that is sweet and pure. And I believe as truly that many a cold, self-righteous, censorious woman, who stabs her sisters with slanderous words, and blasphemes against her motherhood by harsh and bitter ways, is as much a "fallen woman," is as far from the ideal womanly sweetness and helpfulness, as is

the poor lost creature whose shameful life has yet not killed in her kindness and gentle care toward those around her! The reason why the penalty of vice is so much more loathsome and helpless a state than follows upon other sins quite as black and perhaps more soul-destroying is simply this: the vice creates certain *physical conditions* which after a time render the will incapable of action and doom the body to hopeless disease. And this, consider it I pray you earnestly, this is why we must not look upon either licentiousness or intemperance, as we see those vices in the mass of men, precisely as we look upon other species of wrongdoing. They, the passion for drink especially, constitute the unique temptation, result in the unique penalty, because, when the drink has wrought its complete work, it has, through a physical process of change, robbed the man of his will-power, and made his nervous organization incapable of responding to the higher impulses of his nature. And hence any explanation of intemperance, any exhortation to temperance, which treats the drink-mania as it would the burglar's moral failing or the liar's sin, is wholly inadequate. Temperance is a part of the virtue of every good man. But "intemperance," as we technically use the word to define an excessive use of intoxicants, is something more and different from an immorality: It is that, and it is as truly a physical disease. Just where in any life the point of moral responsibility ends and the period of physical incompetency to change the drink-habit sets in, we cannot know. But he has studied the problem of intemperance to no thorough and adequate result whatever who has not learned that drunkenness becomes a chronic and often an incurable disease, if continued far enough. This is true also of licentiousness, but physicians think in far less degree. It is the fiat of nature that, if the sin be bodily as well as mental, the penalty shall at last destroy the body as an instrument of the higher nature, and so doom the soul to a maimed and helpless servitude to sensuality.

This it is, then, which makes the question of intemperance a question not only of private morals, but of public health, and takes it at once out of the category of merely personal wrongdoing and places it in the list of *social evils*. For

any vice which renders a man helpless and irresponsible, an increasing burden upon the public, the public has some right to discuss and seek to control in its own interests. Therefore, when my friend says: "You must elevate your *man*, not seek to stop his drinking. And, further, if you can't elevate him, it is none of your business if he drinks himself to death. You have no right to interfere with his liberty," I reply: "Be not so sure. If by his drunken habits he makes himself an insane or imbecile creature for me to help take care of, I have a right to do what I may to keep him from drinking; and, if I can't do any better, to shut him away from liquor and make him work for the support of his family instead of allowing him to throw their care and his own support upon the community."

I define intemperance, then, as a social evil; that is to say, as a species of wrongdoing which is so manifestly social in its effects that society has a right and a duty to investigate and treat it as a special, and not merely a general, moral evil. And the same thing can be said in only less degree of licentiousness. Moreover, I define intemperance, all things considered, as the greatest social evil in our present civilization. It is the greatest in extent of area, all the so-called Christian nations and many others witnessing its terrible ravages upon public health and morality. It is the greatest in its interrelation to all industrial, political, and educational problems, since it blurs observation of all actual conditions of economics and personal capacity by its artificial lowering of public wealth and individual power. It is the greatest in its intensity of hold upon the physical and moral nature of man,—not so overmastering and confusing in youth as the sexual passion, it is true, but having a cumulative power over mature life unparalleled by any other habit, and without the natural limits of satiety which modify its twin vice of impurity.

It is the greatest of social evils in its entrenchment behind vested interests of property, the vast machinery of its supply being in turn, from greed of gain, a vast machinery for its cultivation and increase. What wonder, then, that Axel Gustafson, whose book is the most valuable one upon the subject I know of, calls alcohol "The Foundation of Death"? And, surely, one

need not apologize for dealing with it as one of the most important and vital of all the questions which can be discussed in a series of meetings devoted to social disease and their remedy.

I would now speak of the second portion of our subject.

2. The relation of intemperance to other social evils. And first let us name the other social evils. What are they?

I defined a social evil, you remember, as a species of personal wrong-doing whose effects were so wide-spread and so hurtful to society that society had a right and duty to investigate it and treat it in a manner specialized to meet its particular conditions.

Now, allusion has already been made to *licentiousness*, and it requires but a few words to hint the relation of intemperance to that kindred vice. It is pretty well established that the first effect of alcohol is to excite the sensibilities, fire the sensuous imagination, and lessen the will power. If this be true, and I know of no authority which denies that any but the most extremely temperate use of spirituous liquors does this threefold work, then the smallest intemperance *must* lessen resistance to unchaste desires, and many a young man, who has difficulty when sober in holding the fiery steeds of passion in his nature well in hand, loses command of them altogether with the first touch of alcoholic stimulation; while it is known to all who have ever worked among unchaste women that comparatively few fall very low until the drink has blinded and clogged their moral natures.

And second in the list of social evils I would place *gambling*, a vice which has made such inroads upon our feverish life that all moralists should take the alarm. And by gambling I do not mean merely the places, fashionable or "low," in which games of chance are played for money. I mean also those gaming methods of so-called "business" which disgrace many of our stock exchanges. I have heard more than one man say, "I couldn't stand the excitement of the stock-room if I didn't take a nip at eleven o'clock." It is clear, then, that over-excitement in gaming leads to drinking. And it is as true that the alternations of condition caused by the drink-habit, alternations from deepest depression to over-sanguine hope and ex-

aggerated sense of power, lead to the craving for exciting games of chance, both in the club-room and the trade centres.

And third, among social evils intimately connected with intemperance, we must name *crime*; that is to say, all violation of law, of more or less flagrant sort.

It needs no detailed statement, no piled-up statistics to prove to any intelligent audience the intimate connection between drink and crime, especially all crime against the person. Few are the murders or savage assaults for which the assailant has not prepared himself by long indulgence in liquor, or at least "steadied his nerves" by a drink beforehand. The horrible crimes of wife-beating and murder, and of cruelty of parents toward children,—crimes which are the most fiendish of all,—would be almost wiped out but for the maddening drink. The testimony of judges, magistrates, and all police officials is plentiful at this point, and tends one way. Says Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Chairman of County Quarter Sessions for thirty years in Great Britain: "I have perhaps presided at more criminal trials than most men living; and I can truly say that I have had scarcely a case before me, with reference to the class of offences known as against the person, that was not the consequence of drunkenness." And the testimony of others in like positions in this country, testimony equally dispassionate and without the bias of the "Temperance Reformers'" statistics, is similar to this, if not so strong.

The fourth social evil to be mentioned is *pauperism*; that is, the condition in which mature men and women are unable to meet the fundamental demands of the physical life for food, clothing, and shelter, and have therefore to be cared for by society at large. Poverty, however severe, should never be confounded with pauperism. And poverty, strictly speaking, should not be called a social evil. It may be, as I think it is, true that our industrial conditions bear unjustly upon many classes, and that a long and hard lesson in more equal distribution of wealth is yet to be learned by society. But for men and women of average health and capacity poverty is not itself a curse, and it may be a nursery of most honorable virtue and strength. But that a human being should be helplessly de-

pendent upon those not bound to him by ties of blood or personal affection for the bare necessities of life is a terrible calamity; and that large masses of people, neither too young nor too old for work, should be so, is a *social* evil. And that children should be bred in an atmosphere of willing dependence is a menace to all true social life. And the connection between pauperism and drink is so close that he who runs may read it. However it may be in other countries, here in America very few, if any, mature men and women of ordinary physical strength and ordinary mental capacity are unable to earn at least a decent living for themselves and their children. Our almshouses and children's homes and refuges of all sorts are filled with drunkards and drunkards' children. Our City Missionary Society visitors, here in Providence, will bear testimony to this point, and so will our overseer of the poor,—that in middle life nothing but death or hopeless invalidism of the bread-winner, or some other peculiar calamity, puts the household and the children into the list of pauper families. And more than this: the margin between the pauperized and those very poor, who are so untrained in their work that they can command only a bare living for pay,—the margin between the pauperized and those very poor is very scant. And this scant margin is overpassed every year in thousands of families by the wasting of money in drink by some member of the family. What is spent that way, and the loss of working hours and working power which results from indulgence in drink, makes the fatal difference between struggling but honest poverty and the pitiable fate of the pauper.

The annual drink bill of the United States was estimated by the National Bureau of Statistics, in 1880, to be considerably over seven hundred millions of dollars,—a bill for liquors largely in excess of what is spent for meat, and the products of the vegetable garden and fruit orchard. And, since it is a well-established fact that the wage-earners of this country pay a good share of this drink-bill, no complaint from the workman of hard times and poor pay should ignore this enormous extravagance of his daily life. And, if we added the tobacco bill to the drink bill of the laboring man, we should see an added ex-

planation of his poverty! And every father and mother who by drinking habits takes this step from extreme poverty to pauperism sends out into society children predisposed to moral invalidism, and in whom it will be difficult, if not impossible, to awaken that power for independent struggle which is the basis of noble character.

The fifth social evil we must name is that of *defective human beings*,—those markedly inferior to the average standard in moral, mental, and physical condition. I do not here mean to indicate any impracticably superior standard as the basis of judgment, no quixotic ideal of human nature's capacities. I mean to indicate by the defective classes the idiotic, the insane, the helplessly crippled and diseased in body, and those hopelessly predisposed to vicious and criminal ways, who start life with little or no capital of moral sense and will power. These, surely, constitute a social evil. And, if anyone should count the cost to society of one such defective individual, and multiply it by the actual number of such in our communities, he would get some faint idea of the magnitude of the evil. And, if such a student would then make a careful study of intemperance,—considered as a producing cause of all these diseased conditions named,—he would see why calm and well-balanced people arraign the drink habit as the monster evil of our civilization. I have no time to elaborate this most vital part of my subject. But I must quote from one or two acknowledged authorities. Dr. Norman Kerr, whose experience and special training have given him the broadest and most reliable data, says, "Defective nerve power, and an enfeebled, debilitated *morale* form the favorite legacy of inebriates to their offspring. The daughters are apt to be nervous and hysterical, or, if sound in other ways, the victims of life-long weakness and pain. The sons are apt to be feeble and eccentric, easily falling into insanity." And Dr. Kerr adds this most significant statement, that "all the evil resulting from hereditary absolutism may be transmitted by parents who have never been noted for their drunkenness. Long-continued habitual indulgence in intoxicating drinks, to an extent far short of intoxication, is sufficient to originate and hand down a morbid tendency."

And Dr. Morel, in his celebrated work on "The Degeneration of the Human Race," says of alcoholic heredity, "Imbecility and idiocy and dipsomania in utterly uncontrollable forms are the extreme terms of the degradation in the descendants of drinkers, but a great number of intermediary stages develop themselves."

Is anyone foolish enough to say that, because the fear of hell is wearing away, there are no scourges to duty fierce and terrible enough to hold the animal nature in check? What hell of the religious imagination could so appall a parent and so nerve him to self-control as this inflexible law of nature that curses children with insanity, disease, idiocy, and all manner of hopeless suffering for the sins of parents? Has any man with a spark of manhood need of aught more than this to keep him temperate? And, if Dr. Kerr is correct, the moderate drinker no less than the drunkard works to his children's misery by his selfish indulgence in the pleasures of the cup.

And not only the pleasures of the cup: right here I must say one word of the evil inheritance which the *tobacco-using father* bestows upon his child. Only second to the horrible diseases with which drink and licentiousness curse children are those derangements of the nervous system, those tendencies to heart failure, and to paralysis of special organs of the body which tobacco gives by inheritance. There *may* be a use of tobacco so mild and temperate that it injures neither him who indulges nor his children. But the *usual* use is an extreme and a most intemperate one; and the effects are plainly written on the weakened eyesight, the tendency to throat and heart disorders, and the excessive nervous sensibility of thousands of little children, to say nothing of the effect upon the smokers and chewers themselves. I cannot see how any conscientious father can use tobacco, as most men who use it at all do use it, and feel himself guiltless. He can so easily learn, if he does not already know, the penalty his vice will exact of his children. And to one who loves cleanliness and pure air and a dainty freshness about the house, tobacco-using does seem such a miserable mess of pottage for which to barter a child's birthright of soundness and beauty!

But I must not dwell upon this. Per-

haps the most careful and cautious summing up of the effects of intemperance in drink upon the social ills I have named which has ever been made is that of a Royal Commission of Inquiry in the English House of Commons a few years ago, which was as follows:—

"The drink results for England are these:—

- "1. Nine tenths of the paupers.
- "2. Three fourths of the criminals.
- "3. One half of the diseases.
- "4. One third of the insanity.

"5. Three fourths of the depravity of children and youth.

"6. One third of the shipwrecks and fatal accidents."

I have studiously avoided using any statements of professed temperance reformers or any description of conditions which might be open to the suspicion of being too highly colored by feeling. All that has been maintained so far in this paper is culled from the experience and testimony of those whom everyone would admit were wholly unpartisan witnesses, and made competent to deal with the question by their mode of life,—physicians, guardians of the poor, charitable visitors, and police officers, and magistrates.

You have all doubtless heard these indictments against the drink-habit and these counts of its well-known results again and again. It is an old story; it ceases to interest. Why is it that we are not all so appalled by the story that we are stung to resolute action instead of lulled to sleep by it? Why is it that a personal calamity, a social menace, a condition of horror and degradation in the individual and in the mass, which in any other direction would cause a panic, a revolution if need be, in this case of intemperance causes only a calm regret and a half-hearted and spasmodic effort toward cure? Why is it that yellow fever or cholera, claiming only a few victims, causes a thrill of horror to run through the whole country, and the vast procession of drunkards, with the trailing army of miserable wives and doomed children behind them, causes only a faint sigh from the majority of people? For no reason in the world except the dull and stupid one that we are *used to drunkards and the result of intemperance*. If it were a new evil instead of an inheritance from a hoary

past, we should not rest day nor night until we had at least tried to wipe it out. But the time has come already when many people are awake to the malignity and power of this ancient destroyer. And these are pressing determinedly upon the public conscience a distinct temperance reform.

And the mention of those words brings me to the third division of the subject; namely, What can be done to lessen intemperance? I shall not attempt to discuss with you this afternoon the political or legal side of the temperance reform. This is a subject of such difficulty, and there is so much I should have in conscience to say, if I said anything at all, that I shall leave that for some future conference, and pass directly to the *social means* of lessening intemperance. And first in importance I would put the *influence of large employers of labor*, both in respect to total abstinence requirements from help and in the surroundings which they secure to their workmen in shop and at home.

When the Grand Trunk & Wisconsin Central Railroad officials decided to exact a total abstinence pledge from every employee in any capacity,—a pledge to apply to the "off-duty" hours as strictly as to those of actual service, and the penalty for breaking which was certain loss of position,—they not only showed due concern for the safety of their patrons, but struck a most powerful blow against intemperance. And the same rule applied in large business and manufacturing houses would be of inestimable benefit to society and to the individual worker. It would put a premium on sobriety worth all the temperance exhortations in the world. And, if the man who is responsible for massing large numbers of wage-earners in a given locality would use his vast influence and power to keep those sections free from liquor saloons, he would accomplish what most laws have failed to do in the interest of good order and decency. And then, if all who own property would decline to rent buildings to liquor-dealers and put anti-liquor-selling clauses into their lease or sale of land, it would do an immense amount of good in lessening the number of saloons. It is incredible that men and women who profess to be in favor of temperance and desirous of the

public good should let their premises for such uses, as many of them do.

And, next, I would put a good supply of *pure water* in every town and city, easily accessible to every person, in every quarter. Many a man drinks liquor because there is no chance in sight of getting pure water, cool in summer and palatable in its form of supply. The public drinking fountain, with its constant supply of pure water, with a place in which to easily rinse the glass or metal cup, with provisions for cooling the water in summer, and placed at every square, would of itself do away with much intemperance, especially among the poorer classes. And, next, a far more general, cheap, and accessible supply of non-intoxicating, warm, and cool drinks for workers of all sorts is a necessary aid in the temperate cause. An old printer once told me, "Printers employed at night on daily papers used to be the most drunken of workman; and for the reason that they came out of the composing-room in the early morning, tired and faint, and there was no chance to get anything but an intoxicating drink." Now the custom of many proprietors of such places in furnishing hot coffee, hot milk, or soup to their printers, before they leave the building, has of itself alone kept thousands of men temperate who might otherwise have fallen into drinking habits. And if a well-furnished or at least comfortable "lunch-room" were kept in each large establishment, where those workers who have to bring their dinners could sit and eat, and where warm and cool drinks in their season, nourishing and palatable, were furnished either free or for the cost price only, thousands of men and women would gladly give up the dangerous habit of tipping at midday. And not only this, but the increase of chances to get such drinks on the street from appropriate shops would be a great gain to temperance. The constantly increasing supply of non-intoxicating drinks advertised from the druggists' windows is one of the most promising signs of the times in this direction.

And then, again, we want to increase the chances for getting good, nourishing, palatable, and *cooked food* at reasonable prices. This is a vital need for temperance reform. In hundreds of families in this State the woman head as well as the

man head goes out to work each day. The faintness of the long day's labor cannot, it seems to them, wait to be appeased until the evening meal can be made ready. How natural that the couple should stop at the ever open saloon on their way from the factory or shop for the drink that cheats them into the delusion that they are warmed and fed! If side by side with that saloon there was a food-shop from which could be purchased at reasonable price and carried home, hot and appetizing, first-class soups and stewed meats and vegetables and really good food of various sorts, all ready for eating, the saloon would lose, I believe, far more than half its customers of this sort. The drink is "handy," it is at every turn: the nourishing food is hard to get, impossible to the common ignorance of many laborers. What wonder that the faint and tired acquire the fatal habit! What better work could anyone do than try, as the managers of the New England Kitchen in Boston are now doing, to furnish individuals and families with excellent, nutritious cooked food in such shape that it can be eaten, still hot and appetizing, at the house? This would do away with not only much of the liquor-drinking, but with most of the intemperance in tea-drinking, which is the special curse of the poorer and more ignorant sewing-women. Wholesome food is a necessity of healthful living which these poor creatures cannot secure for themselves, from lack of both time and skill in cooking. And this provision of good cooked food, if general enough, would help mightily in solving some of our most difficult and vital domestic problems for classes more fortunate in circumstance than any yet named.

Another provision of help for the cure of intemperance is plenty of light, warm, cheery, not too fine, and very accessible reading and lounging rooms. A class of very practical workers in England have taken for their watchword *The Public House without the Drink*. We might well take for ours some similar motto. It is a fact all should heed that hundreds of men go to the saloon at first not for the drink at all, but rather for the chance to chat and look at the daily newspapers, and pass a lonely hour. Being there, it seems "mean" not to drink and not to "treat;" and so the fatal bonds of habit

doom them unaware. The large numbers of people in a manufacturing community like ours who must live in cheerless, crowded homes, or, worse still, in a poor boarding-house, render it necessary that there should be some free and large provision for meeting-places outside those homes. The daily papers, a few illustrated weeklies, some tables and chairs, a hearty and pleasant manner in the person who is to serve as host, are all that is needed to fit up such a room. But the room itself must be as "handy" as the saloon; on the ground-floor, in the conspicuous corner, and with a democratic and unrestrained air about it. It must not have any prayer-meeting attachment, or any machinery for "doing good" to people beyond a free chance for talk and good cheer by those who frequent it. And I must add a hint from an experience of some women who started such a reading and lounging room. They had little money, and one of their numbers suggested that they arrange, if possible, with a young man who already had an attractive place,—a refreshment-room with soda fountain and ice-cream saloon,—to use one of his rooms for the purpose. They did so, and he supervised the place and kept it under such restraint as made it suitable for his regular customers in the adjoining room. And the results desired were gained at comparatively trifling cost, and, what is equally important, along an already established *business line*. If more of our less expensive restaurants could be utilized in this way, it would be a good thing; and the food-shops and places where non intoxicating drinks are sold, which we hope to see established in the future, should all have rooms for such hasty reading and free chat and meeting of comrades attached to them. This would associate good cheer and a chance to talk with good food and drink rather than with harmful liquors.

And, next, let us have *more parks and fresh-air places* of resort for the poorer people,—not so much more *large* parks of quite expensive and difficult access, but far more small breathing-places, with *seats*, and not too many signs of "Keep off the Grass." And let us have more public baths, and more free gymnasiums, and more cheap and decent amusements. Some part, at least, of the drunkenness of the very poor is owing to the vacant, joy-

less, and sickly lives they lead. Better physique cannot save the soul, but it gives the soul a good deal better chance to save itself. And no one who has much to do with young men but knows that plenty of healthful exercise, plenty of wholesome amusement, is a vital need, if purity and self-control are to be expected. You may possibly underfeed, and poison with foul air, and cripple strength with flacid muscles and impoverished blood, and render melancholy with lack of amusement a class of *girls*, and make them only *ill*, not bad. But young men and boys must have the things which make for innocent physical enjoyment if the majority of them are to be kept from sensuality of one sort or another. And this is as true of the young men and boys who work in mills and shops for a living as it is of the favored youths who go to Harvard College or Brown University. We may not have "Palaces of Delight," as Besant wrote of; we must have *humble* and *numerous* chances for healthful exercise and innocent amusement if the youth of either sex are to grow up sound in body and in soul.

I come now to the last division of our subject,—namely, the *personal methods* of helping to rid the world of intemperance. And there is one of such transcendent and overwhelming importance that, although others crowd upon my mind, I shall speak only of that one. I mean the example and precept of *total abstinence from all intoxicants as a beverage*. There is nothing which could be done, in either political measures or social directions such as have been indicated, which could for one moment compare in aid to the temperance cause and restraint upon the liquor traffic with unity of conviction and practice among the best people on this one point. Until the drinking customs of good society are done away with, vain will be our efforts to drive out of existence the low-class saloon. While the clubs of rich men vie with one another in stocking their cellars with alcoholic drinks, the poor men will be poisoned with the vilely adulterated liquors of the rumseller. So long as wit and fashion and wisdom and beauty and wealth think stimulating cups necessary to highest civility and good breeding at table, so long we can make very slight headway in persuading dullness and ignorance and poverty that bad whiskey is not

the best entertainment for one's friends. Nay, let me not be understood as intimating that the "better classes," so called, have no personal need to be totally abstemious in this matter; that it is only for the sake of "common" and "low down" humanity that they should become teetotallers. Far from it. The evil habit of drinking feeds on the indulgence of the brightest and best and most fortunate as truly and as fatally as upon that of the "lower classes." There is no aristocracy in vice; and it matters not where one starts to run, down hill, the bottom is the same. Dear noble, sweet-hearted Charles Lamb, brilliant Edgar Poe, great Daniel Webster, all can sink as deep in the mires of sensual indulgence as any of the least among men. There is a noble temperance movement, a movement toward total abstinence in this country, which has taken for its motto "For their Sakes." That is only one side of it, however. There are at least a very large minority of people in America who cannot assume, with any certainty, that their total abstinence position is necessary *only* for the sake of some one else. It is quite as apt to be needed, vitally needed, for their own protection and safety. It is impossible to look into the clear eyes of any baby born to-day, and say he is proof against the evil of the drink-habit; he could indulge always with perfect moderation, and to no physical or mental or moral hurt; if he abstains from all use of intoxicants, it need only be on the principle of *noblesse oblige*. There are multitudes of people, I readily admit, who can and do partake of the lighter liquors constantly at table and at evening refreshments, and who never overstep the strict bounds of prudence and propriety, and who seem never to be the worse for it. And, although the case is not fully made out even for them until the testimony relating to their children and grand-children is all in, I have no desire to characterize such people as either wicked or hazardous. But I do submit, in all seriousness, that there is an almost utter impossibility of picking out such *safe* drinkers in youth. In the same family will be six of this sort and one who is maddened by the same amount of liquor which merely cheers them; and I warrant you he shall not be the most stupid or useless of them at that. A little extra sensibility of the nervous organization

may make him both the one artist and the one drunkard in that staid and respectable family. And when we consider how widespread are the lighter forms of alcoholic heredity, how few families there are untouched by it, and when, besides, we consider that mysterious law which sometimes concentrates into one birth-dower a scattered but persistent family trait, either of frailty or power, then what parent can feel perfectly secure that none of his children can be subject to the drink-mania? I cannot see any way of absolute safety for all, any way of probable security for most, but the method of total abstinence; and any other way of life to teach children and to practice one's self seems, in the face of the stupendous and unparalleled evils of intemperance, not only foolishly hazardous, but almost heartlessly selfish! I do not mean that people who are not total abstainers *are* either heartless or foolishly rash. I mean that a thorough study of all this question, a full investigation of its physical as well as its social aspects, must lead any earnest and unselfish person to wish to lessen intemperance. And I cannot see how such a person can long feel comfortable in doing that himself which, for a large minority of his fellow-men, is a sure road to unspeakable degradation. I have heard a man, both wise and influential, say, "You might as well say, as the Shakers do, that marriage is evil because of social impurity as say all people should be total abstainers because some people get drunk, and after a time can't help themselves." But the two things are not at all analogous. There is no necessity of either life, or health, or comfort, or the higher development of man bound up in his drinking habits. He could let them all go, and be at least as well off in essentials of happiness.

And, if the wise and good and self-disciplined majority would only let them go, how much easier it would be to bring up the rear of humanity to that standard which is their only safety! In face of the fact that it is not an abnormal person now and then, but a vast minority of the people in Christian lands who cannot safely drink any liquors as a beverage, it seems mean to me to taunt them with their inferiority in this respect by begging them to protect themselves by total absti-

nence while we practice "temperate use." "For our sakes *maybe*, as a sure protection; 'for their sakes' certainly, as a brotherly help."—*this* might well be the motto of a new crusade.

I pray you, friends, do not stand disputing over external methods, over political measures, over anything which makes you *argue*, and not work against intemperance. It is a foe all too mighty for any divisions on our side. England, before that time more sober than any continental country, has been for two hundred years a nation of moderate drinkers and drunkards. That blood is in our veins; and added to it are contributions from all the ends of the earth, each with its own taint of favorite stimulant or narcotic. Our climate is stimulating, our life eager, exciting, and overstrained, our national temperament at once careless and extravagant, our problems more difficult and numerous than face any other people the world around. Every oppressed nation looks to us for help and example; every sort of human creature on the face of the earth is beginning to set his feet hitherward. Do we not need, above all other people, to keep brain and will steady, and heart and nerve unshaken? What folly, in view of such conditions, to try to settle whether more or less out of every hundred men and women are in danger of over-indulgence in intoxicants, if they use them at all! We know that no one can be harmed by giving up the use altogether, and we know that course is safe for all. "Though one be freest of all men, yet, would he be greatest, he *must* be servant of all, that by all means he may save some from evil." O wise and good, *lead ye* where all may follow! The voices of unborn children plead with us all to cleanse the world and make it less cruel and vicious before their tender feet shall tread its rough ways!

"God's trumpet wakes a slumbering world,
Ho, each man to his post."

If we *mean* to cure the world of this great and overwhelming evil of intemperance, we must lay aside every weight, to run with patience the long and up-hill road of temperance reform. And the tiny wine-glass of high-bred society is a leaden burden to the temperance worker: it links him in business association with the liquor traffic, it puts a barrier between

him and the brother "overtaken in a fault" whom he would fain help. It is no time to dispute among ourselves whether or not alcohol is always and for every one a poison. We are "under fire;" we must overcome the national drink-mania or suffer an eclipse in national greatness, if we do not go out as a people in utter darkness. It is not of the slightest consequence in the present circumstances whether any, or, if so, how large a proportion can habitually use intoxicants with safety. Hundreds and thousands *do not* and *cannot*; *and the thing we have to do is to cure the common disease of intemperance*. And we *know* that total abstinence for all will do that. What folly to try to decide beforehand whether "moderate use" will or not! It is a *social* evil: the social spirit of true fraternity, of not only saying but doing what is safe and right for all,—the social spirit, I say, will alone conquer that evil. Close up the ranks, friends! On to our work!

"We live for those who need us, that they may find us true;
For the task that God assigns us, that awaits our helping, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

—From Address of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer.

HUMILITY.

"GRIEF lives in the estate of kings
And care will seek a haughty place;
Joy comes to dwell with common things;
And happiness the swallows chase
When grasses wave on dewy lawn,
And opens the great lid of dawn.

"Childhood and joy are with us still,
Though fortune frown upon our state;
The feet of spring return to fill
The rounding fruit, whate'er our fate;
And still the summer's cloudless blue
Opens to let the white birds through.

"Then climb not toward the steps of a throne,
A canopy must veil the sky;
From the green field we do not own
We yet may watch the wild birds fly;
There shall remain the ancient heaven
Once unto the child-heart given."

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

The small waves came frolicking in from the sea,
 Leaping the rocks where the big breakers roar;
 Snowy crests tossing, so proud to be free,
 Racing and chasing in baby-like glee
 Up the sand slope to the beach cabin door.

Throned on the post of the sea-looking gate,
 Safe in the fold of my sheltering arm,
 Sat three year old Dick, like a king in his state,
 Little feet drumming at rapturous rate—
 Small King Canute, do the waves own thy charm?

Laughing eyes, blue as the blue laughing sea,
 Smiles rippling over twin coral and pearls;
 Dainty white arms tossing up in their glee,
 Baby voice shouting as merry and free
 As the sea-breezes tumbling those sunshiny curls.

O Richard my king, what do babies' blue eyes
 Discern of the beauty of sea and of shore?
 As much as the little sandpiper that flies
 Where the crisp ripples curve, or the small waves that rise,
 When the floods clap their hands and rejoice evermore?

Do I slander the soul of my small "human boy?"
 Look out, then, my Dick, over ocean's blue floor,
 And tell me what fancies those deep thoughts employ,
 Hal Dick, see them come! Do you join in the joy
 Of the little white horses all racing for shore?

The tiny uplifted arm paused in the air,
 The blue eyes grew thoughtful, the breeze-tousled head
 Shook sunbeams around, and the sweet little pair
 Of coral lips, trembling with utterance rare,
 "Doze isn't white horses," he earnestly said.

What, not little horses, Dick? See how they run,
 All their curly white manes floating back on the sea,
 Dashing the drops up to shine in the sun,
 Racing and chasing—what glorious fun!
 "No, no; doze is 'ittle white beggars," said he.

"'ittle white beggars," he murmured again.
 O, little white breakers, you mean, I suppose.
 "Not 'ittle white b'akers"—suggestion was vain,
 My wisdom rejected with baby disdain—
 "'ittle white beggars dey is; I knows."

Little white beggars—well, that's an ideal
 Then perhaps you can tell so we'll all understand,
 What these little white beggars come begging for here;
 And the soft baby lips whispered, close to my ear,
 "Dey begs for de wocks, an' de sea-weed, an' sand."

—Harper's Magazine.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

BY G. T. GRIFFITHS.

The following interesting sketches have been furnished the readers of *AUTUMN LEAVES* by Bro. Gomer Griffiths, one of our missionaries to Europe. They will be found both interesting and instructive.

LONDON is a most interesting city, and a brief description of some of its principal sights may prove entertaining to your numerous readers.

The attractions are of two classes; viz., outdoor and indoor. Of the former, one of the most popular and interesting is the Zoölogical gardens in the northern part of London, near to Primrose Hill, situated in the center of Regents Park. The gardens occupy a beautiful and extensive tract of land, and, particularly at this time of the year and right on till autumn, it forms one of the most instructive and delightful features of London.

Entering by the northern entrance and turning abruptly to the right, the visitor is confronted with the eagle's house, in which he will find specimens of this king of birds from all the four quarters of the world including the magnificent and famous golden eagle once so abundant in the wild and sterile highlands of Scotland. The wonderful structure of this bird's eye is seen as, with calm immobility, he gazes unmoved upwards at the glaring noon-day sun.

Next are the vultures of all kinds and climes with their enormously strong beaks, and claws fitted to tear and rend asunder the carrion and animal food upon which they subsist.

But we must hasten on past the storks and wild duck and water fowl of every description till we arrive at the immense new red brick building and inclosure within which is situated the king of beasts and his numerous and beautiful companions of the *Felidae*. It is now almost feeding time and the loud and deep roaring of the lions and tigers brings a large crowd of the sight seers from almost every part of the vast grounds.

Such is the eagerness to watch the beautiful and magnificent animals that in spite of the warning,—“DANGEROUS”—posted up at every part of the building several visitors had the temerity to approach too near the cages; and a space is now railed off by strong iron bars, within

which inclosure none but the keepers are permitted to enter.

The children's delight at witnessing the manner in which the animals rush from side to side of their dens, jumping in their eagerness one over the other, seize the meat from the iron implement thrust into their cages, shake, rend, and tear enormous pieces of raw beef or mutton, crunching the largest and strongest bones with their powerful and massive teeth, is wonderful to see. Yet I have heard of one of the large lionesses in her playful moments evidently enjoying the playful antics of the children, and without the least trace of ferocity in her face, springing backwards and forwards in her den, keeping exact time to two little children running backwards and forwards in front of her and screaming with laughter and delight to see the lion thus closely following and enjoying their movements.

The collection of lions and tigers is believed to be the finest in Europe; but the Zoölogical Society has lately sustained a great loss in the death of the beautiful clouded tiger, captured, I think, by the Prince of Wales in India, and believed to be the only specimen of its kind in the world.

Leading from the “lions' house” on the left is the beautiful collection of Indian wild bulls, American buffaloes, bison, wild antelopes, etc., etc.

The magnificent new reptile house with its unique collection of snakes, from the small but dangerous viper to the immense boa constrictor curled round a tree trunk and the enormous slow moving crocodiles and alligators make it altogether a most instructive and interesting sight. The venomous reptiles are all distinguished by a label bearing the word, “Dangerous,” placed in a conspicuous position in front of their cages, but as all the snakes are within glass tanks, there is no danger to the visitors.

Turning now to a portion of what is known as the Tropical Gardens, we come to the new monkey house, certainly the

most amusing portion of the entire gardens; and the extraordinary antics of its inmates almost baffle description.

To the young visitor, nothing is more amusing than to watch the solemn manner in which some elderly monkey of venerable appearance will behold himself complacently in the looking-glass till a much younger and more nimble animal will snatch it suddenly out of his hands, and retreat laughing and chattering to the very highest pinnacle in the cage. But all in vain. For he is not permitted long to retain his stolen pleasure in peace. The elderly gentleman starts off in slow and solemn pursuit, aided now by perhaps three or four other monkeys, ostensibly anxious to get back the looking-glass for *him*, but in reality actuated by no small hope of securing it for themselves. One makes a snatch for the tail of the fugitive monkey and is hanging on like grim death when the culprit seeing the eager crowd below, and realizing that the possession of any treasure upon this mundane sphere is at the best but short lived, drops or dashes the mirror full butt into the heads of the expectant monkeys below with the result that they get a great deal more looking-glass than they either desired or bargained for.

Meanwhile the crowd outside the cages, disregarding the notices placed all over the monkey houses, have crowded all round the cages, laughing and gesticulating. But their joy, too, is shortlived; for a scream is heard, and one old lady's bonnet and a gentleman's spectacles are seen in the possession of a conclave of monkeys, and before the unfortunate owners have fully realized their loss, the beautiful spring bonnet is torn into atoms, the choice flowers are fluttering about helplessly in the monkeys' cage, and two or three monkeys are trying with destructive effect to make one unfortunate gentleman's cherished spectacles do duty for three with a result to the spectacles themselves that can be better imagined than described! Meanwhile the owners of the said property are trying hard to look as if they enjoyed the fun.

The above monkey scene was witnessed by Bro. Tubb.

We now retrace our steps towards the central portions of the main avenue, and witness the terror, not unmixed with delight, with which the youngsters under-

take a journey upon the camel's or elephant's back. Bro. T. Bradshaw and the writer rode on the back of the elephant and enjoyed the ride very much. Of course the utmost care of them is taken by the keepers, and the huge animals are wonderfully docile, but it is not without considerable fear and trepidation that many of the younger and even some of the older members of society ascend the ladder reaching to the back of the huge beast of burden.

The swaying motion, especially of the camel, is calculated to make one feel that his tenure of life is anything but secure, and I fancy I see a look of very real relief and satisfaction upon the faces of the passengers landed upon terra firma in safety.

Many a tiny hand is held out on the journey with a bun or a biscuit which the elephant takes in his huge trunk as tenderly and with as evident fear of hurting the little one as the gentlest of human mothers could possibly display.

Many a bun or a biscuit however becomes lost or trampled under foot, because at the supreme moment when the elephant stretches out his trunk for the prize, the little one's courage fails her, and she drops it forthwith to the ground.

The camels, however, are they say neither so good tempered nor so tractable as the elephants; but have at times a look in their eyes, which renders the children to a certain extent chary of making advances towards them. But it is evident that both adults and children derive great pleasure from watching the noble animals and their riders; especially when it is borne in mind that to prevent accidents the children are securely and safely fastened in their seats before starting upon their somewhat perilous journey.

Time and space would alike fail me were I to attempt a description of the rodents, lepidopteræ, boar, giraffes, chameleons, lizards, turtles, fish aquarium, or the insect house, but each and all, either together or separately will well repay a visit, especially as this latter contains the celebrated tarantula, or poison spider of South America, the beautiful little king-fisher, and the fish that kills the flies upon which it feeds by suddenly ejecting from its mouth a column of water upon the fly, which it can do even from a considerable distance with wonder-

ful accuracy of aim, seldom or never missing its aim or failing with one jet to bring down the fly.

I will bring to a conclusion my brief sketch of the Gardens by a description of the magnificent bears in the North Terrace as it is called. The Society's collection of bears is, I believe, the finest in the world, but particular attention is always paid to the beautiful white polar bears inhabiting the large stone tank of water at the western end.

These beautiful animals, (a large female specimen with her cubs) afforded on my visit the utmost pleasure and amusement, the mother biting at and apparently trying to drown her cubs in the water, but one of the younger animals in its turn, pushing her headlong backwards into the pond when her attention was otherwise engaged in attending upon visitors who were offering her cakes, buns, and other delicacies.

The ardor of the onlookers did not seem in the least degree damped by the showers splashed over them by these animals in their gambols. On the other hand they seem to enter quite into the fun of the thing.

The sea lions, in the affection with which they kiss and caress their keeper in the pretty gambols they perform, and the wonderful dexterity with which they catch even the smallest piece of fish, and even swim up at the keepers call to take a piece out of his mouth are among the prettiest sights of the place.

Inclination tempts but space forbids any longer stay within the Zoölogical Gardens. We therefore, after a little rest and refreshment, during which we have been regaled by the sweet strains of the band of the Duke of York Boys' School take our final departure by the south gate.

Recrossing Primrose Hill past the Colosseum now for some years past closed to the public, we traverse Regents Park to its eastern end, where we take a Bayswater omnibus returning to the city. Here we are set down at that magnificent structure the Bank of England, when we enter a blue buss going to Blackwall and getting out at Fenchurch street, make for the Tower of London.

Upon entering this ancient and historic building nothing is more acutely felt by

the visitors than the sense of complete isolation and loneliness which seems to pervade these ancient walls and battle-mented towers.

Although surrounded by a never ceasing tumult and noise of incessant traffic, yet when once fairly within the Tower proper, the visitor can without the least difficulty imagine himself suddenly transported to the quiet seclusion of some country village in Essex or Herefordshire, seventy or eighty miles from London, unless of course the occasion of his visit to the tower be on some bank holiday or other very special occasion.

I herewith copy the following description from the guide book.

"The Tower of London was founded in 1078, by William the Conqueror, for the purpose of controlling and protecting the city. To make room for his chief buildings, he removed two bastions of the old wall of London, and encroached slightly upon the civic boundaries. Part therefore of the tower is in London, and part in Middlesex, but it forms with its surrounding fortifications, a precinct in itself which belongs neither to the city nor to the country. It covers an area of eighteen acres within the garden rails.

"The present buildings are partly of Norman period; but architecture of almost all the styles which have flourished in England may be found within its walls. It is well to remember that though the tower is no longer a place of great military strength, it has in time past been a fortress, a palace, and a prison, and to view it rightly we must regard it in this threefold aspect.

"It was first built as a fortress, and has a central keep, called 'The White Tower.' The inner ward is defended by a wall, flanked by thirteen towers, the entrance to it being on the south side by the 'Bloody Tower.' The outer ward is defended by a second wall, flanked by six towers on the river face, and by three semi-circular bastions on the north face. A ditch or 'moat' now dry, encircles the whole, crossed at the southwestern angle by a stone bridge, leading to the 'Byward Tower' from the 'Middle Tower,' a gateway which had formerly an outwork, called the 'Lion Tower.'

"The tower was occupied as a palace by all our kings and queens down to Charles II. It was the custom for each monarch

to lodge in the tower before his coronation, and to ride in procession to Westminster through the city. The palace buildings stood eastward of the 'Bloody Tower.'

"The security of the walls made it convenient as a state prison, the first known prisoner being Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who had been active under William Rufus in pushing on the buildings. From that time the tower was seldom without some captive English or foreign of rank and importance.

"In the Tudor period the 'green' within the tower was used on very rare occasions for executions. Condemned prisoners were usually beheaded on 'Tower Hill.'

"Emerging from the Mark Lane Railway Station, the visitor obtains an excellent view of the great fortress. Within the railed space of Trinity Square the first permanent scaffold on 'Tower Hill' was set up in the reign of Edward III., but the first execution recorded here was that of Sir Simon Burley in 1388. Here also were beheaded among others, Dudley, the minister of Henry VII., (1510), his son the Duke of Northumberland (1553), his grandson, Lord Guildford Dudley (1553), Cromwell, Earl of Essex (1540), More and Fisher in (1535), Surrey in (1537), and his Son Norfolk (1572), Strafford (1641), and Archbishop Laud (1645), and the Scotch Lords in 1716, 1746, and 1747, the last being Simon, Lord Lovat."

The Tower moat is immediately before us. It is drained and used as a parade ground. Beyond it, as we approach the entrance we have a good view of the fortifications. On the extreme left are the "Brass Mount" and North Bastions. In the middle is Legge's Mount. To the right is the entrance gateway. The highest building behind is the White Tower, easily distinguished by its four turrets. In front of it are the Devereux, Beauchamp and Bell Towers, the residences of the Lieutenant of the Tower and of the Yeoman Gaoler being in the gabled and red tiled houses between the last two. From one of these windows Lady Jane Grey saw her husband's headless body brought in from Tower Hill, by the route we now traverse; and the leads are still called "Queen Elizabeth's walk," as she used them during her captivity in 1554.

"The Lion Tower stood where the

the ticket office and refreshment room are now. Here the visitor obtains a pass which admits him to see the Regalia or Crown Jewels, and another for the armory. In the middle ages and down to 1834, the Royal Menagerie was lodged in a number of small buildings near the Lion Tower, whence its name was derived and the saying arose, 'seeing the lions,' for a visit to the Tower.

"The Middle Tower was originally built by Henry III. but has been entirely refaced. Through its archway we reach the stone bridge, which had formerly in the center a drawbridge of wood. We next reach

"THE BYWARD TOWER,

The great gatehouse of the Outer Ward. It is in part the work of Henry III. and in part that of Richard II. Observe the vaulting and the dark recesses on the southern side. We pass on the left

"THE BELL TOWER

Which may safely be attributed to the reign of King John. Here Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned by Henry VIII. and the Princess Elizabeth by her sister Queen Mary. The 'Curtain Wall,' of great antiquity is pierced by the windows of the Lieutenant's lodgings, now called "The Queen's house; and one of these windows lights the Council Chamber where Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators were tried and condemned in 1605.

"THE TRAITOR'S GATE

with St. Thomas's Tower, is now on our right. Observe the masonry which supports the wide span of the arch. This gate when the Thames was more of a highway than it is at present, was often used as entrance to the Tower. St. Thomas' Tower was built by Henry VIII. and contains a small chapel or oratory dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. In later times it was found convenient as a landing place for prisoners who had been tried at Westminster, and here successively Edward, Duke of Buckingham (1521) Sir Thomas More, Queen Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Queen Katherine Howard (1542), Seymour, Duke of Somerset (1551), Lady Jane Grey, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, Devereux, Earl of Essex (1601), and James, Duke of Monmouth passed under

the arch on their way to a prison or the scaffold. Opposite is

"THE BLOODY TOWER",

which is believed to derive its name from the suicide in it of Henry Percy, Eighth Earl of Northumberland, in 1585. Under this Tower we enter the Inner Ward. It dates from the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., and was called by its present name as early as 1597, being popularly believed to be the scene of the murder of Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, as well as of Henry VI. It was originally known as the 'Garden Tower' as its upper story opens on that part of the parade ground which was formerly the 'Constable's garden.' Here Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to walk during his long imprisonment, and could sometimes converse over the wall with the passers by. Observe the grooves for working the massive portcullis which was raised by chains and a windlass. These still exist on the upper floor. Immediately adjoining the gateway on the coast is the

"WAKEFIELD TOWER.

"Its lower story is the oldest building next to the Keep. It was with the Lanthorn (rebuilt on the old foundation in 1884-5) and Cold Harbor Towers, part of the original Norman plan. The upper story was rebuilt by Henry III., who made it the entrance to his palace on the east. 'The Great Hall,' memorable as the scene of Anne Boleyn's trial, adjoined it, but was pulled down during the Commonwealth. In 1360 the records of the kingdom which had previously been kept in 'The White Tower' were removed here, and this is called in ancient surveys sometimes the 'Hall Tower.' The present name is said to be derived from the imprisonment of Yorkists after the Lancastrian victory at Wakefield in 1460. It is used now for the safe keeping and exhibition of

"THE CROWN JEWELS.

"The visitor who has obtained a ticket, passes up a short stair and finds himself in a well-lighted circular apartment in the Wakefield Tower. The deep window recess opposite the door was fitted up as a small chapel, with Aumbrey, Piscina, and Sedilia. Tradition says that Henry VI. used it for his devotions when

a prisoner in the Tower, and was here murdered. In the center in a large double case, are arranged the splendid objects which form the English Regalia. The following are the most remarkable:—

"The Crown of Queen Victoria. It occupies the highest place in the case. It was constructed in 1838 for her Majesty's coronation, the principal jewels being taken from older crowns and the royal collection. Among them, observe the large ruby given to the Black Prince in Spain in the year 1367. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at Agincourt. With seventy-five large brilliants it forms a Maltese cross on the front of the diadem. Immediately below it is a splendid sapphire, purchased by George IV. Seven other sapphires and eight emeralds, all of large size, with many hundred diamonds, decorate the band and arches and the cross on the summit is formed of a rose cut sapphire and four very fine brilliants. The whole contains about 2,700 diamonds, and many other jewels and weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweights.

"The crown made for the coronation of Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II. This is probably one of the oldest of the crowns, and contains some fine jewels.

The crown made for Queen Mary II., for her coronation with William III. St. Edward's crown, which appears to be the model by which all the later crowns have been fashioned. It was made for the coronation of Charles II.

"The prince of Wales' coronet, the orb of gold with a cross and bands of jewels. St. Edward's staff, a sceptre of gold four feet seven inches in length, surmounted by an orb which is supposed to contain a fragment of the true cross. The Royal Sceptre. The Sceptre of Equity, surmounted by a dove. Small sceptres, one of ivory.

"Besides these magnificent regal emblems, which chiefly date from the restoration when the places of the ancient objects, destroyed during the Commonwealth, were supplied as nearly as possible, observe also a gold anointing spoon, the sole relic of the ancient regalia. The eagle, for the anointing oil. The golden saltcellar, a model of the White Tower. The baptismal font, used at the christening of the sovereign's children, of silver, double gilt. The sacramental plate, used at the

coronation. A large silver-gilt wine-fountain of good workmanship, presented to Charles II., by the Corporation of Plymouth.

"In a case in the large recess, *Curtana*, the Sword of Mercy, pointless, the blade forty inches long. Two Swords of Justice. In the cases in the recesses are also exhibited, the insigna of the British and Indian orders of knighthood, their collars, stars, and badges. Leaving the

Wakefield Tower we ascend the slope and turn to the right, near the site of what was The Cold Harbor Tower, a name the exact meaning of which is unknown. The original Jewel House was behind it to the east, forming with the south side of the White Tower, and portions of the palace, a small courtyard, in which some remains of the ancient buildings may still be traced."

(To be continued.)

IN THE FATHER'S KEEPING.

I am not strong, my Father,
And the battle must be fought;
The foes are round about me,
And the hours with peril fraught.
Even my best endeavor
Is weakness, and must fail;
It needs a Power Almighty
In the contest to prevail.

I am not wise, my Father,
I cannot see the way;
My spirit walks in darkness
While longing for the day;
And there is work before me,
Which my feeble hands must do,
But I need a higher wisdom
Than my own to help me through.

I am not brave, my Father,
Filled with a hindering fear;
I start away in terror
When the shaded scenes appear;

Yet have I need of courage
To fight and to endure
Till the conflict shall be ended,
And the victory is sure.

I am not good, my Father—
Sin leaves its stains on all;
The world is full of evil,
And I have felt its thrall;
Yet I have need of goodness
And purity and grace,
And I fain would have the beauty
That shines in Jesus' face.

But what I want, my Father,
Can all be found in thee;
My times are in thy keeping,
And naught can injure me;
Thou art the Good and Holy,
The Strong, the Brave, the Wise,
And I, in all my weakness,
Lift unto thee mine eyes.

—Marianne Farningham.

MEMORIES.

I HAVE always been ready to concur heartily in the belief that conscience is an insufficient guide and my reason is that memory reverts to a very painful experience of my childhood, the agony of which I might have been spared had my conscience been a little more reliable.

I was not more than six, I think, probably not so old, when the great catastrophe occurred which I shall narrate. It may not seem great to you, but I assure you it was simply awful, and you would have agreed with the child that it

was, if you could have seen the little, cowering figure that cuddled up to a friendly rose-bush that grew by mother's bedroom window.

I don't believe that to-day another one of the children that filled that home could remember that ever a rosebush grew there, but they never sat beside it (it was so little I couldn't sit under it) with such a feeling as I did. In moments of deep emotion the memory is so impressed that even the minor details of the scene appear to be indelibly stamped in the mind.

I had gone to play with a little boy and girl living across from us on the corner. I have no distinct recollection of what we played until we went to swing in the barn.

Mary and Willie very kindly insisted on letting me swing first. As it seems to me now, we were three quiet, good-natured little children, playing peaceably together.

When I had had my swing, Mary and Willie took their turn together, sitting side by side, and, as they were too heavy for me to push them, they managed to keep themselves going after a little help in the start, and O, unlucky me! I looked about for a comfortable seat somewhere and spied a peck measure over by the partition, turned upside down.

I crossed to it and sat down—on the floor, for the peck measure went to pieces as I touched it. I sprang to my feet and looked down in dismay at the havoc I had made when like a flood it overwhelmed me, the thought of the harm I had done, of the owner's anger when, on coming home at night, he should discover his broken measure, and, conscience-stricken, I turned and fled through the open door and down the hill toward home.

In vain the children called me to come back; my excited mind could see, could think of but one thing, that broken peck measure, and my flying feet hardly paused until I was safely inside the gate. And then, poor outcast that I felt myself to be, where could I go? If I went into the house, everybody would know at once that I had done something—I was sure they would know.

I went around the house and sat down behind the little rosebush. I did not cry, but O, the remorse, the regret, the dread, when I imagined an angry man coming to tell what I had done. I felt sure he would come. I heard them talking in the house. Through the open window I could hear mother's voice. I was glad I could hear it, but I could not then have lifted my eyes to her face. Hadn't I broken Mr. Seepe's peck measure? Fallen right through it?

If I had only never touched it! If I had only been satisfied to stand up! If I had only stayed at home and not gone there to play! But I did go, and I did break the peck measure, and it seemed to me that everybody and everything in the

world was happy but just me and that I never should be happy again.

But the sun went down and the quiet shadows gathered all about, and supper was made ready in the kitchen. Like the healthy child that I was I began to feel the "keen demands of appetite," and the time I had set for Mr. Seepe's appearance having passed without his accusing presence, I ventured forth from my retreat and that's the last of it. I remember no more.

I am glad I remember that time of pain, glad for the sake of children with whom I have had to deal since, and more than once when I have looked at a pale culprit before me, justice has been tempered with mercy when I thought of the child that years before had "never meant to do it," and I have enjoyed the grateful surprise with which the downcast eyes have been quickly raised as I said in tones softened by the memory, "You may take your seat. Try to be more careful next time."

How glad I have been since I have come to more mature years to learn that the great Judge when he scans the acts of our lives will consider the motive that actuated in each instance, and how I wish that in every mistake of my life I were as innocent as I was when I broke the old peck measure.

A SCAPEGOAT.

"What is the matter, dearest?"

"Somefin awful's happened, mamma."

"Well, what is it, sweetheart?"

"My d—doll—baby got away from me and bwoked a plate out in the pantwy."
—*Harper's Young People*.

I was reminded by this little exaggeration upon childish weakness of another little episode in which I figured again and I have always felt that it was not very creditable to myself.

It seems to me to be one of my earliest recollections. Is it strange that I should remember so long such a little thing, or is it because the tender conscience was re-proved for its first little variation from truth?

It was a summer night. My little brother and I out in the thick dusk were having our last play before bedtime; we were swinging on the clothesline by catching it in our hands. It never occurred to me that it might be a wrong thing to do

until the line broke and then when I looked in consternation at the broken ends and tried in vain to fix them together, I remember how we went slowly into the house to tell what we had done.

Of course, we might have let it go without saying anything about it. I am glad memory tells a different tale. We went in to where grandmother sat alone in the dark—I wonder what she was thinking about—and I said to her, "Grandma, Bertie and I broke the clothes-line." In answer to her question as to how we did it, I am sorry to say I failed to keep myself true to the fine sense of honor that had prompted me to go and tell of it. I said, "We just touched it and it broke," and more than once since then I have studied that matter over to discover why I said that.

It was not fear, but I knew how innocent we had been of any intent to do wrong, and sometimes I think it was only the childish desire to be understood to be free from blame.

However it was I am glad that as I turned away with the little brother behind me, something in my heart said reprov-ingly—I hear it yet—"Not exactly the truth," and I am glad that only a few times have I felt that reproof. Because I loved truth, I heard the gospel; because I loved truth, I obeyed; because I sought truth, it was shown unto me; because I prize truth above all, the scorn of the world is a feather's weight and the name of the people of God the proudest title I hope ever to make mine.

Away back in the days of the past there lived a woman, so memory tells me, whose face I have forgotten, whose words to me I cannot recall, except in one instance, but whose influence mild, gentle, and uplifting I remember yet.

She was my Sunday school teacher. She used to wear a bright green dress and shiny black kid gloves. I think I remember those because on Sunday I used to sit on a little low bench at her feet and consequently the green dress and kid gloves were in the range of my vision and not her face. Well, it leaves me free to picture to myself what she no doubt had, a kind face.

She was what some call an old maid. I never liked to hear it, for, while older ones were doubtless to blame for my having such an impression, I thought it was

a reproach, and as such I stoutly resented it when applied to Miss Elliot who, in my eyes, was above reproach.

She was a country school-teacher, and I recall distinctly the pained feeling that I experienced one day when I heard some children who had gone to school to her say that they did not like her, that she was cross. How could they say such things of one so kind and good! Ah well, I have learned since then a few things on that point, too, have learned some of them with bitter heartaches and regrets. I have learned that the desires of the heart may be good and the motive kind, and the poor, weak, tried human nature may, feeling itself burdened beyond endurance, lose its hold on patience, that rare virtue, and wofully misrepresent itself.

I knew Miss Elliot was kind, for didn't she make me a red pin-cushion, trimmed with a white cord and embroidered with white glistening beads and hang it on the Christmas tree, and didn't I cherish it for years, wrapped up in white tissue paper? She made one for each in the class, and it occurs to me now to wonder if she ever felt sad in her heart over what may have seemed like "love's labor lost." I wonder if we children let her see how much we appreciated her gift of love. I am afraid we did not. I hear people say sometimes that children do not feel sufficiently grateful for the time and labor bestowed upon them, that they do not appreciate the gifts of teachers and friends. Some may not, but if we could peep into the boxes and baskets and little treasure repositories how much we would find to contradict the charge and to encourage the giving of these little expressions of kindness.

And this reminds me of one of those little things that I treasured for years, and of the influence that it has more than once exerted.

My mother had a sister living some fifty miles from us and, as a matter of course, occasional visits were exchanged and those who could not go would send words of love and little gifts, and on one such occasion one of the little cousins sent me a card—I couldn't read it then—with the motto: "Be not hasty in time of trouble." I laid it away, and how many times since it has reappeared at unexpected times and from unexpected places, looking up at me like a true friend,

giving always the warning that has at times proved invaluable to me, "Be not hasty in time of trouble." O memories! They come crowding thickly now. I remember the grown up people whom I used to think perfect. I had to learn of some of them afterward that they were far from it.

I remember a fine old Irish gentleman, our neighbor just opposite, who liked me to come and sit beside him on his porch

step at twilight. He smoked his pipe and stroked my hair while I sang all my little songs for him. When I was older I heard people speak of his imperfections, too, but somehow it made but little impression, for as a child I had learned that there was a tenderness in his heart that perhaps the world might have known also, had it but appealed to him aright. So many in this world are never understood.

M.

LIVING WATERS.

BY CAROLINE SPENCER.

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
 As ever summer saw;
 And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—
 But you must come to draw.
 They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
 And not unsought will give;
 They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
 So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
 To follow dusty ways,
 And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
 Where the tired traveler strays;
 That never ask the meadows if they want
 What is their joy to give;—
 Unasked, their lives to other lives they grant,
 So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
 Wherein all waters fall,
 That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
 Feeding and bearing all;
 That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
 That takes, again to give;—
 Even the great and loving heart of God,
 Whereby all love doth live.

TOUCHING THE BUTTON.

WE are nowadays getting to do things easier and farther off than we used to. Deeds of grandeur or deeds of terror are accomplished with less immediate effort, and at a distance from their effect. The touch of a button executes a murderer or starts all the enginery of the Columbian Exposition.

Is not this somewhat the way that God works? Stand by the electric chair. There

sits a man in his usual health. No cause appears; but suddenly he dies. A flash, as it were from the clouds, invisible, with no cause at hand, the sheriff somewhere else and unseen; and he dies. The cause was a natural one, if you happen to be able to discover it,—a current of electricity such as every thunderstorm develops, and it happened to come his way; and he died. If you do not know of the

divinity of law and the agency of law behind the act, it is just as much in the line of nature as when a thunderbolt leaps from the sky and strikes a house and kills a man.

The touch of the button by the President starts into active motion the ponderous machinery of the Exposition. Where was he? Invisible, somewhere else! When he touches the button, every wheel starts, every process of beautiful production goes on before our eyes. And so it continues indefinitely under purely natural laws. You can see and explain them all. Him you did not see. He is far off, unseen, unconsidered; but the processes he set in motion go on. Is it any different in the whole course of nature? Out of silence and torpor starts the whole movement of spring. Every current, every stream, every tree, every rootlet, feels the impulse, and starts into its rhythmic motion, and develops its productive life. Where was he whose will created and set in motion the processes of nature, whose command the processes of our own bodies obey? We do not see him; perhaps we forget him; but had we looked we should have found his finger at the keyboard of the universe.

Another lesson, not so grand, perhaps,

but more personal, must we draw from this illustration,—the lesson of human influence. Which of us is not pressing the button? What we do here is seen and felt, invisible, far off. A gift here is converted into a book, or a preacher's or a teacher's voice in a far-off land, and changes the course of a human life. It is such distant influence as this which we exert here that regenerates the world. A New York merchant touched a button, and there sprang up Robert College in the East, and the nation of Bulgaria. Peter Cooper, Charles Pratt, touched a button, and the transforming power of that touch goes on in educational institutes long after they die. A kind parent attempts to correct the will of a rebellious child; the child, resisting reproof, and taking his own way, brings dishonor upon his family and ruin upon himself. A teacher reproves or corrects another child, and he grows up a patriot, a hero, a benefactor of the world. A ruler touches a button, and beneficent or malevolent legislation and administration follow, which save or ruin the land. The great movement goes on, while we do not see, perhaps never saw, perhaps forget, who it was that started the current of influence. There is a button under every finger.

—Editorial in *The Independent*.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XV.

TURNING the newmown hay was the most congenial of all the outdoor work. This hay was not like the long, heavy, bristly barley hay of California, all cut by machinery, but was soft grass and clover, cut with a scythe swung by one man power.

How pleasant it was in the summer mornings to leave the close air of indoors and start off with father to the dyke, clad in our simple dresses of gingham so light and cool, to turn and rake the sweet-scented hay. How I liked to make the loads on the big hay wagon and then ride home on the load. In this we had to take part when father had no other help, and sometimes in planting and picking up potatoes. This was the most trying of all the outdoor work. When

planting, one must walk in the newly made furrow, at a regular pace with a heavy basket of seed potatoes strapped about them out of which they drop, drop, drop, all day long except while replenishing the basket, and with us children at that time there was no time to rest at noon; for we had to watch the oxen that father was working (oxen were used then for farming much more than horses) to keep them from the garden stuff that was just coming up, while they ate the grass from the corners of the zigzag pole fence and other little patches of ground where it was not plowed. The garden was not fenced in.

I well remember one of those noonings. The circumstance is impressed so vividly on my memory that I shall never forget it. It was the only time I ever remember of father striking me. I doubt not but

I often deserved it when I did not get it, but this time I thought that I was not the only one at fault.

Sophia was working in the field with me that day. We had been called to dinner and father unhitched the oxen from the plow, but did not take the yoke off, for they were much easier managed when yoked together. I was left to watch them while Sophia went with father to get her dinner. Then she was to come right out again and keep watch while I ate mine, for there was a tempting patch of green peas six or eight inches high about three acres distant and the cattle were sure to find them, if left to themselves.

I was very hungry as usual, and my appetite was made sharper by anticipation, for there was going to be something extra tempting for dinner that day. Mother was a good cook, and although she had not as much to do with as she would have liked to have, she usually got up a pretty good meal.

She had a peculiar way of making boiled puddings with plenty of dried blueberries in them, and in the sauce too, which made them very tasty to our juvenile appetites. Perhaps it was one of those puddings we were to have for dinner that made the time seem so long to wait.

The oxen had fed very quietly for a time; then they began to pull each other about. The off ox that was called "Brown," a big fat brindle, was content anywhere, but "Spark" the nigh ox, red, with a white star in his forehead was always getting into mischief, or trying to. I watched the house as closely as I did the cattle, to see if Sophia was not coming. How long that noon did seem! At length the unruly cattle would not be quiet around the fence any longer, so I drove them to the far end of the field to a patch of grass, and they fed away very quietly. Still I was not relieved.

Presently I saw the children come out of the house for a little while and go back again; then I saw them playing about the yard. They looked too content to be hungry, and I felt sure they had had their dinner, and the thought struck me that I had been forgotten. That was too awful to be true! But I could not stand it any longer, and driving the oxen again to the very farthest corner of the field, I

started at full speed for the house, intending to tell Sophia where I had left them so she could get back to them before they had time to get to the peas, which was less than half the distance from the house to where I had driven the cattle.

But when I got to the house, and saw that the dinner was all gone, leaving only the cold remains of food which had been gone over twice, first by the older ones, and then by the little ones, who that day had been left to help themselves and had gotten the dishes all topsy turvy, and when I also saw that the fire had gone out, I was so hurt, indignant, and disappointed that I never thought of the cattle.

Sophia did not happen to be in sight, nor anyone else when I first entered the kitchen, and I was standing in blank amazement, feeling a good disposition to cry at the sight of that unpromising table, when mother came in and I said, "Where is my dinner?"

"Why child, have you not had your dinner?"

"No ma'am, I hav'n't. I was left to watch the cattle, and Sophia did not come to relieve me."

"Well that's too bad; for I guess the warm dinner is all eaten up, but I'll get you something. Father must have forgotten you, for he sent Sophia down in the lower field for a basket, as soon as she was through her dinner." I think it must have been a forgetful day, for I forgot to tell anybody that the cattle were left alone.

Mother fixed me some dinner, and I had just about got through, when I heard father calling excitedly to some one outside to "run quick." My treacherous memory which had forsaken me when it should have served me and thereby led me into many snares, came to me at once. I knew the cattle must be in the peas. What should I do! Instinctively I obeyed the words of the prophet though all unknown to me at the time, for I fled to the chamber, with the thought to "hide myself for a little moment till his indignation was past."

As I came in front of the window, O, my! my worst fears were realized. There were the cattle in the midst of the peas. I saw Sophia going as fast as she could and she was very nearly to them. Then

I heard father come in, in a hurried way and ask where I was. How I wished the earth would open and swallow me up, or if not so bad as that, that I could get out of sight somewhere till father forgot it; for, though he very seldom used the rod for even the boys, he was very severe in look and tone when he was displeased and we feared his looks more than mother's strokes.

I do not know why we stood in such fear of him. He never chastised us girls in any way farther than when we became too noisy to say, "Children! children!! What in the w-o-r-l-d—" and here the words died on his lips, and his countenance assumed such a threatening look, that it seemed as if the rest of the sentence must be too terrible for utterance.

Whatever the cause, this favorite sentence of his was never finished. Perhaps it was because we would be as "whist as mice" by the time he got that far, and nothing more was needed. But I think we always had a vague fear of some great calamity, if ever it should all be said, and now I supposed the dreaded hour had come, and I had no definite idea what the result would be.

I do not know how he or anyone else knew I was up stairs, but he opened the door and called to me to come down, that he wanted me.

Just as he opened the door to call, I made myself very busy, skipping about and hanging up clothes or whatever else needed doing so as to have the appearance of being occupied. I answered in the most respectful and light-hearted tone that I could command,

"Yes sir! I am coming as soon as I hang up these clothes," thinking perhaps I might avert his anger some.

"Well, be quick about it!"

I did step around quickly, but how I wished those clothes had kept me all the afternoon instead of about three minutes. As I started to go down stairs, everything was quiet and I thought perhaps he had gone out, so I skipped lightly down stairs, but on opening the door I saw that he was still standing at the foot of the stairs, and as I came down in front of him he administered such a reproof as I shall never forget, but I managed to sob out,—

"I was so hungry I could not stay there any longer."

Mother and father usually sustained

each other in all grades of discipline, at least in the presence of their children, but this was one of the exceptions, and mother ventured to say she did not think it was quite fair to punish me when I had been left out in the field till I was nearly starved and had to leave the cattle to come in because they had all forgotten me.

Father said he was not punishing me for coming in, but for my carelessness in not telling them that I had left the cattle.

The child was made to understand that it was carelessness in her to forget and was punished for it; but she wondered what it was that made the others forget who were not careless.

However the damage was not so great as we anticipated, for Sophia had seen the cattle coming towards the peas as she was coming out of the lower field with the basket, and hurried all she could to get to them before they reached the coveted food, but could not. She was always a thoughtful girl, and it was rare, indeed, that she ever forgot a duty which had been assigned her to do. She did not even forget me that day, but when father told her to go elsewhere, she concluded he was going out immediately himself or would send some one else, but did not stop to question his purposes.

I cannot leave the days of careless, happy childhood without one long, lingering, backward glance, (first at the dear old unfinished chamber with its smooth, white floor,) and recall the many hours spent there during the long summer days in childish play. The dear imaginary baby upon which I bestowed so much affection was sometimes a real live kitty, but more often a bootjack with a lot of clothes around it.

And then again I recall the twilight hours spent in our nightgowns. We little folks went to bed before dark but not always to sleep, nor did we always stay in bed. In the eyes of my mind I can see two white-robed figures creeping out of bed and gliding noiselessly about the chamber. It is Beatrice and her younger sister Eliza. They seem to think it is so much cooler and more pleasant to play with their dolls with just their nightgowns on than when fully dressed. Besides, it is a stolen opportunity and, of course, they enjoy it much better.

Sometimes they were anxious to keep

awake till Sophy and Tamza came to bed. Then they were sure of a *nice* story. If she was not coming, they would tell over the ones they had heard, but hers were original and continued from night to night. It was about the imaginary adventures and doings of three little girls. The dauntless, mischief-loving Sal was the leading feature. Rusha was the unfortunate one and very often the victim of her sister's caprices. Little Adeline (not their sister) was the good little girl who was always clean and neat, and who never did anything wrong.

No confirmed novel reader ever drank in a written fictitious story with a keener relish than we did those verbal ones, portions of which still hold their place in "the caverns of memory."

Shall I rehearse one instance of how Sal surprised her mother by taking her at her word? The story ran thus: "Sal and the smaller children of the family had taken their places at the supper table after their parents and older sisters had eaten and retired to different parts of the house; so the children were left to themselves. Sal thought there did not seem to be much on the table to eat and just as her mother was going out to weed the garden she said, 'What shall we have for our suppers? There isn't much here.' To which the mother carelessly replied, 'Have whatever you can get; I don't care what.' Whereupon, as soon as she was well out of sight, Sal looked about to see what she could get and found some nice cake and cheese, pumpkin pie and preserves, which, by the way, had been prepared for the company her mother expected the next day. All of these she put on the table and told the children to help themselves, and she did the same. Little Adeline tried to persuade her not to do it, but Sal said she was only minding her mother. Adeline assured her that her mother did not mean that, and she much feared she would get punished with the rod, but Sal thought she would make sure of a good meal and stand her chance to get clear of the whipping.

"When all was about done, and there was not much more than fragments left their mother came in, and when she saw what was on the table and asked how it came there, the children said, 'Sal got it.' When Sal was questioned she said, 'You

told me we could have whatever I could get, and I got these.'

"It seemed that the mother did not deem that a sufficient excuse for she sent her out to the woodshed where she would soon follow and punish her. Sal went but she was not going to stay there doing nothing. She saw a pretty thick piece of birch bark that had come from a short log. Now, thought she, that is about as long as my waist. O, ain't I glad I found it! So she unbuttoned the waist of her dress which was loose, and slipped the bark around it, which of course just fit. 'Now,' said she, 'mother can whip away till she breaks her stick and it won't hurt.'

"'But,' interrupted one of the sleepy audience, 'I should think it would hurt around her shoulders 'cause the bark would be away down.' Said Tamzie, 'There happened to be a big knot on each side of the log just where her arms came and that made rounding places for her arms, so it went away up nearly to her neck.' "O-o-h," was the significant reply, and they all went to sleep feeling more comfortable, though they were sure their heroine would prove herself equal to the emergency.

And now I am wondering why I have written this fragment of what may truthfully be called nonsense. I know not, save it is one of the pleasant pictures on memory's nursery walls. Yet it may not be of interest to any other than the one who holds it enshrined.

But we must pass on, for the tenderest years have slipped away and trials begin to creep into the life of Beatrice whose acts at times may have furnished food for those stories, for, as I have said before, I was more light-minded and mirthful than any of my schoolmates, so much so that it was sometimes told me that I was as wild as a young deer. Yet beneath it all there was another current. I had a great respect for religion and religious people, a reverence for the aged, and a pity for the poor beggars who sometimes came to our door. I always wanted to give them something. I think I never felt happier for any voluntary act while a child than when I gave a begging woman a penny that I had stowed away for a long time because I had been undecided as to how I could spend it to the

best advantage, for there were so many things I wanted to buy with it.

Giving to the poor was one of the rooms in my "air castle" in which I used to live for hours and feel almost grand. No one was permitted to enter with me. O, no! They might have smiled at the lofty heights to which I soared.

Of course at such times I was a grown up woman and would give all the children dolls that did not have any, and lots of money to all the poor people that came to me, but the crowning glory of all was when I pictured myself leaving home and friends and devoting my life to the missionary cause.

These charitable and missionary aspirations of mine I believe to have been inborn.

Some months prior to my birth there was a great revival among the churches in the vicinity where my parents lived.

The religious world was much agitated during those years. The gospel had been restored to earth again in its fullness, "the light was shining in darkness" and, although the "darkness comprehended it not," yet its influence was felt.

The spirit of the gospel diffused itself abroad in the world. The missionary work, under the auspices of the Baptist denomination was steadily gaining ground in Burmah, it being only thirty-four years since the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Judson at Rangoon, and three years after his death (according to the memoir of Judson). They had wrought nobly, had endured and suffered that the name of Christ the Savior might be known in that darkened land and they were at rest, while others were endeavoring to carry on the well-begun work.

As reports came from that far-off land telling of the work being done there and the still greater work yet to be done, and calls for more money were made to meet the pressing demands, the minds of the people became stirred up in behalf of the foreign cause till it seemed to be the one great duty of Christians to convert the heathen abroad without thinking that there were heathen at home.

My mother being religious from her youth, and naturally emotional entered into all religious movements with much earnestness, and especially the missionary cause. That was to her the highest and most sacred of all causes. She was sure

to be present at a missionary meeting, if such were possible, and, notwithstanding she had to forego many comforts at home, the missionary box always received its allotted portion. Thus was brought about the great desire that her unborn child should become one of the noble, self-sacrificing band who went forth to do, and dare, and suffer for the glorious cause of Christ. So I may say I inherited my religious principles as well as the missionary spirit, which latter seems to have been with me from a child. Not only while a little tot but even at the age of thirteen or fourteen years, would I often fancy myself going off as a missionary's wife to foreign lands where I would manifest unheard of powers of endurance to convert the heathen, and if, in reality, I could endure and sacrifice when called upon to do, with one-half the cheerful courage that I did in fancy, a rich reward would be in store.

As I now look back upon my playlife, it seems a strange coincidence with the real to have had first, the sea captain for my husband and then the missionary. And again, in the playlife when my imaginary visitors asked me how many children I had, I sometimes used to say, "Three" and sometimes "Five." At length I concluded that three was the proper number, and in the real life, three only remain of the five that were given.

In the winter of 1855 there was a great revival in our neighborhood. Members were gathered into the church—the Baptist Church, it being the only denomination that had a membership or a house of worship in the vicinity at that time.

The old, the young, and the middle aged, were "flocking like doves to the windows," some in good earnest, and some went because others did. I fear I was among the latter class though I attended many meetings and at times tried hard to overcome my waywardness. But I fear it was not so much the "work of grace in my heart" at that time as it was religious excitement and the fear of hell.

I was scarcely eleven years old, but young as I was then I began to feel that I was a great sinner; for piety, with a large majority, was measured by the long face and serious looks; much sighing and an inclination to be sorrowful. Not that this alone constituted religion, but it was like baptism, an outward sign of inward

grace, and because I could not transform a light, merry disposition into a staid, sober one, I believed I was very sinful, and more so because an old gentleman, who was professedly very pious, had made the remark that "A Christian should never laugh sufficiently to show his upper teeth."

This godly (?) saying was a great bugbear to me from whom the least merriment would provoke a hearty ha, ha, ha! and then all my previously serious thoughts and determinations had flown to the wind and I felt that I had the whole work to do over again. O, what an uphill road it was for me to be, or try to be, a Christian!

No one told me that I was more wicked than others, but if laughing and causing others to laugh was wicked, as I then believed it to be, I knew myself that I was. Besides this the general tenor of the expressed feelings toward me also led me to believe that I was; for from the teacher frequently came the words, "Emma Davison! *Can't* you keep still!" Or from the scholars, "Please, Miss, Emma Davison is making me laugh!" And at home my ears were often greeted with, "How I wish you would try to be more like—" such a one and of course the person named would be some one whom I never *could* be like, no matter how much I tried, and so I regarded myself as the "black sheep," always.

Perhaps there was not anyone who thought I cared, but I did care a great deal. I did not for a time let anyone know of my serious thoughts and troubled feelings, for who would believe me since those feelings did not harmonize with the outward appearance. Fearing that I should not be understood in such things, I kept them to myself and tried to laugh them away, but my active conscience kept probing away at me, doing all it could to make me miserable. Whenever I let myself think, it was sure to entertain me with pictures of myself held up to my mental view. Whatever I had done that merited reproof, it just seemed to glory in, and no matter how sorry I felt for so doing, this abiding guest seemed to take a pleasure in keeping it fresh in my mind, and kept whispering to me that I "need never expect to be good."

No one knew how distressed I often felt in regard to myself, especially after

hearing the exhortations and warnings given at some of the meetings to sinners "on the downward road," or "on the brink of ruin." Sometimes when I would wake in the night, I would be haunted with a terrible fear lest I should die and go to the "bad place" where I would be burned and burned *forever*.

I had a favorite classmate whom I will call Priscilla. She was a year or more older than I, and I think dated her conversion away back in her childhood. She was very staid in her deportment as a rule, and it did not seem to me that it was any trial for her to be "good." We had been what schoolgirls called "chums" ever since we first began to go to school together, though we were as unlike each other as could be.

To her I confided my fears and trials; for as yet I had not acquired sufficient courage to tell any of my own people, not even Sophy. She did not go to school that winter and when at home everybody was so busy there seemed no time for quiet talk.

Priscy entered into my feelings and seemed glad that I manifested a desire to be "more serious" and was quite ready to help me in my Christian pilgrimage.

Priscy had never had any playmates at home. Her two sisters were young women, and she had no brother. Her mother was a pious lady and somewhat eccentric, maintaining in her manner a respectful distance with most of her neighbors. But she took kindly to me and manifested no displeasure at my oft repeated calls, nor at my being Priscy's friend. Perhaps she thought her daughter would have a good influence over me, and it may be too, that she thought a little more liveliness would do Priscy no harm, for she was not robust, and was rather too much inclined to melancholy moods.

After opening the subject with Priscilla, we at one noontime went off by ourselves and had what we thought was a good talk. She said that if I went to meeting that evening to come early and call for her and we would go by ourselves and pray before going to meeting and perhaps I would feel like speaking or praying in meeting which she thought would help me very much.

I went early, and she was all ready. First we went to her room, but there was

no opportunity, for her sisters were passing in and out getting ready for meeting and seemed to be curious to know what we had slipped in there for and were looking so shy about; so Priscy motioned to me to follow her.

As soon as we got outside the door she said, "Let's go to the barn, and we must run, too, or we will be late;" so off we ran. When within a few steps of it, her father came out with a lantern.

"O, he is getting the horse and sleigh ready," said Priscy, "we can't go there," and much to my surprise she laughed quietly at our defeat, and taking my hand said, "Come, let's go over to the old sled." So we struck out from the path and waded through the snow nearly knee deep to an unused horse-sled and kneeling upon that in the frosty air we offered up our simple prayer. It was quite a while after that, however, before I gained strength or courage to take any part in the meetings.

There was another obstacle which presented itself in my way besides my wayward self and that was, those school companions who were not religious nor interested in the meetings but always in attendance and seemingly inclined to make light of much that they heard said by those who took part, especially the groaning of the ministers, and I feared they would make fun of me too.

During this time Priscy and I used to have very grave conversations at times about God and the Bible, about heaven and the terrible judgment day. I believe she was a really good Christian little girl, but of the long-faced cast and old beyond her years. She thought we ought to be very sober when talking about the Bible or spiritual things and to see her efforts sometimes to refrain from even a smile was a source of amusement to me. I know I was a great trial to her, for I could not keep "serious" as she called it (sad and sorrowful) very long at a time. As soon as the distressed feeling went off I felt light and joyous again. I fear though it was not "joyous in the Lord" but only natural jolliness. I often disturbed her most solemn moods by remarks so ludicrous that she would have to laugh.

There was to be a prayer and "inquiry meeting" on a certain Wednesday after-

noon. These meetings were especially interesting to the seekers. After the prayer service, one of the two ministers who were conducting the revival would go to the young people who seemed seriously inclined but who had not made an open confession of faith and inquire about the state of their minds. In these meetings some new converts were usually gained.

Priscy and I were permitted to remain out of school to attend this meeting. Mother seemed anxious for all her children who were old enough to be present. There were also many of our own age from the upper district school.

It was a meeting that scarcely could be forgotten by any who were present. During the early part of the meeting, the whole congregation remained on their knees while different ones took part in prayer, and the ministers groaned and shouted, "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like ejaculations.

There was a Mr. W——, a young married man who was of an irreligious family except his wife and his father who had only recently been converted.

This man's mind had been wrought upon for some time, and he was under deep convictions of sin and had been expected to "come out," (an abbreviated term for "coming out from the world," I suppose,) for some time. He also prayed at this meeting and his prayer moved the whole house to tears and sobs and frequent shouts and groans from the ministry. (Not the staid decorous pastor of the church; he was seldom ever present; they were visiting revivalists.) He was still laboring under deep convictions of sin. His lamentations and cries to God for mercy as he raised his clutched hand and let it fall again on the arm before him were heart-rending. He could not feel the sure foundation beneath his feet, and he called upon God in vehement tones as one from whom mercy was being withheld.

The God-given spirit, the portion of man upon which the spiritual laws are exercised, when brought into a certain condition feels its need, and cries out for something more satisfying than the small portion of the law that men have reserved for the saving of souls. Man confesses his sins, prays and pleads for mercy, but God has ordained that baptism is for

the remission of sin, and that law not having been complied with, though the man knows not the law, the soul knows that its sins have not been remitted. It is still weighed down with them, hence the transforming influence of the Spirit does not take place and honest souls are sometimes led to think they have sinned away the day of grace.

My tears fell thick and fast on the wooden form before which I was kneeling as I entered into the spirit of his prayer; for I felt that his feelings and mine were akin to each other, though my case was very inferior, for I was only a child. When he ceased, my own trembling voice was heard till sobs choked my utterance. By the pause I was supposed to have finished and others commenced, so I did not say all that I tried to, and I was aware, too, that I had not prayed anything like so deliberately as Priscy, but the Lord must have understood my meaning, for I felt better, and as all arose from their knees, my tears ceased to flow during the rest of the meeting, except when some one spoke who was much moved upon.

Priscy continued to weep most of the time, and cast reproachful glances at me at times, but I was at a loss to understand their meaning. However I knew something was wrong and I thought it was because I did not pray better. At the close of the meeting we went home different ways so did not get a chance to talk with each other.

Next morning Priscy came into the schoolroom with the face of a nun. School had already commenced, so she walked solemnly to the corner, set her lunch basket on the shelf, and hung up her hood and cloak. Had it been I who came in late, I should have had to give an account of myself, but she had become a privileged character on account of her piety and good behavior generally, while that giddy little chatterbox of an Emma needed to be looked after.

I sometimes thought during our school days that if our teacher could be with us when we were off on some of our rambles, through the woods or away after berries when there was only a few of us girls, they would lose faith in Priscilla's decorous behavior. Still there was no harm in her conduct at those times; it was simply giving vent to the hilarity of youth that

she kept so completely under control when in the presence of her mother, teacher, and grown up sisters that no one could ever imagine that she could be wild.

During the forenoon she would occasionally glance towards me and sigh. At noontime when we sat together while eating our lunch, she was unusually "doleful," as I called it, and nontalkative; so I felt sure that I was in for a lecture. Presently she said, in deep measured tones, "I don't know, Emma, how you can be so worldly." "Why?" I said, "what do you mean?" "Why yesterday afternoon when we were having such a good meeting I noticed that you scarcely shed a tear."

Now I knew that I should be in disgrace with her unless I let her know that I did. Her face was very grave looking. She had taken a bite of bread and was just in the act of tipping the bottle of milk up to her mouth as I said, assuming all the gravity at my command, "Why Priscilla Pines! How can you say that! I am sure there was quite a puddle of tears on the bench in front of me at prayer time!"

She had got the milk in her mouth, but the phrase I used sounded so ridiculous that it upset all her former gravity, and, much to my amusement, the milk and bread crumbs came oozing from her mouth which she was vainly trying to keep closed. The tables were now turned, and all went on smoothly again.

(To be continued.)

MY BABE AND I.

In her dainty nest
My babe is at rest,
Her soft head the pillow pressing.
I lean from above
With a world of love;
My golden-haired darling caressing.

She lies there sleeping,
Her bare feet peeping
From under the hem of her gown.
And I kiss each toe
In its rosy glow
As I draw the covering down.

I sit by her side,
And the hours glide
Far into the darkening night,
Let the hours go by,
My babe and I,
We give not a thought to their flight.

—Gertrude Ainsley.

THE VIOLET.

BY ANNIE M. BEALS.

Nestling among the grasses, wet
By spring's refreshing showers,
I found a lovely violet,
Sweetest of springtime's flowers.

Upon its slender, wav'ring stem
It hung its modest head;
I plucked the little blue-eyed gem
From out its lowly bed.

O dainty little floweret sweet,
Emblem of love so true!
Our lives would never be complete
Without some aid from you.

Love helps each one to bear his cross
And makes each burden light,
Reveals some gain amid the loss
And brightness in the night.

Love ever is the magic oil
That smooths the wheels of duty;
And makes the horny hand of toil
Seem like the palm of beauty.

June, 1893.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 7.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

THE apostle further advises that we add to godliness, "brotherly kindness," and we must see the beauty and wisdom of this advice; for kindness is so fruitful in good to him who bestows it, as to enrich his soul with tenderness and love. Nor is this source of profit open to the rich alone, but also to the poor, for he who makes the greatest self-sacrifice in bestowing a kindness necessarily feels it most. Its effects on his heart are deepest, and consequently the fruitage is more abundant. How wisely God has ordered that he who can do but little does as much as he who is able to do more, and the effect to him is as great, and thus the seeming inequalities of this life will be overcome, and all will stand upon the same basis when final rewards are meted out.

We read: "And Jesus sat over against the treasury and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. And there came in a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast

in all that she had, even all her living."

Certainly what she gave was not more to the treasury than what they gave. It was far less, but it was more comparatively. They gave of their abundance. In so doing they sacrificed no luxury, no pleasure, no comfort. *They* gave nothing that they really needed. *She* gave of her want. Luxury she knew not; her comfort and pleasure were reduced by the act. If she was in want before, she felt that want more keenly now, but this act of sacrifice stirred a depth in her heart not felt in the heart of the princely giver, and the chord thus attuned to the music of love vibrated in the breast of angels, and brought her nearer into touch with God. Thus by one heroic act of self-sacrificing love she brushed away the difference between her and her richer neighbors. Circumstances seemed to favor them, while she was so environed with conditions as to seemingly crush her, yet by one brave act she struck down the barrier which barred her progress and stood above them all.

O how great are the possibilities of the soul! And how marvelous the condescension of God who has made these possibilities practicable to all. Reader, remember that what you give because you need it not, and what you give for effect where not needed, or the acts of kindness you do without inconvenience to yourself, are

not the acts which enrich the soul most, but when, through acts of kindness, you are deprived of needed means, rest or comfort for the good of others, then will the fertile depths of your soul be prepared for a fruitage of Divine graces which will qualify you to shine in the kingdom of our God.

When the final adjustment shall be made it will be seen that the star of him who has given his millions of *unneeded* gold to charitable purposes will fall into insignificance compared with that of the tired and perplexed mother who calmly, patiently, and uncomplainingly smooths the rough paths for the little feet of those committed to her care, and who occasionally steals a moment from her own anxious cares to speak a cheering word to those more unfortunate than herself, or to bathe the fevered brow of the suffering.

Callous and cold the heart not touched by kindness, by kindness which suffers sacrifice and pain, if need be, in order to bless. How can such be saved? Well did the apostle enjoin brotherly kindness in order to receive an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our God.

It is comparatively easy to be kind to those *we* love, and who love us, with such to share our joys and sorrows, to sacrifice for their comfort, and to suffer pain for their sakes, but can we be kind to our enemies? Would we sacrifice comforts and pleasures of life to bless those who would curse us? True, genuine *brotherly* kindness will enable us to do this. A kind man never casts off or despises an erring brother. The wrong act of a brother never looks quite so bad to us, as the same act done by another. How long-suffering we are with the erring brother! How many excuses, not offered for others, we offer for him! Though he may wound and pain us, with what tenacity we hope for his reform! How we insist that he is not a bad man at heart, that his motives are good! How liable we are to condemn an effort to bring him to justice as uncalled for and cruel!

So strong is this feeling of brotherly kindness that our law makers have decided that we shall not act as judge or juror where our brother is accused of crime, lest our love for him may be so much greater than our regard for the public weal, that our judgment be warped,

and injustice be done. This danger would be averted if we regarded and loved all mankind as brothers; for we would not tolerate the one in wrong at the expense and distress of the other, nor would we unjustly condemn or unmercifully punish. Our best efforts would be used in lovingly reforming the erring, and our prayers would follow them into the deepest depths of degradation. At the least indication of reform, even in our bitterest enemies, a thrill of joy would gladden our hearts, and they would always be made conscious that there were open hearts and arms ready to receive them. How many now hardened in crime would have been restored by such acts of brotherly kindness. Without this feeling of brotherly kindness we cannot partake of the nature of God, and be the children of him who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Consequently we cannot be saved to the extent of enjoying his presence. O, then let us give all diligence to add to our godliness *brotherly kindness*. Few are so hardened in sin as not to appreciate, and be moved by a kind word or act, and thus a seed is planted whose fruitage may be repentance, peace, joy, conversion, and salvation; and the effect to us be great joy with them in the kingdom of our God.

Reader, I feel led to commend to your prayerful consideration the sentiment of the Apostle Paul, expressed in these words: "And the Lord make you to *increase* and *abound* in love one toward another, and *toward all men*, even as we do toward you; to the end he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his Saints." This plainly teaches that without this brotherly kindness, begotten by universal love, we shall not be unblamably holy at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. If blamable, how can we hope to be saved? Then as we fondly look forward for that glorious event, let us give all diligence to add to our "godliness brotherly kindness," that we may be prepared to receive him in peace.

Again Paul says: "See that none render evil for evil unto *any man*; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves *and to all men*." In

this he but reflects the sentiment of his Lord who said: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have you? Do not even the publicans the same?" Think of it, reader. Do you love only those who love you? If so can you call yourself a Saint and a follower of him who died for sinners? O, I fear we are too far from God, too far from our fellow man, too selfish, too proud, too careless. Let us all renew our efforts and in deep humility seek that divine grace which alone will make us the

children of light. Let us heed the admonition of Paul to "let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

It is our *privilege* to entertain angels, and with God to commune, our *duty* to bless our fellow men, and ourselves to purify, but our virtue, patience, temperance, knowledge, godliness, and brotherly kindness are not well established until we have charity towards all men, and especially towards the erring. On this subject we will treat in our next and concluding article.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

BY M. H. BOND.

"Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."
—Burns.

UPON the second day of November, in the year 1755, noted in history as the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon in Portugal, which destroyed the greater portion of that city, with the lives of upwards of sixty thousand people, there was born to Emperor Francis I., and Marie Theresa, Empress of Austria, a daughter. The ambition of her mother to strengthen the Austrian crown by political alliance with the French people took shape in an education with a view to cement the hitherto hostile France by an admixture of the French blood through the marriage of this daughter, and which did result in a negotiating (trading) of her hand in marriage to the Dauphin (originally first son of a king of France, a title now extinct), Bonhomme Louis, (Louis XVI.,) the marriage taking place on May 16, 1770. Four years afterward the death of King Louis XV. left the steps open for this girl, scarcely yet twenty years old, to ascend the throne of France.

Out of the natural and God-ordained way of government for intelligent peoples, it is not strange that frivolity, extravagance in dress, passion for the card table, intimacy with the wild and pleasure-loving among the high bred or even middle class dissolutes should mark the years of her reign. Her familiarity and intimacy with

officers, young foreigners at her court, attendance at masked balls, together with the famous scandal of the diamond necklace, in which she is declared by historians to have been innocent, became the scandal of French society. Her extravagance was connected by them with the poverty and want of the common people, and she was believed and reported by them to be dissolute and even debauched, but this her trial failed to prove, and authentic history denies it, content with justice which attributes her worst faults only to frivolity, carelessness of public opinion, and disloyalty to the best interests of France, being really an Austrian at heart, though queen of France.

Later, her force of character took shape in political resistance to the party of the Revolution. Not being possessed of those qualities of moral necessity and political foresight in governmental affairs, she resented and opposed the wiser counsel of her mother and of the experienced throne advisers, which ultimately resulted in a hostility that drove her with her family into what proved to be a mistake of flight toward the frontier, but in which they were intercepted and brought back, henceforth to be regarded as traitors to the French interests.

The storming of the Tuileries, her imprisonment, the proclamation of the Republic, the hatred of the throne, and the misrule that came from it, led the

populace to burn the bridge which might by some law of reaction lead back to a reestablishment of the throne, and in January, 1793, her husband, an almost innocent man, was guillotined out of the way, and in October following, through sentence of a tribunal and upon charges, probably slanderous and false to a great extent at least, this troubled life went out through the guillotine, which is now to be seen and which we saw in the Moorish Palace, on Midway Plaisance at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The original scaffold, the guillotine, with its frame and knife of steel, surrounded by a supposed illustration of that bloody and awful day, in painting

are to be seen, and of its genuineness there can be no doubt as near by upon the wall is to be seen the original order and sheriff's bill of sale, France being forced by national distress to resort to the sale of historical relics to raise money for the German indemnity fund after the Franco-Prussian war.

What a review of history and what a mental picture of the awful days of that Revolution in French history seized us as we beheld that scaffold, the framework, and the glittering knife that severed from her body on that fateful day, one hundred years ago October 16, 1793, the head of the beautiful, but ill-fated *Marie Antoinette*.

Editor's Corner.

ON THE WING.

MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

THIS is said to be the first time in the history of fairs that mining products have been given a building of their own. The building is located at the southern end of the lagoon next to the electricity building and is a fine structure 700 feet long and 350 feet in width. Looking upon the magnitude and diversity of exhibits contained in this building the marvel is how they were ever bestowed before without their own allotted space. Beautiful, magnificent, rich, rare, and curious seemed the only terms to apply when thus brought face to face with the wonders of "the chief things of the ancient mountains, the precious things of the lasting hills, of the earth and the fullness thereof." Here are diamonds, opals, emeralds, and gems too numerous to mention, together with precious metals. In short, everything useful or beautiful to be found in the mineral kingdom are here collected in one dazzling, bewildering display. Some of the pavilions in which the States' and territories' exhibits are displayed are beautiful and attractive, while many special features attract and chain the feet of busy pedestrians longer than ordinary.

Among these the beautiful silver statue of justice in the Montana section, a portion of the Mammoth cave of Kentucky in the section of that State and, in the Iowa section a miniature coal mine with miner at work, with many others both novel and interesting, while some

of the foreign governments have most brilliant displays in gorgeous pavilions.

TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Doubtless not a visitor to the Fair but will be struck with admiration as he comes face to face with this magnificent structure. Simple in its design, complete in its structural effects, the dignity of its proportions are relieved by ornamentation at once contrasting, rich, and harmonious.

The grand portal or golden door on the east, facing the lagoon, consists of a series of arches entirely overlaid with gold leaf, and one can pass beneath it without pausing to note the effect of the perfect harmony in coloring, design, and proportion. But words can convey only a faint idea of the impressive splendor of this main entrance. Within the building every method of transportation is shown, and if one wants to be able to realize the time spoken of by the prophet, the time of the end, when "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," he has but to pass through this building, noting the various improvements, marking each decade from the time of the slow going coach to the lightning speed of steam drawn chariots and to these add a few facts in relation to the immense magnitude of this business and the amount of capital employed in it.

No other business can equal this as a factor, a power in the world's civilization. If we consider the capital invested, it far overshadows

all other business. It is estimated that the railroads alone are worth from twenty-five to thirty billions of dollars, which probably represents one tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations and perhaps one third of their invested capital. And it is stated that the whole world's stock of money, gold, silver, and paper would purchase but a third of its railroads. Now to this add the means of transportation by water, all means of conveyance on common roads and does not the magnitude of this industry present itself to you as it never did before? And will not those of us who believe we are living in the day of the Lord's preparation, see in this evidence that his work may be cut short in righteousness? When he has a willing people, the means are at hand by which the gospel may be carried to the nations of the earth and people gathered out to meet him at his coming.

There is another thought connected with this mighty lever of civilization, this lever which may be used for good or ill, which we shall notice elsewhere. In cases where it has not been possible to have the actual vehicle, appliance, or machine on exhibition the absence has been supplied by models, designs, or drawings. By this combination of means to the end, the greatest exhibition of the actual means of transportation employed in the world has been achieved. But this is not all. Man is not yet content with the means of annihilating distance; hence, plans, designs, blank reports, monograms, literature, and everything in any way appertaining to methods of abridging distance, such as have never been made before, are here collected and must have a great effect upon future growth and development.

This is not true of transportation only, but of all other departments of this great exposition as well. The inevitable comparisons resulting from such collections must stimulate to the effort of bringing the lowest up to the level of the best by the adoption of more approved methods and the inventions of new ones.

Among the American exhibits in this building is one by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co., entitled "Railways of the World." This exhibit was prepared at a cost of \$50,000 and shows the development of locomotives and cars from the rudest and earliest days to the present times.

To us, one of the most interesting things to be seen in this building is the boat in which Grace Darling rescued the nine helpless seamen of the steamer *Forfarshire*, from the rock to which they were clinging. Its iron parts are rusted and the wood in places is crumbling

to decay, but while the world stands will the name of Grace Darling be a hallowed memory in the hearts of those who reverence the principle underlying her act. The act was studied, premeditated, and voluntary upon her part. The cost was counted and the risks were taken. She saw those men clinging to the rock, she took in at a glance their peril and knew that unless she reached them the die for them was cast. Her boat was frail, her arm was but a girl's arm, yet the battery of all true strength, true bravery, a loving, unselfish, pitying heart, nerved her arm to the strength demanded and God's angels accompanied her upon her heaven sent mission.

"Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Yet these were not the friends of this brave girl. They were only human beings in need. No good in the world! No nobility in the vast universe of God's creation! Why, the crumbling timbers of that boat were sacred to us because they had yielded to the impulse of an arm impelled by a heart beating in such unison with Divine Love. No good in the world! Let us tell you not a day, not an hour marks its flight upon the dial of time, which does not witness before the "Father of the spirits of all flesh," the Father in whose sight we are all equal, that the *wonderful story*, the story which has transformed and is still transforming the world, the story of the life and death of the humble Nazarene, has in it the power to infuse into the hearts and lives of those who believe in him (even though they walk not with us) the deathless, unchanging principle of love to God and man. Yes, and thank God the world is fast waking to the truth embodied in the words of the poet:—

"The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accused;

Man is more than constitutions: better rot beneath the sod,

Than be true to church and state while we are doubly false to God."

But how far we have wandered with Grace Darling and her boat. Perhaps our readers will not think it very beneficial to follow in the wake of a dreamer at the World's Fair. Keep your patience, for we shall not make a much heavier demand upon it. No attempt will be made to picture forth the magic of the painter's brush or artist's chisel. We will not ask you to wander with us from hall to hall of the magnificent gallery of art and stand enraptured before the creations of genius upon canvas or in marble, for it would demand months and years and then the half could

not be told. Neither shall we ask you to flit with us from one State building to another, gazing in one upon the relics of Washington who "gathered up his feet" and departed in peace to meet his reward, and in another, upon the relics of Lincoln whose life the cruel stroke of an assassin's hand cut short.

Both names are forever enshrined in the hearts of all good men and women. Others will tell you of these more fully and completely than we possibly can. There is, however, one other boat (not so large as Grace Darling's) which we wish to introduce to your notice. This, with a brief account of our visit to the Cliff Dwellers exhibit, the Temple of Luksor and the Street of Cairo which we reserve for our next, will give us liberty to fold our wings at "Home sweet home."

THE manuscript for the autobiography of Bro. Luff is now in the hands of the printer and the volume will be pushed rapidly to its completion. It will be printed upon fine paper, in clear, large type, well bound, and altogether will be one of the finest books yet issued from the Herald Office. Bro. Luff has a host of

friends and now is their opportunity to serve him. The edition will be limited and you cannot start your subscription list too soon. Parents should place this volume in the hands of their sons and daughters too, that they may know there is no royal road to victory in the Christian warfare, but that, as the poet says:—

"We rise by the things that are under foot:

By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

You will search long before you find for them an object lesson more clearly illustrating this great truth, and what a privilege to be able to point them to a living example, of the power there is in the gospel to help them to overcome. But apart from all this, may we not say that all who love this latter day work should be glad that they have it in their power to make some small return to Bro. Luff, for the many sacrifices he has made that he might preach the gospel?

NOTICE—Do not send any more magazines in answer to our advertisement. We are fully supplied.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

"Clear thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent, and effective.

We give in this issue some practical illustrations which will be helpful to those desiring to impress a temperance lesson. They are so simple that no teacher can fail in the attempt to put them before their classes in a manner which will be successful. The drawing of the serpent may, and doubtless will need some practice beforehand. Things which are difficult should only be attempted by one who is competent.

Mrs. Crafts, a great Sunday school worker says: "It is altogether wrong to associate God's truth with deformity. It will be hard for a child ever afterward to think of it as beautiful. I have seen blackboard work which reflected ridicule rather than light upon the lesson. Therefore, unless you can draw well, or can learn to draw well, I would advise you to get someone to draw for you, and to attempt nothing more complicated than dots and letters yourself."

Almost any teacher can draw a map on which she "can point to a place for the persons and things mentioned" and constant repetition will impress it upon the minds of the children, so that they get a fair knowledge of the geography of the country and the travels of those about whom they study. But quite often this does not enter into the lesson and then we need something else. Not suggestions that would be an impossibility for any but an artist to use, but suggestions, illustrations, etc., that would be of practical benefit. There are good Sunday school papers published all over the land. Wherever our readers see anything useful in that line it will only take a moment's time to clip it out and send it to this Department. Will you do so? And remember the simple, practical things are what we want.

For instance, our lesson for August 12 was the Lord's Prayer. Of this, after having the little ones repeat the prayer in concert and

having a talk about what prayer was, we took the words "deliver us from evil," and tried in various ways to explain what they meant, asking after awhile for the same thought repeated by the children in their own words. We tried to have them understand that we must *will* to do what is right and true. That we must resolve to keep away from evil and then the Lord will hear our prayers. That it will do no good to keep bad company, to read bad books and to let bad thoughts stay in our minds and ask our Father to "deliver us from evil." Then we used a simple little illustration taken from "Chalk Talks."

Although we did not use the lesson just the same as it was given we copy it entire, for the benefit of some to whom it may suggest original work in this line.

(Provide yourself with a large mouthed bottle or large tumbler, filled with clear water. A strip of cardboard narrow enough to enter the mouth of the bottle. Upon the cardboard place a little aniline ink, or aniline, not larger than the head of a pin.)

"It makes a great difference what kind of companions you have, what kind of books you read, what sort of talk you hear. We are easily influenced for better or worse. Now here is a piece of cardboard. What color is it? White. Of what is white the symbol? Purity. Suppose we call this piece of cardboard a friend, or a book, or a thought. Now this friend looks pure; the book seems a good one; there seems no harm in the thought. But let us examine it more closely: It seems clean. Let us turn it over, and see the other side. Do any of you see anything on it? No. Look sharp where I point. Do you see a little spot there? Some of you do. It is so little it surely can do no harm. Now here is a bottle with water in it. Suppose we call this another person. Water is a symbol of what? Purity. Now suppose you are pure in your life as this water, and suppose you have for a friend one who is like this cardboard—he has a spot on him—a sin, and you get intimate with him. You allow not only the good there is in him to influence you, but also the evil. It is only a little evil. Suppose we put the card into the bottle. What is the matter with the water? It is turning the same color as that little spot. Your whole life may be changed by allowing just one little sin to enter it. Watch sharp for the little sins, the little spots. They may color your whole life."

We hope and think that hereafter when those children pray "deliver us from evil," they will be helped to remember the lesson we

had that day and what it means to them, by the simple object lesson. We must be careful however not to place too much stress upon illustration. Let us be sure that the children understand thoroughly the one thought we wish them to learn, and then use the picture, object lesson, or illustration to impress it. Let us talk to the little ones as simply as we would to those of the same age at home, going over and over the same things in different ways until they are not only familiar with the thought, but understand it. Then your reviews will indeed make you think that "past labor is present delight," for children love to tell what they know.

Trumbull says, we do not know a thing until we are able to tell it and we have not taught anything until a scholar learns it, so if we keep that thought in mind during our reviews we will know just about how much we have taught to the children, how much to feel encouraged, or how little we have done. We hope later on to say more about primary classes and primary work.

This department was intended for all Sunday school workers and all classes of Sunday school work. But as the primary is the only work of which we have a practical knowledge, we can do no better than to occupy in that field until some one comes to the rescue.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. 20: 1.

Here are two glasses. I have something in each, can you tell me what? Water. I knew you would say that, but you are quite mistaken. One has water, and the other something which looks exactly like it. How shall I find out which is water? Let you taste? Not for all the world for one is a dreadful poison. I don't wonder you look frightened. I expect if I gave some of it to a little baby it would strangle and die. I think I will put some of each on this lily—sprinkle on a few drops of water. Why, it makes it look glad and fresh, doesn't it? So I think this must be the water I am putting on. Now I will shake off the water and hold the lily in the other glass for a moment—put the petals down. See, it shrivels and dies. I will tell you what the poison is; it is alcohol.

Last Sunday we said our lives were like trees, and we talked about bearing fruit for Jesus. I will make a tree on the board to

show you the sort of fruit a man or boy bears who drinks wine, or brandy, or beer, or liquor of any sort—for in all liquor, even in cider, is more or less of this dreadful poison. See, this is an ugly, crooked tree, gnarled and twisted. I know you will understand why I have made it so. Print on the tree woe, sorrow, quarreling, redness of eyes, poverty, rage.

Draw out also from the children as you can the fruits of intemperance, cruelty to wife; abuse of children, hunger, etc. Such terrible fruit to come from any life.

When I tell you what drink does to the body or brain, you will not wonder that the life cannot bear good fruit. It makes the heart beat very fast, overworks, weakens, and finally destroys it. It hurries the blood through the body, makes dead the nerves, weakens the lungs, hardens the brain, burns the stomach, and takes away the appetite. It kills the body and ruins the soul.

The teacher may cook the white of an egg to show its effect on the brain. Also put a little in a dish and burn it to show its fiery nature.

A little boy learned first to love strong drink by his mother giving it to him as medicine, sweetened with sugar. He was a bright, beautiful boy, but he grew up a miserable drunkard. Woe, and want, and all the dreadful fruit we have talked about, came from his life. Little Willie, who lived near him, and who dreaded and feared this crazed wreck of a man, once saw him staggering by and said, "O mamma, why doesn't Mr. Brown stop drinking?" "He has signed many a pledge," answered his mother, "but his body and brain are almost destroyed. 'I know what I'll do,' said Willie; 'I'll never begin!' That is the only safe way for any boy and girl to do.

Do you see this picture I am making? What an ugly monster it is—a serpent. You might just as safely take a great poisonous serpent into your hands. You may well shudder! The Bible says of wine, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

You would be glad to shut up all the saloons, wouldn't you? all the places where this dreadful poison is made and sold. Perhaps you cannot do much, but you can be like Willie and never, never touch, or taste, or handle the vile stuff. Here is a little verse which will tell you what you can do.

There is a little public house,
Which every one may close;
It is the little public house
That's just beneath your nose."

—Missouri Sunday School Evangel.

HELPFUL HINTS.

BY ANNA STEDMAN.

We take this means of presenting to Sunday school teachers some suggestions with regard to the use of the lessons that will be studied during the month of September.

In the first place we wish to call attention to the importance of keeping clearly in mind the time and place of the events as we study them. At the commencement of this new quarter have ready a simple map of Palestine. Have the outline, the rivers, and lakes, and mountain-chains if you desire, but leave out the cities until they occur in the lessons; then add them.

In the first lesson Jesus healed the blind man in Jerusalem, and the miracle was probably soon followed by the discourse spoken also in Jerusalem in which he proclaimed himself the good shepherd. Having offended the Jews who sought to stone him, he escaped and went into Perea, as you learn in Home Study of Lesson II. How long he remained there is not known but he was recalled from it to Bethany by the death of Lazarus. This wonderful miracle roused the Pharisees to action and the council was called in which it was decided that nothing less than the death of Jesus would prevent his gaining all men for his disciples. In the Home Study of Lesson III., we learn of his withdrawal to Ephraim, a city about twenty miles north of Jerusalem. In the Introduction of Lesson IV. we learn that from Ephraim he soon passed over the Jordan (Matt. 19:1) into Perea.

Let these travels be clear in the minds of the senior pupils. Some teachers advocate the plan of having each member of the class draw his own map on paper, adding to it each lesson-time the new places. This map-work need take but a few moments each Sunday and much good will result, but be careful, be accurate.

Intermediate teachers will see at a glance that in Lesson I. the story is long and that there was space for only a few questions. The story could not well be shorter without omitting necessary information. Teachers will need to frame their own questions making prominent the man's pitiable condition, the compassion of Jesus, the miracle (Do not dwell upon obedience this time; there is so much in the lesson), the bigotry of the Pharisees, the trial of the man, his profession of faith in Jesus, his being cast out of the synagogue and his being sought out by Jesus and taught the great truth that he had not known but gladly received. These are the main points of the lesson.

If primary teachers can call the attention of the children to some one they know or have seen who is blind it will be to the children one of the best illustrations of the condition of the man whom Jesus healed. Teachers can excite feelings of sympathy and compassion for such a one, compelled to sit and beg, and the little ones may be led to rejoice in the tenderness of Jesus and to love him for his mercy. Do you know, teachers, that if you give thought to it, you can draw word pictures. There sits the poor blind man who never saw a thing in his life—he can't work—he sits where the people pass up and down in the streets and begs—some give to him a little, perhaps, but many pass by and never look at him—many times he feels sad and lonely. One day some one comes to him. The blind man cannot see his face but he hears his voice and it is kind. This man puts clay on his eyes and tells him to go and wash them in the pool of Siloam. And the blind man goes, slowly of course, for he cannot go fast, and washes his eyes—and so on—and so on you tell the story simply, clearly, touchingly. If the little ones close their eyes while you tell the story until you reach the point where he "washed and came seeing," they will better understand how great the change in his condition was.

Of necessity every teacher must decide how much to attempt to teach and what it shall be, but for very little ones just the story of the miracle is sufficient, omitting any mention of the man's trial and expulsion from the synagogue. The Golden Text, "Whereas I was blind, now I see" will recall this story to them, if impressed upon their minds in the connection with it.

For primary classes Lesson II. can be illustrated easily by the use of building blocks, or even with pieces of pasteboard. The teacher can with these build the miniature sheepfold, the four walls without a roof and having but one door.

Do not mention the Feast of Dedication to the little ones. Tell them what the fold was for, how the shepherd led his sheep in and out and cared for them all the time. There is a sweet little song that would be very appropriate here and some of you have it:—

"Jesus loves little children;
He is their friend, his aid he will lend;
Like a shepherd he'll lead them;
Come to him children to-day."

And then there is another:—

"God's own little flock,
And sheltered so close
In the cleft of the rock:
Happy are we—

Thy dear little flock—

Happy are we in Jesus."

You may not know these, but you may know others as sweet, having in them the same thought of the protecting love of the Good Shepherd. You cannot teach very many verses in one session. Perhaps one little verse that just suits will be sufficient. Begin with this lesson to teach them the twenty-third psalm, that beautiful shepherd psalm of David. Of course, they can learn it only little by little, but begin it with this lesson and add to it from time to time.

Lesson III. may be introduced to the little ones through the Golden Text. Teach them the meaning of the word "wept," for the child commonly uses the word, cry. Who else wept besides Jesus and why did they weep? Now you can tell of the death and raising up of Lazarus. In lesson IV the same plan may be followed again. The children have learned the Golden Text at home. It is the only preparation for the day's work that the very young should be expected to make. After calling attention to the Text and hearing it repeated, you can tell them of the kind act of Jesus recorded in the lesson, the healing of the infirm woman, and then turn their thoughts upon their own acts to discover whether they are kind to others.

Israel P. Black, contributor to the *Sunday School Times* has this to say among other suggestions upon primary exercises: "Every child should be taught some knowledge of the wonderful land which has furnished such marvelous Bible stories. A map drill on Palestine is of great help. Upon a large piece of muslin or paper trace the outlines of this country, and place it in view of the scholars. [Place it on the north side of the room, if possible.] * * Small red gummed tickets, placed on each town as studied in the regular lessons, will greatly assist the child in locating places.

"Ten minutes a month spent on this exercise will give an immense amount of information regarding this land of the Bible. In teaching this or any other Bible knowledge, always bear in mind not to teach too much in one lesson. Little minds, like small pitchers, can only hold a small quantity at once,—but they require frequent filling."

Such a map is also an aid in many ways. Pointing to Jerusalem, the teacher may say, "This is where the blind man was healed. Who can tell about it? or, pointing out Bethany, "Here is the place where Lazarus was raised from the dead. What place is it?

Where was Jesus when Lazarus died? Who sent for him?" With such questions the story can be brought out, or if the children have become quite familiar with it, they will like to tell the story to the teacher, one narrating and the other watching to see that no detail is omitted.

Teachers of young children must not rely on the book containing the lesson. Do not feel lost without your book. Have the facts

of the lesson in your mind that you may have the free use of your eyes to see what is going on in your class. You will fail to teach impressively and with ease of manner if you must pause often to see what the book says. We ought to know before we go to our classes what the book says, and we ought to know just what part of that information to use, and just when and how we intend to use it.

Department of Correspondence.

O let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! Let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

—A. C. CORE.

LOOKING forth upon the events transpiring in the world from day to day how often we are reminded that despite the vanity, wickedness, and ingratitude of man towards Him who rules the destinies of nations, his hand is yet over them and his ear is open to the prayer of all who in sincerity call upon him. The lover of the race, of right, of truth, and godliness has much to encourage him, much to nerve his arm for the battle. It behooves those then who wish to be found upon the Lord's side in the day of battle to hold fast to the principles of truth which God has revealed and not to be turned aside or deceived by false arguments, no matter how apparently plausible those arguments may appear. God is the author of truth and its final and complete triumph is only a question of time.

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Thus came the commandment from the Father and the Son enunciated this explanatory clause, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." It was given to man not in the sense of an arbitrary enactment—not that through its observance honor would accrue to the great Author of our being but because the Author of our being knew that it was for us a mental, moral, and physical necessity, hence we esteem the bloodless, unforced victory of the Sabbath Day, one of the

grandest triumphs of the nineteenth century as well as the greatest object lesson the Columbian Exposition has presented or will present to the day of its close. In this result every lover of his country, of his God should rejoice and take fresh courage. Let the young man rejoice in his strength and let him not forget that to him the harvest field of the world is bending its sheaves waiting till he thrust in his sickle and reap. Let the young woman not forget that the Lord of the harvest has commanded his reapers that they shall leave for the gleaners bunches of grain that they too may not come empty handed but may share in the harvest home with songs of thanksgiving and praise. And let both remember that every effort put forth aright, every blow struck for God and truth—for God and humanity will tell on unborn ages.

We are pleased to spread before our readers this month a feast so diversified and well prepared. Let not the young forget their corner in the LEAVES. There are large branches where the Literary Society is flourishing and from such should come many gems of thought for this department.

WHO IS BEING SHAKEN.

It is quite a familiar saying with Latter Day Saints, that the time is coming when everything which can be shaken will be shaken. Also in speaking of the power of his satanic majesty we are wont to say that if it were possible he would deceive the very elect. It is a common thought too with us that when we are striving hardest to do good Satan works the hardest to secure our overthrow. If this be true of individuals, it is equally true of societies or organized movements.

When the time comes, if it be not come already when the church will spread more rapidly, when it begins to grow more and more into favor with the seeker for truth, when the honest in heart begin to flock into the fold of Christ; then is when Satan will strive to stir up dissension among the membership. Not only so, but when the church itself begins to comply with the injunction to "Come up higher," as the Spirit has said so many times, by turning the light inward upon the body itself, purifying the members that the whole body be pure,—when the church begins to do this we may expect the powers of darkness to be arrayed against it as they have not been heretofore. Satan never interferes with a work or movement which is not likely to result in doing good; for if it does no good, it manifestly is doing evil, and he would not be wise to intercept the accomplishment of his own ends.

"Search the Scriptures," is a command which we delight in holding out to the world, because we believe they do not search them enough. And why ought we to search them? "For in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they that testify of me." We are to search them to find the way of eternal life. We read in them that we are required to obey certain first principles in order to be initiated into the way of eternal life, and then we are to live according to certain principles of life, which will develop in us the attributes of a Christlike character, by which alone we become fitted for an abode with the pure and the good.

"Study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people."—D. and C. 87: 3. Here the Lord not only recognizes good in the world but actually enjoins upon his chosen servants to become acquainted with them. Is it any less necessary to-day that we become acquainted with them in order to properly represent this work. Can we get it anywhere else than in the world? I do not know where. I have yet to hear of the man who learned Latin or Greek or Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, or Arithmetic or Algebra, from the Scriptures or by revelation.

If in carrying out the injunction to search the Scriptures, and to teach them to our children, See Deut. 6: 7; D. and C. 68: 4, we find that by organized effort, such as the Sunday school, we can do it more successfully, can there be anything wrong in doing so, even though they be borrowed in part from the world, and are thus branded by some as sectarianism? We read in Mosheim, First Century, part 2, chap. 3: "The Christians took all possi-

ble care to accustom their children to the study of the scriptures, and to instruct them in the doctrines of their holy religion; and schools were everywhere erected for this purpose, even from the very commencement of the Church." Shall we say that these schools of the early Christians were appointed by the Lord, or that they were instituted in the wisdom of man under the inspiration of the Almighty? To assert the former would be to assume something for which there is no ground whatever, nothing being written to support it. To claim that the latter is true would be in harmony with what the Lord has said in our day, which is borne out by our experience. He said: "Behold, if my servants and handmaidens, of the different organizations for good among my people, shall continue in righteousness, they shall be blessed, even as they bless others of the household of faith."—D. and C. 117: 12. The servants and handmaidens of the "different organizations for good among my people," so long as they "continue in righteousness" are entitled to the blessing in 1893 as well as in 1873 for God is no respecter of persons. He said again, "For, behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things, for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; Wherefore he receiveth no reward. Verily I say, men should should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves."—D. and C. 58: 6.

There is no force at all in the argument that because a thing is held in vogue by the world it is dangerous, unless it is something which is evil. We are commanded to come out of her that we be not made partakers of her evil deeds. We are left perfectly free to partake of her good deeds. The Scriptures teach that God is the source of all truth, and that whatever prompts to do good is of God. We are to accept truth then wherever we find it; and whenever any good thing is presented to us we are in duty bound to accept it, for God is the author of it, even though it may be found in a sinful world.

Shall we charge God with making a mistake when he inspired Columbus to action which resulted in the discovery of America, though Columbus may have been a Catholic? Shall we say he showed a lack of wisdom in choosing men of the world to found this great Republic of ours? Shall we refuse to ride on the electric cars, or enjoy the fruits of invention because they are not of the church? Then

what does consistency demand. Shall we shun organizations for the study of good books, and peoples, because they are had in the world?

There is a command, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." But there is a dearth of instruction as to how to proceed to do the training, and none as to how he is to be properly brought into the world that he may have an even chance with the rest of mankind. Now shall we oppose organized effort to secure this instruction for fear it may be thought we are borrowing from the world? Would to God that the world had more good to lend us; it might aid us materially on our way to perfection.

There are numerous "societies for good" in the church, all of which are striving to make the church and the world better. Not to make the church better or completer in organization or doctrine, but in practice. None of these societies have any secret oaths or combinations, and they are entirely open to the investigation of the priesthood, laity, or the world.

There are some few who oppose them, but these few are generally those who have not investigated them properly if at all. Nearly all who have labored in them can testify and do testify of their value and of the blessing of God's Spirit attending their efforts; and most of the societies are sanctioned and encouraged by the church in general. Are all these elders and members mistaken when they testify that they have enjoyed the Spirit of God when thus laboring. Did the Lord make a mistake when through one of his servants he communicated to the Students Society of Lamoni, acknowledging their work and encouraging them to press on? Can it be possible we were mistaken when we thought we had the Spirit of God with us so many times in our Sunday school conventions moving the entire audience to tears? Are we deluded now when we feel that the good Lord blesses us in all our efforts to good in these various directions?

But there will be opposers; and we need not be surprised if there should arise those claiming especial inspiration taking the opposition. Let us remember that all inspiration is not of God; and let us remember too that so long as we "continue in righteousness," we "shall be blessed" even as we "bless others of the household of faith."

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

LAMONI, Iowa, July 21, 1893.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind as exercise does the strength of the body.

MISSIONARY PLANS.

PETER M. HINDS.

THAT there is much need of missionary work being done here as elsewhere, is apparent to all who will carefully observe what is transpiring around us; but to form plans that will counteract the evil we meet and lead those who are straying in forbidden ways, to a better mode of living, will require our best efforts.

There is inherent in our natures a desire for happiness and companionship, and all efforts to better the condition of those around us, must be formed on this principle. We find by reading the experience of others, and by our own observation that there is no permanent happiness in anything that is evil. There is a momentary pleasure in some evil things, but soon the enjoyment is gone leaving an unsatisfied feeling which is both unpleasant and unprofitable. Now the missionary work of our society should be to show to those who are seeking for happiness in carnal things, that there is something more permanent and elevating than what they have. We should strive to educate them in that manner which will develop their good qualities and help them to control all evil tendencies.

One way of inducing others to come up higher is by ourselves walking in such a manner that they can see that there is something better than that which they have obtained; thereby creating or arousing a desire in them to obtain the same. Our Savior says "Let your light so shine that others seeing your good works may be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven." Ofttimes many who seek for happiness in unrighteous ways find that instead of pleasure, they reap only sorrow, instead of wheat they find only chaff; and they are then in a condition to be influenced. If they see others taking pleasure in doing good, they may be persuaded to try it themselves.

Others need our sympathy. They need to be shown that we are interested in their welfare, and desire to do them all the good we can. With such we should try to show the superiority of right over wrong. There are many who, if they think we are trying to entice them to be religious, will repel all our efforts to help them. It is difficult to win the confidence of such, and great care must be used in order to show them we are working for their best interest. We should improve every opportunity to do them some little act

of kindness in a way that will increase their good will toward us, and thereby steadily win them over to the better way, using great care not to arouse in them a feeling of resistance. To specify the way to proceed in each individual case would be a greater task than can be performed by any one or two persons, but each one should study the disposition of the person they wish to reach, and labor as it seemeth best.

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BEETOWN, Wis., Aug. 2.

Dear Autumn Leaves:—I promised you in my last that sometime I would write about the mounds of Wisconsin. I am not so well prepared as I would like to be and cannot narrate anything of great importance that has come under my personal observation.

I enjoyed a vacation last week and spent two days with a professional mound digger, digging mounds in the northwest part of Grant county. He had in times past been employed by Captain Peter Hall who was in the employ of the Smithsonian Institute, but since the death of Captain Hall he has dug for himself. He had a collection of specimens for which he refused \$1,500. But a little over a year ago he had the misfortune to lose his house by fire together with the specimens which he had gathered from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Arkansas.

While preaching in the adjoining neighborhood of this man, Mr. Frances Derby by name, I referred to the finding of the plates from which the Book of Mormon had been translated and also called attention to the archaeological discoveries of America as internal evidence in proof of the book, and, after church, I was told that Mr. Derby had found some plates of copper in that vicinity about thirteen years ago and that the Grant county *Herald* had published a description of them and the translation also. I called upon Mr. Derby and inquired as to the truthfulness of what I had heard. He replied, "I did find copper plates in a mound at Bagley, but there was nothing on them to be translated. The bottoms however was scooped and on one side near the bottom, there were indentations made almost through the metal. As to the interpretation, I never dreamed of such a thing."

He also told me some very interesting things about the Mound Builders which he had gleaned from digging. He says that from New Orleans to St. Paul there are signal mounds every few miles which were

for the purpose of signaling reports, and he figured that a report could be sent from New Orleans to St. Paul in three days and a half. They evidently used a kind of powder which produced different colors of smoke.

He took me to one of the mounds situated on the top of a bluff just above Wyalusing. It was hollow and walled up with rock laid up without mortar. In it as in others be found this powder or oder, also pipes, bear's teeth, etc.

Some of these mounds have been walled with wood, but the wood has decayed and the mounds have fallen in. There is one of this kind near McCortney.

Mr. Derby showed me some of the specimens which had gone through the fire. There were pots and vessels of earthenware yet in a good state of preservation, also copper axes and copper beads. I saw one of the largest and finest agates I have ever seen anywhere which was also found in Grant county. It is now in the possession of Mr. John Hartfort of Wyalusing, Wisconsin. I was told by Mr. Derby that he had also found in one mound a looking glass made of isinglass but it was burned.

The mounds of Wisconsin are mostly situated in the southeastern and southwestern parts of the State. One peculiarity about them is that the earth of which they are made was in some instances conveyed for miles, and in no instance was it thrown up from the immediate surrounding earth, as it is invariably of different kinds of soil and clay. On Sand Prairie, in Richland county, and at Bogby where the surrounding country is nothing but sand I find that the mounds are of clay and from three to seventeen kinds and colors of clay and earth have been used, some of which must have been conveyed many miles. Three years ago in Richland county I examined a fortification and several mounds just across the Wisconsin River from Muscoda. One mound was in the shape of an elephant with a large bushy tail; another, in the shape of a bear, and still another in the shape of a man. While with Mr. Derby last week I saw one mound in the shape of an elephant and two in the shape of a deer.

On the afternoon of the last day of my vacation we were excavating in a mound when we came across what afterward proved to be red lead of which there was about a bushel throughout the mound, and one of the most curious things was that the inside of three of the five skulls was filled with this red paint

and another was filled with a kind of ashy clay and the fifth one not having been filled with anything was crushed. We also found in the same mound a piece of lead mineral, something Mr. Derby told me had never been found before in this country among the relics of the Mound Builders.

Lest I intrude too much on the space of the Department, I will close hoping you will each take an interest in the Correspondence Department and make it a great success.

Your brother in Christ,
JOHN W. PETERSON.

Daughters of Zion.

C. B. KELLEY, EDITOR.

"Unity of work is the hope of our cause."

WE trust that the many earnest workers who are willing to put forth a helping hand to strengthen our cause will feel free to send communications and items of interest to the editor of this department. Will the secretaries of local organizations please furnish us with essays read at their meetings, so that many more may be thereby benefited by the thoughts therein contained.

FOR A WEB BEGUN.

"For a web begun, God sends the thread."
Over and over these words I read.
And I said to myself with an easy air:
"What need to burden myself with care,
If this be true?
Or attempt to do
More than my duty? For here is proof
That we are to hold ourselves aloof
Until from the Master we receive
The thread for the web we are to weave."

So, day after day, I sat beside
The loom, as if both my hands were tied,
With idle shuttle and slackened warp,
Useless as "strings" of an untuned harp.
For I took no part,
With hand or heart,
In the work of the world. To the cry of need—
The voice of the children. I gave no heed.
"When the task is ready for me," I said,
"God will be sure to supply the thread."

Others might go in cellars and slums
And weave a web out of scraps and thrums,
Finding excuse for the daily toil,
The reckless waste of life's precious oil;
But as for me,
I could not see
How I was to follow them, or believe
That the rightful pattern I'd truly weave,
Unless I waited, howe'er time sped,
For God to send me the promised thread.

I had no strength of my own, I knew,
No wisdom to guide, or skill to do,
And must wait at ease for the word of command,
For the message I surely should understand,
Else all in vain
Were the stress and strain,
For the thread would break, and the web be
spolled,
A poor result for the hours I'd toiled,
And my heart and my conscience would be at
strife
O'er the broken threads of a wasted life.

But all at once, like a gem exhumed,
The word "begun"—by a light illumed—
From the rest of the text stood boldly out,
By the finger of God revealed, no doubt;
And shocked and dazed,
Ashamed, amazed,
I saw, as I had not seen before,
The truer meaning the sentence bore,
And read as Belthazar might have read:
"For a web begun, God sends the thread."

The man himself, with his mind and heart,
Toward the Holy City must make a start,
Ere he finds in his hands the mystic clew
That shall lead him life's mazes safely through.
And if loom and reel
And spinning-wheel
Idle and empty stand to-day,
We must reason give for the long delay,
Since the voice of the Master has plainly said:
"For a web begun, God sends the thread."—*Sel.*

The following selection is from a recent work by Kate Douglas Wiggin, entitled *Children's Rights*:—

THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD.

THE subject of Children's Rights does not provoke much sentimentalism in this country, where, as somebody says, the present problem of the children is the painless extinction of

their elders. I interviewed the man who washes my windows, the other morning, with the purpose of getting at the level of his mind in the matter.

"Dennis," I said, as he was polishing the glass, "I am writing an article on the 'Rights of Children.' What do you think about it?" Dennis carried his forefinger to his head in search of an idea, for he is not accustomed to having his intelligence so violently assaulted, and after a moment's puzzled thought he said, "What do I think about it, mum? Why, I think we'd ought to give 'em to 'em. But Lor', mum, if we don't, they *take* 'em, so what's the odds?" And as he left the room I thought he looked pained that I should spin words and squander ink on such a topic.

The French dressmaker was my next victim. As she fitted the collar of an effete civilization on my nineteenth century neck, I put the same question I had given to Dennis.

"The rights of the child, madame?" she asked, her scissors poised in air.

"Yes, the rights of the child."

"Is it of the American child, madame?"

"Yes," said I nervously, "of the American child."

"Mon Dieu! he has them!"

This may well lead us to consider rights as opposed to privileges. A multitude of privileges, or rather indulgences, can exist with a total disregard of the child's rights. You remember the man who said he could do without necessities if you would give him luxuries enough. The child might say, "I will forego all my privileges, if you will only give me my rights: a little less sentiment, please,—more justice!" There are women who live in perfect puddles of maternal love, who yet seem incapable of justice; generous to a fault, perhaps, but seldom just.

Who owns the child? If the parent owns him,—mind, body, and soul, we must adopt one line of argument; if, as a human being, he owns himself, we must adopt another. In my thought the parent is simply a divinely appointed guardian, who acts for his child until he attains what we call the age of discretion,—that highly uncertain period which arrives very late in life with some persons, and not at all with others.

The rights of the parent being almost unlimited, it is a very delicate matter to decide just when and where they infringe upon the rights of the child. There is no standard; the child is the creature of circumstances.

The mother can clothe him in Jaeger wool from head to foot, or keep him in low neck, short

sleeves and low stockings, because she thinks it pretty; she can feed him exclusively on raw beef, or on vegetables, or on cereals; she can give him milk to drink, or let him sip his father's beer and wine; put him to bed at sundown or keep him up till midnight; teach him the catechism and the thirty-nine articles, or tell him there is no God; she can cram him with facts before he has any appetite or power of assimilation, or she can make a fool of him. She can dose him with old school remedies, with new school remedies, or she can let him die without remedies because she doesn't believe in the reality of disease. She is quite willing to legislate for his stomach, his mind, his soul, her teachableness, it goes without saying, being generally in inverse proportion to her knowledge; for the arrogance of science is humility compared with the pride of ignorance.

In these matters the child has no rights. The only safeguard is the fact that if parents are absolutely brutal, society steps in, removes the untrustworthy guardian, and appoints another. But society does nothing, can do nothing, with the parent who injures the child's soul, breaks his will, makes him grow up a liar or a coward, or murders his faith. It is not very long since we decided that when a parent brutally abused his child, it could be taken from him and made the ward of the State; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is of later date than the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At a distance of a century and a half we can hardly estimate how powerful a blow Rousseau struck for the rights of the child in his educational romance, "Emile." It was a sort of gospel in its day. Rousseau once arrested and exiled, his book burned by the executioner (a few years before he would have been burned with it), his ideas naturally became a craze. Many of the reforms for which he passionately pleaded are so much a part of our modern thought that we do not realize the fact that in those days of routine, pedantry and slavish worship of authority, they were the daring dreams of an enthusiast, the seeming impossible prophecy of a new era. Aristocratic mothers were converts to his theories, and began nursing their children as he commanded them. Great lords began to learn handicrafts; physical exercise came into vogue; everything that Emile did, other people wanted to do.

With all Rousseau's vagaries, oddities, misconceptions, posings, he rescued the individuality of the child and made a tremendous plea for a more natural, a more human education.

He succeeded in making people listen where Rabelais and Montaigne had failed; and he inspired other teachers, notably Pestalozzi and Froebel, who knit up his ragged seams of theory, and translated his dreams into possibilities.

Rousseau vindicated to man the right of "Being." Pestalozzi said "Grow!" Froebel, the greatest of the three, cried "Live! you give bread to men, but I give men to themselves!"

The parent whose sole answer to criticism or remonstrance is "I have a right to do what I like with my own child!" is the only impossible parent. His moral integument is too thick to be pierced with any shaft however keen. To him we can only say as Jacques did to Orlando, "God be with you; let's meet as little as we can."

But most of us dare not take this ground. We may not philosophize or formulate, we may not live up to our theories, but we feel in greater or less degree the responsibility of calling a human being hither, and the necessity of guarding and guiding, in one way or another, that which owes its being to us.

We should all agree, if put to the vote, that a child has a right to be well born. That was a trenchant speech of Henry Ward Beecher's on the subject of being "born again;" that if he could be born right the first time he'd take his chances on the second. "Hereditary rank," says Washington Irving, "may be a snare and a delusion, but hereditary virtue is a patent of innate nobility which far outshines the blazonry of heraldry."

Over the unborn our power is almost that of God, and our responsibility, like His toward us; as we acquit ourselves toward them, so let Him deal with us.

Why should we be astonished at the warped, cold, unhappy, suspicious natures we see about us, when we reflect upon the number of unwished for, unwelcomed children in the world;—children who at best were never loved until they were seen and known, and were often grudging their being from the moment they began to be. I wonder if sometimes a starved, crippled, agonized human body and soul does not cry out, "Why, O man, O woman—why, being what I am, have you suffered me to be?"

Physiologists and psychologists agree that the influences affecting the child begin before birth. At what hour they begin, how far they can be controlled, how far directed and modified, modern science is not assured; but I imagine those months of preparation were given for other reasons than that the cradle and the basket and the wardrobe might be ready;—those long months of supreme patience, when

the life-germ is growing from unconscious to conscious being, and when a host of mysterious influences and impulses are being carried silently from mother to child. And if "beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into" its "face," how much more subtly shall the grave strength of peace, the sunshine of hope and sweet content, thrill the delicate chords of being, and warm the tender seedling into richer life.

Mrs. Stoddard speaks of that sacred passion, maternal love, that "like an orange tree, buds and blossoms and bears at once." When a true woman puts her finger for the first time into the tiny hand of her baby, and feels that helpless clutch which tightens her very heart-strings, she is born again with the newborn child.

A mother has a sacred claim on the world; even if that claim rest solely on the fact of her motherhood, and not, alas, on any other. Her life may be a cipher, but when the child comes, God writes a figure before it, and gives it value.

Once the child is born, one of his inalienable rights, which we too often deny him, is the right to his childhood.

If we could only keep from utwisting the morning-glory, only be willing to let the sunshine do it! Dickens said real children went out with powder and top-boots; and yet the children of Dickens's time were simple buds compared with the full-blown miracles of conventionality and erudition we raise nowadays.

There is no substitute for a genuine, free, serene, healthy, bread-and-butter childhood. A fine manhood or womanhood can be built on no other foundation; and yet our American homes are so often filled with hurry and worry, our manner of living is so keyed to concert pitch, our plan of existence so complicated, that we drag the babies along in our wake, and force them to our artificial standards, forgetting that "sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste."

If we must, or fancy that we must, lead this false, too feverish life, let us at least spare them! By keeping them forever on tiptoe we are in danger of producing an army of conventional little prigs, who know much more than they should about matters which are profitless even to their elders.

In the matter of clothing, we sacrifice children continually to the "Moloch of maternal vanity," as if the demon of dress did not demand our attention, sap our energy, and thwart our activities soon enough at best. And the right kind of children, before they are spoiled by fine feathers, do detest being "dressed up" beyond a certain point.

A tiny maid of my acquaintance has an elaborate Parisian gown, which is fastened on the side from top to bottom in some mysterious fashion, by a multitude of tiny buttons and cords. It fits the dear little mouse like a glove, and terminates in a collar which is an instrument of torture to a person whose patience has not been developed from year to year by similar trials. The getting of it on is anguish, and as to the getting of it off, I heard her moan to her nurse the other night, as she wriggled her curly head through the too-small exit, "Oh! only God knows how I hate gettin' peeled out o' this dress!"

The spectacle of a small boy whom I meet sometimes in the horse-cars, under the wing of his predestinate idiot of a mother, wrings my very soul. Silk hat, ruffled shirt, silver-buckled shoes, kid gloves, cane, velvet suit, with one two-inch pocket which is an insult to his sex, —how I pity the pathetic little caricature! Not a spot has he to locate a top, or a marble, or a nail, or a string, or a knife, or a cooky, or a nut; but as a bloodless substitute for these necessities of existence, he has a toy watch (that will not go) and an embroidered handkerchief with cologne on it.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I suppose nothing is more disastrous. The divine right to be gloriously dirty a large portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful, friendly contact with all sorts of interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied.

The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge, or weeding the garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life. And unhappy fate, do not many of us have to bring up children without a vestige of a dog, or a sand heap, or a stable, or a shed, or a brook, or a garden! Conceive, if you can, a more difficult problem than giving a child his rights in a city flat. You may say that neither do we get ours: but bad as we are, we are always good enough to wish for our children the joys we miss ourselves.

Thrice happy is the country child, or the one who can spend a part of his young life among living things, near to Nature's heart. How blessed is the little toddling thing who can lie flat in the sunshine and drink in the beauty of the "green things growing," who can live among the other little animals, his brothers and sisters in feathers and fur; who can put his hand in that of dear mother Na-

ture, and learn his first baby lessons without any meddlesome middleman; who is cradled in sweet sounds "from early morn to dewy eve," lulled to his morning nap by hum of crickets and bees, and to his night's slumber by the sighing of the wind, the plash of waves, or the ripple of a river. He is a part of the "shining web of creation," learning to spell out the universe letter by letter as he grows sweetly, serenely, into a knowledge of its laws.

I have a good deal of sympathy for the little people during their first eight or ten years, when they are just beginning to learn life's lessons, and when the laws which govern them must often seem so strange and unjust. It is not an occasion for a big burning sympathy, perhaps, but for a tender little one, with a half smile in it, as we think of what we were, and "what in young clothes we hoped to be, and of how many things have come across;" for childhood is an eternal promise which no man ever keeps.

The child has a right to a place of his own, to things of his own, to surroundings which have some relation to his size, his desires, and his capabilities.

How should we like to live, half the time, in a place where the piano was twelve feet tall, the door knobs at an impossible height, and the mantel shelf in the sky; where every mortal thing was out of reach except a collection of highly interesting objects on dressing-tables and bureaus, guarded, however, by giants and giantesses, three times as large and powerful as ourselves, forever saying, "mustn't touch;" and if we did touch we should be spanked, and have no other method of revenge save to spank back symbolically on the inoffensive persons of our dolls?

Things in general are so disproportionate to the child's stature, so far from his organs of prehension, so much above his horizontal line of vision, so much ampler than his immediate surroundings, that there is, between him and all these big things, a gap to be filled only by a microcosm of playthings which give him his first object-lessons. In proof of which let him see a lady richly dressed, he hardly notices her; let him see a doll in similar attire, he will be ravished with ecstasy. As if to show that it was the disproportion of the sizes which unfitted him to notice the lady, the larger he grows the bigger he wants his toys, till, when his wish reaches to life-sizes, good-by to the trumpery, and onward with realities.

My little nephew was prowling about my sitting room during the absence of his nurse.

I was busy writing, and when he took up a delicate pearl opera glass, I stopped his investigations with the time-honored, "No, no, dear, that's for grown-up people."

"Hasn't it got any little-boy end?" he asked wistfully.

That "little-boy end" to things is sometimes just what we fail to give, even when we think we are straining every nerve to surround the child with pleasures. For children really want to do the very same things that we want to do, and yet have constantly to be thwarted for their own good. They would like to share all our pleasures; keep the same hours, eat the same food; but they are met on every side with the seemingly impertinent piece of dogmatism, "It isn't good for little boys," or "It isn't nice for little girls."

Robert Louis Stevenson shows, in his "Child's Garden of Verses," that he is one of the very few people who remember and appreciate this phase of childhood. Could anything be more deliciously real than these verses?

"In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light:
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day;
I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
And hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.
And does it not seem hard to you,
That when the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
I have to go to bed by day?"

(To be continued.)

MOTHER, WHERE IS YOUR CHILD TO-NIGHT?

A WOMAN at the window, watching with anxious eyes the path beyond the gate. It is growing dark and yet he comes not. The children have said their prayers and she has tucked the clothes about them, a prayer of thankfulness rising from her heart as she thinks, "They are all here, one, two, three, all here, Bessie, Charlie, and little Clara—thank God!"

As she kissed her eldest daughter good night she had said, "Bessie, daughter, I hope you do not feel very bad about not going to the garden party to-night." A sigh escaped the daughter's lips, but the mother continued:—

"Mother is sorry if you missed any pleasure which might innocently have been yours, dear, but she felt in heart that it was best for you at home with her, and now you must be my brave little woman and go to sleep feeling that mother is right and thankful that you are

at home and are, as yet, perfectly worthy to remain here. Good night, dear, and with a parting caress she descended to the now lonely sitting room to await the return of her husband who had gone to a neighboring town and was being detained longer than he had anticipated.

Soon, however, she hears the distant rumbling of the wagon wheels and she goes to the door to welcome him as he passes by to the barn to put away the team. She sits down, thinking the while she waits, "Perhaps I should have allowed the children to go to the party, but some way, my heart would not consent. They might have had a good time—I wish it had been in the afternoon instead, but the night—O, how I dread the darkness for my children! God grant my fears are groundless, but may he also allow me to be with them for years yet at every eventide and see them at dark safely into bed as innocent and pure as they are to-night!"

Thus her prayers and thoughts and fears ran on while her husband was long in coming to the house.

These good people lived in the edge of a thriving little village. Their place was new and rather far removed from other houses. Great fields stretched away on one side, while at the back of the yard there was a young orchard (the grass crop there was ready for mowing).

As the good man finished caring for his tired horses and had closed the stable door for the night, he paused one moment to look over the waving grass, thinking, "I must get neighbor Moree to cut that hay to-morrow, for next week I am going to—Hello!"—and a low whistle expressed his astonishment. As he moves away to investigate let us go the other way back to the house where the good wife waits and meet him as he returns with a pre-occupied air.

He hangs his hat behind the door and greets his wife with a rather gruff, "Mary, wife, just now, in the orchard, I found a couple of young people in a very compromising position but, although I went close enough to tell them they were putting up with pretty poor lodgings, it was so dark I couldn't see who it was for sure; but I could see she was a mere child with short dresses, and from her tears I am satisfied this is her first step in the downward path!"

A silence followed, the wife looked up with troubled eyes, and he burst out with, "I think it's a shame, I do! Where is that child's mother and where does she think her daughter is? Does she think that she is in bed asleep, or has she sent her on some trivial errand at

this unseemly hour without proper protection against such temptation? Where, I say, does her mother believe her to be that she should be so exposed to the wiles of that vile man?"

And the man's eyes flash angrily, but soon tears for the "stray lamb of the fold" come into them and soften them wonderfully as he says.

"Let us thank God, Mary, that *ours* are safe under our roof-tree!" and as they kneel to pray, who can doubt that over that mother's heart there swept a great wave of thankfulness and joy that theirs were indeed at home, as their father had anticipated? When they arose, she told him of the forbidden party and how glad she was that she had listened to the voice that prompted her to keep her children with her.

And this happy family is wrapped in peaceful, innocent slumber, but *somewhere*, in the same village, when a mother lying with her least ones sleeping near, hears the door open, a daughter comes in and nervously comes to her mother's bed.

Well, I am glad you have come at last. Did you have a good time at the party?" The girl's answer is low,—

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, dear, be sure to close the outer door and if it rains don't forget your window. Good-night!" and she thus summarily dismisses the daughter who hesitates to go, the daughter who is sick at heart, who might be drawn into confessing her shame to her mother by careful question and prayerful advice, would repent—even as now she so utterly regrets her first misstep. She dates her misery from that party at which her mother thinks she enjoyed herself! She turns wearily to do her mother's bidding, goes to bed, but only to toss and toss throughout the long, long night while the mother turns to sleep glad of the chance to rest.

In the morning the mother inquires casually about the party, the attendance, the games,

etc., but fails to notice how its mention *causes* the cheeks of her child to flush, that her glance is averted, that her hands are restless. Ah, no! This mother little dreams that *ought* of harm came to her daughter between the going down and the rising of the sun.

In the other household we have mentioned, while Bessie helps her mother with the morning work she is quietly but earnestly told of the events of the late evening before; for her mother believes her now to be old enough to know such things that will be for her safety, and she says, with bright tears in her eyes, "Mamma, I am so glad you didn't let me go to that party; for at home, I didn't meet even the temptation and without the temptation I couldn't fall, could I? Let me always stay with you, mamma, for *there* I'm *always* safe and away from you, I know not what I may meet!"

Mothers in Zion, beware! Guard well your children; live for them; keep them with you as long as it is possible at all. Watch earnestly for the least shadow of wrong on the fair young faces. Don't hug to yourselves the vain delusion that yours are safe of course. *Not one* in this world of sin is safe from temptation, and in an unguarded hour the purest my fall.

The incidents here recorded *are true* and are *facts* of recent occurrence and they are *living* facts right here among us. Oh! from the depths of my heart I thank God that as yet I know my little ones are pure, and with God's help it shall be my study, my prayer to the loving Father, that I may have wisdom to keep them so. May he never suffer me to forget that we are in a world of sin and temptation, and that my children are entitled to my most faithful watchcare until they are old enough to become the guardians of their own honor and virtue.

M.

ONE need not ask for the subtle analysis of the psychologist, or for such elaborate character descriptions as the phrenologist offers, to know something practically of his own weakness. A passing word innocently delivered by a child often has a suggestive value because of its very innocence of purpose. A boy between five and six years, who had been sitting over his little desk, drawing crude pictures, finally looked up to his father, and said, "What shall I draw next?" Before he could be answered, he said, "O, I know! I will draw a picture of you saying 'Stop that!'" The parent was not aware that he overdid the negative part of his work as a child-trainer, but the proposed portrait by his child's hand was a startling revelation of himself. Do parents always know that they have a double work? Do they remember that child-training includes self-training as its first and most essential element? One must first learn to say "Stop that" to himself before he can be sure of saying it profitably to his child.—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

"There are some deeds so grand
That their mighty doers stand
Ennobled, in a moment, more than kings."

“Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love’s invisible scepter laden.”

AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 10.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

BY SISTER ALMIRA.

"YES, the Lord will provide," said Grandma Brown in a tone of mature confidence, in reply to a friend who had been expressing murmuring doubts in regard to her own pecuniary wants.

"That is a very pleasing thought," replied the latter, "but as I take notice, I observe many instances that look like the reverse. If we believe that God orders and overrules all things, we cannot think that he blesses all alike, and if he does not what kind of a God is he? Here is Mr. G——, our neighbor down here, worth his thousands, and our next door neighbor cannot get even comfortable and decent food and clothing for his family. You know that they often suffer for food and fuel, and because of poverty are denied the advantages of society, while on the other hand, Mr. G——'s family spend enough unwisely every year to keep two poor families comfortable. Now, how is that? Can you explain it satisfactorily to my mind?"

"Well, I'll give you *my* views, and it is your privilege to accept or reject," responded the old lady laying her knitting work on her lap, and looking up over her glasses with a peaceful expression, into the face of her caller. "The Lord *does* provide," she continued, emphasizing the *does*.

"Rather poor providing, I should think," was the response. "I was in there the other day and they didn't have half enough dishes to set the table, broken dingy dishes and old black tin dippers for those half grown children to drink out of. Some of them were barefoot; others wore old torn shoes, and had holes in their stockings, and everything about

the house has a dull, dingy look, walls and ceiling and all. In many places you can see the bare smoky laths, and several panes of glass are out of the windows and in their place old rags are stuck in. That doesn't look to me as if God provided for them. And there are Mrs. G——'s children dressed like butterflies with everything adapted to the season, and O, I wish you could see the good victuals they waste—I've worked there you know.

"I can't help thinking he's a little partial to some—but there, you were going to tell me your views—but *I* didn't happen to be one of them."

"Well I will *my* friend," slowly answered Grandma Brown, "provided you will give me the time and bear patiently with me. 'Tis a subject that I've meditated much on, for, before study and observation established my views, I thought much as you do. I am glad you mentioned the subject. I want to express my views, and I hope they will not *injure* anyone, if they do not benefit.

"First, don't think that I wish to condemn any person, only the act, for we, with the whole human family, have erred in judgment. This neighbor Poor, or poor neighbor, that you speak of, earns more money every year than my husband did and they have no more children than we had, and not as much sickness. We were never destitute of food or clothing, and never had old clothes stuck in our windows; I never would have that. I've bought glass and set in, and I would have used a shingle before rags.

"The Lord *does* provide. He has put enough good things in the world to abundantly supply every man, woman

and child on the earth, and many destitute families are provided with means to be comfortable and respectable, but the parents, one or both, have not, because of a lack of a proper amount of pride and ambition, tried to be comfortable and respectable. We will admit that there are exceptions to this general rule, such as cases of protracted illness among those who depend on manual labor for support, but they will rally above it as soon as health returns."

"Now Grammy Brown, how could you help it if you were destitute," whiningly interrogated the other.

"How could I help it? Why I would take care of what my husband earned and make it as pleasing and profitable to him as possible," was the spirited reply, "I know I should, because I *did*, and it gives me pleasure to think of it since he passed away, as well as when he was with me. Don't call me egotistic, because your question called out the words.

"But as regards Mr. Poor, the Lord has provided for him far better than he has for himself and family. He has blessed him with health and strength, and opportunities for labor, inasmuch as he has sought for them, more than any other man of ordinary business tact in this place, so who is to be censured, he or the Lord?

"We must not expect God to put up the fences, or to drive the crows from the corn.

"If a man will spend his money for tobacco and cigars, or for other things that are only a little more dangerous, and his family suffers in consequence, is God to be blamed, or is the man the one to receive the punishment that such a course will bring? If a woman will sit down and read trashy literature, or spend her time spinning street yarns regardless of home duties, is God to be censured because her closets are filthy, her stove rusty, her children dirty and ragged, or because there are tatters on their garments?

"Nine tenths of all the poverty and suffering in the world, is caused by the lack of industry or economy, or both. Some men will—"

"But if God does not give one wisdom and ability, surely he is not accountable," broke in the other.

"The man in question has ability, or he could not command the wages he does,

that is he has ability for some kinds of work. All are not expected to do the same kinds of work skillfully, but some one kind, and others, other kinds, according to strength and culture. But, as I was about to say, some men will sit in stores or barrooms and let their families suffer for the necessities of life and then complain of bad luck, and perhaps blame their wives, or fret because the children need shoes, while on the other hand, many women who have good homes, and a plenty to do with will fret and fume because some of their friends have more than they, and instead of making their houses homes, they make them such that the husband and father seeks pleasures elsewhere, and in consequence family disaster follows. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' Thus the just are obliged to suffer with the unjust.

"If there is one unjust act above another, it is the act of neglecting one's duty to his own family. 'He that does not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel and has denied the faith.'

"We wish there was a law that required every man and woman, whether young or old, rich or poor, to have all the qualifications to make domestic life a success or to remain single. If such was the case, we think that even in twenty-five years there would be a great change for the better. Then we could say, Our world is blessed now, and our God is not a partial God, but provides for all through the very channel he ordained. Do you see?"

"Well I don't know but 'tis so," was the reply.

"The same principles that are manifested in this case, have shown themselves in thousands of instances, and always will give a similar showing up when demonstrated, just as surely as twice four are eight, or that two is contained four times in eight. Every principle in all of God's plans works as correctly as the principles of mathematics.

"If a pupil will not inform himself and work in a manner to obtain the true answer he will get the false, but is the author of the arithmetic the one to be censured because he did not make it in a manner to meet the pupil's errors?

"So God is the author of all the principles upon which the worlds move, and all

the principles by which he ordained that man should live in order to come up to the true standard of manhood; and if he will not accept his rights, he must suffer the consequences. Each one has the privilege of thinking as he chooses, provided his thoughts do not result in injury to others (but if they are not pure thoughts how then?) but when the great day of reckoning comes, each one's thoughts and the deeds resulting therefrom, will be brought to light and settlement."

A moment's silence ensued and Grandma proceeded:—

"As regards Mr. G——, he began life with a few dollars, diligent hands, and a natural business tact, consequently he was skillful and successful. He is a kind indulgent father and takes pleasure in having his family enjoy the fruits of his labor, but no doubt sometime he will know that he has been over-indulgent, has lacked wisdom on that point."

"But if God did not give him wisdom he could not help it," timidly suggested the other.

"Probably he has relied too much on his own efforts and success, never thinking to ask for wisdom," said Grandma.

"If any man lacks wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not."

"We are but mortals, born with a carnal mind, and if we have good thoughts and purposes they come from Him who is good. He is the pool, we the aqueduct, and we must turn the faucet in order to draw, which is done by faith and prayer. No two persons are alike, 'nature never repeats,' but each one can *improve* himself. The brain is the instrument directly acted upon by the spirit, and that is formed by causes as are other parts of our physical organism; and those causes might have existed and have been in operation before we were seen by mortal eye, some ignorant or injudicious act of our ancestors, but we must bear the consequences, unless we inform ourselves and, in the strength of the All Power, rise above it. A Mozart could not send forth harmonious music from an imperfect instrument until it was put in order, neither will God; for he works by a perfect system. All is harmony in his plan."

"Well, how about such poor creatures as Jim Black. You know he has not sense enough to improve himself. He

can neither learn to read nor work," interrogated the visitor.

"That, too, is a subject worthy of thought. Some people say that such cases are freaks of nature, but I don't think that nature has freaks. I think her method of working is established, and that mortals must conform to it or bear the consequences. The freaks are from mortal origin. God never caused them, never ordered them. They came about by the abuse of human agency as has—"

"I've often wished to know how it will be with such folks after death," broke in the other.

"My views are, and that is what I'm giving you, that their account will be small, will be in comparison with their dwarfed brain, and at their decease their spirit will be taken back by the Father, and probably blessed more than the spirit of those who have treated them unjustly. The Lord will bless the innocent. The Lord will provide. He will save his own to the uttermost. But if we do not do our part in this life, and have faith that he will do his part, how can we have faith in future happiness? If we cannot trust in him for the visible, how can we trust in him for the invisible? He that is faithful in little things, is faithful in much; so let us be faithful in the duties of life, as they offer themselves, and that which we do, let us do it in a manner to receive a blessing, and then give God thanks for the same, and thus we shall be the instrument in his hands used for our own good, and we shall be prompted to say: 'Truly the Lord does provide,' said Grandma Brown.

"Even so let it be," responded the listener.

WHEN THE SENSES WERE GONE.

It was a sensible answer in more ways than one that a tipsy Scotchman gave to the importunities of a friend:—

"Man, James!" said one to a townsman of his he met tipsy, "I am sorry to see you. Why do you act so foolishly, taking drink to rob you of your senses?" James gave a hic-cough, and replied: "My friend, you make a big mistake, it's no' the drink that tak's awa' the senses. Na, na; a man's sense has gone before he tak's the drink!"

TO AGNES.

"Just write a poem to order"
 Said Agnes to me one day,
 But I smiled and shook my head
 For then I had nothing to say.
 What would I give to tell her,
 My love in words of rhyme;
 So beautiful and tender
 They would live to the end of time.

But it cannot be, my sister,
 The language of my soul
 Will not come forth in melody,
 Nor my brain it's thoughts unroll.
 If I never am able to sing you
 A song that comes from my heart,
 You may know that I truly love you,
 And perhaps that will do, in part.
 —Jean Moore.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ABOVE.

"You may know that I truly love you."
 Holds the earth or the heavens a bliss
 To equal the perfect rythm,
 The melody found in this?

If they do, we have no responding
 Emotion to answer its call,
 For love sits enthroned triumphant,
 The maker and giver of all.

"I AM THAT I AM, hath sent thee,"
 Grand message of hope from above,
 Was but dimly comprehended
 Until rendered "God is love."

But, O, the unfathomed meaning
 Of this wonderful passion, dear one,
 Can be understood only while tracing
 The dealings of God with his Son.

The anointing "above his fellows
 With gladness," poured out like oil
 Came to him *through* anguish most bitter,
 Through poverty, hardship, and toil.

The forsaking of friends and denial,
 The sorrow cup full to the brim
 With the anguish of cruel temptation
 Were alike meted out unto Him.

But mark you, dear Jean, not a sorrow,
 Not a moment of toil or of pain
 But held in its bosom the germ seed
 Of *this plant* to eternal remain,

To spring from the soil of self-giving
 His will and his all unto God,
 And because of his love for his brethren,
 Drink the cup and pass under the rod.

This is love as the Father reveals it,
 And less is not worthy the name,
 Love of self—ah, how many enthrone it
 And build it both altar and fane.

Would to God that my words held the power
 To awaken such ones from their dream
 Of delusion and lead them most clearly
 To know things are not what they seem.

"O, often my soul is so weary"
 Wrote one under orders to me,
 "That I long the fair, pearl gates to enter
 To lie down and to rest and be free."

Toil on, weary ones, comes the message,
 Divinely announced from above,
 The "anointing of gladness" is waiting;
 You are sowing the germ seeds of love.

And far in God's glorious future
 The fields of his harvest appear.
 Labor on, for the green blades are springing;
 Trust in God and dispense with all fear.

For as surely as God has thus ordered
 Each plant should bring forth as its seed,
 So surely will be the production
 Of fruit which resembles the deed.

—Frances.

ARE we expecting to reach some point in our soul's outlook on which the sunlight of the future falls, hoping there to be more favorably situated for God's service than at present? But already we are living under conditions some of which in their exalted nature cannot be surpassed. To-day believers are temples of the Holy Ghost, co-workers with God, commissioned more highly than the angels in bearing the transcendent gospel message, which must come charged with a sinner's dear memories of his Savior. Even now "the earth is among the stars," and such increase of knowledge has been given man, and such mastery over material forces, that, in the outward processes of our ministry, we seem to approach the clear intelligence, the swift flight, and efficiency of celestial beings. Life here is largely of a piece with life hereafter,—time with eternity. There is both an uplifting and a warning influence in the thought.—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

JEANIE'S ADVENTURE.

BY AGNES MOORE.

AT last we paid our long-promised visit to the great Statue of Liberty. It proved to be very interesting, and, as Jeanie said, it was quite an "adventure."

We crossed to New York in the Cincinnati, said to be the finest ferry steamer afloat. The day was bright and clear and the view on the river was beautiful. There were ever so many boats passing up and down or crossing, but the one we took the most interest in was a heavily laden double-decked excursion barge painted white and gaily decorated with flags and red, white, and blue bunting. It looked very attractive with its throngs of well-dressed people, off to some cool retreat for the day.

After arriving in the city, we walked along West street until we came to Castle Garden which is just opposite the Statue. There was quite a crowd waiting on the "Statue of Liberty pier" for the steamer that plies between that place and Bedloes Island. We had fully fifteen minutes to wait and the children were very impatient, but as we had perforce to wait until the steamer came, we amused ourselves by looking about us.

One object of interest right beside Castle Garden is what is known as the Washington building, formerly the Washington hotel, so called because, at sometime during the war, Gen. Washington made it his headquarters. It was purchased years ago by Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, and a small fortune was spent by him in repairing it and in building a new foundation for it.

But our boat has arrived and we must hasten to pay our respects to this world-famed Goddess of Liberty. As we drew near it the children grew more and more excited, and no wonder, for even to be quite familiar with the actual dimensions, could give but a faint idea of the enormous size of this great statue, when one is close beside it.

The height of the figure itself, to the extremity of the torch is a fraction over 151 feet; the height of the base is 89 feet making a total of over 240 feet. One distinct feature of a visit to the statue is the

stairs. Everyone must keep ascending or descending all the time, unless at the top of the base, where there are nice stone balconies from which a wonderful view can be had of all the surrounding country.

When we had reached the top of the base, some of our party declared that was quite high enough for them, but we younger ones were most anxious to go on up. Indeed, it was only then that Jeanie's "adventure" began in good earnest.

There were many people there, so we were not alone, but the iron, spiral stairway which winds its way up and up inside the statue, is very narrow, so we had to go single file, and when one got started once, there could be no repenting nor turning back. Still we did hear some people "repenting," but it did no good. Up, and up, and still up, until it seemed we would never reach the top. And the stairway was so very dark! Only here and there the dim rays of a lantern served to make the surrounding darkness seem more dense.

Little Muriel was the bravest, but she felt quite safe because she was right before me. Willie was close behind and then came Jeanie, but a man managed to get between her and Willie, and, as we mounted higher, the winding of the stairs became closer and poor Jeanie could not see us at all, so I thought I had better call to her to be sure she was safe. I said, "Are you there, Jeanie?" and she answered with an unmistakable sob, "Boo-hoo, Ag—gie, I'm afraid; wait for me."

I assured her she was in no danger, that we would soon be up and that I could not wait for her, because if I stood still everyone behind must of necessity do the same.

At last we were in the head, which is thirteen and one half feet high and forty people can stand in it. On account of the large number of visitors that day, it was thought advisable to close the stairway leading into the head.

We were a little disappointed, still we had to admit we had had quite enough stair climbing for one day. The thumb

is twelve feet in circumference and the forefinger seven feet, eleven inches long.

After we had our turn in taking a peep through the small windows from which the electric light shines at night in her diadem, we started down again. There is a stairway to ascend and another to

descend. Jeanie was more cheerful going down and tried to count the steps, but she got mixed up and so had to give it up. She wants to go there again she says, "cause I wouldn't be afraid *then*, of course, and I'd count every one of those steps."

THE following story which, by the permission of the editor, we reprint from *The Hebrew Christian*, is a true and graphic description of the trials endured by a descendant of one of God's ancient people, in his search undertaken when a mere youth in answer to the earnest longing of a soul demanding something more satisfying than Judaism. Mr. Levinsohn recently visited Palestine, and from there wrote a very interesting series of letters, which were published in the *Hebrew Christian*.

THE STORY OF ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

PART I.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED.

I AM a native of Russia, and was born in the year 1855 in the town of Kovno. My parents were pious Jews, much devoted to the glory of God under the Jewish traditions. My father fasted every Monday and Thursday, with the object of mortifying the flesh, and in order to justify himself before God, who has said, "Ye shall be holy; for I am holy" (Lev. 11: 44) and "Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God." (Deut. 18: 13.)

It was my father's wish that his children should be brought up in the fear of God, and specially that his sons might be devout Jews. My elder brother did not wish to follow the desire of his father and become a Rabbi, as he preferred the study of foreign languages, science, and philosophy. He entered the college in Kovno and finished his studies at Gradno. Seeing his eldest son give so much time to the world did not at all satisfy my father, and he determined to bring me up a devout Jew, under the teaching of a Rabbi full of zeal and piety.

When I was five years of age, my father began to instruct me in Hebrew. He read the prayers of the Liturgy every morning, afternoon, and evening, and informed me that if I did what the Rabbi wished, and obeyed him in all things, and also prayed three times a day, God would be very pleased with me.

The idea that God would be very pleased sank deep into my heart. I tried

to do everything that my parents, and especially my Rabbi, wished me to do, respecting the great law in the Bible, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and also the words of the Oral law, "The fear of the Rabbi is as the fear of the Lord."

When eight years of age, I could read any part in the Hebrew Bible, the Targum, and the great Rabbi Rashi's "Comments on the Bible." My Rabbi began also to instruct me in the Talmud, and gradually led me to give up reading the Bible, as he considered the study of the Talmud was more important. My whole time was devoted to studying with him in his house, for I was the only pupil he had undertaken to bring up and instruct in the Rabbinic doctrines.

On my tenth birthday, my father invited a few of his learned friends, with the Rabbi who was my teacher, and three others, to examine me. They were to give their judgment as to my qualifications for becoming a minister. The examination was passed through to their satisfaction, which so pleased my father that he gave a dinner to the poor of the synagogue, and asked them to pray to God on my behalf. He also promised me fifty roubles on my thirteenth birthday if I succeeded well in another examination. All this made me more earnest than ever in living a holy life.

About this time serious questions began to arise in my heart, and I asked myself, what is really the word of God? and, after some reasoning, I came to the

conclusion that the Bible must be the book given by God. So I asked the Rabbi if I could devote a little more time to its perusal. But he wished me to occupy myself solely in Talmudic study. However, I spent one hour every night before going to bed, and two hours every morning before prayers, in perusing the Bible alone.

When my thirteenth birthday approached, I was instructed in the articles of the Jewish faith. The Rabbi told me that as soon as I reached thirteen I should be regarded as a man, and should have to be responsible for my sins before our God, Jehovah. This great thought of responsibility for sins filled my mind with solemn thoughts, and led me to inquire earnestly, "What must I do to be saved?"

At the age of twelve years and eleven months, my father took me to the synagogue, and informed me that all the sins I had committed were upon him; but for all the sins I committed from my thirteenth birthday I should be responsible before God. I entreated him to continue to bear my sins for two or three months longer, as I was afraid that I should very soon sin against the Holy One. But he told me this could not be done. Then I cried bitterly, being perfectly certain that it was an utter impossibility for me to live a perfect life.

The infinite holiness and purity of the great Creator, and the depravity of man's heart, convinced me that there was nothing in me but sin. But there was no way open: my father said I must undertake the responsibility of my sins before God, so I undertook it, and confess that after that day I felt the burden very heavy.

My thirteenth birthday came, and my father took me to the synagogue, where he offered me to the Lord, with prayer, according to the Jewish custom, and thanked God that he was no longer responsible for my sins.

On the same day he invited the Rabbi to his house with several elders of the congregation to examine me in what I had learned since my tenth birthday. They expressed their belief that the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, had called me to the ministry of the Jewish faith, but I rejoice to know that the God of grace had a better office and much greater honor for me—namely, to be a servant of his in the vineyard of Christ,

and to be a prince before the Most High, and to reign with Christ forever. My father and the Rabbi then put their hands upon me, and blessed me, saying, "God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh." (Gen. 48:20.) The promised present of the roubles was given me, and was distributed among the poor of the synagogue, who were asked to pray for me.

The next day I put on my phylacteries, and went to the synagogue to pray, and was very careful in my prayers, which lasted nearly two hours. But I was weary, and, when putting the phylacteries together after prayers, I dropped them upon the floor. So I fasted for twelve hours, thinking it was pleasing to God.

About this time I began to be much concerned about justification before God. I felt that none of my good works could really justify me before the Holy One, and solemn thoughts about eternity filled my mind. My mother noticed my seriousness, and asked what had happened. I fell on her neck, kissed her, and wept bitterly for some time. "Mother," I said, "I am afraid God will not be satisfied with my goodness, and if death should summon me, I shall be unworthy to stand before him." She assured me that if I continued to study the Talmud, obeyed the orders of my Rabbi, and did all that my father wished me to do, praying three times a day, I should be saved. But her answer did not satisfy my soul.

Some weeks passed, during which I continued to study the Talmud, under the instruction of my teacher. On one occasion he asked what it was that made the very great difference in me since my thirteenth birthday, so I told him that, since I had become responsible for my sins, I felt that I should never be justified before God, and was often troubled with the fear of death. Crying most bitterly, I said, "Rabbi, if I should die, where should I go?" His reply was, "You will be punished for your sins first," and informed me that everyone must go to hell for a time, but that the good would, after punishment, enter paradise, and be with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

I asked my father if he knew any way by which I might be saved, but he could give me no better answer than my teacher. Fear of death increased still more, and I

went on for some time, downcast and sorrowful.

SEARCHING FOR SATISFACTION.

My trouble of mind was such that my father desired me to give up study, and, instead, to enter upon some business pursuit. I found employment in an office, but after some months, was constrained to tell my father and the Rabbi I could not continue in any other work than that of God.

This pleased them much, so I began again to study the Bible every morning and evening. With much surprise I read these words of the Psalmist, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." (53: 3.) This made me perfectly sure I should never go to heaven. Even the Bible informs me so, I said, for I am not righteous. I went again to my mother, begging her to tell me "what to do to be saved." She cried bitterly, and replied, "It will be well with you, if you continue in the written and oral laws."

After months of misery and despair, I became very ill and sank into despondency. In vain I sought to feel that the God of our fathers was *my* God and Father, and to realize His Fatherly love.

The physician who visited me thought my recovery "doubtful!" Upon hearing this my mother fell upon my bed and, with bitter lamentations, kissed me, saying, "My dear, I remember you asked me several times what to do to be saved; you also told me you were afraid to die because of your sinnership before God. How do you feel now?"

With all the energy left me I replied, "I am lost! I am lost!" Then lifting up my hands and heart to the Lord, said with the Psalmist: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law" (119: 18), and fell back exhausted, and unable to speak for several days and nights.

The Rabbi and others came to see me; thinking it would be the last time, they engaged in prayer, and repeated many Psalms of David, a custom generally practiced in houses of sickness.

Being able to speak a little, I said, "Pray that the Lord may open my eyes, that I may know the God of our fathers as my God, and it shall suffice me."

The Lord heard my prayer; I began to

recover, and after a few weeks was restored to health.

Then I told my father that I must leave my native land and search for, if possibly I could find, that for which my soul longed. His wishes to the contrary were of no avail, and it is impossible for me to express the determination which filled my mind.

One night while reading the Gemara, I fell asleep, when suddenly awaking, these words of Genesis 12: 1—"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee"—applied themselves to me in such a way that I could not possibly shake them off. So I said to my father that, with or without his permission, I must go, and if I die, I die! but I must go! Upon this he consented, praying that wherever I went the God of Israel might be with me.

In July, 1871, my father invited several friends and relations to his house, to see me before I left my home, and to join in persuading me to remain. It was a heart-breaking time, but I could only say, if I cannot go, I cannot, must not live! Then all began to comfort me, and to wish me success in my journey. I was then sixteen years of age.

The morning of my departure came, and many assembled to bid me farewell! In the afternoon we started to the railway station some five miles off, about one hundred people following us. The eyes of my beloved mother were dim with tears, and her tenderness of heart, and the thought that I should never meet with anyone in this world with such love, filled me with grief. My father, as he bade me farewell, put his hands upon my head, and said, "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, our fathers, keep and preserve thee near to his holy word, the Bible, and to the holy writings of our holy Rabbis," and I replied "Amen and Amen."

The train started. The assembled friends, with my most beloved father and mother, who had a babe in her arms, lifted up their hands, and from the railway carriage I saw my mother faint away. Never shall I forget that time. I, too, fell upon the floor of the carriage fainting, but was revived by the people around; then, whilst sitting in the carriage, I lifted up my voice and prayed unto the Lord to take me in his arms, and be my

Father, Mother, Brother, and Friend, yea, my All in all.

The train brought me to the small town, Verbelow, on the Russian frontier.

The boundary of Russia is here marked by a wide ditch, full of water, some parts of which are shallow, while others are deep. No one is permitted to cross the boundary, unless by permission from the Government. It is the law of Russia, that whoever wishes to leave the country must have a special passport from the chief governor of the province, and no passports are granted to young men who are not likely to return, especially if it is probable they will be wanted for the military conscription. I had no permission. When evening came on I entered the house of a Jew, and requested to be allowed to stay there the night, but the house was very small, and there was no room. They asked if I would go upon the roof to sleep, which I was glad to do.

About six o'clock in the morning I got up and started on my way, looking wistfully at the boundary and at the soldiers on duty, who shoot anyone attempting to cross without permission. I hid in a cornfield for some time and watched the soldiers, and found to my joy they had not noticed me. I took off my boots that I might run the more quickly, and, when the soldiers had gone a few yards in the opposite direction, ran with all my speed, crossed the broad ditch and hid myself in the cornfield on the other side.

Then the soldiers caught sight of me and fired, but I ran on through the cornfield and escaped.

By and by I came to a small village in Germany, where I took the train to Koningsberg. In the carriage a young man introduced himself to me and appeared to be polite. We were alone, and I was weary and fell asleep. As the train neared the station, I heard the door shut and found the young man had jumped out of the carriage. He had picked my pockets. I informed the station-master what had happened, who immediately sent off half a dozen gendarmes to search for him, and in a very short time back came a gendarme with the thief bound to his horse. The culprit had been found sitting under a tree counting out the money from my purse!

Having regained my money, I proceeded to Koningsberg, where I stayed a few

weeks, but my soul found no satisfaction there.

From Koningsberg I went to Berlin, and wrote to my parents. My father replied, wishing me God's blessing, and hoping that I should not go farther away.

I obtained a situation as junior clerk in Berlin, but as the Jews in Germany are not very pious, nor so particular in their rites and worship as the Jews of Russia and Poland, I wrote to my father informing him that I must leave that country.

"My darling child," he replied, "I cannot tell how we feel for you. Every day your mother sheds tears, and laments because our Isaac is not with us. Dear child, we should be very thankful and unspeakably happy if you would return home. Your mother says, since her dear child has gone, the joy and comfort of her heart has departed from her. . . . For God's name's sake, keep the commandments very strictly—the oral and written laws. May they be the object of your life, and your near companions. Try and keep your phylacteries perfect. And may the God of our fathers Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob be with you, Amen. Adieu, adieu, adieu."

My answer was, that I felt it was not the will of God that I should stop in Germany or return to Russia. Since leaving home, I wrote, I had not one happy hour, but every night bitterly lamented the comforts left behind. But still, my letter continued, on I must go, a long journey, till the God of our fathers should satisfy my soul, adding, "Dear mother, I shall never forget you! Yea, I cannot help thinking of you every moment, and shall do so."

I left Berlin for Hamburg on foot, desiring to see Germany, and, after walking three or four hours, I overtook two young men—one a Pole, the other a Prussian—who said they were traveling to England, but intended seeing Germany, Saxony, Hanover, Brunswick, and Austria first, and with them I journeyed.

Not having passports, we were not permitted to lodge anywhere, for it was not long after the French and German war, and the inhabitants were very particular; so we slept in cornfields, or woods, or cemeteries, and often lay down weary and tired to get up drenched with rain.

One day we came to a wood, and while I was asleep, my companions stole the

money out of my pockets, took away my bundle of clothes from under my head, and left me. Not having money nor change of clothes, I did not know what to do, and, as I lifted up my face heavenward, cried unto the Lord, "Lead me in thy truth."

For several hours I walked straight on. Then the night came and I was alone, weary and hungry. On, on I went in the darkness, weeping and praying, till I saw a light shining in the distance; it was a very long way off, and looked very small. I kept it before my eyes for about two hours, and then came to it. It was a candle in the window of a farmhouse.

In answer to my knock an old lady opened the door, asking who I was. "I am a poor Jew boy, going to England; I am hungry and weary; I think I am dying," was my reply. She welcomed me in, gave me food and a bed to sleep on, and in the morning set me on my way.

I hastened to the nearest village which was about eighteen miles off. The piece of bread, which the kind old lady had given me was eaten, and, after some hours walking, I entered a large forest. There I met an old man, and asked him if he would give me a piece of bread. He did so with pleasure, but the bread was buttered, and, as a Jew, I would not eat butter made by Christians; so I was obliged to refuse his bounty, and had to go on, hungry as I was. After walking for about four hours more I lost my way, and lay down in the forest, and fell asleep. When I awoke the night had come on and I was alone in the darkness.

FINDS A FRIEND.

Upon finding myself alone in the forest, I reflected upon the comforts of home, and began to think that leaving it had been but the folly of my wicked heart, and I cried bitterly to the God of my fathers to take away my life. The more I lamented and prayed, the more did darkness, fear, and misery enter my soul, till, overcome with weariness, I fell asleep.

Then, in my dreams, I saw my dearly loved mother seeking me, and in agitation awoke. Though it was still night I could lie no longer under the tree, but started on my journey. After wandering about for some time the day began to

break, and this cheered me. In a few hours I reached a village, and asked if any Jews lived there.

The people told me all the inhabitants were Christians, and most of them Roman Catholics. "I am a poor Jew boy," said I, "traveling to a far country. I have been robbed both of my money and spare clothes, and am perishing with hunger." Immediately the kind villagers offered me meat and bread, which I received with many thanks, but while holding the food in my hand, reasoned thus with myself, "Shall I be justified in eating bread and meat given by Gentiles?" Then the Rabbi's instructions, together with my parents' words, came to my remembrance, and I begged the pardon of the villagers, and returned the gift, saying, "As I am a Jew, and believe in Jehovah, the God of Abraham, I dare not eat the food." This incensed the people, and the man on whose threshold I stood, pushed me out of his house.

What was I to do? I determined to destroy myself. Ten miles off the village, lies the town of Wittemberg; I took the road to it. On the way I saw a large tree, and I resolved to hang myself on it and end my misery. With this thought in my heart these solemn words flashed before me: "He that is hanged is accursed of God" (Deut. 21:23), and filled me with terror. I cried to Jehovah to be gracious to me, and to save me from my distress and trouble; and he heard, for these words entered my soul: "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee" (Josh. 1:5), and again, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear." (Isa. 59:1.) Thus encouraged, I went on my way, with the assurance that God was listening to my prayers.

Approaching Wittemberg, my strength almost failed me, for I had eaten nothing since the previous day, and had been walking many miles. On inquiring where the Jews dwelt, I was directed to the Rabbi; he gave me food, and sent me to several Jews, who at once helped me.

Before leaving the town I explained my difficulties to the Rabbi, and besought him to bless me. He asked me many questions, and then put his hands upon my head and pronounced the blessing: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord

make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." (Num. 6: 24-26.) Overjoyed at having obtained it, I went on my journey.

In the evening I reached a small village, and applied for a night's lodging, but having no passport, my application was refused. It was raining in torrents, and during the night I walked about the fields. The town I wished to reach was about three days' journey, off; after traveling for a long time I could still see no house, but only a cemetery. Here I lay down upon a grave, and took off my wet coat to dry in the sunshine, and imprudently hung it upon a tombstone. There were a few thalers in the pocket, which had been given me in Wittemberg. Being exhausted I fell asleep, and dreamed again of my mother. She came to me as I slept upon the grass, and besought me thus: "My child, my child, come to me! see your nice soft bed at home!" I awoke, and found, to my amazement, I had been sleeping for nearly a whole day, for it was night time. In vain I tried to find my coat, seeking for it in the dark, up and down the cemetery; then lay down upon another tombstone, and so spent the remainder of the night. In the morning I resumed my search, but fruitlessly, and concluded that some passer-by had stolen it during my sleep the previous day.

I was much ashamed at going on without a coat, and the more so, as my clothes were dirty and ragged through their rough usage; I could but go forward, thinking step by step of my father's house and the comforts there.

After a time I came to a small town where, as usual, I inquired for the Jews, and was directed to a certain house. The servant would not let me enter, for I was to all appearance a beggar, but the master saw me and came to the door and bade me come in. Then I burst into tears, for, as I thought of my parents, it went hard to my heart to be regarded as a beggar. I asked the Goodman of the house if he would give me something to eat; and this he did, saying nothing but looking earnestly at me.

After some moments he left me, and soon returned with his wife, she too looked hard into my face. He then asked if my father's name was Lion Levinsohn.

"Yes," I answered: "and my mother's name is Brainah."

Then they made many inquiries as to my family, and having heard the answers, the lady burst into tears, and brought her children to see me, and they too wept. "I know your father and mother well," said the gentleman, "for he saved my life in 1863, during the Polish revolution."

They were natives of Poland, and had been persecuted and imprisoned in the revolution, but, at my father's instigation, were released from prison in Kovno on bail, for he was well acquainted with the governor of the prison and the chief of the police. Having obtained their release, my father induced them to leave Russia, and when they were called for, he paid their bail.

"You shall have good clothes at once, and shall be as happy as my own son," said Mr. A., and I was clothed and fed and made at home.

This was on the eve of the Sabbath, and, dressed in good clothes, I went with the whole family to worship in the synagogue. After the service we returned to an ample supper, and I was asked to offer the prayer and praise, according to the Jewish prayer book.

In this gentleman's house I stayed a few days, and thence wrote to my parents, telling them of all that had befallen me.

My father, addressing me as his "dear and soul-beloved child Isaac," replied as follows:—

"We received your letter on the eve of the Sabbath. I assure you we did not enjoy any rest on that Day of Rest. As we came from the synagogue, instead of sitting down at the table and celebrating the Sabbath, we all sat down and read your letter and wept very bitterly. Your beloved mother fainted several times, as we were speaking about our precious child. My son, since you left us, all things seem to be against us. In fact, in whatever your mother and I attempt to do we fail, for our hearts, are overwhelmed with trouble to think that you should suffer so much from poverty and hunger, whilst we have good houses and our servants never want anything, for which we thank the Holy One—blessed be His Name. My darling child, I shall be happy indeed if you will think of me, your father, and your mother, sisters, and

brothers, and come back home. Then you will make us happy, and you will be happy too. You know how I longed to have you remain in Russia, and be perfectly trained and educated to become a Rabbi, and yet my hopes have gone. Your sister, Meitta Esther, asks me to beg of you to return, and also your little brother continually cries and asks when his good and sweet brother Isaac will come home. Indeed, my child, when they all cry bitterly for your return I cry with them."

What was I to do? I thought of the trouble through which I should have to pass in order to reach England, yet I felt that I must go on, till the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would visit me; so I told my parents I felt I must travel much further, until I could find the satisfaction my soul longed for. I was sure that the Jewish was the only true religion that could save a soul, but I also felt certain that the great God was too holy to look upon so great a sinner as I; adding, I was determined, even if I traveled through the whole world, to seek satisfaction for my soul.

Mr. A., at whose house I found so kind a home, entreated me to remain with him, but I resolved to recommence my travels. Then he begged me to accompany him to the Rabbi of the town, in order that he might bless me, and we visited him.

The Rabbi asked me what had induced me to leave my native land, and requested me to stay with him, hoping that I should find the satisfaction of heart I sought. I told him of my fear of death, hell and judgment, and said if he could do anything to drive it away I should be happy indeed—happier than the greatest king on the throne—and then asked him the same question I had put to my parents and the Rabbi in Russia, "What must I do to be saved?"

"You must obey the holy law given us by God, through His servant, our lord Moses," he answered; "and, if you observe all the precepts of the Law, it will save you."

"Dear Rabbi, all this I have done with all my heart and power, but the more I do, the more fears and terrors of death I have! Something tells me in my heart that all that will never justify me before God."

Finding he could not persuade me, the Rabbi told Mr. A. he thought that hard study in Russia had injured my brain, and that I was going mad. Overhearing the remark, I replied, "Very likely it may be so; nevertheless, I must travel all over the world until I find a cure for my soul." The Rabbi then placed his hands upon my head, and pronounced a blessing, but so softly was it spoken that I could not hear a word.

I had no thought whatever, at that time of distress, that there is a good Physician—One who can heal the leprous soul! The name of Jesus Christ was an abomination to me. Little did I know then how He gives satisfaction to the soul, and delivers them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.

Upon leaving his house, my kind friend, Mr. A., presented me with a purse full of thalers, and plenty of good clothes, and told me to write to him if I wanted help or money, adding that nothing would be too hard for him to do for me out of regard for the great kindness of my father to him in years gone by; and, with his generous help and promises, I bade farewell to him and his household, and started on my journey towards Hamburg.

PERSECTING "CHRISTIANS."

In order that I might have money enough to live upon for a little time, and also sufficient to pay my passage to England, I started for Hamburg on foot. I thought I should not suffer as before, but found, on my way through woods and fields, to my bitter experience, that money is not everything! Often, walking in the darkness through forests, I could get nothing to eat, and sometimes, for days together, I lived upon the fruit and berries I gathered on my way.

One morning, after having walked nearly the whole of the night, I came near a village, and sat down under a plum-tree by the roadside. As I ate of its fruit, suddenly four great, rough fellows came up, and, saying I had no business there, the tree being theirs, they seized hold of me and declared they would have me imprisoned! Seeing I was a foreigner, they guessed I had money about me, and one of them drawing out

his knife, threatened to kill me. They robbed me of all I had, and I ran off to save my life.

"Can there be a God, who sees all my troubles, and yet is silent?" my heart whispered, and for a time I really began to think "There is no God, for otherwise how could He let me sink down into this misery?"

On reaching the village, I asked, as usual, if any Jews lived there. To my sorrow I was told no; but a man kindly gave me some bread, and directed me to a town, which could be reached in about eight hours' walking, where he said I should find many Jews.

Sometimes three or four days would pass by without my seeing a Jew, and had it not been harvest-time I must have perished with hunger. I have lived whole days upon apples, and when going through potato fields have gathered together a few sticks and straw, and baked some. I also got an earthen pot, in which I placed sufficient potatoes for one or two meals, and cooked them on the road. Thanks to the German highways, with their beautiful fruit-trees on either side, I have been able to refresh myself, and sometimes to get quite a good meal.

On leaving one village, I was badly bitten by a fierce dog, and the wound bled so much, that had there been any Jews in the village I would have returned; but I preferred the pain to asking Gentiles or Christians for help, and, looking up to heaven, I cried out that God was too severe on me.

After walking for about three hours, my wound bleeding, and being very faint with hunger and pain, I was again tempted to destroy myself. I tore my waistcoat in half, and looked out for a tree where I could hang myself, and thus end my misery. On reaching the tree I said my prayers according to the Jewish prayer-book, when, looking up, I saw the boughs laden with apples. I forgot my wretchedness, climbed the tree, and ate the fruit; then, sitting down, I rested under its shadow, repeating the words of Solomon, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste."

Being weakened by the loss of blood, I was not able to pursue my journey, and remained under the tree during the night. Early in the morning I started off to the

town, and went to the synagogue, where I fainted from hunger. The Jews came around me, gave me restoratives, and inquired who I was, to which I answered, "Pray first give me something to eat; please ask no questions." Then they took me to the house of a Jew, where every comfort surrounded me. Here I fell ill; the benevolent Jews did all in their power to restore me to health, and by their kind nursing, with God's help, I was soon well again.

Although I was weak, I determined to proceed, and, after walking a few hours, rested for the night in a corn-field, where I slept comfortably. In the morning the farmer came to see his corn, and I told him how I was situated. He very kindly offered me meat, cheese, bread, and butter; but, while being most grateful, I was unable to receive the bounty as I was a Jew.

After I had gone a day's journey, I found I had left my phylacteries in the corn-field, so I walked back all through the night, and reached the place again in the morning. The farmer was not there, but a number of men were at work in the field. I asked them if they had found my phylacteries. They did not understand what I meant, and concluded I was mad. Then they swore at me, cursed me, and cried, "Be off, be off, or we will hang you, as did your wicked brethren, the Jews, hang Jesus Christ," and they set dogs at me, till I fell almost fainting on the ground. These people were rough, low Roman Catholics.

The farmer came to my help, lifted me up, and revived me. As I retraced my steps, I made up my mind not to go near a Christian, and, whenever I had the opportunity, to blaspheme the Christian's religion; at that time it would have given me great pleasure to have shed the blood of Christians. I prayed God to deliver me from the hands of cruel men, and to bring me into a land where I could enjoy the liberty of the true religion of Judaism, and have the power to persecute Christians as they had persecuted me.

My hatred towards Christians increased more and more—so much so that I would pass villages in which there were no Jews without stopping, and have gone from twenty-eight to thirty hours without food, rather than touch the gift of a Christian. My only means of subsistence was pota-

toes and fruit, which I pulled or gathered on the roadside.

At last I came to a small town where a Rabbi lived, and he helped me and set me on my way for Hamburg, which was some days' journey. I reached a place about twelve miles from Hamburg at nine o'clock, one very wet evening, and inquired at an inn if any Jews lived in the town. There were none, and I then begged the innkeeper to let me sit in his house during the night, as I was wet and hungry, and was too weary to walk any further. The innkeeper was a Roman Catholic, and, seeing I was a Jew, he declared he would show no kindness to that accursed people, and commanded me to leave his house at once.

I then went to the police station, and asked leave to remain there through the night. The inspector ordered that I should be put in a cell, and bade me rest there.

When the morning came I found the cell was locked up, and no answer came to my knocking at the door. At length the jailer came and said, "What is it you want? You are imprisoned, and cannot be released until the judge gives you your freedom."

"I have done nothing," said I, but no answer was given me. Presently bread and gruel were brought, and I ate the bread, but did not touch the gruel, since it was cooked by Gentiles. Prison clothes were put on me, and there seemed no escape.

Sunday came, and I was ordered to attend church, but refused, saying I was a Jew.

Then the head jailer, or chief officer, struck me on the face several times, and said very roughly, "You must obey the orders you receive."

I replied, in German, "I shall not go to

church by anyone's orders; it is against my religion. I hate the churches of Christians, and I hate the Christian religion," adding that I was a Russian subject, and should appeal to the Russian consul. "If I have done anything worthy of imprisonment, prove it. I have committed no fault, and you have no right to punish me."

"If you are a Jew," said the man, "you are not worthy of being found in a Christian church," and he left me. After being kept eight days in the cell, I was released, and subsequently found that the inspector had done all this just to amuse his household!

On regaining my liberty I took an oath never, if I could help it, to speak to a Christian, nor to help one, even if I saw him perishing.

When close to Hamburg, a gendarme stopped me, and brought me to a kind of barracks, where a few more gendarmes were lounging about. They asked me where I was going. When I told them to England, and that I was a Russian, they laughed at me, and one of them, who seemed to be intoxicated, drew his sword and said, "You are a Frenchman; I will kill you."

I made no answer, and left them to do as they pleased. There was no one to help me. I thought God had forgotten me, and that I must perish at the hands of the Gentiles, and earnestly prayed God either to take away my life, or to save me from these troubles, and to satisfy my soul.

Seeing my misery, the gendarmes amused themselves by threatening my life, and otherwise tormenting me, till I fell upon the ground, crying bitterly to Jehovah, "Eli, Eli, lamah, azabhtani?" the Hebrew of Ps. 22:1—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

To be continued.

LIFTED OVER.

As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did Our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw

Rough ways before us, where my arms would
fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear
child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?
—Helen Hunt.

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"—No. 8.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

CHARITY.

WHAT is charity? We should know, if it is necessary to our everlasting salvation. When a man has a record for giving, helping the needy, endowing public institutions, etc., we say he is a charitable man. This is doubtless a hasty conclusion, based on insufficient evidence. Paul says: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

If Paul was right a man may do all these things and still be devoid of charity. He may give for the purpose of enhancing the value of his own property, or to gain popularity, or to create impressions of confidence in the minds of others, thus enabling him to gain some pecuniary or lustful advantage.

If a man does not contend against the views of another, if he is willing that all sorts of opinions and doctrines should be promulgated without opposition, we call him charitable. This kind of charity may arise from want of comprehension, and consequent inability to understand the harm such opinions or doctrines are doing. Or, if understanding, it may arise from his having so little regard for the welfare of others as to make him careless of results. Or his failure to oppose may be in consequence of moral cowardice, and attacks are not made because the courage of conviction is wanting, especially where the thing to be met is popular. Thus we may give a man credit for charity when the motive that prompts him is the very opposite of charity.

Then what is charity? Some have defined it to be identical with *love*, and have concluded that the true sense of the word would be expressed in reading it *love*. Some translations of the Bible substitute the word *love* where charity occurs in the common version. I will not contend that this is not correct, for I concede that their meanings are so near alike as to be almost inseparable, for true charity cannot exist without love.

Yet there seems, to me, to be a difference. To me it seems that charity is the product of love, sustaining the same re-

lation to love that the fruit does to the tree. An apple cannot be produced without a tree, nor can a perfectly healthy tree exist without bearing fruit in its season; but an unhealthy, diseased tree can exist without bearing fruit. So love complete cannot exist without producing charity; but a dwarfed, unhealthy love may exist without charity.

For instance, an inordinate love of self, or of money, or of lustful pleasure, which gratifies itself at the expense of others, may live and produce no charity. Then, as love is the plant and charity the fruit, it follows that the perfectness of the fruit will be in proportion to the perfectness of the plant. This is as it appears to me.

Moroni says: "If a man be meek and lowly in heart, and confesses by the power of the Holy Ghost that Jesus is the Christ, he must needs have charity, for if he have not charity, he is nothing, wherefore he must needs have charity. And charity suffereth long, and is kind, and envieth not, and is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; wherefore my beloved brethren, if ye have not charity ye are nothing, for charity never faileth. Wherefore, cleave unto charity, which is the greatest of all, for all things must fail, but charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever; and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with them."

This language applied to love, without defining the kind or degree of love, is evidently not always true. So it will not always do to use the words *love* and *charity* interchangeably. Love is not always willing to suffer, is not always kind; it envieth, is puffed up, seeketh her own, is easily provoked, thinketh evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, neither rejoices in nor comprehends the truth, believes little, hopes for but little, and endureth less. Or, more properly speaking, love (though always pure wherever and in whatever proportion found) may exist and be too weak to prevent these evils. If thus overpowered it produces not the fruit, charity,

or produces it to a very limited degree.

But apply the above language to a perfect, complete, and unadulterated love, the "pure love of Christ," and it is all true. Then charity is the culmination of, the highest degree of, or the matured and perfect fruit of love. So, as Moroni says, those who are "found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with them."

They will be saved. In short, all the graces we have been writing about viz., faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, and brotherly kindness are either the prerequisites of charity or the evidences of developing charity.

A charitable man, then, is one whose acts are prompted solely by love. He will be liberal enough to not only give of his unneeded wealth, but to share in the want of another or to allow others to share of his plenty. He will be kind enough to comfort and cheer the distressed and sorrowful, even though it may cost him inconvenience and pain. He will be brave enough to promptly resist, in an honorable and manly way, that which threatens to injure his fellow man, either in body, mind, morals, or spiritual growth, but in so doing will maintain a kindly feeling towards the author of the mischief; always "overcoming evil with good."

We do not cultivate the fruit, but we cultivate and improve the tree, nourishing the root from which the strength is derived, and then we watch with pleasure the natural development of the fruit. So we need not to cultivate charity, forcing ourselves to do kind and liberal acts, but cultivate love, and charity will be the natural result, or the spontaneous fruitage of love. Like the cooling spring of living water, which, bursting from its narrow confines in the earth flows out upon the parched plain, making green and beautiful the one little spot of earth coming in contact with its influence, and watering the roots of a thousand flowers that lade the air with fragrance sweet to be wafted to scenes remote.

If, then, we would be saved we must have charity. It will never fail us. Its purpose will be accomplished. Spiritual gifts and powers are good and necessary, but we may enjoy them and still come short of the coveted prize, salvation. Paul says: "Charity never faileth; but

whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." Moroni says: "Cleave unto charity, which is the greatest of all, for all things must fail; but charity is the pure love of Christ, *and it endureth forever.*" Let us cultivate with patience and prudence the tree that produces such precious and enduring fruit, that we may partake of its bounty when all else shall have failed.

If we find in proximity to this precious tree the weeds of hatred, envy, distrust, suspicion, malice, jealousy, ignorance or intemperance, let us pluck them up as we would poisonous weeds from our garden. If the soil has become so hardened by virtue of their having sapped its fertility that we find it difficult to now extract their roots, there is a Hand of power that has freely offered help.

If God has required anything of us which we are unable to do, he will supply the want and make it possible. When Christ enjoined upon us that we should love our enemies he did not do it for the sole purpose of benefiting them, but the primary purpose *was* to cultivate in us a principle which would develop into a broader and more complete charity than even the love of friends could do; and without which we could not partake of the spirit of him who died for his enemies.

There is no education so high or so productive of good as that of love; and no institution founded for the purpose of teaching love should be neglected or despised. An all-wise God has provided the primary school for this purpose. We call it the *family*. They who preside in this institution have failed to fill the measure of their responsibility if they have not, first, so conducted themselves toward each other as to give to their offspring the inherent disposition to love; and second, taught them by precepts and example the lessons of love.

To the young I wish to say this: If you go out from the home circle without having learned the lesson of love and learned it well, you will neglect an opportunity that will never be offered you again, and your chances for happiness and usefulness in this world or the world to come will be greatly endangered by this neglect. It is your privilege, and,

where no mental or physical disqualification exists, your duty to prepare yourselves to become principals in this divinely appointed institution. God has appointed it, and you should not despise his provisions or shrink from duties thus imposed.

Here let me drop a word in the ear of those who think the minister should be an exception to this rule, claiming that unmarried he can accomplish more good and be in better condition for the work of his calling than married.

Is it logical, is it reasonable, is it even possible, for him to make the *best* preparation to become an acceptable minister of the gospel of love, by suppressing the tenderest emotions of love in his own heart? I unhesitatingly answer, *No*.

If the church needs a brave man, a true man, a safe man, let her select a man who has a center for his affections, who has selected some worthy person unto whom are drawn out the tenderest emotions of his nature. It may suggest care; it may suggest increased responsibility, but care and anxiety for those beloved purify, soften and make tender the heart, preparing the soil for the growth of love with its abundant fruitage of charity. They draw a man nearer to his God, and thus pre-eminently qualify him as a minister of the gospel of love.

This being true, it follows that to educate our daughters to the belief that a companionship with the minister, is a position and a sacrifice, that it would be wise, and commendable to avoid is selfish and wrong. The church needs women qualified for this position as much as it needs men qualified for ministers. As there is no position for man higher, more honorable, more noble than to be a minister of the gospel of love, so there is no position for woman higher, more noble, more honorable than to stand by his side, cheering him for the conflict, and by her tenderness and love, weaving around him a net work of defence, and inspiring him with her own nature of fidelity, gentleness, love, and tenderness.

All hail to the noble woman who in the face of this sickly sentiment deliberately chooses this position of trust and bravely stands at her post discharging with calmness and patience the duties of her position! She is second to none as an educator of the world in the gospel of love, and one

hour's association with her is worth more in preparing a minister for his work than would be years of association with those who think it wise and smart to belittle her position. The profits, pleasures, duties, and responsibilities of the family relation legitimately belong to all, and should be despised by none.

Next to the family, as an institution of learning, is the Sunday school where our children learn by association and precept to extend their love beyond the family circle, and where their field of usefulness is enlarged and they are better prepared to understand their duty toward, and their position in, the world. When the parents deliver into the hands of the Sunday school teacher, if but for an hour, the tender and impressible minds of their little ones, they deliver to him or her a sacred trust for which God will hold that teacher responsible.

The minister goes forth to sow the seed and though he may sow the best of seed, it will sometimes fall by the wayside, on stony places, or among thorns, and produce no harvest.

The Sunday school teacher always sows on good soil, not hardened by the weeds of sin, so the harvest depends upon the nature of the seed sown. O, may God inspire our Sunday school workers for their important labor of love.

Not only should the cultivation of love be the prominent feature in the family and the Sabbath school but it should be the leading purpose of the pulpit and the press and of every institution of learning and every association among men; as well as the private aim of every individual. Thus will be produced that never failing charity which "moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal," and answers the question "*What must I do to be saved?*"

Then, to those who have no fears in regard to the faith, but are anxious lest they shall not endure to the end, let us say again in the language of the Apostle Peter: "Giving all diligence add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness *charity*."

"For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the

knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather brethren give diligence to make your calling and election sure: *for if ye do these things, YE SHALL NEVER FALL: for so an entrance shall be*

ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

This ends this series, and though my success has not been what I hoped for, I pray that my efforts may not prove to be entirely fruitless. *Adieu.*

PUTTING THE CHILDREN TO BED.

BY ANNIE M. BEALS.

There are many scenes of childhood flitting o'er my memory
Like fleecy clouds across the blue upon a summer's day!
How vividly it paints them! How subtle is the power
That takes us back across the years to childhood's happy hour!

O, the golden days of childhood! What joy they did contain!
Those simple joys and pleasures we shall never taste again;
But the best of memory's pictures, with its halo soft and bright,
Was when mother took us up to bed and tucked us in at night.

When the snow was lying on the ground just like a spotless shroud,
Our mother marshalled up to bed her sleepy little crowd.
We didn't care; old Boreas could roar with all his might,
Just so our mother took us up and tucked us in at night.

How plainly I can see her with her tender loving care,
As she helped the tired little legs to mount the narrow stair,
While the candle threw strange shadows with its feeble wav'ring light,
When mother took us up to bed and tucked us in at night.

But time is always on the wing; the years are speeding fast,
The shades will soon grow longer, the day of life be past;
And when the last long sleep comes on I wouldn't grieve a mite,
If only mother dear could come and tuck me in at night.

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER VI.

James S. Law, writing to the same paper says: "About two years ago, while working at my trade as coach builder, while assisting in removing a railway carriage, I dislocated my thigh and was conveyed home, and, my parents not being in the church, and no elders in the town (Sterling), medical skill was called in, but from the swelling it could not be set.

"I was again examined by a Dr. Jeffrey and one Taylor of Glasgow, who said that

a kind of jell had gathered in the hip joint, and before it could be set this must be removed by cupping; so I was cupped with twenty-four lances, but it did no good and I lingered in great pain for three weeks when it was proposed that I should again be cupped. But I was determined that it should not be, and hearing that Elder Samuel W. Richards of America was coming to Sterling, I told my friends that when he came, they would see the power of God, and I should be healed.

"Accordingly, when he came he anointed me in the name of the Lord, and the bone

went into its place and I got up in the morning and to the astonishment of doctors and friends went to my work. I am now a traveling elder and have a great deal of walking, but experience no inconvenience from it. I can get a dozen witnesses both in and out of the church, to attest the truth of this cure."

John Robinson of Beery, writes under date of June 11th of the same year and says: "One evening on returning from my work I turned into the house of a brother by the name of Thos. Crowshaw. On entering the house, I was told that his wife had been taken with a kind of stroke which suddenly deprived her of her speech. I went up stairs and found it to be the case. She seemed much troubled, and wanted to make something known to me, but was unable.

"Her son's wife had sent for a doctor, but as luck would have it he was not in. Seeing that the case was a serious one, I immediately laid hands on her. I then told her husband to get some oil. In the meantime I sent for Elder Platt, who brought some oil with him, I gave her some and Elder Platt and myself laid hands on her again. We both of us prayed over her that God would again restore her speech. At ten o'clock she could talk as well as ever she could in her life."

John Davis writing from Merthyr, June 15th, says: "I was called to a young Saint, who had been carried home speechless upon a plank from the coal pit, and in a state that his black comrades thought would terminate in death, for they seemed afraid to take him further than the mouth of the pit. When I visited the house, a great many of his fellow workmen and others had assembled to witness the miracle, and no sooner had I entered than the crowd followed and filled the house. I succeeded, however, in persuading them to go out except one, but they surrounded the window and were determined to have a peep at the miracle, after that I proceeded to view my patient, whom I found speechless in bed, and with the assistance of a priest I got him in a sitting posture and without any anointing, laid my hands upon him, when he recovered at once and jumped out of bed quite well. Then the crowd rushed in again and soon after the doctor, who declared the young fellow deserved a good whipping for creating such

a disturbance without anything the matter with him."

W. Booth, writing from London, June 9th, says: "Sr. Emma Spirling met with an accident while frying some meat. The pan was overturned, and the boiling fat went into her eye and face and from Friday to Sunday she could not see with the eye. I anointed her with the oil and laid my hands upon her and the moment I took them off, she, in the presence of a large assembly, said she could see and that all pain was gone.

"A man by the name of Grenham had lost the use of one eye, but by the administration was healed. Mrs. Taylor aged seventy had fallen years before and never could get cured, but she was administered to and the same night she was able to lie on the diseased side. The doctors said that Sr. Yandle's lungs were gone and that it would be impossible for her to live more than a few hours, but after she was administered to the pain left and she recovered."

"William Gibson, John M. Comie and Geo. Padenwaugh testified that at Edinburgh, at a prayer meeting, a female was seized by the power of the devil so that it took three men to hold her, while her cries were awful. A number of elders being present, we laid our hands on her in the name of Jesus and she became calm immediately; but no sooner did we turn to leave her than she burst out with a derisive laugh at us. I then asked if there was a bottle of oil in the room and there was, which we consecrated. Whenever we took the oil in our hands, her cries became dreadful, and when I came with the oil to anoint her, she sprang from the hands of those that held her and leaped up on the back of the seat screaming fearfully. I anointed her in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, after which we laid our hands on her in the name of Jesus and she was instantly made whole and went home on foot, well and sound in mind and body."

He says also: "I went to visit a boy who had the cholera, and found him very bad. His abdomen was drawn together like thick cords with the cramps. After administering he got better immediately and the next day he was running around as well as he ever was and continued so."

LEPROSY.

"Berland, Scotland. This is to certify that I was seized with a disease like the leprosy in the year 1837, and tried all that I could to get a cure, but I could not, and all the doctors that I applied to could do me no good. It continued with me over all my body until the month of September, 1843, when I was baptized into the church of Latter Day Saints by W. McFarland, an elder of the said church, on the first of September, 1843, and the same night the leprosy left me." Signed, Jenet Ridd, witnessed by W. McFarland, Jos. Crystal, and Alex. Ridd.

"This is to certify that there was a girl in Borland, by the name of Catherine Kidd, lying very bad with the fever and at the very point of death, and there was a part of her dead clothes made. It was expected every moment that the breath would leave her. I was called to see her, and they asked me if I would attend to the ordinance of the church with her and I said that I would; so, in company of Elder McFarland, I anointed her with oil and laid hands on her in the name of Jesus Christ, and when I had done I told them that she would get better, and the people that were in the house said that if she did, it would be a miracle. From that hour she did get better and the clothes were laid aside." Signed, W. A. McMaster, witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. McFarland.

Robert Brighton writing from Anheene Scotland, says: "On the 10th of April last, I went to my work about ten o'clock. On arriving at the pit-head, in company with three others, it was thought by all appearances that the engineer had put all the machinery in order to let us down to our work, when James Hyends and myself went on to the keg to descend in the usual way; but to our great surprise we went to the bottom with a tremendous crash, the rope being in no way attached to the engine.

"The pit was sixty-four fathoms deep; both the kegs were broken to pieces, and one of the chains was broken in three places and yet we were wonderfully preserved. The like has scarcely ever been known. James Hyends was very little injured. My leg was broken, from which I suffered an excessive pain until the following evening came, when Peter Karns,

a teacher, anointed me with oil, according to the scriptures, and I was relieved in a great measure of the pain.

"The next morning, Elder Kelsey prayed for me and again administered the ordinance, and in less than five minutes I was almost entirely free from all pain that I was suffering."

William Gibson writing from Edinburgh, Scotland, says: "On the 19th, of the present month, a sister came for me to visit a brother by the name of John Brown, who lives about five miles from Edinburgh. He had fallen down an incline in a coal pit the day before while at work, when a hardy filled with coal fell upon him, cutting his head and crushing his body severely. Brother Waugh and I went out and found him suffering great pain. Indeed, he could not move his body in the least, without severe pain. Brother Waugh anointed him, and then we laid our hands on him in the name of the Lord, when he arose immediately, put on his clothes, and sat down and took tea with us as heartily as he ever did in his life, and wanted to see us on our way back, but we would not let him. However he went out and visited the saints, was at their meeting next day, it being Sabbath, and came to our meeting in Edinburgh on Wednesday evening. His cuts and bruises are all completely healed." Signed, W. Gibson, G. P. Waugh, and J. and F. Brown.

Again: "A sister in this (Clackmanan) branch became possessed with a devil. Elder John Russel administered to her, and the devil was cast out; but soon after, while I was with the Saints, and teaching them some of the ways the Devil took to deceive them, she went out of the meeting, and being sent for I went with Elders Russel and Cook and found her in such a state that it took two to hold her, and all the time she kept speaking in tongues that we knew not.

"When we came in she tried to bite and tear us, and the devils cried out that we had not power to cast them out, for they were legion. I said our Master had power and through him we would cast them out, ere we left the house. We had to attend to anointing and laying on of hands several times, and, although she would get better, they would always come back. We then, knowing the devil is not over fond of music, commenced to sing, Hail to the

Prophet, and then attended again to the ordinance. She was restored to her right mind and has continued so.

"In the same place a son of John Hunter, who had been given up by all the medical men who could not understand his disease, and was reduced in consequence thereof almost to skin and bones and confined to bed, was administered to by Elders John Sharp and John Russell, and the next day he was running around in perfect health.

"Mrs. Ann Hunter had a son born ruptured. He was, administered to at three years of age and the next day was quite whole.

"While Hezekiah Mitchell was preaching at Darnell on the gifts of the Holy Ghost, Bro. Shepherd was taken very ill, and he thought, if I can but touch his clothes, I shall be restored. He did as he thought and Mitchell felt virtue go from him at the time and said, 'Be made whole in the name of the Lord Jesus, and according to his faith it was done directly.'

"A Mrs. Rodgers had a daughter very low with typhus fever. She was reduced to a complete skeleton. Her bones were ready to come through the skin, and her body had many large sores on it. Hezekiah Mitchell said, 'I never saw such an object of pity before. While administering to her, I saw her well and walking about as one of the most healthy and blooming girls in that place. She commenced to amend immediately. She slept safely and soundly that night and in the morning wanted her breakfast. It came to pass as I saw it.'"

He further says, "My youngest daughter, Elizabeth, was ill with the measles and as they came out pretty well, we thought she would soon recover. I placed a table by the bedstead and retired to bed as usual and went to sleep. About one or two o'clock we were wakened by the table being thrown over. I instantly jumped out of bed, set the table on its legs, and found the matches. As soon as I could I got a light, behold! to our astonishment the child was dead to all appearances; for she was stretched out, her eyes set, her face, as well as other parts of the body, very much discolored, and all the measles had gone in.

"I examined her carefully to see if the spirit had left the body, and when I found that she did not breathe and that there was no motion of the pulse, no

movement in the jugular vein, I laid my hands on her in the name of Jesus and commanded her to come to herself, but there was no movement whatever. I had faith still in the ordinance and I knew that faith must prevail, consequently I laid hands on her again, and the child gasped for breath a few times, then she returned to her natural color, and revived. She was in appearance one of the most lovely little girls that ever I saw.

"I was sent for to anoint and lay hands on John Fell (who was not in the church) who had broken a blood vessel. When administered to, the blood was stayed and he finally came into the church."

James S. Brown says that, "In Rose-hall a brother by the name of John Calvin, a teacher, was seized with a disease resembling cholera to the extent that he was deprived of the use of his faculties, both of mind and body and to all appearance must have died. He was administered to by four elders and was immediately healed in the presence of seventeen members.

"Henry Green was cured of palpitation of the heart of six months' standing. Brother Jackson had lost the sight of one eye and the other was almost gone. He was administered to and restored immediately and walked through the streets looking about him."

Mrs. Bolyn had a little girl very sick with scarlet fever. She called the doctor who prepared a decoction for the child to take, but the father put the medicine away, and attended to the administration, and the same hour the disease left her. Their little boy was seized with the same disease and when the doctor came again to see the little girl he saw her playing about with the children and said, "Why, she is better?" "Yes, sir," said the mother, "and now the little boy has begun." "Have you given the little girl all the medicine?" asked the doctor. "No, sir," said the mother. "O, well, continue to give the boy the same medicine, and he will soon be better," said he. They gave him the medicine that God prescribes and the boy was restored the same day.

The following was taken from Elder Williams' journal: "Sarah Gorde, of Maxstore, had a severe confinement, which left her in a low and afflicted state, and for the space of seven years and a half was almost in constant pain, Her

blood seemed to run cold in her veins, for she was scarcely ever warm. She had two doctors in regular attendance and sometimes three, and also applied to others; but in spite of all their exertions she found no relief. She wasted in flesh until she was reduced almost to a skeleton; her joints had been dislocated, and to go from home was impossible; for she could not ride without great pain, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could get around the house. But finally a small tract fell into her hands, belonging to the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. After a short investigation, she was baptized by Elder W. Bramall, and when she was confirmed he told her that she would be healed, according

to her faith. In three weeks she was able to walk without pain: her joints became strong again, and in a short time she was performing her duties as well as ever.

"Her son had his thigh dislocated and it remained so for eight years, and so powerful was its effect upon the constitution that it stopped the growth of the body. His leg hung loose, so that he could throw it any way he pleased. Finally he heard the gospel and was baptized, and, wonderful to relate, he lost his lameness, his body began to grow, and from that time he has enjoyed good health, and from appearances no one would suppose that he had ever been feeble at all." Signed, Alfred Cordo.

To be Continued.

DAY AND NIGHT.

BY "JANE."

Soft and silvery moonlight, after the day is done,
Restful peace and quiet, after the glorious sun,
Like a conquering monarch in trappings of gold
And purple and crimson, rich dyed in each fold
Of his covering, wrought in such beauty as best
Is befitting such majesty, has sunk to his rest.

To show to human minds the wondrous contrast great,
He draws aside his curtains, we behold his royal state,
And our poor weak eyes are dazzled, as before us now is spread,
In a sea of golden glory, this mighty monarch's bed.
Still we gaze, then realize, this haughty god of day,
Must yield with us obedience unto our King alway.

Our thoughts reach out and onward to the day when He will come,
The heavens open as a scroll, striking the nations dumb,
Sitting on his great white charger, his robes a deep dyed red;
His armies, all in linen fine, follow their mighty Head,
Giving back the golden portals, proclaiming far and wide,
'Tis the King in all his glory to wed his royal bride.

The vision passing onward, the clouds now fleecy white,
The moon comes up so gently, shining with mellow light;
Like a queen in sweet calm beauty, all own her chaste mild sway,
And a bridal veil, of silvery sheen, marks her upon her way.
Stealing into my heart a calm, a joy, a peace, a rest;
O, bride of heaven! thy mission true, is all mankind to bless.

Thy curtain, O night, falleth softly on hearts that long to see
The dawn of that millennial day when tried souls shall be free.
Till then, as a mantle we bless thee, thou sky of azure blue,
Gem-studded with stars that are countless, O Thou alone who art true,
For the day and the night we thank thee and for the promise given,
Our inheritance awaiting us under the blue dome of heaven.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY BAPTISM.

AS the revival continued I wondered why I did not get converted when so many others did. That I felt the need of a Savior and the sinfulness of sin was true enough, but I did not feel the "change of heart" that so many spoke of in giving their religious experience, which was taught as absolutely necessary. That I had changed feelings was true, for sometimes I felt very bad, and at other times I would feel better. But I felt confident that I was not a Christian, for I heard them say that spiritual things, God and Christ, or rather the word of God was their chief delight, and I was honest enough with myself to admit inwardly that they were not my chief delight.

My thoughts were divided and my love was divided too; for when out of meeting, or out of school rather, I liked to run and romp, coast and skate just as well as ever I did. Yes, and laughed just as heartily. So I reasoned that that was a sure sign my thoughts were not on the "solemnities of eternity," and if I was converted they would be, and then applying the term to myself that was frequently used during the revival, I tortured myself for a time with the thought that I had sinned away the day of grace, which in the darkness of night brought all the anguish that a child's mind may bring upon itself.

It seemed to be a continual reaction of mirth and sadness. O, how comforting would have been the religion of Jesus Christ as revealed in these last days that one does not become all good in an hour or a day, but *grow in grace* and that we must not look for such an entire change at once of our nature and disposition, that the change is gradually brought about as we overcome the evil of our natures and imbibe good, so that where one once felt disposed to do the things that were displeasing in the sight of God, they may attain to a disposition at all times to do good and, putting away the natural things, may yield to the spiritual. But no such good news greeted my ears to set at rest this disturbed feeling.

In my wondering if there was anybody else like me and what became of them (for I really believed my case was something out of the ordinary line) I began to search for books that I had never thought of reading before. Our library was very limited in those days. In the absence of Sunday school books, it was made up of the most solid reading matter, too solid, some of them, for the youthful mind to feed upon. It consisted of the Bible, Fox's book of Martyrs, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Life of John Bunyan, Life of John Calvin, and a few others, lives of distinguished Christian men.

Among these I sought to see if any had been so long getting converted as I was and took courage in reading of two who had been, during their experience while seeking for the Savior of souls, in the depth of despair for a length of time, believing that mercy was denied them. But after a time they felt their acceptance with him and were ever afterwards firm Christians; so I thought perhaps my time would come yet.

It had been our amusement on Sundays, ever since I could remember, in winter time when it was too stormy to go to meeting, to look at the pictures of torture in Fox's book of Martyrs, and, when old enough to read some in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, but now in looking out upon, or contemplating the pilgrimage myself, there did not seem to be very much to induce one, especially a young person, to start upon it, for with it, commenced the warfare, and all the Christians who spoke in meeting except my father dwelt on their trials and their warfare. Bunyan's Christian was always beset by snares and dangers, and Fox's Martyrs seemed to be the ending of it all. But there was no alternative, it was either that, or "the lake of fire and brimstone." At intervals when the reaction from a mirthful mood would come upon me, these things hung on my mind like a heavy, dreary weight, and, besides this, there were many puzzling thoughts and questions sprung in my mind by what I heard, and because I could not settle them I found myself in a mental quarrel with my existence and my environments and

the author of both, I fear; for the thoughts of my heart were much like charging the Deity with injustice. From the chaos of thought this much came to the surface by piecemeal: We were here in the world, and it was no fault of ours that we were here. The Lord just made us and put us here without our knowing anything about it, and then made the right way so hard and the wrong way so easy. Why were we made at all? It seemed to me it would have been better not to have had any world than for so many to be burned forever, while only a few were saved; for the Bible said, "Straight is the gate, and narrow the way, and few there be that find it."

I heard them talk of the great glory that would be added to God by the few who were to be saved, but my sympathies were with the many who were to be lost; so one night when mother was putting us children to bed (she usually came up stairs with us in the winter time to see that we were tucked in good and warm) I ventured to ask why the Lord made people to go to the bad place. Mother answered that he did not make people to go there, that they could all be saved, if they would be good.

"But he knows everything, don't he?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, if he knows who will be lost I should think he would not have made them," I reasoned.

"You should not think anything about such things," said mother. "The Lord does everything right. We were all lost sinners till Christ came to save us."

In my heart I relented a little in my thoughts of injustice and felt that indeed Christ deserved our love. But mother's last words had sprung another question; viz., How came we to be lost? Then she had to tell us the story of the first transgression in the garden of Eden.

"Well then it is all Eve's fault after all! How I wish she had not done it!" was my exclamation.

"Well, well," said mother, "you need not trouble yourself about it. Just be a good girl; that is all you have to do." But that was not so easy to do, for I knew I was not a good girl. I had sometimes been called a smart little girl, and an old fashioned girl, often being called a saucy girl, a mischievous girl, a wild

girl; but very seldom was I called a good girl.

But whether good or not good, these thoughts did trouble me very much. I felt as if I was in a tangled web, and was trying to get out by throwing the blame on some one else. When I used to think of the missionary's life it did not seem this way. The missionaries seemed to be all light inside, and their labor and warfare was to save the heathen. They did not have to trouble about themselves, but with this *home religion* it seemed to be as much as one could do to take care of himself, at least till he got to be a Christian. I supposed Christians did not feel like romping and laughing, or plaguing children, or running away from them, or getting out of patience with them.

Father was a Christian; nobody disputed that, and he never got out of patience and blustered about. I did not think he ever thought of a bad word. He never said one. He was always calm and quiet. The Bible was his book of books. He read very little beyond that and the religious newspaper, and Fox's book of *Martyrs*.

As the winter wore on, and "the precepts of men" continued to teach people (children at least) to *fear* God rather than love him and some such "whys" and "wherefores" as I have stated concerning theology crept into my mind, I began to read the New Testament more. But the promises all seemed to be for somebody else, not for me. It always seemed to pertain to the people that lived in the days of the apostles.

Although an old gentleman had used a good deal of time in a meeting about that time explaining the meaning of the two long words "omnipotent" and "omnipresent," there was much I did not understand, but I gathered this, that God had made his inspired word, the Bible, to be omnipresent, so that whatever an individual read in it, it applied to him personally. Still I was just as much in the dark. I could not "lay hold" of them as we were admonished to, and often when I would open the Bible to see what the message from the Lord would be to me, I would read where Noah was commanded to build the ark, or perhaps it would be something pertaining to the tabernacle in the wilderness, or portions of the ceremonial law, all of which I did not know

how to apply to myself, and I almost wondered if I had not been left out, or perhaps I was not worth taking into consideration in this great scheme.

I used to pray and feel very happy sometimes just for a little while, as though the Lord had forgiven my sins; but that feeling would not stay with me.

I heard a great deal, too, about the "midnight cry." That subject took a more definite form in my mind as though it was all going to be literally enacted some time in the future, and I had a great desire to know more about it, and in my prayer concerning it, when there was no one present to hear what form of words I made use of, I simply asked the Lord to "be sure and not forget to let me know about it when the time came." And here allow me, kind reader, to digress for a moment and give a circumstance which took place in after life.

In the month of May, 1874, while at a "two-days' meeting" held near Mulberry, San Benito county, one of the evening meetings was to be held in a dwelling-house. A number had gathered in, nearly all of whom were young in the "latter-day" work and eager to learn more of the glorious gospel which they had embraced in the face of so much opposition and which seemed to them, and to me also to be "glad tidings of great joy," almost like the opening heavens revealing to view treasures of light and knowledge that poor earthworm, creedbound mortals had scarcely dared to dream of.

Meeting had not yet commenced. Elder D. S. Mills was sitting in a group of attentive listeners, talking in a very instructive way concerning the rise of the church and said, "If we rightly understand the words of Joseph the Martyr, this is just about the time of the midnight cry. The words caused a thrill to pass through my whole frame. In a moment my childish faith, my prayer, and the wording of it, all flashed through my mind together with a rebound of gratitude that it had not been forgotten, and I sprang to my feet, with clasped hands and exclaimed, "Is this the midnight cry!" Some smiled at my earnestness, but they did not know all the connecting forces that caused the act.

It was about the sixth day of April, while the snow was unusually deep for that month of the year and the rivers ice-

bound, that my brother and two oldest sisters were to be baptized. How well I remember the Saturday evening that they, with a number of other young people of the place were to attend a meeting to tell their experience prior to joining the church. It was a cold blustering night; the light snow that had recently fallen was drifting in ridges across the road, and as I had been to meeting nearly every evening during the week, mother thought I had better not go that night.

I wanted to go very much to hear the girls' "experience," and there were many others expected to "come forward," Priscy being one of them, but we were not in the habit of teasing mother to let us go any place after she had once said to stay. If the nonpermission was because of intervening obstacles we would sometimes make one or two favorable suggestions, and if they did not prevail, there the matter rested.

And so it was this night. I urged that I could get through the snow well enough and that it was not any colder than some nights before; but Sophia (whose abbreviated name was Sophy) came to me and said in her quiet way, "Now do not worry mother by fretting to go. You don't know how deep the snow will be before we get home. Besides, you are needed here; for we will not have time to do the work before we go." The meetinghouse was over a mile away, and the girls had to walk, so started early. Father remained at home to help me with the little ones. Mother was sick in bed, my little brother Albert being just one week old.

I set about clearing off the table feeling very sad. At length all was done up for the night. The two little boys were undressed in bed, and fast asleep, and with father's assistance mother and baby were made comfortable for the night, then I threw myself down on the lounge in mother's room where father was sitting. There was a cheery fire burning in the little fireplace but I felt so lonely and miserable I could not keep from crying.

Sophia and Priscilla and several others of our young friends were going to join the church, and I felt as if everybody was going to heaven but me. I turned my face close against the back of the lounge so I could not be seen crying, but mother, hearing a stifled sob occasionally, said,

"Emma, what is the matter? Did you want to go with the girls?" Now it had never occurred to me that I could be baptized and join the church. I did not suppose that I was either old enough or good enough. If I had known, though, anything about baptism being for the remission of sins, as it is taught in the Bible, I would have been the most ready candidate, but what I had gathered from the teachings of the day was, that one must join the church to be saved, but they must believe that their sins were forgiven before they could enter the church. Baptism was the entrance and also the answer of a good conscience, and my conscience was not good. It was continually accusing me of doing something that I ought not to have done. So I misunderstood mother's meaning and thought she had reference to the meeting.

I said yes, I had wanted to very much, but did not know that anything would do me any good. Father said if I truly wanted to do right and would try hard to be good, he did not know why I should not be baptized as well as the rest. O, what a ray of gladness shot through my mind when I saw there was a possibility of my being permitted to go with them!

I said I would like very much to be baptized, for Priscy was going to be, but I did not suppose I was good enough. Both parents talked kindly to me and to each other. Mother feared I was too young, but father plead for me.

During this talk my busy conscience was at work thus, "You are just deceiving them, and you know you are, for a minute ago you had no thought of being baptized; you were only crying to go to meeting." Yes I did know that, but had not the courage to tell them so, for fear it would spoil my chances. But then I would have wanted to, if I had not supposed it was out of the question. The result was, however, if an opportunity was given in the morning before baptism, as there sometimes was, for the candidates to present themselves, I should go as such and tell my experience, and if the church saw fit to receive me I would be baptized. I shall never forget how grateful I felt to both father and mother for that talk with me, and especially to father for pleading for me.

When my brother and sisters came home from meeting they said all had not

come forward who were expected, and a meeting of half an hour was appointed for nine o'clock in the morning to give another opportunity. This was learned from Tamzie. George and Sophia seemed sad and preoccupied, and we soon discovered that they were among those who had kept back.

At the morning meeting, George still remained silent. Sophia told her experience and I told mine. Of what I said or what I intended to say, I have not the slightest idea, except that I felt to be a great sinner. However, the church accepted us both, and we with the rest were baptized. There were thirteen in number. I was the youngest not only of that number, but of all during the revival. I lacked five weeks of being eleven years old.

The congregation did not repair to the river to baptize, but to a broad, deep stream of fresh water that was nearer the meetinghouse. Though the stream was icebound on either side, it was open in the channel or center. The candidates had to step from the shelf of ice and snow down to the full depth of the stream, and I being so much shorter than the rest, the water came half way above my waist, and going suddenly to such a depth in the ice-cold water, I lost all control of myself and clung to the minister, catching my breath like a drowning person, greatly to the amusement of some of the male portion of the juvenile bystanders.

The only thought I had was wanting to get out of that water again, but I had not breath enough to speak. As soon as the minister, Mr. Hunt, succeeded in sufficiently disengaging my hands from his flowing robes, he buried me deep in the cold, swift-running stream.

As I was raised from the water to my feet again, I evidently behaved in a still more excited manner, for one little chap laughed outright which brought me to a consciousness of where I was and what I was doing, and I became aware that I was standing first on one foot and then on the other in rapid succession and struggling vigorously to get my hands free, and my head seemed of its own accord to be keeping time with my feet, only by another motion.

As soon as I became aware of the situation I became quiet and stood with drooping head and downcast face, while the min-

ister was wiping the water from my face, and when, by the help of those who stood near the water's edge, I was raised upon the snow and ice again, it was with a sense of mortification and dissatisfaction. I feared to raise my eyes lest I should see some one laughing at me, and I inwardly resolved to be baptized *better* than that some day. But I felt both solemn and happy while receiving the "right hand of fellowship." Mr. Hunt, the pastor of the church, spoke with liberty and feeling, causing tears to flow from many eyes. It

was a mingling of prayer and exhortation much of the same as a confirmation, except that there was nothing said about receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost.

I thought the words sounded beautiful and wish now that I could remember them or even a portion. I felt humble and penitent, and O, how I wished I had been calm and quiet like the rest so I could in very deed begin a new life! There seemed always to be something hindering me from being like other people or from being what I wanted to be.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

BY G. T. GRIFFITHS.

WE now reach a doorway made in the reign of Henry VIII. in the western wall of the

WHITE TOWER

or Keep, the oldest part of the whole fortress. The Conqueror, before he entered London, formed a camp, eastward of this city and probably on part of the ground now occupied by the Tower. Immediately after his coronation he commenced the works here. At first, no doubt, they consisted of a ditch and a palisade and were formed partly on the lower bastions of the old city wall, first built by the Romans and rebuilt in 885 by King Alfred.

The work of building the Keep was intrusted to Gundulf, a monk of Bec, in Normandy, who was shortly afterwards made Bishop of Rochester, and who probably commenced operations in 1078.

In 1097, under William Rufus the works were still going on, and the inner ward was inclosed. A great storm in 1091 damaged the outworks. Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, being imprisoned in the Tower by Henry I. contrived to escape in 1101.

During the wars between Stephen and Matilda, the Earl of Essex was constable of the Tower, and obtained a grant even of the city of London from the Empress. When he fell into Stephen's hands the Tower formed his ransom, and the citizens regained their ancient liberty.

When Richard I. was absent on one of the Crusades, his regent, Longchamp resided in the Tower, of which he greatly enlarged the precincts by trespasses on

the land of the city, and of St. Catherine's Hospital. He surrendered the Tower to the citizens led by John in 1191. The church of St. Peter was in existence before 1210, and the whole Tower was held in pledge for the completion of the Magna Charta in 1215 and 1216. In 1240 Henry III. had the chapel of St. John decorated with painting and stained glass and the royal apartments in the Keep as well as the whole exterior were whitewashed. In the reign of Edward III. it began to assume its modern name as "La Blanche Tour."

During the wars with France many illustrious prisoners were lodged here, as David King of Scots; John, King of France; Charles of Blois; and John de Vienne, Governor of Calais and his twelve brave burgesses. In the Tower Richard II. signed his abdication in 1399.

The Duke of Orleans, taken at Agincourt, was lodged by Henry V. in the White Tower.

From that time the Beauchamp Tower was more used as a prison, but it is probable that some of the Kentish rebels, taken with Wyatt in 1554, slept in the recesses of the crypt of the chapel, long known as Queen Elizabeth's Armory.

In 1663 and the later years down to 1709, structural repairs were carried out under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, who replaced the Norman window openings with others of a classical character. Remains of four old windows are visible on the south side. A few years ago some disfiguring annexes and sheds were removed, as well as an ex-

ternal staircase of wood which led up from the old Horse Armory and entered the crypt by a window.

The White Tower is somewhat irregular in plan, for, though it looks so square from the river, its four sides are all of different lengths, and three of its corners are not right angles. The side towards which we approach is 107 feet from north to south. The south side measures 118 feet. It has four turrets at the corners, three of them square, the fourth, that on the northeast, being circular. From floor to battlements it is ninety feet in height.

The original entrance was probably on the south side and high above the ground, being reached, as usual in Norman castles, by an external stair which could be easily removed in time of danger. Another or the same entrance led from an upper story of the palace. The interior is of the plainest and sternest character. Every consideration is postponed to that of obtaining the greatest strength and security. The outer walls vary in thickness from fifteen feet in the lower to eleven feet in the upper story.

The whole building is crossed by one wall, which rises from base to summit and divides it into a large western and a smaller eastern portion. The eastern part is further subdivided by a wall which cuts off St. John's chapel, its crypt, and its sub-crypt, each roof of which is massively vaulted. There is no vaulting but a wooden floor between the stories of the other part.

There are several comparatively modern entrances, the first we approach having been constructed in the sixteenth century. This entrance leads to a staircase in the thickness of the wall on the south side, by which we approach the chapel. A brass plate on the right refers to some children's bones found in the reign of Charles II. They were identified, somewhat conjecturally, with the remains of Edward V. and his brother who disappeared so mysteriously at the accession of Richard III., and were removed to Westminster Abbey in 1678. Ascending the stairs we come to the passage which led from the palace to the chapel of St. John. The chapel is the largest and most complete now remaining in any Norman castle, and must have seen the devotions of William the Conqueror and his family. It is fifty-five feet high, and is

vaulted with a plain arch. There are four massive columns on either side and four in the apex. The south aisle, as we have seen, communicated with the palace and an upper aisle, or gallery, similarly opened into the state apartments of the White Tower, which we reach by a circuitous route through a passage round the walls, only wide enough for one person at a time, and a circular or newel stair in the northeast turret. We gain, at every turn, glimpses of the extensive stores of small arms. The second floor is divided into two large apartments, not reckoning the chapel. In the eastern room of the smaller or banqueting chamber is a fireplace, the only one till recently discovered in any Norman Keep. A second and third have of late years been found in the floor below, but the whole building was designed for security, not for comfort, and in spite of the use of wooden partitions and tapestry must have been miserable as a place of residence. Passing the south end of the banqueting room we ascend to the armory.

The ancient arms are now arranged in the upper story in the two great apartments, one of which is known as the Council Chamber, the place whence the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) hurried Lord Hastings, untried, to execution in the court below. The other is the anteroom. There are many objects in this, by far the finest collection of ancient armor in England, which ought to be especially noticed by the visitor, but only the most interesting, in the order as far as possible in which they are seen, are here noticed.

It must be remembered that very old armor is extremely rare, as iron and steel are very perishable under conditions, such as mere neglect, which would not destroy bronze or the precious metals. Another circumstance has contributed to render old armor rare: A suit of mail was improved as time went on. A knight who wore his father's armor endeavored to add to its defensive qualities ere he bequeathed it to his son. The chain mail was gradually removed and plates substituted so that in most instances the armor we see now is what was worn by the latest possessor at the time when fire arms made such personal harness useless. For a few years, however, armor continued to be worn—and it still is by our

life guards as an ornament, and it was decorated more or less, according to the means of the wearer.

A great part of the Tower collection having belonged to English sovereigns and their highest nobles, it is of superlative excellence in workmanship and is well worthy of examination, even by visitors who care only for the arts of peace. The delicacy of much of the hammering and chasing cannot be exceeded at the present day.

As far back as 1547 there was a collection of arms in the Tower, but the first systematic attempt at forming a museum of the kind was at Greenwich in the reign of Henry VIII. This was robbed in the Civil War, but much of the armor found its way to the Tower, where some of it may still be recognized. In 1662 the collection was increased, and about the beginning of the present century a score of complete equestrian suits were to be seen. In 1821 the line of figures in the Horse Armory was supposed to include William I., John of Gaunt, and other princes, but since the collection was rearranged by Sir S. Meyrick, about fifty years ago, these anachronisms have been avoided. The classification is mainly due to the late Mr. John Hewitt, who first made a catalogue in 1859. The following brief notes are chiefly by the Hon. Harold Dillon, F. S. A.

Pursuing the route marked out for visitors on the free days, we may observe these objects in order. The first case we see on entering the Council Chamber contains a suit of ancient Greek armor of bronze, found at Cumæ.

In cases on the right hand observe ancient chain mail and crossbows. At the end of the room on the right is a mounted figure of James II. in his own armor with jack boots. On the left in the first inclosed stand are figures displaying the early mixture of plate and chain armor. Observe two English long bows of yew, recovered from the wreck of the "Mary Rose," sunk in 1545.

In front of the next window is another mounted figure, showing the armor of the time of the Wars of the Roses.

In the second inclosure are two mounted figures. The first wears the armor bought by the late Lord Waterford for the Eglintown Tournament in 1839. The second shows a fine suit of

fluted armor for man and horse, made at Nuremberg. The figures on foot hold pole axes, such as were used for fighting on foot in the lists. Opposite the third window is the splendid engraved suit for man and horse sent to Henry VIII. by the Emperor, Maximilian. Passages in the lives and martyrdoms of St. George and St. Barbara, and the badges of Roses and Pomegranates and the letters H. and K. for Henry and Katherine of Aragon, are seen on this armor, which was formerly silvered all over.

In front of this figure observe a buckler with a breech-loading matchlock pistol in the boss. This and others like it were here in 1547.

On our right is a case containing the spiked collar, supposed to have been taken from the Spanish Armada in 1588, but it was here in 1547. Observe also the thumbscrews, bilboes, etc., and a model of the rack.

In the third inclosure are four suits which belonged to Henry VIII. The first mounted one he is said to have given to his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose tilting lance is here shown.

The two foot suits were for combats in the lists. On the right observe the block on which Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino were beheaded in 1746, and Lord Lovat in 1747; also the beheading ax.

The next figures at the end of the room show armor of the fifteenth century. Observe the helmet with mask, horns, and spectacles said (since 1860) to have belonged to the jester of Henry VIII., Will Somers.

At the end of the room are early cannon, some from the wreck of the "Mary Rose," also stone cannon shot taken from the town moat.

Passing the figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, attended by a page, which formerly stood in the crypt of the chapel, hence named Queen Elizabeth's Armory, and turning along the other side of the chamber, we see suits of armor of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the first inclosure observe a very fine dark suit damascened with gold. The horse armor is embossed with the arms of Burgundy.

In the second inclosure note a very interesting suit of armor which belonged to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (d.

1688), the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. It is ornamented with the orders of the Garter and St. Michael, his initials, and the well-known badge of the Bear and Ragged Staff.

In the third inclosure are various suits from Malta. In the fourth inclosure observe the blue and gold mounted suit of Prince Henry, son of James I.; also the mounted figure of his brother Charles I., when Duke of York.

We must now turn to the left. Beyond the passage are figures of mounted men of the seventeenth century, and pikemen of the time of the Civil War, with their pikes fourteen and eighteen feet long.

Passing into the next room we find foreign arms of recent date, helmets of various kinds, swords and rapiers in the glass cases.

At the upper end of the room are helmets of various forms and dates.

We then return, passing cases containing early firearms of various kinds, match-locks, wheel-locks, and flint-locks. Observe the breech-loading harquebus which belonged to Henry VIII., the barrel chased and gilt, the breech dated 1537. Observe in the same case many beautifully mounted pieces, including several of ivory, ornamented in Germany in the sixteenth century.

In the second case is the fine, flint lock of Charles I. when prince, dated 1614.

In a case in the center of the room is the cloak on which General Wolfe died at the moment of victory before Quebec, 1759, and the uniform worn by the first Duke of Wellington as Constable of the Tower.

A curious mounted figure, in armor for horse and man, composed of small plates and chainwork mixed, should be noticed.

The collection of oriental arms is very fine. Observe the executioner's sword of the King of Oude, and in the same case a similar weapon from Dahomey, also the sacrificial sword from Nepaul.

The trophies in the ante-room and in the rooms below stairs are made of small arms and portions of musket locks and represent the Prince of Wales' wedding cake, birds, insects, and other groups arranged with great skill.

Descending by the staircase in the northwestern turret, we reach the northern end of the banqueting chamber, where further collections of more recent

date are arranged. We pass thence to the lower stories, emerging at length on

THE PARADE.

The Waterloo Barracks are opposite, built in 1845 on the site of the store-houses burnt in 1841. The building of similar character at the right is the officer's quarters. Between the two a glimpse is obtained of the Martin or Brick Tower, whence Blood stole the crown in 1671. Observe, on the left the extensive collection of cannons of all ages and countries, including triple guns, taken from the French, of the time of Louis XIV. and some curious and grotesque mortars from India.

Observe, on the right, almost adjoining the barracks, the Chapel of St. Peter "ad Vincula," so called from having been consecrated on that well known festival of the Latin Church, the 1st of August, probably in the reign of Henry I. (1100-1135). The old chapel was burned in 1512, and the present building was erected only in time to receive the bodies of the first victims of the tyranny of Henry VIII.

It was considered a royal chapel before 1550. The interior is not shown to the public. Here it is in the memorable words of Stow, writing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that there lie before the high altar, two Dukes between two Queens; to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine, all four beheaded. Here also are buried Lady Jane (Grey) and Lord Guildford Dudley, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Scotch Lords, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, beheaded for their share in the rebellion of 1745. The last burial in the chapel was that of Sir John Foxe Burgoyne, Constable of the Tower, in 1871.

The space in front of the chapel is called Tower Green, and was used as a burial ground. In the middle is a small square plot, paved with granite, showing the site on which stood at rare intervals the scaffold on which private executions took place. It has been especially paved by the orders of Her Majesty. The following are known to have been executed on this spot:—

1. Queen Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII. 19th May, 1536.

2. Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the last of the old Angevin or Plantagenet family, 27th May, 1541.

3. Queen Katherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII., 13th February, 1542.

4. Jane, Viscountess Rochford, 13th February, 1542.

5. Lady Jane (Grey), wife of Lord Guildford Dudley, 12th February, 1554.

6. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, 25th February 1601.

They were all beheaded with an ax except Queen Anne Boleyn, whose head was cut off with a sword, the public hangman of Calais having been brought over for the purpose. The executioner of the Earl of Essex was not able to do his work with less than three strokes, and was mobbed and beaten by the populace on his way home. The bodies of all six were buried in the Chapel of St. Peter.

Lord Hastings was also beheaded on Tower Green by order of the Duke of Gloucester in 1483.

The Beauchamp Tower is on the west side of Tower Green facing the White Tower and is on the inner wall between the Bell Tower on the south and the Devereux Tower on the north, being connected with both by a walk along the parapet.

Its present name probably refers to the residence in it as a prisoner of Thomas, third Earl of Warwick, of the Beauchamp family, who was attainted under Richard II. in 1397, but restored to his honors and liberty two years later under Henry IV. It is curious that the most interesting associations of the place should be connected with his successors in the earldom.

Although built entirely for defensive purposes, we find it thus early used as a prison, and during the following centuries it seems to have been regarded as one of the most convenient places in which to lodge prisoners of rank, and in consequence many of the most interesting mural inscriptions are to be found in its chambers.

In plan the Beauchamp Tower is semi-circular, and it projects eighteen feet beyond the face of the wall. It consists of three stories of which the middle one is on a level with the rampart on which it formerly opened. The whole building dates from the reign of Edward III. We enter at the southeast corner, and ascend

by a circular staircase to the middle chamber, which is spacious and has a large window, with a fireplace. Here are to be found most of the inscriptions, some having been brought from other chambers. A few are in the entrance passage and on the stair. All are numbered and catalogued. The following to which the numbers are appended will be found the most interesting:—

2. On the ground floor, near the entrance "Robert Dvdley." This was the fifth son of John, Duke of Northumberland and next brother to Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey. When his father was brought to the block in 1553 he and his brothers remained in prison here, Robert being condemned to death in 1554.

In the following year he was liberated with his elder brother Ambrose, afterwards created Earl Warwick, and his younger brother Henry. In the first year of Queen Elizabeth he was made Master of the Horse and elected a Knight of the Garter.

In 1563 he was created Earl of Liecester. He died at Cornbury in Oxfordshire in 1588.

8. On the left of the entrance of the great chamber is a carved cross with other religious emblems, with the name and arms of Peverel, and the date 1570. It is supposed to have been cut by a Roman Catholic prisoner, confined during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

13. Over the fireplace this inscription in Latin: "The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next," etc. This is signed "Arundel, June 22, 1587." This was Philip Howard, son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in 1573. Philip inherited from his maternal grandfather the earldom of Arundel in 1580.

He was a staunch Roman Catholic and was constantly under suspicion of the government by which in 1584 he was confined to his own house for a short time.

On his liberation he determined to quit the country, but was committed to the Tower in 1585 and died in custody ten years later, having refused release on condition of forsaking his religion. His body was buried in his father's grave in the Chapel of St. Peter, but was eventually removed to Arundel. He left other inscriptions, one in the window (79),

and one on the staircase (91) dated 1587.

14. On the right of the fireplace is an elaborate piece of sculpture, which will be examined with peculiar interest as a memorial of the four brothers, Dudley, Ambrose (created Earl of Warwick), Guildford (beheaded 1554), Robert (created Earl of Leicester 1563), and Henry (killed at the siege of St. Quentin, 1558). It was carved by the eldest, John (called Earl of Warwick) who died in 1554. Under a bear and a lion supporting a ragged staff is the name "John Dvde," and surrounding them is a wreath of roses for Ambrose, oak leaves for Robert, (*robur*, an oak,) and honeysuckle for Henry. Below are four lines, one of them incomplete, alluding to the device and its meaning. It is on record that the Lieutenant of the Tower was allowed 6s. 8p. a day each, for the diet of these captive brothers.

33. This is one of the several inscriptions relating to the Poole or Pole family. (See also Nos. 45, 47, 52, 56, 57.)

They were the sons of the Countess of Salisbury, by Sir Richard Pole, K. G.

No. 45 contains the name of "Geffrye Pole 1562." He was the second son and gave evidence against his elder brother, Lord Montagu, who was beheaded in 1539.

48. "Jane." This interesting inscription, repeated also in the window (85), has always been supposed to refer to Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk and wife of Guildford Dudley, fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland. A second repetition in another part of the room was unfortunately obliterated in the last century when a new window was made, to fit this chamber for a mess room. It is sometimes but erroneously supposed that the name was carved by this queen of ten days herself, but it is improbable that she was ever imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower. She is known to have lived in the house of Partridge, the Gaoler. It is much more probable that the two inscriptions were placed on the wall either by Lord Guildford Dudley, her husband, or by his brother, whose large device has been described above.

66. In the window is the rebus, or monogram, of Thomas Abel; upon a bell is the letter A. This was Doctor Abel, a faithful servant of Queen Katherine of

Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII. He acted as her chaplain during the progress of the divorce and by his determined advocacy offended the king. For denying the supremacy he was condemned and executed in 1540.

The visitor who has time to spare will find many other records of this kind in the Beauchamp Tower, the oldest of all being the name of "Thomas Talbot 1462" (89), supposed to have been concerned in the "Wars of the Roses."

Emerging again upon Tower Green we see on the right the

LIEUTENANT'S LODGINGS,

now called the "Queen's House." The hall door, where a sentry stands, is the same through which Lord Nithisdale escaped in female dress the night before he was to have been beheaded, 1716.

Some parts of the house are of great antiquity, among them the rooms in the Bell Tower, those in the upper story which open on the leads and the rampart known as "The prisoner's walk," and the Council Room, a handsome apartment containing a curious monument of the Gunpowder Plot.

In this room Guy Fawkes and his associates were examined, 1605. The interior of the Queen's House is not shown to the public.

Next to it is the House of the Gentleman Gaoler, or Chief Warden. It was in his house that Lady Jane Grey lived when a prisoner and from its windows saw her husband go forth from the adjoining Beauchamp Tower to his execution on Tower Hill, and his headless body brought to the chapel "in a *carre*," while on the Green in front the scaffold was being prepared for her own death, which took place on the same day, Monday 12th February, 1554.

MADAM TUSSAUD AND SONS.

I will now proceed to give a brief description of what is to be seen in Madame Tussaud and Sons' exhibition:—

This great and magnificent institution is located on the north side of the Marylebone Road, near the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and easily reached by omnibus or rail. This exhibition has had an existence of ninety years in England, and it was established in France before the days of the Revolution. Hence, within this palatial build-

ing is to be seen a grand collection of modeled figures besides many other novelties and curiosities.

Madame Tussaud, the founder of the exhibition, was born at Berne, Switzerland, in 1760. Being left an orphan at a very early age, she was sent to Paris and placed under the care of her uncle, M. Curtius, a medical man, who having attracted the attention of the Prince de Conti by his skillful anatomical models and preparations in wax, exhibited a studio in Paris and became modeler to Louis XVI.

From M. Curtius she learned the art of modeling in wax. Madame Elizabeth, sister to the king, engaged her to instruct her in modeling, and she resided with this amiable but unfortunate princess at the Tuileries and at Versailles until 1789.

Here she became acquainted with the leading personages of the court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Deprived of her position by the Revolution, she left France and established herself in England, where her collection of figures attracted great attention. Madame Tussaud's Memoirs have been frequently published and form a most valuable contribution to the history of the French Revolution. The best specimen of Madame Tussaud's art in this collection is decidedly the figure of Voltaire, modeled by her from life. She died April 15, 1850, at the great age of ninety.

The building is divided into halls in which the models are arranged in groups according to the station and nature of the popularity of the persons they represent. Thus there are the Napoleon rooms containing models of some generals who made themselves popular in the service of that emperor; The Chamber of Horrors, containing models of notorious criminals.

The Hall of Kings, containing models of the most popular European monarchs.

The Grand Saloon, containing models of many distinguished royal personages, etc., etc.

Houses of Parliament, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords. These buildings are, I presume, the most important in the country and probably, in the eyes of Englishmen, in the world. Yet I must say that in my opinion for grandeur of architecture and accommodation the British Houses of Parliament

are certainly inferior to the Capitol of the United States. However, they are grand Houses.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Of course the Americans cannot boast of being in possession of such a grand edifice of antiquity as the Westminster Abbey, reared so many centuries ago. Within its solemn walls lie mingled together the bones of monarch and statesman, poet and traveler, the sight of whose sepulchers vividly presents to our minds the fact that "The path of glory leads but to the grave." On every side of us we see tombs, some reared with kingly pomp, others with plaintive simplicity. The solemnity of the place, its gloomy recollections, seem to lie like a pall on us, and we are transported back to the time when mediæval England was rent asunder by civil strife. Yet here they lie, friend and foe, reconciled, as it were, in death.

Presently our feet wander towards the famous Poet's Corner, and here we find ourselves amongst a goodly company of those whose fingers have plucked the lyric harp. Here lies Milton, the earnest Puritan poet, and as Tennyson calls him, "The mighty mouthed inventor of harmonies," Alas, no more shall those lips be inspired by the heavenly muse, no more shall they roll forth the deep-sounding lines of his *Paradise Lost*. Nor does Milton alone bear witness to the glories of a past age, but Spencer, Cowper, Pope, and many others of illustrious name bear him company.

While our minds are contemplating these things our ears are suddenly saluted by strains of ravishing music and now the vaulted roofs seem to reëcho with strains of celestial harmony in honor to the Great Jehovah. Shortly they cease and once again the oppressive silence weighs down our souls. We feel a relief as we escape from its gloomy shadows into the sunshine of the outer world.

This magnificent pile of sculptured grandeur is visited by many thousands of people who come to gaze upon the memorials of a former age.

There are many other places which could be mentioned, the British and Kensington museums, the Art Gallery, and so forth, but time and space prohibit for the present.

I must not forget to acknowledge my thanks to Bro. F. R. Tubb for his assistance in obtaining some of the information herein given.

Yours in gospel bonds,
GOMER T. GRIFFITHS.

HAPPINESS may fly away, pleasures pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fall or prove unkind; but the power to serve God never fails and the love of him is never rejected.—*Froude*.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

"Clear thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent, and effective.

ORDER DURING THE SESSION.

A LITTLE while ago, I met a friend from the East. The trend of conversation was toward Sabbath school work. He had lately visited a school where the classes encroached upon the time belonging to the school for review, and to him this seemed somewhat disorderly. He said "In my work I am obliged to keep the strictest order among the pupils. Naturally I carry this into my Sunday school work and already see good results from it."

The question arises who is responsible for this lack of attention? There is but one answer. It is not to be expected that the Superintendent can, from the end of the room, command the attention of the school unless the teachers in their various classes respond immediately to the call of the bell.

After the bell has sounded and the superintendent begins to talk, it is hardly wise to keep up a running conversation; the teacher regretting there is not more time to finish the lesson and the scholar wanting some point cleared up about which he is in doubt.

Teachers, what order can be expected from your classes when you yourselves help them in what you think is a mild transgression, but which disturbs and sets a bad example to the whole school. We have heard teachers say "I never have time enough for my lesson and do not want to stop when I hear the bell ring. Sometimes I do not hear it." Such teachers will do well to remember that the pleasant hum of a studious class during the hour when all are at work, is like music to the ears of the superintendent, but is like everything else when out of place.

At a recent State Convention it was urged that there should be doorkeepers in Sabbath school so that the opening exercises might not be interrupted. Neither prayer nor talk. Also

that the class exercises should not be interrupted because it broke up the interest of the class. That the parents must let no ordinary cause detain the children from school and the teacher let no extraordinary cause detain him. Because regular attendance is necessary to keep up an interest, and a tardy teacher or one who does not feel the sacredness of his mission enough to induce him to be on hand promptly every Sunday is very likely to have scholars who will profit by such an example and be tardy and careless themselves.

What are the duties of a teacher toward his class and the school? Encouraging the scholars to take part in the general exercises of the school and setting a good example *by doing so themselves*. After the pleasant morning greeting and opening exercises, and just before beginning the lesson, the collection should be taken, put in the envelope provided and laid upon the end of the seat so that it may be taken away without disturbing the class. Prompt response to every call made by the superintendent for quiet, suggesting or if necessary insisting and seeing to it that the class give the same. Not allowing their scholars to run back and forth to the library. Occupying the lesson time so that the class does not get into the bad habit of telling the latest news each to each and annoying all the classes near them. Seeing that the scholars speak distinctly and not any louder than absolutely necessary for the same reason. Requesting their scholars to bow their heads and close their eyes during prayer. We once heard a primary teacher who endeavored to teach this to her little ones say that it was almost impossible for them to remember because whenever they looked up they saw the older ones near them looking around and sometimes whispering with each other. If they had seen

the older ones in an attitude of worship it would at once have recalled to their minds the fact that they had forgotten.

One of these little ones on being reminded by the teacher that she liked to have her bow her head, close her eyes and try and listen to the prayer, answered, "Well teacher the big classes don't and you don't always." "No," was the response, "I must watch you as well as pray. You do not have to watch so that you can pray all the time." This little retort of the child reminds us of Bro. B. who at one Conference in Plano was accused of making "such faces when he prayed." He replied, "If you had been praying you would not have seen the faces you say I make, though mind you I don't say I do."

We once heard a teacher say, "There are one or two in my class I am absolutely afraid to speak to about their conduct although they need it. It has been work to get those scholars into the school, and it would take very little to send them out again." We question whether it is advisable to lower the standard in this way and yet it is a mooted point. Can anyone help by giving advice and experience in such matters?

Have the secretary and his assistant any duty beyond that of keeping their books in good order, distributing the *Hopes*, and envelopes, calling the roll, and reading the minutes? *Taking part in the general exercises of the school* as far as practicable. Always in the prayer, and when their work is done in the other exercises. Distributing the collection envelopes just before the opening of the school so they will be ready for the teacher before the class exercises begin. After the opening exercises, going quietly from class to class not asking "How many *Hopes* do you need," but making a mental count of the class and leaving the papers by the teacher on the end of the seat, at the same time taking up the envelope containing the collection which should have been previously placed there.

What duty has the librarian beside the distribution and exchange of books, suggestions to the scholars as to the care of them when such is needed, noticing when a visitor is in school and supplying him before the exercises begin with Testament and song book? *He should take part in the general exercises of the school.* We think the librarian who quietly exchanged a book for a little boy one Sabbath during prayer would have done better to have taken quiet, firm hold upon the lad, keeping him beside him until prayer was over, then let him go back to his class. Do you not think it dis-

turbed other little ones in school to see this pretty boy tiptoe up to the library and back and exchange his book, during the time of prayer?

If you think not you do not know what children are nor how often on succeeding Sabbaths, little late feet coming in the door during prayer would turn to the library until they happened to think of the teacher, and looked around to be called by a gesture to the class.

Has the chorister any other duty than that of leading? *He should take part in the general exercises of the school.*

We once saw a chorister stand up in front of the school and hunt for the song he wanted, during the time prayer was offered. Do you think this was a good example? Suppose every scholar profiting by such would hunt for his lesson during the time when he should have been earnestly engaged in asking the Lord for a blessing upon the school?

Have the scholars any duty when they come to Sabbath school beyond that of class work? *They should take part in the general exercises of the school.* Being in their seats before the opening song, always remembering that they have come to the house of the Lord. Having a dignified deportment and respecting every request coming from their teacher.

There is another point to be considered. When visitors are present they are expected in every way to conform to the rules of the school, and while they should be made to feel at home by little acts of courtesy, such as a welcome to the school, an invitation to look over the same book, etc., this should be quietly done by the teacher or the scholar sitting nearest, and not by some one at a distance who, after the bell has sounded for the opening exercises, sees the visitor unprovided for and with kindly thoughts in his heart becomes a powerful factor in disturbing the whole school by crossing the room to supply a song book or Testament.

Sabbath school workers, there is not a point touched upon in the above that we have not heard teachers or officers talking of with the hope that the time would come when everyone in the different Sunday schools, officers, teachers, and scholars would work unitedly for better order in the schools.

HELPFUL HINTS.

BY ANNA STEDMAN.

THE last lesson of September entered upon what is by some styled The Perean Ministry. From Ephraim Jesus had crossed the Jordan into Perea and he now "went through their cities and villages," as Luke says, preaching the

gospel, confirming the word with miracles, and inviting and welcoming to him the despised publicans and sinners who were numerous in the region of the Jordan. There is now but a short time remaining before the Passover, for we have passed the Feast of Dedication, and when this last ministry is closed, our Lord will set his face toward Jerusalem, and when the paschal lamb, emblem of the atonement, has been killed and the people have eaten of it, the Lamb of God will lay down his life, once for all, and the great atonement will have been made, "of which if a man eat he shall never die."

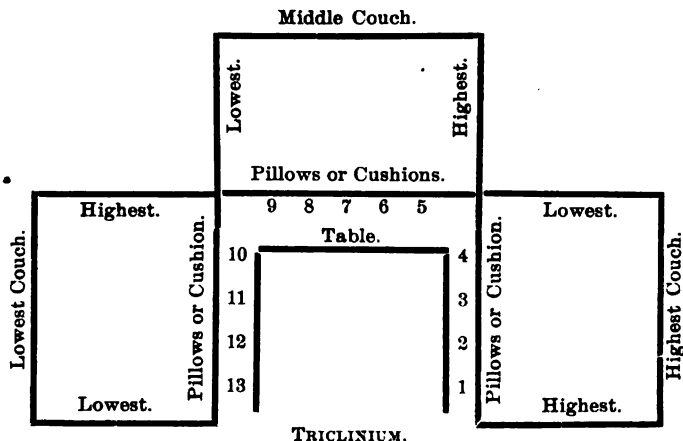
The remaining lessons of this quarter and two of the succeeding quarter will be upon events of this Perea ministry.

The events of October lessons are recorded by Luke only, and as many of the parables uttered were called out by the condition of the publicans and sinners among the proud Pharisees, we extract from Geikie's Life of Christ the following which will give some idea of social life among those to whom Jesus now preached the gospel:—

"India is not more caste-ridden than the Judea in which He lived. The aristocracy of religion looked with disdain and hatred on the masses of their own nation, and with bitterness still deeper on all men of foreign birth. The ruin of long disastrous years of civil war and foreign domination, had covered the land with misery. The reign of the Herods had been a continued effort to rebuild burned towns, and restore exhausted finances; but the Roman tax-gatherer had followed, vampire-like, and had drained the nation of its life-blood, till it was sinking, as all Roman provinces sank, sooner or later, into general decay. In a land thus doubly afflicted by social proscription, and by ever-increasing social distress—a land of mutual hatred and wrongs—the suffering mul-

titudes hailed with instinctive enthusiasm one who, like Jesus, ignored baleful prejudices; taught the sunken and hopeless to respect themselves still, by showing that he, at least, still spoke kindly and hopefully to them in all their sinfulness and misery; and by his looks and words, no less than by his acts, seemed to beckon the unfortunate to gather round him as their friend. It must have spread far and wide, from his first entrance on his public ministry, that he had chosen a publican as one of his inmost circle of disciples, and that he had not disdained to mingle with the most forlorn and sunken of the nation, even in the friendliness of the table or the cottage. . . . All over the land it ran from mouth to mouth that, for the first time, a great Rabbi had appeared who was no respecter of persons, but let himself be anointed by a poor penitent sinner, and sat in the booth with a hated publican, and mingled freely in the market-place with the crowds whose very neighborhood others counted pollution. . . . Hence, the multitudes, who, on this last journey, especially, gathered round Jesus with friendly sympathy and readiness to receive his instructions were largely composed of the degraded and despised—the publicans and sinners from far and near. The Rabbis enjoined that a teacher should keep utterly aloof from such people, even if one had the worthy design of exhorting them to read the Law—that is, even with the view of reclaiming them. It was a sign that wisdom did not dwell with one if he went near the thief or the usurer, even when they had turned from their evil ways."

To aid in understanding the parable on humility in Lesson V. we give a representation of the Roman triclinium or divan which seems to have been in use among the Hebrews in the days of our Lord.



It will be seen that three low tables are so placed as to form three sides of a hollow square accessible to waiters. The guests reclined with their heads to the table, each one leaning on his left elbow and therefore using principally his right hand in taking food. The feet of the person reclining being towards the external edge of the bed, they were easily reached by anyone passing, and thus it was that the woman who anointed his feet in the house of Simon, the Pharisee of Capernaum, could do so while "he sat at meat."

We wish to repeat to intermediate teachers that it is necessary in the Bible Practice Work to have your pupils bring to class and use their Bibles. If they are not familiar with the book and you feel that it takes more time than you can spare to turn to the references, encourage your pupils to look them up at home and to lay slips of paper regularly numbered in the places, ready to bring to class. If they will do this, a part of the work will be done at home and more time will be left in the class hour for attention to the leading thought of the references.

As Lesson VI. in the Senior Grade covers the three related parables it was necessary that the Bible Practice Work of that lesson should take up one of the parables. As space did not permit questions upon the Lesson Story, we suggest that in cases where classes are marked upon answers to questions, the marking may be upon the questions given above.

By the way we may say! here that some teachers use successfully the conversational method of teaching. They begin! the Lesson Story, but instead of reading or talking steadily, they weave in the questions all through the story and it helps greatly to keep attention while it guides the teacher also, by revealing to her the child's mind. If your pupils do not talk to you, you do not know their thoughts, you cannot know whether you are teaching them, whether they are really learning from you. In order that the Practice Work may be effective it is necessary to keep to the subject under consideration. Do not let the class wander away to things that have no connection with the lesson. If a child does ask a question it is well to answer it if possible, but if the teacher takes hold of a class and leads it, she can keep attention directed to the points in the lesson. It will readily be seen that she must know her ground in advance if she would lead and direct skillfully. Lesson VII. is a good example. A few plain statements lead up to the references; then in each one is re-

peated the thought to which the teachers should call attention.

Primary teachers will not find it hard in Lesson V. to interest the children in the story of the funny bed-table the people used when Jesus was upon earth and sat at their tables with them. Perhaps with the aid of the figure above they may be able to represent the table with blocks, pasteboard, or something of the sort. If so, it will give a clearer idea of it without many words than the diagram on the blackboard.

Tell which was looked upon as the best place and what Jesus said when he saw different ones trying to get the best there! was. Draw out the thought of selfishness showing in such things and hold up the opposite course of Jesus; teach the Golden Text, and prove it by his healing the sick man at that time. For other points notice the Lesson Story.

In Lesson VI. teachers can have a little introductory talk with the little ones about the help they get from their parents when they are in trouble. Then the story can be told of this young man who was in great trouble. To help them to remember the cause of his poverty, the teacher can represent a glass of wine or beer. In telling of his extreme poverty it would not be well to speak of husks but rather call them pods, for a child would associate the word with the thought of corn husks which would be very incorrect. To impress the father's welcome represent the ring of gold, and tell of the beautiful robe, the shoes, the feast, the music and all the brightness. How wise it was for him to go to his father. How his father loved him though he had sinned. How glad he was to have him home again safe. God is our father and he and all the angels in heaven are glad when we turn away from wrong things and do good. For little ones this is sufficient without making mention of the elder brother's anger.

Adding to the note contained in Lesson VII. we would say that we have long been of the opinion that primary classes should not be large, or if in large branches the classes are large, they should be subdivided into groups when the time comes to teach the lesson. Exercises, motion-songs, good clear illustrations may engage the attention of a large class, but in order to press home the lesson facts and to know that they have been thus impressed we believe a small circle is best. The teacher ought to be near enough to each little child to be able to speak in a low, pleasant voice, for a loud high-pitched voice is never pleasing to

the ear for any length of time. She ought to be near enough and she ought to have time to speak to each little one directly and this she cannot do if she must teach a large number. It is more necessary to teach the little ones in a quiet, restful way than to depend upon excit-

ing things to chain attention. These little Bible stories can all be taught simply and easily if first the classes are so arranged that the teacher and the child are brought near enough together and outside influences are not allowed to distract.

Department of Correspondence.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has most truthfully said, "Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is oftener a lack of heart than brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul to soul."

In your department this month the editor feels like saying a few words upon this interest. First we ask you to read with care the excellent (we had almost written inspired) article of Bro. Heman C. Smith, especially that part of it which is directly addressed to you when he speaks to "the young." Think of it young man whose glory [is your strength! Think of it young maiden whose glory it is to be fitted and worthy to become a helpmeet in founding a home which shall be worthy of the name!

Bro. Heman speaks of the Sunday school as an institution of learning where children learn by association and precept to extend their love beyond the family circle and where their field of usefulness is enlarged, and they are better prepared to understand their duty towards and their position in the world.

It is just here that there begins to be brought into play that "warm, earnest interest of soul to soul" which must dominate the life of each one who is truly a follower of Christ. The very spirit of the gospel is an earnest, intense desire to be about the Master's business. God has placed us in families, but he has created us social beings as well. There is a brotherhood which reaches beyond the family and beyond the church. It is bounded only by the race and it is this brotherhood to which the gospel introduces us.

There are fields to cultivate and sheaves to be garnered by each one of you. O shame upon that young man, strong in his youth, upon that young woman rich in her dower of modesty and virtue who feel no responsibility resting upon them to labor as God gives them talent and opportunity? To watch (not for iniquity) but for the opportunity *of serving*. Poorly indeed has that primary school, the "family" an-

swered the purpose for which "God provided it," which has instilled into the hearts of its pupils no earnest desire to serve others, has planted in them no seeds of charity which being cultivated spring up and bear precious fruit.

SHALL WE KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES?

BY F. E. COCHRAN.

Read before the Religio-Literary Society, Lamoni, Iowa.

Yes. It is absolutely necessary, however, to first catch up. We see around us those who never were, are not now, and never will be, up with the times. The tendency of the world always has been, and is now, to live in the past rather than the present, and the result of this tendency sold Joseph a slave into Egypt, stoned Stephen, exiled the Jewish nation for centuries, stoned and burned the martyrs, forced Galileo to the rack, crucified the Lord of glory.

While man has ever been thus, our heavenly Father has always been the opposite. He has always dealt with man according to his present necessities. Abraham's call, Noah's ark, the Exodus, the sending of his Son into the world, the restoration of the gospel are examples of this attribute of Deity. Carrying out this thought a little further we observe that the truly great men have been those who have worked with our Father at these various periods,—men who have comprehended the present needs of the world, and worked with the great Master Workman for the accomplishment of his designs. To keep up with the times, then, is Godlike.

We need to keep up with the times because we live; because our necessities are now; because our duties are to the world that now is before us. God's people are not in bondage to Egypt, neither is the foot of the Roman upon their necks. The condition of the world has also changed.

It is not to-day struggling in the toils of the rack, the fagot, the inquisition; superstition and ignorance do not now hold sway as they did in the dark ages; Columbus is not urging upon it the discovery of a new world. All this is in the dim past. We are now; the world is now; the problems consequent are now, and they need solving now.

The world to-day is flooded with literature good and bad. It is moved, more or less, by this flood of literature; by the good for better, by the bad for worse. We need to know the good because it is good, and because all good comes from God. We also need to know of the bad; at least, that it exists; that organizations exist for the sole purpose of placing literature before the world that in its tendency is immoral. As in Paul's day so is it true now, that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places;" and if we are to say nothing but repentance to this generation it follows as a necessity that we be informed as to the forces actuating it and what it needs to repent of. All this we can do without being contaminated by the evil.

The world is made up of individuals. So then individually we need to keep abreast of the wave of progress. We should know the events that are transpiring in this the day of God's preparation. We should endeavor to discover his movements among the nations. And not only should we be well informed on these movements, but we should notice the trend of thought among the great minds of the day. We cannot expect to individually live in the present to that extent that we will be able to solve all the problems of the present, but we can watch how men who are living in the present are wrestling with that which confronts them and us.

There are men who have given the useful portion of their lives to searching among the musty ruins of a dead past for dead languages; and while a life so spent is beneficial in a degree to the human race, yet the minds who by their life work have left the most lasting impressions for good on mankind are those who have grappled with what were then the present problems. Let us not forget this fact in choosing our literature; and while the things that have been may claim a portion of our attention, let us emulate the example of Abraham Lincoln and many others by living in the present.

Dear Readers:—Away back in the July number of the *Leaves* it was suggested to us by the editor that we share with others the thoughts that come to us from time to time as we read. We believe the suggestion if followed out would tend to make us more observant, more thoughtful, and more retentive of memory.

This invitation from the editor encourages me to express myself upon some things that have come under my notice of late. I found in one number of the *Leaves* a beautiful poem, *The Morning Cometh*. Did you notice it? It was poetry indeed. It seemed to me I could see the dun gray cloud come out of the north and go through the sleeping land. From it I saw the snow falling like a dream over meadow and stream, along the ways of the woodland glen and over the homes of sleeping men. I saw it falling on the gray rocks of the ocean—O, so solemn and awful by night—and I saw it fall on the broad highway of travel and on the little footpath; on all things it fell and wrapped them in its whiteness.

And then the morning came. And it peered into the dim woodland, into

"Forest and fell

The field and the dell,"

on the broad highway and the little footpath. The sun shone broadly upon them all. And every deed of the vanished night was written in the tell-tale snow.

I saw the tracks where the hillside fox had prowled, and the spot where the wolf had torn his prey. I saw the footsteps of the thief who had fled with his booty and of the murderer whose deed of darkness had been coupled with the night. I saw too where the poor with lagging steps had turned from the rich man's door and where the feet of mercy had sought out the shivering poor.

"Each left his track where his foot did fall:

The night remembered and told it all."

The poem ends thus:—

"So, sooner or later each hidden deed,
Wrought in darkness where none can read,
Shall stand confessed; for a Light sublime
Will arise at last, when the night is done,
And truth will shine as another sun.
For the elements all are in league with the Right,
And they serve her cause with a tireless might;
The earth is the Lord's, and whatever befall,
Will mark, will remember, will publish all."

I hope some one else enjoyed that poem as much as I did. It is written by the Rev. W. H. Savage. It comes to us from the world but it is beautiful and good, isn't it?

Have you read the address of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer on Intemperance? What do you think of her conviction that "many a hard, cruel, revengeful man, who steels his heart from pity and grinds the face of the poor and studies dally how he may punish his enemies, stands lower down in the scale of human virtue than many a drink-sodden creature, who, 'when he is himself,' yearns hopelessly after the good he has lost hold upon, and who reverences in his hopeless heart all that is sweet and pure," and "that many a cold censorious woman, who stabs her sisters with slanderous words, and blasphemes against her motherhood by harsh and bitter ways, is as much a fallen woman, is as far from the ideal womanly sweetness and helpfulness, as is the poor lost creature whose shameful life has yet not killed in her kindness and gentle care toward those around her." This thought has been impressed upon me at times; I wonder how many agree with it: I want to speak, too, of those articles that have been running for some time through *Autumn Leaves*, those by Bro. Heman Smith, "What Must I do to be Saved?" I think I never was more impressed by anything I have ever read or heard than by one of those articles. I dropped my head in my hands and from my heart there went up to my Father one of the most earnest petitions I have ever attempted to raise to him, that I might be saved, that I might be helped to cultivate the virtues and to overcome all things of opposite nature.

To-day I picked up an old newspaper and, casually scanning its columns, I was attracted by the address, if such it may be called, of Edward Everett Hale delivered upon the last anniversary of Washington's birthday. Of this masterly effort made before a select audience which literally packed the Auditorium from footlights to the twinkling arches overhead it is said, "The genial, hale old Bostonian talked of Washington, the man. He told stories of his imperfections, his love affairs, his home life, early recklessness. The speaker called it dispelling the dust from about the idol. Yet when he had concluded Washington had been made a great and lovable character." As I read it occurred to me that we have reason to appreciate the fact that some who are now justly held in high esteem among us have chosen with their own pens to give us a glimpse of the

child-life that was theirs and of the experiences that led up to their reception of the gospel. Too many let the cares of life press out its joyousness; too many let the heart grow old and weary; too many forget their own childhood and as a consequence cannot understand, cannot be patient with the children about them. I'll warrant you the children find a sympathetic heart in the Beatrice Witherspoon of to-day. I've been glad to follow the pages of her story. I trembled with her when she let the oxen get into the peas, I pulled heartily with her when she slipped into the tub of pig feed and stuck fast, and I knew just how she felt when she mourned over her failures while struggling to get religion, when she was sure there was "quite a puddle of tears, on the bench in front of her at prayer time." It reminded me of a time when a little friend and I ventured timidly to the altar, our faces pensive, our hearts—or mine anyway—full of hopes and fears, of longings and strivings, and just as we knelt and bowed our heads upon the little railing before us, Frankie's hat rolled off inside and away in the direction of the minister. What a trouble she was in! How to get it she didn't know and how she did, I don't know.

One of the best of modern instructors advises teachers to seek the avenues to others' hearts by studying their own and I hope I shall never grow so old that I shall forget how it feels to be young. I hope I shall always be interested in childhood, in its griefs, its joys, its experiences.

We can never measure the progress any man or woman has made unless we know the starting point, and when I look upon or listen to a noted man or woman I want to know of the childhood of that person. Last week I read aloud to an aged Saint that masterly effort of Bro. Joseph Luff that came to us with the last *Herald*, and when I recall portions of his life sketch as he has given it to us, I am glad to know in what school of instruction and by what course of training God has exalted the little Canadian lad and given him words of eloquence and power. I am glad that He who marks the sparrow and feeds the raven knows what love of goodness and truth may lie in the heart under all the boyish love of fun.

I have chatted at length and told of my preferences. May I hear from some one else?

MARGARET.

God's love—forget it not, sorrowing one, lowest one, forgotten one—God's love is over all, yearning for all, enduring through all.—*William Rudder*.

Editor's Corner.

ON THE WING.

On the pier close to the battle ship Illinois we came to the model United States Life Saving Station. The day was warm, the skies clear, and the plash of the waves as they rippled against the embankment fell upon the ear with a soothing murmur. Here, in the midst of many ingenious contrivances for saving life, we found an ordinary boat, one which but for our knowledge of other facts would have possessed little of interest for us.

"It is self-baling and self-righting," explained the polite seaman in charge.

"But what is the meaning of these holes extending entirely through it?" we questioned. "How long since it was invented and by whom?"

"I cannot tell you," he answered, "but if you will remain here just a moment I will call the Lieutenant who will tell you all about it."

"Is it one of your best life-boats?" we inquired of the Lieutenant, after he had explained its construction and informed us that it had been invented some time during the seventeenth century.

"Not one of our best," he replied, "because, being heavier than some others, it is not so easily handled."

"But supposing a long voyage was to be taken," we questioned, "how then? Would this boat be as good the others?"

"In that case it would be the best of any of them," he replied.

Here his attention was demanded by others, and as we stood there our eyes took in the vast expanse of water stretching away in the distance until far in the horizon line and seemingly mingled with the clouds.

With the swiftness of thought back through the long, long centuries our mind traveled until in imagination we stood beside the waters of the mighty ocean and there saw a little company of men and women gathered beneath the forest trees, skirting its shore. They were few in number, but some of them were brave in heart; for they knew that God was their leader. Behind them was the confusion of all their kindred, for they were fugitives fleeing from the Tower of Babel, where the wife no longer understood the speech of her husband and the child would never again know the meaning of its mother's voice.

Unto these few the Lord had shown mercy,

because they had sought him in faith and their language had not been confounded. But now their faith was to be tried even as God had tried the faith of Abraham. Before them dark, sullen with depths unfathomed and bounds unknown stretched the mighty ocean, while just ready to launch upon its waters were a few small craft the Lord had commanded them to build according to the instruction he had given them. And while these boats were tight like the ark of Noah, in one respect they resembled the boat before us: *they were pierced with holes from top to bottom.*

In these boats not only did those people embark, but they crossed the ocean in safety, landed upon this continent thousands of years before Columbus was born and here established a civilization some of the remains of which are yet with us. A civilization antedating that of the Cliff Dwellers themselves. But we are anticipating.

As we turned away from the boat pierced with holes, which the intelligent officer of the United States Government had unhesitatingly assured us would be the best among his collection for the purpose of a long voyage, in our heart we thanked God for one other stumbling-block removed, one other evidence furnished by an unbelieving world in proof of the fact that the plain, unvarnished story of the Book of Mormon contains nothing which, when put to the test, will not be found credible, whether men in their prejudice are willing to accept it or not.

Ever since the coming forth of this book the boats which were constructed by the brother of Jared and the little company of fugitives who came to this continent with him, have been held up (because of the statement that they were pierced through with holes) to greater ridicule by the Christian ministry, than ever the story of Jonah and the whale by infidels. Yet the same God who "prepared a great fish to swallow Jonah" gave to the brother of Jared the plan or model for building the small boats in which he and his company crossed the unknown deep, and after all these years of adverse criticism there comes from a highly intelligent officer of one of the foremost nations of the earth the ready acknowledgement, "In case of a long voyage it would be the best of any."

Truth can well afford to wait, for her vindication is only a matter of time.

A short distance to the south of the Liberal Arts Building, where the eyes have grown weary and the brain has been bewildered with the magnificent display of the finest fabrics from the looms of all nations; where the costly potteries, the finely spun glass, the richly decorated china, the magnificently designed vases, to say nothing of the work in marble, bronze, gold, and silver bespeak a civilization almost bordering on the marvelous; we come upon the exact reproduction of "Battle Rock Mountain," a building in which are stored the relics of what, to the world at large, is a prehistoric race, a people who evidently inhabited the dizzy heights of the almost inaccessible cliffs of the Rocky Mountains centuries ago. Do you ask what connection even the most vivid imagination can discover between the two? We answer, "History is forever and ever repeating itself," and in those mouldering and dust-covered relics we have the witness to this fact.

As we passed through the former building there was in our minds a constant undertone of thought and reflection. It was like the shadow to the substance, but to us was terribly distinct and real.

We stood by the German Pavilion, magnificent in its conception, as perfect in its detail, gazing upon the rooms exquisitely fitted up in blue and gold in imitation of rooms in the Imperial Palace at Berlin, in one of which is hung a life-sized portrait of the Emperor of Germany, by a famous master; by the English Pavilion, an exact reproduction of the famous dining room of Hatfield House, which is acknowledged to be the best specimen of Elizabethan architecture now in existence, and beneath whose richly paneled ceiling Henry the VIII. and Queen Elizabeth took their daily meals; the French Section hung with Gobelin tapestries, said to be the finest in the world, together with rooms for bronzes, jewelry, and magnificent household decorations; by the Russian Pavilion grand in extent and decoration, to say nothing of China, Siam, and other foreign nations nor of the display of our own government, almost exhaustless and countless; and by each substance stood the shadow, and the words kept repeating themselves, "Though hand join in hand—"

Pride and disregard of justice bring sin and contempt for the law of God in their train, and as we gazed and marveled at the magnificent panorama spread before our eyes, ever the words oppression, injustice, unrepaid toil, kept repeating themselves and before our mind's eye

was passing a pale, attenuated, hollow-eyed, sin-stained, and shivering throng, men, women, and helpless children, ever extending pleading hands and turning haggard, beseeching faces for the justice which came not, whose feet are slow and O, so tardy! But again the words, "Though hand join in hand, saith the Lord, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

Slowly we passed through the Cliff Dweller's Exhibit and gazed with strange interest upon the mouldering, dust-covered relics of a people of whose history the exhibitors of these relics themselves are ignorant. That they were a race superior to the Indians, the shape of their heads and the fineness of their hair attest, and, while the pottery is rude and the remnants of their woven cloth is not among the finest, yet we doubt if to-day our skilled workmen were reduced to the using of no better tools or material than these had, if even they would do much better, if indeed their wares would make a more slightly appearance after having been buried for centuries beneath the accumulating dust of ages.

As we passed along examining first the reproduction of their dwellings, then the stone implements, knives, bows, and arrows, jars of different shapes and patterns, filled with seeds of melons, squash, gourds, and corn; many of which remain just as they were when taken from around the dead, where they had possibly been placed for the purpose of refreshing them upon their long and unknown journey, and finally were shown a number of the mummies taken from the cliff-dwellings, there passed in swift review before us the graphic account given by the Prophet Nephi of this band of Gadianton robbers who dwelt in the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains and sallying forth from time to time committed depredations upon his people who dwelt in the valleys. The time came when justice was meted out to them and they were exterminated from the face of the land, all save a few who repented and turned away from the evil they had wrought. In their turn, when the Nephites departed from following after justice and rendering obedience to the law of God, they were swept from the face of this land, and the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, has declared that thus it shall be for all time for he will not suffer those who pollute this land to remain, but when the nation has filled the cup of its iniquity it shall be destroyed.

In the days when these robbers dwelt in their mountain fastnesses, they never tried to cover their iniquity with a cloak, but were the open and avowed enemies of the peaceful dwellers

who tilled the valley. To-day the nation is being wound in the coils of serpents whose oozing deadly slime is lubricating every bone and sinew of her mighty frame, and with swift strides is hurrying to meet her fate. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." The individual sin is not always punished in this life, but nations, as nations, do not exist hereafter, hence when they depart from justice, truth, and equity they are but moving to their doom.

Strange thoughts to intrude themselves in the midst of one of the most magnificent spectacles the world was ever permitted to gaze upon! Strange but not stranger than the contrast presented by the mouldering relics of the Cliff-dwellers, whose grim skeletons have been exhumed from the rocky tombs of the mountains and placed in juxtaposition to the accumulated treasures of the entire world. In thinking upon these things, this lesson which history is forever repeating, the words of Coleridge come to mind. "Truths," he says, "of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."

We had intended to conclude our notes on the Fair this issue, but will be compelled to continue them.

In our present issue will be found the last number of the series of articles by Bro. Heman Smith, "What Must I do to be Saved?" and we know that many of our readers share with us the regret we feel that we have reached the end. If all who have had the privilege of reading them have not been largely benefited, lifted into a purer atmosphere and afforded broader, more ennobling views of life, then we feel constrained to say the fault lies with themselves.

May God inspire and send to us more teachers of the gospel like the author of these articles! Then will the church begin to realize her mission to the world, to realize that she herself must be pure and, that while her lamp is trimmed and burning, it is to be placed where others may see it and be guided by its light; but above all will she be stripped of the egotism which is sometimes displayed, and every member will be made to feel and to know that every truth, every ray of light which they have received more than the world at large, is given them *in trust* for the benefit of others. Let the young read carefully and ponder well the sublime truths set

forth so clearly in these articles, and especially do we commend to all Sunday school workers his words in reference to them and their work. God speed the day when the true relationship of the home and the Sunday school to the church will be more fully understood as well as more jealously guarded.

For some time we have been intending to speak of Sr. Burton's serial, "Beatrice Wither-spoon," and while we are much pleased with the high estimate placed upon it by our correspondent, "Margaret," and feel that we can add but little to what she has so happily said, we do feel like saying that we esteem her estimate as to what both Sr. Burton and Bro. Luff have done for the church in thus portraying child life from a true and faithful standpoint, is none too high, neither is it overdrawn. We have often wondered why it is that so few writers have the happy faculty of portraying *child-life*. Presenting it to us, not in a character of immaculate goodness, neither as incorrigibly bad but true to life as children are, many of whom develop into characters noble and lovely. Is it because they have forgotten "the joyousness of their own youth" or because that youth held little of joyousness? Certain it is that in the "dusting process" these highly esteemed laborers for Christ, have but brought into clearer relief the pure gold of noble characters.

AGAIN the season is just on the border land of waning into the sere and yellow leaf. Born in the autumn and christened with reference not only to the period of annual return, but to the period of the world's history as well, our magazine comes at this season to the contemplation of the future and stands face to face with the question of its future prospects. Inter-dependence is one strong bond in the relationship of the human family. We acknowledge with gratitude our indebtedness to our friends in the past, and still feel our dependence upon them for the future. We have endeavored upon our part to make the magazine worthy of support and shall continue to do so. It has become absolutely necessary for us to adopt *payment in advance*, or discontinue its publication. Let our friends remember this, and if not prepared to send the money when their time expires, write us to that effect and make special arrangement for its continuance.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Review of Reviews* for September is a number of fine variety and timeliness. It

epitomizes and synchronizes the whole planet for the month of August, 1893. It discusses the monetary crisis, the silver debate, the tariff outlook, the Bering Sea decision, the French attack on Siam, the progress of the Home Rule bill, the politics of the European continent, various matters at Chicago and the World's Fair and a hundred other timely subjects, the whole number being profusely illustrated with portraits and pictures. A sketch of Engineer Ferris and his great wheel is a singularly readable and attractive article, and Mr. Stead contributes a most note-

worthy character sketch of Lady Henry Somerset. There is an illustrated review of the fascinating story of Joan of Arc, the inspired Maid of Orleans and a group of papers on the silver question by professors in the University of Chicago. The "Leading Articles of the Month" are notably well selected, while the "Record of Current Events" gives one a summary day by day of the remarkable course of the recent monetary crisis, and the cartoon reproductions in the "Current History in Caricature" are uncommonly entertaining.

Daughters of Zion.

C. B. KELLEY, EDITOR.

"Unity of work is the hope of our cause."

THE OUTCAST'S PRAYER.

My sad heart lies wounded and broken,
Pierced through with a dagger of flame:
The shreds which remain are a token
Of a woman's swift downfall and shame.

To-night I am homeless and friendless
Where once I had friendship and love;
That love to my fancy seemed endless
And true as the bright stars above.

I loved him, O pity me heaven!
Let me die as I kneel here to-night
While the moonbeams and stars of the even
Shed about me their silvery light.

O Father of mercy, forsaken!
I'm an outcast wherever I roam,
All faith in mankind rudely shaken,
The blue vault of heaven, my home.

God help me, no wrong I intended;
I loved as have others before;
My once happy life is now ended;
Deep darkness now covers me o'er.

In a dream I hear murmuring voices,
A snatch of a low, sweet refrain;
Though all earth in the springtime rejoices
My heart will ne'er waken again.

O Savior in heaven, have pity;
My sinfulness wilt thou forgive;
Take me home to that beautiful city
In freedom and peace there to live.

The sun o'er the hilltop is peeping;
His light falls subdued on the face
Of the outcast now silently sleeping

Awaiting God's judgment and grace.

MINA A. PERKINS.

LITTLE SIOUX, Dec., 17, 1892.

SEPTEMBER has come and gone, and with it the very important time of the opening of school.

The children after their summer vacation have once more entered upon the duties connected with school life. Some of them for the first time have left the home nest and started in this important epoch.

Mothers, are we doing our duty by assisting in this school work, or are we simply letting the children get ready and go, or, go without being ready as the case might be, and leaving the rest to the teacher? I trust the day is past, if in truth it ever was, when any mother could simply feel to let her little ones go to get rid of their noise, or, for the sake of having them out of her way, and for some one else to look after for a time.

While we should all feel pleased at having good schools to which to send our children, and do all in our power to help make them so; we believe it is with feelings of regret that every true mother starts her little ones forth to battle alone with even the little trials that they often meet with here.

It is not all, to see that their clothes are in readiness to make them look tidy and neat, nor that they have books, and utensils necessary for the work to be done. Granting that these are important, and should not be neglected in any case, there is much still for a

mother to do. See to it that you do not neglect to help in training that child mind. To relax in this at this time is to miss the richest opportunity.

We know of no better way, if there should be need, of elevating the morals of our public schools, than for the parents to work in harmony with the teacher in stamping out whatever may come up, and not be ready upon a narrow view to cry out against the system of education.

We should help every youth to form, at the outset of his career, the solemn purpose to make the most and the best of the powers God has given him, and to use to the best possible account every outward advantage within his reach. This purpose must carry with it the assent of the reason, the approval of the conscience, the sober judgment of the intellect.

It should then, embody within itself, whatever is proper in desire, inspiring in hope, thrilling in enthusiasm and intense in worthy resolve.

Such a plan of life will save him from many a damaging contest with evil communications, and help to regulate for good his sports and recreations.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS (Continued.)

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH has written a witty little monograph on this relation of parents and children. I am glad to say, too, that it is addressed to fathers,—that "left wing" of the family guard, which generally manages to retreat during any active engagement, leaving the command to the inferior officer. This "left wing" is imposing on all full dress parades, but when there is any fighting to be done it retires rapidly to the rear, and only wheels into line when the smoke of the conflict has passed out of the atmosphere.

"Open your heart and your arms wide for your daughters," he says, "and keep them wide open; don't leave all that to their mothers. An intimacy will grow with the years which will fit them for another man's arms and heart when they exchange yours for his. Make a chum of your boy,—bail-fellow-well-met, a comrade. Get down to the level of his boyhood, and bring him gradually up to the level of your manhood. Don't look at him from the second story window of your fatherly superiority and example. Go into the front yard and play ball with him. When he gets into scrapes, don't thrash him as your father did you. Put your arm around his neck, and say you know it is pretty bad, but that he can count on you to help him out, and that you will, every single time, and that if he had let

you know earlier, it would have been all the easier."

Again, the child has a right to more justice in his discipline than we are generally wise and patient enough to give him. He is by and by to come in contact with a world where cause and effect follow each other inexorably. He has a right to be taught, and to be governed by the laws under which he must afterwards live; but in too many cases parents interfere so mischievously and unnecessarily between causes and effects that the child's mind does not, cannot, perceive the logic of things as it should. We might write a pathetic remonstrance against the Decline and Fall of Domestic Authority. There is food for thought, and perhaps for fear, in the subject; but the facts are obvious, and their inevitableness must strike any thoughtful observer of the times. "The old educational regime was akin to the social systems with which it was contemporaneous; and similarly, in the reverse of these characteristics, our modern modes of culture correspond to our more liberal religious and political institutions."

It is the age of independent criticism. The child problem is merely one phase of the universal problem that confronts society. It seems likely that the rod of reason will have to replace the rod of birch. Parental authority never used to be called into question; neither was the catechism, nor the Bible, nor the minister. How should parents hope to escape the universal interrogation point leveled at everything else? In these days of free speech it is hopeless to suppose that even infants can be muzzled. We revel in our republican virtues; let us accept the vices of those virtues as philosophically as possible.

A lady has been advertising in a New York paper for a German governess "to mind a little girl three years old." The lady's English is doubtless defective, but the fate of the governess is thereby indicated with much greater candor than is usual.

The mother who is most apt to infringe on the rights of her child (of course with the best intentions) is the "firm" person, afflicted with the "lust of dominion." There is no elasticity in her firmness to prevent it from degenerating into obstinacy. It is not the firmness of the tree that bends without breaking, but the firmness of a certain long-eared animal whose force of character has impressed itself on the common mind and become proverbial.

Jean Paul says if "*Pas trop gouverner*" is the best rule in politics, it is equally true of discipline.

But if the child is unhappy who has none of his rights respected, equally wretched is the little despot who has more than his own rights, who has never been taught to respect the rights of others, and whose only conception of the universe is that of an absolute monarchy in which he is sole ruler.

"Children rarely love those who spoil them, and never trust them. Their keen young sense detects the false note in the character and draws its own conclusions, which are generally very just."

The very best theoretical statement of a wise disciplinary method that I know is Herbert Spencer's. 'Let the history of your domestic rule typify, in little, the history of our political rule; at the outset, autocratic control, where control is really needful; by and by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject; gradually ending in parental abdication.'

We must not expect children to be too good; not any better than we ourselves, for example; no, nor even as good. Beware of hothouse virtue. "Already most people recognize the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a moral precocity which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence, they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character."

In these matters the child has a right to expect examples. He lives in the senses; he can only learn through object lessons, can only pass from the concrete example of goodness to a vision of abstract perfection.

"O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule.

And sun thee in the light of happy faces?

Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,

And in thine own heart let them first keep school."

Yes, "in thine own heart let them first keep school!" I cannot see why Max O'Rell should have exclaimed with such unction that if he were to be born over again he would choose to be an American woman. He has never tried being one. He does not realize that she not only has in hand the emancipation of the American woman, but the reformation of the American man and the education of the American child. If that triangular mission in life does not keep her out of mischief and make

her the angel of the twentieth century, she is a hopeless case.

Spencer says, "It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude."

Women have been fighting many battles for the higher education these last few years; and they have nearly gained the day. When at last complete victory shall perch upon their banners, let them make one more struggle, and that for the highest education, which shall include a specific training for parenthood, a subject thus far quite omitted from the curriculum.

The mistaken idea that instinct is a sufficient guide in so delicate and sacred and vital a matter, the comfortable superstition that babies bring their own directions with them,—these fictions have existed long enough. If a girl asks me why, since the function of parenthood is so uncertain, she should make the sacrifices necessary to such training, sacrifices entailed by this highest education of body mind, and spirit, I can only say that it is better to be ready, even if one is not called for, than to be called for and found wanting.

THE POSSIBILITIES OPEN TO THE CHILD AND THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PARENTS.

BY ANNA STEDMAN.

Read before a meeting of Daughters of Zion, Lamoni, Io.

We shall not claim for this paper originality; we shall claim for it an appreciation of the truths uttered by others who have given to the subject under consideration more thought and extended investigation than we have as yet been able to give.

In the contemplation of the subject before us to-day, thought reverts first to the object of our being, to the reason for our being subjected to the experiences of the life we spend in the present state.

In the words of Mother Eve, "Men are that they might have joy." Man had joy in Eden until he became disobedient; since then the one grand lesson of life, repeated over and over, in all the varied experiences of the life of each individual is what some one has called "voluntary obedience, the last lesson in life,

the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels."

It is the first lesson and the last, obedience. Holy men of God have taught it and the Son himself came down and exemplified it when he "humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death on the cross." Through him was the gospel preached and from the first step, faith, upward through every ordinance and every principle that leads man, the erring child, back to the bliss of his Father's presence, the true finger of Jesus points the learner up to the will of the Father.

Now why is this lesson so repeatedly impressed, why is it sometimes forced upon us, through pain and distress of body and mind, to see that violated law, which is disobedience to law, brings us suffering, that in keeping the law there is great reward? "The object of true discipline is the formation of character, and it should produce a human being master of his impulses, his passions, and his will."

This is the bright possibility, open to the race, the one to which all the forces of good lend their aid, and this is the possibility, the highest our minds conceive, the perfect freedom of man from spot or stain of sin.

How long the patience of God must labor to this end we know not; what course his love and wisdom may plan to complete the work begun in this life we know not; but that this is the line along which we must advance we feel sure, that the lesson for us to learn and to teach is obedience to law we are certain.

We have taken a general and extended view of the possible upward course of a soul. It is possible instead of this to take the downward course from the innocence of childhood through a debased condition of manhood or womanhood to the reformatory discipline of the prison-house.

We are in God's hands; we are his refractory children; and though it take us all of life to learn it, we shall eventually learn one lesson, that with all his love, yes, because of his love, and with all his mercy and patience, he is firm and his laws are fixed, and "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

In how many ways we are appealed to that we may be inclined to keep the commands of God. Man's love of himself is here appealed to in the warning that if he sin he shall surely suffer and that if he do well he shall have joy, but as love is stronger than fear, as it is more beautiful than selfishness, as it is the love of God for the world of men, made manifest in the giving of his Son, that shall leaven all the lump, that shall transform and redeem the

race, so the wise Maker, who knows the heart of man better than man himself knows it, appeals to this higher quality of human nature and in that stern decree, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," we see a lever that shall be for the uplifting and elevation of the race.

Man, though fallen, bears yet his Maker's image, and few are they whose hearts cannot be reached by the things that are tender and helpless and weak. Our subject to-day takes up the responsibility of parents, but ah! we feel the word is but a cold, dead one that poorly represents the living fountain of pure waters that springs up in the hearts of those to whom God gives little children, whose delicate little bodies they are to nourish and clothe, whose minds they are to educate, and to whom they are to teach the fear of the Lord, the beginning of wisdom.

Mere responsibility would make this but a heavy burden, but that spark of divine love makes the nature buoyant, and where duty would drag her lagging steps, love runs with eagerness, where duty with the sigh of weary relief would bring in her handful of leaves, love comes rejoicing bearing her harvest sheaves, where cold duty would force herself to do and to bear, love's own warm heart seeks out her tasks and makes the labor light.

In speaking of the development that comes to man and woman in the discharge of parental duties, Spencer says, "How admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude."

This is the thought we have endeavored to make plain, that where man's love of himself might fail to lift him up, his love for the little creatures dependent in many ways upon him causes him to subject himself to voluntary discipline, and we may say of this parental love as Shakespeare of the quality of mercy, "It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." No man or woman can seek, in the generosity of love, to do good to the little ones, to minister to their needs, to guide them in their years of inexperience, and not involuntarily keep closer guard over himself, and thereby gain in self-control, in becoming that strong, free, upright creature, his own master.

For this reason we have said that in the decree, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," we see a lever that shall elevate the race. Men and women seek to do

their children good because they love them, and good comes to them from the effort

Plato said, many centuries ago: "The best way of training the young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be always carrying out your own principles in practice," and a later writer says, "It seems crystal-clear at the outset that you cannot govern a child if you have never learned to govern yourself."

Dr. Harris says, "The lowest classes of society are the lowest, not because there is any organized conspiracy to keep them down, but because they are lacking in directive power," and Mrs. Kate Wiggin says, "The jails, the prisons, the reformatories, are filled with men who are there because they were weak, more than because they were evil. If the right discipline in home and school had been given them, they would never have become the charge of the nation." Here is suggested the responsibility that rests upon parents and teachers, but in view of the fact that there are many who essay to teach and train children who are themselves untaught and untrained. Dr. Channing wisely says, "The hope of the world lies in the fact that parents cannot make of their children what they will."

We do not understand from this that he underestimated the opportunities, power, or duties that peculiarly belong to parents, but we believe that he detected an obstacle to the perfect development of many children in the fact that they suffer from neglect or unwise methods of training, and he deemed it well that those unwise methods sometimes failed. There is a sad truth in the words of one of the characters of Charles Dickens, who, looking back over the wreck of a life and tracing her misfortunes unerringly to their source, a wretched home-life, said to her mother, "Your childhood was much like mine, I suppose; so much worse for both of us."

There is a limit to the responsibility of parents. They are not responsible for the loss that comes to them and through them to their children because they failed to receive

in youth wise counsel and judicious training; they are not entirely responsible for all that their children become, for those children have their agency, their will, which rightfully asserts its prerogatives and which God recognizes and teaches us to recognize. Parents are responsible for the manner in which they dispose of opportunities to remedy the defects in themselves; they are responsible for the manner in which they make use of opportunities to acquaint themselves with the needs of childhood; they are responsible for the use they make of the knowledge they have, for the efforts they may make or fail to make to bring their children under proper influences.

Pestalozzi says that he considers attention to early physical and intellectual education as "merely leading to a higher aim, to qualify the human being for the free and full use of all the faculties implanted by the Creator, and to direct all these faculties toward the perfection of the whole being of man, that he may be enabled to act in his peculiar station as an instrument of that All-wise and Almighty power that has called him into life."

"Every human being," said he, "has a claim to a judicious development of his faculties by those to whom the care of his infancy is confided," and he adds that what is demanded of mothers, whom he regards as the principal agents in the work of development, is a *thinking* love.

"It is recorded," said he again, "that God opened the heavens to the patriarch of old, and showed him a ladder leading thither. This ladder is let down to every descendant of Adam; it is offered to thy child. But he must be taught to climb it. And let him not attempt it by the cold calculations of the head, or the mere impulse of the heart; but let all these powers combine, and the noble enterprise will be crowned with success. These powers are already bestowed on him, but to thee it is given to *assist* in calling them forth." Parents, then, are responsible for the effort made to supply this demand not only upon their love but upon their intelligence.

THE STORM.

A saffron cloud scuds swift a-down the west.

From distant meads where drowsy mists hang low

A dewy breeze springs up whose faint breaths blow

As fitful prophecies of strange unrest;

High through the purple gloom, with flaming crest,

A heron wings his skyward flight, and slow,

From out the stilly wood long shadows go
Like armed warriors plumed and dapple dressed.
In huddling groups the bleating sheep race by

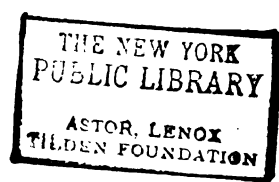
To gain the welcome refuge of their pen;

Wind-ripples o'er a golden sea of grain
Sport with the dusky spirits of the sky;

A hush, the purr of falling leaves, and then

We hear the rushing tumult of the rain.

—JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.



"There's nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild.
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child!"

AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 11.

FLORA—A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY T. S. BROWN.

FLORA was a horse. "Knows every one of us and every word we say."

Mr. Reed might well be pardoned for his extravagant praise of this trusty member of "his family." She did know more

from his homestead an almost unbroken prairie. Now and then at remote distances others, like himself, had commenced to open up homesteads, a scratch on the face of the mighty plain, a small shed, corn crib, and these you found beyond.

A winter of not suffering. Good fortune ran across the mighty

the rare ani- guide them- saved human

Thanksgiving. It had been any day, but had been opened when

say thousands) possesses. She would face a snowstorm without flinching or swerving if she knew her destination required her to do so.

The value of such a trait can only be appreciated by those who have lived upon our vast treeless, trackless plains. It seems to be the nature of all animals to turn and go before a storm of sleet or snow, and when one is found that will deliberately move against them without being forced to do so, it must be because of *will* and intelligence. Aye, more, it must be because of a certain amount of reasoning which tells them that the inconvenience so suffered will be rewarded.

Mr. Reed was an early settler or pioneer of Northwestern Iowa.

East, west, north, and south, stretched

early frost came, but the Reeds seemed to feel they had ample cause for thanksgiving, and though a time of feasting and rejoicing to them, they always remembered with full hearts the source from which all blessings flow. And now Mr. Reed must needs go to the distant town thirty-five miles over a prairie road and hardly a house in sight. The weather was mild for November, and as Mrs. Reed handed in an extra comfortable just as Mr. R. gathered up the reins to start, she remarked:—

"It looks now as though we might have an open winter."

"O, we shall; no doubt of it," was his reply, "I only hope it *won't open* 'till I get back."

How this family of father, mother,

three sons, and a daughter were drawn together by the bonds of affection! The deafness of the father cutting off in part his intercourse with his scattered neighbors only seemed to make him dearer to his own household.

And so they watched him go as they had many times before, expecting that at evening after three days had passed, they would all be straining their eyes away to the southeast where, on Avery's hill, nearly four miles away they had often seen a solitary wagon appear for a moment, outlined against the sky beyond and, coming nearer, it would be swallowed up in the ravines through which the road ran. And what joy that slow moving, far distant wagon created. Never a doubt but that it was he, and he had been gone *so long*. And he would bring some news to break the monotony of their prairie life, some echo from the busy world to the eastward, and then there would always be something unexpected, something they had had away back East, some half forgotten delicacy or some eastern apples or hickory nuts. Such simple things were prized, not for their value, but they had known them East and missed them here.

On the occasion of which I write Mr. Reed's mission was quite an important one. He carried many products of the farm as well as a goodly bundle of furs, the results of his son's trapping.

He would bring back yarns for winter socks and mittens, groceries to last nearly all winter, schoolbooks for the boys, a pair of boots for Milton, the eldest, and a pair of "taps" on his own, a few presents that must be kept till Christmas, and then if there was any money left a few apples or such luxuries as the market afforded.

He had a pleasant trip down, stopping for the night at Mr. Latham's, ten miles from town. The next day he would drive in, make his exchanges and get back and stop again at Mr. L's and in the morning start for home.

When he arrived in town, however, he found such ready sale for his produce that it was early disposed of; the purchase of his goods went rapidly forward, and his funds dwindled with corresponding rapidity till he found himself counting his cash to see if it could be made to cover all his wants.

It should be remembered that the Reeds were far from rich. Mr. Reed had wore a soldier overcoat into the town and rather a threadbare one at that. His cap had seen three hard winters, and his hands were gloveless. It happened therefore that as he passed the tempting array of gloves and mittens looking so warm and comfortable, he was sorely tempted to *squander* some of his money for those luxuries. He ran a stub of a lead pencil down over the carefully prepared list, but could not find a single item he dared to erase; then when the clerk was putting up the nutmegs he footed up the column and found he had enough left to get him a pair of warm mittens and right then "the iron entered the soul," for if he bought them he would have to pass right by a barrel of beautiful red apples, and the splendid atlas he had intended to buy as a grand surprise for studious Charley would have to be left on the shelf. *He could not do it*; he turned resolutely away from the tempting handwear saying to himself as he did so, "Mother can knit me some that will do and I will face them with a calfskin bootleg," and with a glow of satisfaction he saw the coveted book wrapped up and a half bushel of apples carefully sacked for the journey.

He arrived at Mr. Latham's fully two hours before he had expected. When he had left home there was a little snow on the ground. It was now nearly gone; the weather seemed warm, almost balmy, but he had been watching the horizon uneasily, and as Mr. Latham came out and laid hold of one of the traces to unhitch the team, Mr. Reed said, "John, I am going home! We are going to have a storm and a bad one." Just throw in my sack of oats and I think I can get home by ten o'clock to-night.

The team was yet fresh and started toward home very willingly. Mr. Reed watched the blue sky anxiously. It was very clear. It was *too* clear. About an hour before sundown a change came. The sun did not shine so bright, the sky was not so blue, the sunlight faded rapidly, a kind of darkness crept up from all around the horizon, a semi-twilight came on, not a breath stirred the dead grass and gum weeds by the roadside. The stillness grew oppressive; the air had grown cold; then something showed

clear and white on Flora's mane; a glistening bangle dropped between her and her mate; another and another came silently. It was snowing!

Mr. Reed had pushed forward rapidly, sturdily, and resolutely. Flora pressed ahead. Andy, her mate, was lagging a little. It was not unpleasant traveling, and though it was growing dark they would get through nicely if the wind did not blow, but it is snowing very heavily now. The road and the dead grass grow to a level; the wagon draws harder. Andy requires a whip now to make him keep up, something he has seldom known.

It has grown cold. Mr. Reed walks to keep warm. *If it only keeps calm!* But there is a sudden darkening, a cold breeze falls damply down from somewhere. It is too light to have any direction. It is suddenly colder. A stronger breeze is felt from the west. Soon it is blowing steadily and the snow begins to sing among the dry weeds. It is growing colder; the team is getting tired. Andy lags more, and the whip falls oftener. The driver has walked until he also is tired; he whips his hands around him to restore the circulation.

Avery's at last! Shall he stop and only four miles from home? The storm may last for days, and day after to-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and then his family will worry about him. This last argument has weight in it. He will go on. Soon heavier blasts meet them; the wind seems shifty; the snow is beginning to drift badly; it is getting terribly dark. Mr. Reed, walking by the wagon, can barely see by the white line in the dead grass that the team is keeping the road.

Somewhere, a mile or so from Avery's, tracks turn to right and left. Can he avoid turning into one of them? He does not know. It is blowing terribly now, and it is so dark that, bending down, he cannot tell whether he is in the road or not. A few rods more and he is sure they are going too far north. He tugs at the lines. Flora resists stubbornly and tosses her head and for the first time feels the lash. She turns to the south with a spring. The wind comes with a tremendous roar; the air seems a solid mass of drifting snow. A few rods further and the driver stops. He is not in the road. He goes around in front of the team, no road! Then he walks

around in a circle as far as he dare and not lose his bearings. No road anywhere. *It must be to the left.* He goes another quarter mile. Another fruitless search. "We cannot make it," he says aloud. "We must get back to Avery's. But where is Avery's and which way is the wind coming from? He is utterly bewildered as to the points of the compass and decides that the wind has veered round to the southeast! There is no road, no back track only a wild whirl of snow that is blinding to team and driver. He pulls the team round. Flora stoutly resists and, once turned, walks away unwillingly. Then they travel on and on till the driver can walk no longer. He wraps himself in a bed comforter, covers up the precious apples more closely, winds his hands in a little woollen scarf and crouches in the bottom of the wagon.

They have already gone more than the necessary distance. The team has been pulled to the right hand and to the left. The awful truth is now home upon the senses of the benumbed traveler *that he is hopelessly lost.*

The team is very tired. Andy lags alarmingly. Mr. Reed again walks round and round in search of something to guide him. It is no use. Then he goes up by the side of strong, patient Flora and putting his hands on her damp mane he says, "You were right, Flora. You must have been right, and I have been pulling you out of the track all the time. *Flora, we are lost!* Go home, Flora," and Flora picks up her ears and, turning her head, looks sharply away into the driving storm.

"Go home, Flora!" again calls Mr. Reed from the wagon and gives her free rein, and they start once more, cramping short round. Flora puts her nose resolutely into the very face of the tempest. Andy cringes and tries to escape the punishment, but she fairly carries him along. Then the bewildered driver stops them again and cries, "Flora you're just wrong! We want to go northwest and you are going east." Then he added suddenly, "*But go; we will get somewhere,* or you would never face such a storm," and again they push forward against the blast. Poor Andy! He would have been glad to stop anywhere, to turn anywhere, but Flora is running things now, and she plunges ahead with terrible

energy. Mr. Reed gave up entirely direction and location. He knew they went up and down hills; sometimes they turned to right or left as though to avoid some obstacle, perhaps a prairie slough, but Flora always came back like a needle to the pole to face the wind. She was bound for some place surely. Mr. Reed knew there was but one bridge on Pilot Creek. If they got home they must pass over that, but he was certain, very certain, they were not going toward home. It seemed they must be traveling toward the very bounds of desolation.

Should he ever see home again? A great fear crept over him. The time seemed so long. He was chilled to the marrow, and his life depended upon that noble animal that was struggling on, half dragging her exhausted mate.

What a change from his home leaving! Were they looking for him? Would the faithful old house dog run out and bark in vain for his coming? What would those at home be thankful for if he did not get home? He was getting chilled and that thought ran like a song through his mind. Could they be thankful if he was lost? Would they ever be thankful again? It seemed to him they had traveled for hours. Andy could now barely stagger along. Flora pulled the whole load by the stay chains. She was very tired; the wagon ran heavily; they crept along merely. Once or twice Mr. Reed thought he felt the influence of timber or other windbreak. The team turned short to the right, soon short to the left again. Poor old man! he began to think Flora had either made a mistake or had no fixed objective point. But why had she faced the wind so persistently? He could not solve it. Would they keep Thanksgiving, if he did not come? Could they be thankful for anything? The team had almost stopped once or twice. Andy hardly heeded the whip and the driver groaned. Now they are making one of those curious turns to the left again. How slowly they go, slowly, slower yet—they stop!

With a half cry of desperation Mr. Reed raises the heavy whip, but he does not strike. Can you guess what stopped him? No? Well, it was the savory smell of pop corn and butter, a curious incense for such a place, and as the familiar smell reaches his nostrils, a thrill like

fire runs through his chilled frame. Then there comes from out the snow and darkness a great uproar. In the next instant a door opens in the side of the night and a great square bar of light leaps out and past the startled traveler, and here comes the dog, gone mad with joy, and then the boys as noisy as the dog, then mother and "Mintie."

He is looking right into his own door! The fire is glowing in the great cook stove; the table stands ready set; the pendulum of the tall clock swings with its old peaceful rhythm; the old man sees all this dazedly as one in a dream. Then the gray pinched face falls into the cold thin hands and he says brokenly, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The team is soon in its warm quarters, the driver is thawing out before the blazing fire, and explaining the noble conduct of Flora. "As long as she lives she shall stay with us," he says. Then supper steaming hot is placed on the table.

It is almost midnight. He draws up his chair to the side of the table nearest the fire; then mother takes the seat opposite—but what is this? Mintie has taken her place and the boys follow with alacrity. What! haven't you all been to supper? Then Mintie explains:—

"You see ma declared you were at Mr. Latham's, but that did not prevent her getting a late supper or going to the door so often to look and listen for you. Then when we sat down to supper she could not eat and that took away our appetites, —partly—looking over at Charley. Then we decided to remain up till midnight so we popped corn to pass away the time—and Oh! we are so glad you came!" Mr. Reed made no audible reply but bowing his head reverently he returned thanks.

IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

Full fifty years, sweet love together
We wander on 'gainst wind and weather
Beneath love's fond, impulsive sway,
It seemed but like a single day.

Not quite a week the grasses wave,
Dear heart, upon thy hillside grave—
And yet a thousand years to be
It seems since thou art gone from me.

SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

The Lord in his mercy complete
Has called us aside from the strife,
And again he has planted our wandering feet
To abide in the straighter and narrower street
That will lead to the fountain of life.

Though the thorns and briars around,
As a menace and barrier stand,
Though our feet shall be wounded, and torn,
and unbound,
By the sharp pointed rocks that appear on the
ground,
As we march through the desolate land,

We pause not to murmur or sigh;
For we know that the end draweth near,
That the roses and lilies will bloom by and by
And the clouds disappear from the lowering
sky
When the light of the Lord doth appear.

We touch not his garment and start
To shrink from his virtue in fear;
For now he has called us and set us apart
And implanted his seal on our forehead and
heart
As the mark of our heritage here.

We see by the light of the star
Of faith on our horizon's rim,
That across the broad valleys and mountains
afar
The gates of the beautiful city ajar
Stand awaiting our entrance in.

If only one truth we have caught
From the lips of the wise and the blest,
It is this, that the men who have struggled and
fought
With the legions of wrong, for the truth they
were taught,
Shall attain unto glory and rest.

The songs we endeavor to sing,
The greatest of deeds we have done,
Are as only a prelude to those that shall ring
Through the years, when the angels of glory shall bring
The glad summons to action begun.

STATE BUILDINGS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

EVERY liberty-loving American takes pride in his State building, which represents home to him in the "white city."

Here you can lounge, read the papers, or eat your lunch with the satisfaction of having as much right there as anyone. You look in the register and find names from your own county, and it gives you a feeling of love toward all that makes the "whole world kin."

Our State building, Iowa, was of great interest to us. Here you see strong, rugged farmers grasping hands with one another and tired, sunburned women on whose faces a smile would try to chase the wrinkles away as their eyes rested on the beautiful columns and pillars made from the ears of corn that possibly they had helped to gather. One end of the building is devoted to reception and committee rooms, post office, writing, and baggage rooms, assembly hall, and the photographic exhibit. The other half of

the building is a reproduction of the corn palace at Sioux City.

In the palace is a model of the State Capitol made of glass and filled with grain to represent the different colored marble and material used in the construction of the building proper.

Take a look at the literature and you will find the works of some of our own people, "Ruins Revisited," by S. F. Walker, of which Mrs. Maxwell, the lady in charge, said that it is one of the best of its kind she had ever read, "Pattie or Leaves from A Life," by E. Kearney, "With the Church in An Early Day," by Frances, also church books and papers.

At one corner overlooking the lake is an observatory, reached by a flight of stairs ascending from the palace. This room is used by the Iowa State band, which is called one of the finest bands at the Fair. We took a seat in one of the chairs and seem to hear yet the musical chime of bells pealing softly the beauti-

ful song of "Home Sweet Home" as borne to us by the waves of sound.

The palace is grand, and it is wonderful how corn can be adapted to decorative work. Iowans have shown a large amount of energy and genius in their building, and it may well be said:—

"The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled corn,
Of all our wealth the best."

Illinois takes the lead in her State building which is a grand exposition of all products of the State worthy of mention. The north wing is a fireproof memorial hall where are kept relics owned by the State. It is said that a tenth part of the space is devoted to the State Woman's Exhibit.

In one of the rooms we noticed a glass case in which beautiful lilies bent gracefully over lovely little daisies, a fringe of fuchsias twined in among fragrant roses, while callas, dahlias, primroses, carnations, and many other flowers were arranged in a charmingly careless profusion, and this lovely creation was all made from honeycomb.

A farm scene was made entirely of grain. There was the comfortable farm house and roomy barns, men and horses working in the fields of grain, line fences, roadway, and gate. In fact, it was a farm in miniature as real as possible to make it.

Here are to be found exhibits of educational and industrial work in the State, an exhibit by the fish commission with a hatchery and appliances, also a large aquarium.

Everybody has a wish to see Virginia, as it is a copy of George Washington's home, Mount Vernon. The house is two stories high, but the ceilings of the upper rooms are rather low. There are six rooms below. In the state banquet hall are to be found some of Washington's hair and a piece of Mrs. Washington's dress. We saw the piano and harpsichord of pretty Nelly Custis, and we thought of the dainty fingers that played on them so long ago.

The house contains many of the chairs and tables used by the family, which

were loaned by the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association who at present own the original Mount Vernon. There is a hole in the door of Mrs. Washington's room for the cat. Happy cat!

In the Japanese section is a bust of Washington. The eyes are rather on the oblique, but it is a delicate compliment to us from Japan. Looking out the back door down the colonnaded porches to the servants' quarters, we could see in fancy the box walk in the garden where Mrs. Washington's famous pinks grew.

Massachusetts' building is also a copy of an old colonial house and is similar to John Hancock's home. Here is the cradle that rocked five generations of the Adams family including the two presidents, also a desk of George Washington's used in Cambridge, and a mirror one hundred and fifty years old.

There are many historical relics that will be of much interest to all Americans.

In Wisconsin are pearls of all kinds, black, white, and pink, many of which were found in the Pecatonica River. On the west side is a stained glass window, presented by the city of West Superior, which is beautiful.

We went through the Florida building, and I confess I was disappointed. It is the queerest and oddest of any of the State buildings. It is a reproduction of old Fort Marion in St. Augustine, and looks very much like a deserted one at that. Life seemed to be deserting even the few palm trees and shrubs.

In entering North Dakota you pass under a stone arch above which is a carved panel containing the coat of arms of the State. The air is perfumed with the smell of grain. One of the attendants said there were one hundred and forty-six varieties of grain there. In front of the building is a stuffed ox and an old cart with clumsy wheels. On a card is this statement: "This outfit was owned by the Hudson Bay Co., and represents the only means of transportation and travel employed north and west of St. Paul prior to the year 1871."

California has a building copied from the old mission buildings. It is said that the south front and main tower are exact reproductions of old Mission Church at San Diego. It is covered outside with plaster and the seams and cracks make it appear like an old building. The display

of fruit is grand. There is a tower of oranges and a palm tree one hundred years old which was shipped on two flat cars from San Diego.

In one room stands a horse and rider, life size, made of, some say prunes and others raisins. However, if prunes, they are small, and if raisins, they are large. Take your choice; it is just as wonderful either way.

In the towers are hung some of the old Spanish bells. Idaho House is unique and is built of logs, on the second story is a piazza running around the house. Here you see frontier life in all its simplicity. On one side of a room in the upper story is an old-fashioned fireplace with its swinging crane and andirons, while on the other side, in contradistinction, stands a modern dinner table laid in transparent china and, just beyond, a highly polished piano stands. You will see about the building wild animals stuffed and mounted.

We must not forget Utah, as it is distinctively a Mormon exhibit. While not in sympathy with their belief altogether, we cannot fail to give those people full credit for what they have done. At the front entrance stands the Eagle Gate of Salt Lake City.

The foundation of the house, cornices, and ornamental parts are made in imitation of the different kinds of stone in the territory. As we entered the house, the

first thing to catch our eyes was a cushioned circular seat which we proceeded to occupy at once. It is strange what a disposition everyone shows to sit down. Queer is it not? Standing before us was a revolving album with large photos of the temple, tabernacle, Brigham Young's "Beehive," and many beautiful buildings and views of the country. A statue of Brigham Young stands before the door. Specimens of gold, silver, and sulphur are shown.

Utah's exhibit of minerals in the Mines Building is beyond description.

Salt Lake City is acknowledged to be a model city in its wide streets, beautiful avenues, and residences.

When we think of the wonderful development of that desert country in so few years we cannot but admire the pluck and energy those people have displayed in opening up the resources that might have lain a century undeveloped but for them.

New York offers a building beautifully decorated and furnished, but the display seems mainly to show her wealth, and she does it well.

In looking over the State buildings, we can see, in a measure, what a wonderful country we have, can read the ambitions, triumphs, and hopes through the bits of history shown by the exhibits of the different States and we feel thankful that we live in this progressive country.

A. R. D.

"TIERED."

BY JEAN MOORE.

"Tired, tired, so tired,"

You must have heard it said
By the little folks at night
In the deepening twilight
As you take them up to bed.

"Tired, tired, so tired!"

The girls from the shops exclaim,
As they lay their work away
At the closing of the day
And are free from words of blame.

"Tired, tired, so tired;"

The men come in from town
To rest in an easy chair

Or swing in the hammock there
Till it charms away the frown.

"Tired, tired, so tired,"

With the daily round of care—
That never ends
When the sun descends—
That falls to the mother's share.

"Tired, tired, so tired,"

And the world goes on as before
And they pass away
These beings of clay
To rest for evermore.

THE PAST.

'Tis just five years ago to-day
 Since to this foreign land
 We came to do the Master's will
 And feed the little band.

The joy that oft pervades the soul
 Can never be forgot;
 So with a cheerful, contrite heart
 We'll toil whate'er our lot.

The paths we tread are thorny ones,
 Which cause the feet to bleed,
 While searching for the golden grain
 Mid many a noxious weed.

But with the rill of gladness
 Our cup seems running o'er,
 As on we march with lamp in hand
 Towards the shining shore.

Still, through the scenes and cares of life,
 We on our journey go,

SOMERVILLE, AUS., JUNE 28, 1893.

And seek by word and acts of love
 A purer life to show.

Sometimes beneath the forest shade
 We offer prayer alone,
 That Jesus in his love will come
 And make our hearts as one.

We sometimes meet on mossy banks
 Where rippling waters glide,
 To see a faithful child we love
 Buried beneath the tide.

Some gloomy scenes have crossed our path,
 And days of sorrow too,
 But Jesus, with a loving hand,
 Has brought us safely through.

For this kind love and favor shown,
 We tender thanks and praise
 And trust our lives will brighter shine
 Throughout our future days.

NEELY.

CELIA THAXTER.

AN autumn day about 1840, a little family of five, father, mother, and three children, left their pleasant home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to live in the lighthouse on White Island, one of the Isles of Shoals. What a precious freight bore that little boat!—for the eyes of the poet, Celia Loughton, even then though scarcely five years old, drank in the beauty of the scene. Years afterward she tells the impressions made upon her mind: "How delightful was that long first sail to the Isles of Shoals! How pleasant the unaccustomed sound of the incessant rippling against the boat-side, the sight of the wide water and limitless sky, the warmth of the broad sunshine that made us blink like young sandpipers as we sat in triumph, perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden! It was at sunset in autumn that we were set ashore on the loneliest, lovely rock, where the lighthouse looked down upon us like some tall, black-capped giant, and filled me with awe and wonder. At its base a few goats were grouped on the rock, standing out dark against the red sky as I looked up at them. The stars were beginning to twinkle, the wind blew

cold, charged with the sea's sweetness; the sound of many waters half bewildered me. Some one began to light the lamps in the tower. Rich, red, and golden, they swung round in mid air; everything was strange, and fascinating and new. We entered the quaint little stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, white-washed ceiling and deep window seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we soon grew acquainted! A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that first evening, and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy; and we never wearied of our few resources."

These "resources" would seem "few" indeed to a child of to-day,—in winter making round holes in the thick frost on the windows by breathing on pennies until they were warm, and thus peeping out upon the sea. In summer they played on the bare rocks, cutting kelp into fan

ciful figures, and making boats of mussel-shells. They delighted in spiders, bats, crickets, grasshoppers and sandhoppers, and noted their every motion. They watched the first grass-blades that grew, and the pimpernell and primrose and wild morning-glory, sorrel, dandelion, buttercup, wild-pea, and golden-rod that clustered about on the stern rocks. And when, on a May morning, the sombre grey stones were covered with many a bird coming from the southland, dashed against the bright light, how the tender-hearted children would gather them up,—

"the bobolink, and wren and sparrow,
Veery and oriole,
And purple finch, and rosy grosbeak, swallows,
And king-birds quaint and droll:
Gay soldier blackbirds, wearing on the shoulders
Red, gold-edged epaulets,
And many a homely, brown, red-breasted robin,
Whose voice no child forgets.
And yellow birds—what shapes of perfect beauty;
What silence after song!
And mingled with them unfamiliar warblers,
That to far woods belong,—"

and covered with flowers, lay them away 'neath the soft turf among the rocks.

Mr. Laighton sometimes allowed Celia to light the lamps. "So little a creature as I might do that for the great world!" she said.

The landing at White Island was difficult except in the calmest weather, "the only approach to a wharf possible being two heavy timbers laid about three feet apart, from the boat-house to low water mark." When the father must go to Portsmouth, his little daughter was his guide to safety. It is a moonless summer night. The great lamps shine far out upon the waters, but where the little boat must come it is darkness. There is a true poet's touch in the memory of the young girl: "I used to light a lantern, and going down to the water's edge, take my station between the timbers of the slip and with the lantern at my feet, sit watching in the darkness quite content, knowing my little star was watched for, and that the safety of the boat depended in a great measure upon it. How sweet the summer wind blew, how softly splashed the water around me, how refreshing was the odor of the sparkling brine! I felt so much a part of the Lord's universe, I was no more afraid of the dark than the waves or winds; but I was glad

to hear at last the creaking of the mast and the rattling of the row locks as the boat approached; and while she was yet far off, the lighthouse touched her one large sail into sight, so that I knew she was nearing me, and shouted, listening for the reply that came so blithely back to me over the water."

Celia was a lover of flowers. In summer she had a garden "a yard square, filled with gorgeous African marigolds," and in the winter a window seat was given up to her plants.

When she was eleven years old her family removed to Appledore Island, and here the poet's longing to *speak* the *unspoken* found voice. She has spoken in myriad verse the "things that made life so sweet" to her childhood, and had her dearest wish, "to be in accord with the infinite harmony." One has said of her singing, "It is as if for her the gates of childhood had never quite shut."

At sixteen she dimmed the father's house a little to make glad the home of Mr. Thaxter. Yielding to the impulse to give voice and meaning to the beauty about her, she has greatly enriched the literature of our day. Her poems were first published in book form in 1872, and "Among the Isles of Shoals," after appearing in *The Atlantic* as a serial, was issued in a neat volume in 1873. Her other works are *Drift-weed* (1879); *Poems for Children* (1883); *The Cruise of the Mystery and other Poems* (1886), and *Idyls and Pastorals* (1887).

Visitors to the Isles of Shoals deem themselves most fortunate if they can purchase as a souvenir of that delightful place, one of Mrs. Thaxter's books, illustrated with her own paintings in water colors. A friend has such a treasure: over one page a great feather lies as if fallen from a bird's wing, about the border of another the scarlet wild strawberry climbs; sea weed or shells, or tiny birds in flight, all reminders of the Isles of Shoals that Celia Thaxter revealed to the world after finding them for herself.

Her home is still on Appledore Island. Before the cottage is a small garden, "a tangle of beauty," where of their own sweet will flowers spring up and forget to die. In her parlor "wild morning-glories twine about her chandelier, and bud and bloom every day, nourished by some hidden glass of water. A pearly shell, pen-

dent below, is always full of the 'barbaric splendor' of nasturtium bloom. Single marigolds have their honored place. There are oblong cups full of faces, looking up into your own. Flowers, everywhere in this little parlor." Flowers and paintings, and herself the dearest and brightest flower of all! Driftwood piled in the grate, ready for the ruddy glow at nightfall, and the steady light of a serene soul shining far beyond her little world in the Island home.

Her life by the sea is reflected in many of her poems, but most marked in

A SONG OF HOPE.

The morning breaks, the storm is past. Behold,
 Along the west the light grows bright,—the sea,
 Leaps sparkling blue to catch the sunshine's gold
 And swift before the breeze the vapors flee.

Light cloud-flocks white that troop in joyful haste
 Up and across the pure and tender sky;
 Light laughing waves that dimple all the waste,
 And break upon the rocks and hurry by;

Flying of sails, of clouds, a tumult sweet,
 Wet, tossing buoys, a warm wild wind that
 blows

The pennon out and rushes on to greet
 Thy lovely cheek and heighten its soft rose!

Beloved, beloved! Is there no morning breeze
 To clear our sky and chase our mists away,
 Like this great air that sweeps the freshening
 seas,
 And wakes the old sad world to glad new day?

Sweeter than morning, stronger than the gale,
 Deeper than ocean, warmer than the sun,
 My love shall climb, shall claim thee, shall prevail
 Against eternal darkness, dearest one!

In "Two" she has an exquisite picture
 of love:—

She turned the letter's rustling page; her smile
 Made bright the air above her while she read:
 "I come to you to-morrow, love; meanwhile
 Love me, my sweet," he said.

"So that thou comest," she thought, "skies may
 grow gray,
 The sun may fade, the sea with foam blanch
 white,
 Tempest and thunder dread may spoil the day,
 But not my deep delight."

Joy shook her heart, nor would its pulse be stilled;
 Her fair cheek borrowed swift the sunset's
 bloom,
 A presence beautiful and stately filled
 The silence of the room.

"Hast thou no word of welcome?" for indeed
 Like some mute marble goddess, proud stood
 she.
 She turned. "O, king of men!" she cried, "what
 need
 That I should welcome thee?"

Mrs. Thaxter is a great favorite with John G. Whittier. It is said he will bring to her some story or fancy with "Thee can write it, Celia, if anybody can." So out of her treasures we gather this last pearl, just a thought from some lines sent to him on his seventy-fifth birthday:—

There is winter abroad, and snow,
 And winds that are chill and drear,
 Over the sad earth blow,
 Like the sighs of the dying year.

But the land thou lovest is warm
 At heart with the love of thee,
 And breaks into bloom and charm
 And fragrance, that thou mayst see."

—Esther T. Housh, in *Woman's Magazine*.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

Behind the sunset's bars in the wide West,
 We catch the radiance of the Land of Gold:
 The dazzling splendors of its wealth untold
 Flash through our dreams, and wake to vague unrest
 The soul—with Life's dull weariness oppress,
 Or wrapped in weeds of sorrow, fold on fold—
 Till, with sheer longing and despair grown bold,
 We turn to seek that Land where all are blest.

But the Gold fades, and the strong stars arise
 That look beyond the sunset and the sun:
 They see our little world hang far below
 While over it imperial planets grow—
 From heaven they whisper, "Heaven cannot be won
 Until great Death has come to make men wise."

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

BY MATTIE RODGER.

Raise aloft the temperance standard ;
 Advocate its glorious cause ;
 Let the motto be, "No, never,"
 Will we break God's holy laws.
 Like a star from out the darkness,
 Shining with a luster bright ;
 Like the compass to the sailor,
 Teaching him to steer aright.
 Temperance, like the strongest lighthouse,
 Built upon the rock-bound strand ;
 Breakers fierce may dash against it,
 Storms arise, yet it will stand.
 But intemperance, O, how shocking !
 Like the deadly serpent's sting,
 Dragging down its fallen victim
 To the lowest depths of sin.
 In that bloated, uncouth visage,
 In that look so fierce and wild,
 Who could recognize the features
 Of the once loved little child ?
 Man created in the image
 Of his Maker pure and bright ;
 Now behold him slave to whiskey,
 Held in bondage dark as night.
 Where is he whose hope and fortune
 Mingled with the good and brave ?
 Ah, he fell and now lies buried
 In the poor inebriate's grave !
 What a frightful, sad collision !
 Cars rolled down th' embankment deep !
 What's the cause of the disaster ?
 A drunken switchman fast asleep.
 Wrecked ! Another railroad horror !
 Friends are waiting, but in vain
 For the absent ones returning
 On the next incoming train.
 Did not see the signal waving ;
 Did not know the danger near ;
 Lives are lost and cars demolished
 Through a drunken engineer.
 No, I cannot look with favor
 On the sparkling winecup's glow ;
 For my thoughts are carried backward
 To the scenes of long ago.
 When I often used to traverse
 Through the city's crowded street,
 There among the business houses
 Built substantial and complete,
 Stood in all their gilded splendor,
 Whiskey castles broad and high,

With their soft enchanting music,
 Luring many a passer by.
 Down upon the smooth stone pavement,
 Just outside the open door,
 Crouched the wretched form of woman,
 Not a step could she take more.
 And the little infant, clinging
 To the drunken mother's hand—
 Vain, its cries for her protection,
 Hot, the breath its cheek that fanned.
 O, the misery there depicted !
 O, the life of sin and shame !
 Caused by making malt and liquor
 To deceive both heart and brain.
 In the dock there stood a vessel
 That had ploughed the ocean o'er,
 Crew and cargo safely landed
 From Calcutta's distant shore.
 Seamen who had bravely battled
 With the fury of the storm,
 Sober men and captain working
 Kept their gallant ship from harm.
 Mark the change, the unsuspecting
 Sailor leaves the vessel's side
 With his hard-earned, shining dollars,
 Thinking he is well supplied.
 Tempted by the invitation
 To accept a glass of gin,
 Yielding to the vile seducer,
 Thoughtlessly he enters in.
 Next he's lying in the gutter,
 Money stolen, reason gone,
 And the words, "a drunken sailor,"
 Spoke by those who pass along.
 These are scenes mine eyes have witnessed
 In the days of early youth.
 Many more I still could mention,
 Torn from love and light and truth.
 Pen and language fail to picture
 Half the misery, want, and strife,
 Leading thousands to destruction
 In the daily haunts of life.
 Not alone in this our country,
 Nor alone on English sod,
 But in every clime and nation
 Where the white man's feet have trod.
 Not alone 'mong poorer classes,
 Just inside the cottage walls,
 Nor alone 'mid feast and rev'ling,
 Held in rich and stately halls.

Many who are sorrow stricken
In the cup their troubles drown;
Yes, in almost every station
Can the fiery fiend be found.

Youth and age alike are sufferers
From the low-born to the high;
Grief is hidden oft by splendor,
Oft in tattered rags goes by.

Led by rum's unhallowed influence,
Vainly seeking pleasure there,
Find at last their boat is sinking
In the whirlpool of despair.

Had I power I'd bind in fetters
Stronger than their power and will,
Everyone who speeds the progress
Of the working whiskey still.

Prohibition is the safeguard!
Thousands herald forth the cry,
"Help us now, ye valiant soldiers
Hoist its royal banner high?"

"Touch not, taste not, neither handle
Drink, that causes so much pain;
Spurn it as you would a viper,
And the source from whence it came."

I can say as said the poet
That I do abhor the bowl,
Feelings of disgust arouseth
Hatred in my inmost soul.

May the day be not far distant
When the Saints who wish, may dwell
On a land that's not polluted
With this beverage of hell.

THE STORY OF ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

PART II.

EXPERIENCE AMONG THE JEWS IN HAMBURG.

HAVING tired themselves with persecuting me, the *gendarmes* turned me out of the barracks, and I hastened on towards Hamburg. Arriving in that city, I was astonished at the multitudes of people walking hither and thither in the crowded streets. For awhile I felt lost, knowing neither where to go nor what to do.

I was more lonely and desolate, if possible, in the city than I had been in the country. Oh! how I wished I had never been born, and again I cursed my day. No one looked upon me as I paced the streets, lamenting and crying, until reaching a large field, near the railway station, I wandered about it till utterly exhausted. Hungry and weary, without a friend near me in the world, I felt I was without the protection of God in heaven.

As I lamented my misery, a lady, with a little child, drew near, and asked me what my trouble was.

"I am very hungry, madam," I replied.

"Wait a little," she said "and I will bring you something to eat."

"Alas, I am a Jew, madam, and therefore am not permitted to eat anything made by Christians," I answered.

The lady then most kindly gave me a few marks, and also presented me with

the address of a Jewish hotel. Once more the dark cloud lifted, and I felt God was merciful to me, even through the hand of a Gentile.

Before going to the hotel I determined to obtain a pair of phylacteries to replace those lost in the cornfield; for it is a matter of great importance to the Jews that every male above thirteen years of age should possess these sacred articles. Finding my way to the synagogue, I applied there for them, and my request was not in vain—a kind Jew gave me a pair at once.

In possessing again these necessities for my devotions, my heart was filled with gratitude, and I proceeded at once to the hotel; but on arriving there, such was my poverty, that I was ashamed to enter. At last I asked permission to lodge there for the night. The manager inquired for my passport, but I had none, and could show him nothing, save my phylacteries and fringes. Finding these were perfect according to Jewish law, he came to the conclusion that I was to be trusted, added to which I prepaid my night's lodging.

In the evening I attended the synagogue, so that I might engage in public prayer with the *minion* (a company of not less than ten men) according to the ordinances. When in the synagogue I was most thankful to God for enabling

me to reach Hamburg, and for inclining my heart to enter his sanctuary; but I was bitterly disappointed to find the *mincha* service over, and hence that there would be no *minion* in which I could engage that evening. In order to obtain the necessary number of worshipers for the *minion*, I went out into the street and asked several Jews who passed by if they had already prayed, and besought those who had not done so to enter the synagogue, and engage in the service. Several came in—some twenty-five—and thus my desire to engage in the service was fulfilled.

After the *minion* was over, I remained in the synagogue till the third service (the *maarive*) should be celebrated. While sitting alone in the sacred building, I looked eastward and gazed upon the holy ark (*Ha-aron Hakkodesh*), over which the beautiful veil hung, having marked on it in letters of gold the wonderful word *JEHOVAH*. I washed my hands, drew near, and kissed the veil, closing my eyes, and praying in the Hebrew tongue to the Lord to be merciful to me: "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. I will cry unto God most high, unto God who performeth all things for me."—Ps. 57: 1, 2.

As I was earnestly repeating this psalm again and again, the words of verse 10—"For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds"—especially impressed themselves upon me, and I began to pray that God would reveal his mercy and truth to me. Still I could not realize that his mercy was exercised to me; for the language of the law—"obey or perish"—was graven on my soul. What should I say unto God? There was something at that hour of which I felt ignorant, though I was convinced God would hear my prayer and satisfy my mourning soul.

Presently the congregation began to arrive in order to celebrate the service (the *maarive*), in which I joined, and, when it was over, I went to my lodgings.

A pleasant little room had been provided for me, for which I was truly grateful; but, on entering it and looking round, I found no *mesusah* on the door post. The

mesusah is a small box or case containing a piece of parchment, upon which are written some passages of the law of Moses, and, according to Jewish law, it should be placed upon the door post of the room. (See Deut. 11:20.) So I begged to be allowed to sleep in a room which had a *mesusah*, and was given a room having a very nice one on the door post.

I heartily thanked the manager of the hotel for allowing me to change rooms; and, kissing the *mesusah* several times, I said my prayers, thanking God for his goodness, and then fell asleep.

From Hamburg I wrote to my father, who replied most tenderly, grieving over my misfortunes and hardships, and begging me to return to Russia. He related my mother's dream about me, and gave the greetings of my brothers and sisters, all of whom begged me to return home. My father also put me in communication with the ruler of the synagogue, to whom he had sent money on my behalf.

This letter filled me with concern lest my parents should break their hearts for me, and I determined not to refer to my circumstances again, neither to let them know more of my sufferings.

The ruler of the synagogue gave me forty thalers with which I bought some good clothes and replaced my ragged garments. When I returned to the hotel comfortably attired the people looked surprised, and they treated me quite as a different person from what they had done when I was in my worn-out attire.

One day, as I took my afternoon walk, I met a young man wandering about in a very dejected state. I pitied him much, having been in poverty myself a few days ago. I found that he was from the town of Kovno, Russia, the same town that I had come from myself, but his family I did not know.

Moved with compassion towards him, I invited him to the hotel, ordered dinner, and asked the manager to let him lodge there. Hearing that he had a desire to go to England, I was pleased, and thought he would be a companion for me, so I gave him five thalers to buy new clothes.

We became quite affectionate friends; went together to the synagogue, and I was much pleased to find him very earnest in his prayers. I felt more and more attached to him; and looked upon him as

my own brother, saying, "My happiness shall be your happiness, your trouble, my trouble." Then the manager allowed us to share one room; and the more I knew of this young man, the more my affection seemed to increase toward him.

Imagine then my horror one morning when I awoke, and could not find any of my clothes! even my boots were gone. I opened my pack, and discovered all I had possessed was gone. I had been robbed of my money, and was almost naked. Hearing my lamentation, the manager came up. He was amazed when he saw my plight, and did not know what to think, but said my "friend" had left the house early in the morning with a large parcel. To console me the manager got me some old clothes, and promised all the help he could.

EFFORTS IN HAMBURG TO EARN MONEY TO GET TO ENGLAND.

My object being to reach England, now that I had respectable clothes, I engaged myself to work in order to save up some money for the journey. First I went to the railway station, and begged permission of the station-master to be allowed to carry luggage for the passengers. The first passenger who engaged me gave me two very heavy parcels, which I carried for about two miles. He then asked me into a public house, and offered me some beer, which, as it was made by Christians, I refused. He then took up the parcels and bade me be off, and, when I demanded my few pence, declared he had already paid me. Of course, I would not go away. Finally, he called a policeman, and gave me in charge.

I was taken to the police station, and, after a few hours, was brought before the judge, and was carefully examined. The prosecutor appeared, and was asked several questions, when the judge expressed his opinion that I was innocent, and enquired if anyone in Hamburg would testify to my character. I referred him to the manager of the hotel, and a policeman was at once sent for him. The manager came forward, and declared I was an honest and respectable youth, that frequently he had tried me by placing money in different parts of the house

where I passed, and that I had always brought him both money and articles of value which were lying about.

Having heard this witness, the judge found me innocent, and sentenced my accuser to four months' hard labor, for false accusation. This made me feel that God had not forsaken me, even though the Gentiles might be cruel to me, and I went forth thanking him for revealing the truth of the matter to the judge.

This experience at the railway station led me to seek other employment, but for some days I could find nothing to do, and again began to suffer from hunger; for I could not procure food at the hotel, having money sufficient only to pay for lodgings.

One day I cannot forget. I was walking the streets and crying to God for help, when at my feet I saw a parcel of papers. These were evidently of importance to their owner, whose address was on them. On restoring them I was rewarded, and thus was enabled again to obtain a meal, for which I thanked God.

Shortly after this a gentleman in the synagogue asked whether I was a pious Jew, to which I replied, I tried to be so, and earnestly wished to be more and more pious. The gentleman then said if I was willing to work he would employ me; he gave me his address. And I remained in the synagogue to pray and to thank God for his loving-kindness in turning the heart of this gentleman towards me in a strange land. He engaged me as a porter, and I remained some little time in that service, but as I could not save sufficient money out of my wages to obtain a passage to England, I engaged myself to a Jew, and became his servant, selling milk from house to house.

My occupation as milk-boy did not free me from misfortune, for one day a mischievous lad threw a rat into a milk-can and ran away. This disgusted me exceedingly, and knowing that, according to the law of Moses, the milk was polluted, I poured the contents of the can into the street, went to my master, and reported the unfortunate event. To my surprise he was exceedingly angry with me; told me that I should have pulled the rat out of the milk instead of pouring the milk out of the can, and, having done so, should have gone on selling the milk!

"This," said I, "the Jewish law forbids, so I could not do it."

But, Jew though he was, he declared I must pay for the milk, or else be discharged without my wages. I returned to the synagogue to pray, and cried to the Lord for help, but none came.

Again I had to wander about Hamburg seeking work. My soul was filled with sorrow, and the more time I devoted to prayer in the synagogue the more did misery fill my soul. I thought of my beloved parents and the happiness of home, and knew not what to do.

Returning to my lodgings I took out my Hebrew Bible and read these words, "Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee" (Gen. 12: 1), and consoled myself with the history of Abraham, for he had his trials till he reached the land of Canaan. And I prayed God to help me to obey his voice, and to enable me to go where he wished.

But such were my sorrows that I could not realize I had obeyed God's voice in leaving home, and in suffering through my wanderings, yet nothing would induce me to return to Russia—I would rather have died than return there. On, on, I felt I must go, until I had found the true satisfaction, which I knew not where to find.

Whilst thinking of my unhappy condition I adopted the language of Jeremiah, feeling his words were the exact experience of my own soul—"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." (Lam. 1: 12.) My position in Hamburg was worse than it had been in the woods and fields, for there I had the hope of reaching Hamburg to encourage me to go forward, but, being in the city, I had no hope left.

I said, "The Lord of Israel has turned from me, and I must perish." I was weary of praying, and thought prayer was in vain, yet I was compelled to continue to observe the Jewish ritual and its ordinances; but, I looked upon God as being a stern executor of justice, rather than as being most merciful and gracious.

While in this miserable state of mind and circumstances, a lady, who was well acquainted with my family at home, met

me, and at once begged me to return with her to Russia. She offered to pay all my traveling expenses, and showed me the utmost kindness. But I was firm, and said I would travel over all the world, sooner than return to Russia. Then with all her power she began to persuade me, but I said I would rather die, miserable as I was, than cease seeking after that for which my soul longed.

Leaving the lady, I went to the synagogue, and there found a gentleman, who gave me temporary employment. I was then sixteen years of age. My employment only lasted a short time, and again my trials began, and I felt like the prophet at the brook Cherith, for I was far removed from all who knew me—neither father nor mother, brothers nor sisters—alone, and, though in the busy city, in solitude. And now once more my source of obtaining a livelihood was gone, my Cherith was dried up. Finding me in a very low state, my employer most kindly said he would retain me in his house as a servant, and I kissed his hand and wept for joy. I thought within myself, "When the brook Cherith dries up God prepares a Zarephath."

I began now to think what could be done in order that I should reach England, and wrote to my father, informing him that I was comfortably situated in the house of a good, and pious, and rich Jew, but that I desired to visit England, and hoped he would send me means for the passage. My father reminded me of my education and of my advantages, and implored me, for the love of my parents to have mercy on him and my mother, and to return home. He enclosed the money I had asked for, and his letter was full of tenderness. I knew not what to do upon the receipt of this letter, yet return to Russia I could not.

I remained in Germany over the Feast of the New Year, and, when in the synagogue, poured out my heart to God, imploring him to guide me and to lead me in his truth, although it was quite unusual for me to pray any prayers save those in the Jewish prayer book.

COMES TO ENGLAND.

When the feast of the New Year was over, I purchased a ticket for Hull, leav-

ing Hamburg on Tuesday, September 19, 1871.

On reaching England I found myself in a strange land, and amongst people whose language was entirely foreign to me. It was the eve of the Sabbath when the boat arrived there, and I walked about the shore, not knowing what to do, for I could neither speak nor write English. At length I went into the streets, and coming to a bookseller's shop, began to speak to the people in German. Finding this of no use I tried Hebrew, then Russian, and then Polish, but not a word did they understand. So I thought I would make myself understood by writing, and said several times, "Gib mir eim pen." The people in the shop thought I begged, and they offered me a penny. So I showed them a shilling, and wrote with my finger upon the counter. They then guessed my meaning, and brought me pen and ink. They did not understand the German words I wrote, but one of them fetched a gentleman who understood German, and he kindly interpreted for me. I desired to buy an English-German and German-English dictionary, to carry about with me, so that if I had anything to say I might find out the words, write them down on paper, and then by showing what I had written manage to make myself understood.

My first want was to know where the Jews lived, for I was anxious to rest on the Sabbath day according to the law. So by the help of the dictionary I made my question known to a young man in the shop, who very kindly took me to the house of a Polish Jew, and he welcomed me seeing I was a stranger. Very pleasant it was to be addressed according to the manner of the Jews in Russia, Poland, and Palestine, with "Shalem alachem"—Peace be unto you!

I asked him where I could obtain lodgings, and he allowed me to remain with him. In the evening he led me to the synagogue where the Sabbath service was celebrated. This Jewish brother was very pious, and observed every precept of the oral law.

I was very anxious to keep the Great Day of Atonement in London, and obtained permission from the Rabbi at Hull to travel on the afternoon of the Sabbath, in order that I might reach

London on the eve of that day; and arrived in the great city on the following morning. On coming to the London docks, I resorted again to my dictionary, and wrote out a few words, explaining that my desire was to reach a Jews' lodging-house. I showed this paper to a lad, and he took my parcel of clothes and led the way. He walked on for some time along the winding paths of the docks, but whither he was going, of course, I knew not. At length we came to a court, at the corner of which there was, as I afterwards learned, a public house. Beckoning me to wait awhile, the lad went into this building. I waited a long time indeed, but the lad never came out again. Then I began to suspect I had been robbed of my parcel, and went into the house. I noticed that there were several doors to the house, and was sure that the lad had got away through one of them with my belongings.

I stood in the public house for some time, not knowing what to do, but managed to make myself understood by the aid of my dictionary and paper, and then a young man offered to lead me to a lodging house in Spitalfields.

How relieved I was on reaching the lodging house to find myself once more among Jews! They rewarded my guide for his trouble, and spoke kindly to me, and, on my informing them of the way in which I had been robbed, they said, "Oh! you must expect this in England." I replied, "Then I shall not stay in England long."

As it was the eve of the Great Day of Atonement, I was anxious to observe all the rites according to the Jewish customs which relate to that holy and solemn season. My first anxiety was to obtain the necessary sacrifice. Having some money, I asked my new friends to procure a cock to be my atonement. This they did in haste, for it was growing late. Then, according to Jewish custom and law, I offered certain prayers, and presented the bird to the Shochad (a man whose duty it is to slay the sacrifices) for him to kill it on my behalf, and to shed its blood for my sins.

These words are used on the occasion: "This is my substitute; this is my commutation. This cock goeth to death, but may I be gathered, and enter into a long and happy life, and peace!"

As the bird was being killed, and I watched its blood flow, and saw its dying struggles, I felt deeply moved. My sins were the cause of its death, and I wondered deeply in my soul, "How can the blood of this bird cleanse me from my sins?"

Oh! how little did I think that I should ever believe and rejoice in the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin. (1 John 1: 7.)

Here it should be mentioned that, ever since the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and the dispersion of the Jews, the Talmud teaches that every male must offer a cock, and every female a hen, in sacrifice for the great day of atonement, these sacrifices being substituted for those commanded by Moses. The reader will remember how the solemn sacrifices for sin, on that great day, are recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, when the blood of the sacrifice was carried into the holiest of all, and how on God's acceptance of the atoning blood for the sins of the people, the high priest came forth, and so all Israel beheld through him the proof that their sins had been atoned for. But the Jews to-day have neither altar nor holy place; instead of the priest they have but the *Shochad*, and instead of the sacrifice appointed by Moses, they have but those taught by the Talmud. Indeed, one of the most touching parts of the atonement service for the synagogue, appended to the description of the former glories of priest, and temple, and service, is this constant refrain, "Happy the eye which saw all these! but verily, to hear only of them afflicts our souls."

After the blood of the bird is shed, the offerer, in devout prayer and thanksgiving, lifts up his heart to God for the atonement wrought for him, taking it as a matter of course that his sins are put away. Then he takes up the sacrifice, which is subsequently eaten by him as a peace-offering, the thought being that his sins are put away by the blood of the victim, so that he can feed upon the sacrifice in peace before God.

The sacrifice being killed, I went to the synagogue, where, washing my hands and taking my shoes from off my feet, I began the appointed prayers. And there I remained for that evening and night, and also for the whole of the following day—the day of atonement.

After the services I returned to my lodging, and, as I had been fasting since the previous day, I enjoyed my meal. Yet as I sat over my supper I could not but think of the innocent creature which had been killed for my sins, and was not able to satisfy myself as to how God could require the blood of a poor bird to atone for my iniquity.

I was by no means at peace with God, though I was eating what the Jews observe as a peace offering. I expressed my feelings on this anxious question in a letter to my father, which I lay before the reader:—

"I am now in London, with my health perfectly established, for which I thank God with all my heart. I would also inform you, dear father, that I worshiped on the Great Day of Atonement in a synagogue, among our brethren, the English Jews. On the eve I procured a cock, as you always do, to be killed as an atonement for my sins; I could hardly spare the money, but was glad to do so, knowing, as you have always taught me, this is the desire of *JEHOVAH*, our God. You, will, I hope, truly pardon me for troubling you, but I wish to tell you all that crosses my mind; and in my difficulties I want to tell you only, and then I shall be satisfied. I offered the cock to the *shochad*, and when it was killed, I was surprised and amazed, for although I have witnessed it at home every year, I never felt more solemnized about my soul than on this occasion, and never felt more deeply about the atonement which is to take away my sin.

"I can hardly imagine, beloved father, why God expects the sacrifice of the creatures, which are killed for me and for others who have sinned.

"Indeed, my dear father, I think that God has not been pleased to manifest unto us all his truth; but I suppose all these difficulties will be made plain to us when the Lord, our Messiah, comes and takes us unto himself to make us happy forever, and when the Gentile nations of the earth shall perish."

Having one great object on my mind—the study of the law—I visited several Jews, and begged them to teach me the ways of the God of Israel. They granted my request, but the result was very unsatisfactory; yet I blamed my own depraved heart, and laid the failure of the

Jews to speak peace to me, to the corruption of my soul.

I was so uneasy and unquiet that I began to ask various persons privately if they were happy in their souls, but the answer was always "No," and this perplexed me very much.

My means were now becoming exhausted, and I was anxious to obtain employment to earn my bread. Just at this time a letter, enclosing money, came from my father, and this enabled me to purchase good clothes, and being respectably attired I was successful in obtaining a situation.

ENTERS A PROTESTANT CHURCH.

One day, during the factory dinner hour, I passed by a Protestant church, the door of which was open, and, tempted by curiosity, I entered. There were no pictures, no graven images there, as I had been accustomed to see in the Christian churches in my native land, and, though I did not understand the service, yet its simplicity struck me so much that I almost began to think I was in some kind of Jewish synagogue, and not in a Christian church at all.

On returning to my work, I could not forget what I had seen, and at length asked one of my friends if he had ever been in such a building.

"What! in a Christian church?" said he. "I have never been into one, and never mean to do so. I hope you have not been into such a place; now, have you?"

I was afraid to confess, yet dared not deny, and was therefore slow to answer. My friend's suspicions were aroused, and I was obliged to tell the truth, adding that I could not see what harm I had done. Upon this my friend began to curse me for saying a word in favor of a Christian church, and made me promise I would not enter one again.

A few days passed by, and once more, in my dinner hour, I passed by the church, the door of which was again open, but I dared not break my promise, though I felt a great desire to enter the building. I stood in the street, watching the door, for the hour, and then returned dinnerless to my work.

For the rest of that day I regretted not

having gone in, and for some time after I remained in a low and melancholy state. At last I made up my mind that go to the church I would, and see for myself what it was like, but determined to keep my movements secret. Many times did I attend the service, and was much impressed by the solemnity and earnestness of the preacher, and the manner in which the service was conducted, and how I wished I could understand the words which fell from the lips of him who spoke so fervently!

One day there sat not far from me in the church a gentleman, whom I took to be a Jew. I was afraid he was an agent sent by my friends to spy me out, and I trembled lest I should be discovered, and that my father should hear I had been into a church of the Christians, whom he detested and hated with all his heart, even as I did. However, observing the gentleman reading the prayers, I was relieved, and judged he was one of the worshippers.

When the service was over, I remained a few moments in the pew. When this gentleman caught sight of me, he at once made his way to me, and addressed me in Hebrew, saying, "*Atta Jehudah achi?*" ("Are you a Jew, my brother?")

I was startled, and, seeing he was indeed a Jew, thought, after all, this is not a Christian church, but the place of worship of some new sect of Jews—perhaps the reformed Jews.

I answered him, "*Ani Jehudah*" ("I am a Jew"), whereon he shook hands with me, and commenced speaking in German. He gave me his address on bidding me farewell, but I destroyed it, lest my Jewish friends should see it.

Several days passed by, and, hoping to see the gentleman again, I made my way once more to the church, and there found him, as before.

On the service being ended, he again spoke to me, asking what my circumstances were, whence I came, and who were my parents. He was so kind and generous in speaking with me that I opened my heart to him, and told him exactly why I had left my native land, and how that I sought to be saved, and to know the God of Israel. I explained to him how that since I had left home my soul had been cast down—that ever since I began to seek the truth I had but felt I

was lost—adding, “I know I want something, but do not know what it is.”

“Are you going mad?” said he.

“If the truth be told, I am mad,” was my reply.

Then he smiled, and said, “I hope you will get much worse.”

Surprised and pained at the unkind answer, I asked him what he meant, upon which he said that a few years ago he had been in the same state of mind, that he had left his native land, Austria, and his father, mother, relatives and friends, and that he did really nearly go mad for misery of soul, that he now thanked God for that madness, for God had given him wisdom and everlasting satisfaction.

Now for some years I had been seeking for rest of soul, and here stood before my eyes, for the first time, a man who could say he himself had everlasting satisfaction. My whole soul was filled with intense desire to know what he meant—what it was that he had, which neither my parents nor my Rabbi in Kovno, nor my friends in Germany or in England possessed. “Tell me all about it,” I cried.

He then propounded several questions concerning the Messiah, which I had often wished to understand. He also quoted several portions of the Holy Writ, which had ever seemed to me hard to explain. In fact nearly all his questions were the very same as those I had put to my Rabbi in Kovno and to my beloved father, and which neither of them could satisfactorily answer. All this filled me with astonishment, for I was in the presence of a man who had evidently had the same difficulties as myself, and I was very pleased in thinking I should now have these difficulties cleared up.

This gentleman then bade me explain the saying in the Talmud, “They of the school of Elijah have taught that the world exists for six thousand years—two thousand void (without law), two thousand with law, and two thousand the days of Messiah. Now,” said he, “four thousand years have long gone by, and the last two thousand have nearly gone. Where is Messiah?”

I prayed him to tell all he knew of the mystery of Messiah; upon which he called to my mind the prophecy of Isaiah, especially chapter 53, relating to his rejection, and also many others which

speak in the same way of the Redeemer of Israel.

All that this gentleman said interested me deeply; but when he asked me to give him my address I refused, being afraid my friends should discern the manner of conversation I had had with him.

He then asked me to call upon the Rev. H. A. Stern, assuring me I should enjoy his conversation, and I promised to visit that gentleman.

The reader will doubtless remember how this devoted minister for Christ suffered for him in Abyssinia so many years.

One morning at half past eight, I called upon Mr. Stern, and told him of my interview in the church with my Jewish friend, and how I had promised that I would present myself to him. Mr. Stern took me into his study, and during a conversation which deeply interested me, the gentleman whom I had met in the church joined us, as did also some others.

Mr. Stern then said he would read a chapter from the Bible. His devoutness impressed me greatly, for before reading from the sacred writings, he and the rest knelt down; I did not, however, do so, such an attitude being contrary to the Jewish customs relating to prayer. The prayer was offered in the German language, and it excited me considerably, because Mr. Stern began by addressing himself to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He proceeded to express in his prayer the deep sinfulness of the human heart, acknowledging how impossible it is for any man to obtain favor in God's sight by his own power, and concluded by owning to God the Father that the only way to him is through Jesus Christ his Son, who says, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

I could have repeated almost the whole of the prayer when it was ended. After this the Bible was opened, and passages were read and observations made, when again all knelt down, as prayer and thanksgiving were rendered to God.

My mind grew confused. I had never before witnessed anything so simple yet so truly devout; never before had I seen men in real intercourse (as it seemed to me) with the living God. I could but look upon the earnest and pious countenance of Mr. Stern with feelings of

reverence, just as I should have done had I gazed upon a great prophet, even an Elijah. Indeed I felt a peculiar attraction toward him, and wished he were a friend of mine, and that I might hear him address me as a son.

Here I confess that, though I have mixed all my life with pious people, both Jews and Christians, I never before

nor since have seen anyone who appeared to me so holy and so humble as Mr. Stern. Now he has gone to rest, but I shall be grateful to him for all eternity. Oh! if all Christians lived such lives as his, the world could not but see in their light the reflection of him who is the Light of Life.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER.

BY AGNES MOORE.

It is plain to be seen she has passed her first youth
But her tender heart is loving, her soul is full of truth,
The grief of bygone years has dimmed her blue eyes with their tears,
But to me their love-light brightens with the passing of the years.

The sick, distressed, the needy, the helpless, and the poor
Come to this gentle woman whose sympathy is sure;
"To know her is to love her," is true of her whole life,
A sweet and modest maiden, loving mother, faithful wife.

God bless this dearest mother, fill her last days with that peace
Which passeth understanding; may her joy in life ne'er cease;
Let us prize her while we have her, let us tell her of our love,
Let us realize her value ere God calls her home above.

Vain indeed will be our praises when her vital breath has fled.
When the golden bowl is broken, all the words we should have said
Will fill our sad and aching hearts, and from our trembling lips will flow
But of what avail our kindness, when her dear heart will not know?

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL IN BRITAIN.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE HALLIDAY of Bristol says: "Elizabeth Bounsell's daughter was afflicted with a scrofulous running sore on her neck. For four years the child had been pronounced incurable by the most eminent of the faculty, and had been discharged from the Infirmary as a hopeless case of ulceration. She was administered to, the discharge ceased, and in a week it was healed up and the child was out skipping about."

John Alder, writing from Cheltenham, says: "A young lady was cured of black fever. A young man was also taken sick with the black fever so violently that all human skill was of no avail. The doc-

tors informed his friends that he would die before morning. He was administered to, and immediately began to recover, and the next morning he was walking about the house to the astonishment of his friends and neighbors. In three days he was able to go to work in the fields."

"A case of healing had occurred at the home of Sr. Ann Bounsell and many derided it, and among the latter was one would-be great man by the name of Charles Smith who said it was not enough to satisfy him. So the mother took another of her daughters and put her upon his knee and asked, Is that child blind? After he had examined her eyes he said, 'She is.' 'Well,' said the mother, 'she

was born blind, and she is now four years old, and I am going to take her to the elders of our church, for them to anoint her eyes with oil and lay their hands upon her, and you can call again, when you have time, and see her with her eyes open, for I know the Lord will hear and she will see.' 'Well,' said he, 'if she does ever see it will be great proof.' Accordingly the mother brought the child to the elders and Elder J. Hockwell anointed her eyes, also administered only once, and the Lord heard his prayer, so that the child can now see with both of her eyes as well as any other person."

Reuben Brinkworth, on July 2d, 1839, entered on board the Terror, then about to set out on a voyage of discovery for a northwest passage to India. Returning, they landed at Bermuda, July 16, 1843, and in the afternoon a terrible thunder-storm occurred in which he was suddenly deprived of hearing and speech, five of his comrades being killed.

He remained unconscious fifteen days, and when he regained his reason he found he was deprived of two of his faculties. At that time he was about nineteen years old. He finally reached England and entered the deaf and dumb school on old Kent road. He remained there ten weeks and then left. At Newport he became acquainted with Latter Day Saints. He says: "On the 22d of September I had been, by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet, conversing with some of the Saints, and had fully determined to be baptized that evening; therefore I expressed my desire to receive the ordinance of baptism, and was taken to the canal early on the morning of the 23d and baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Upon emerging from the water he heard the voices of persons on the towing-path and this is the first sound he had heard since arriving from the island of Bermuda. With his hearing came also his speech, and the first words he uttered were, "Thank the Lord, I can speak and hear as well as any of you." This was witnessed by Henry Naish, John Roberts, and John Walden.

The following I have heard Elder Phillips and several old time members of the church relate. It occurred at Merthyr Tydvil on Friday, August 23, 1850: D. Richards, while working in the coal mine,

had a stone weighing about two hundred pounds fall on him. He was carried home, and the doctor who was present said he could do nothing for him and told those about him to wrap him up in a sheet that he might die. There was a lump on his back as big as a child's head, his back being broken. The doctor said that he could not recover. Elder Phillips called to see him, administered to him, and, while commanding the bones in the name of Jesus, they came together making a noise like the crushing of an old basket. He was instantly healed. The doctor called to see him and was astonished and said in the hearing of witnesses that his backbone was broken. Many Welsh Saints living all over the country can attest this to-day.

Wm. Lamb, aged sixty-two, had been suffering with the rheumatism for years. He was administered to and entirely relieved. J. V. Long was taken sick with hoarseness and inflammation of the lungs. Finally the erysipelas broke out on his face and head which swelled to an enormous size. He was administered to when all inflammation disappeared. He felt the pain leave as fast as the elder's hand passed over his head, and in two hours the old skin came off of his face and he was thoroughly well.

George W. Galley, now living at Columbus, Platte county, Nebraska, testifies that when a child eleven years old in 1840 he had been afflicted with inflammation in his eyes for years, at times so bad that he had to sit for weeks and months with a green silk shade over them not being able to bear the light of day or of a candle or fire by night and very frequently not able to see the food he ate. The family doctor, John Birchenall, told the parents he could do nothing for him. The parents had Elder Cordon administer to him and from that time his eyes began to improve and he has never been troubled with them since. He is now in his sixty-third year.

He also tells of a young stonemason who had his spine injured. Some time afterwards he was baptized, was administered to and was perfectly healed. He continued faithful for some time; went back to his old avocation and could work as well as ever, but he could not stand prosperity and soon got to drinking. He was labored with by the teachers and

finally the elders, but he refused to hear them. They told him if he would not do better that he would be disfellowshipped and that his old complaint would come back. He still refused, was disfellowshipped and shortly afterwards his old complaint returned, and he never worked a day afterwards and died in the work-house. Bro. Galley was also cured of a very severe attack of the cholera.

W. Jones, a coal miner, was taken sick while at his work in Merthyr Tydvil. He suffered terribly with the worst symptoms of cholera. While suffering in bed he saw four bright personages, two on his right and two on his left, as if standing or kneeling before the bed. A bright light surrounded them which glittered over the room. One of those on his right asked him if he had any oil in the house, "And without answering them," he says, "I reached for a bottle of oil I had under the side of the bed which happened to be there for my service. I was commanded to drink it, and about that time I imagined that I saw the one nearest to me on my left stooping as if doing something to my body." After that they came nearer to his head and the four laid their hands on him, rebuking the disease and praying God to bestow the blessing. Their prayer was in Welsh, and similiar to the manner practiced by the elders generally, but their language was purer and shorter, and they seemed to administer with much more power and demonstration. He was almost instantly healed. They remained some time in the room and then departed.

When Captain Dan Jones left Wales the following "Memorial Index" was presented to him by the ministry: "Dear Brother, as you are about to leave us . . . to return to the bosom of the church, and to your dear family, justice and our feelings, and the feelings of those over whom we preside, compel us to give you this index, however imperfect it is, to show the undisguised respect we have for you, and our great appreciation of the many priceless blessings we received through your ministry, and the unceasing confidence in you as a servant of the most high God.

"The goodness of God to us, by calling you, when in far countries, by revelation through our revered prophet, Joseph Smith, and by sending you to us with the

light of the everlasting gospel to comfort our hearts when wallowing in moral darkness will kindle within us the flame of love and thankfulness due to him, while a hidden grain of his Holy Spirit burns in our bosoms. While bearing in mind the fact that you offered your life in Carthage Jail to save those most dear to us, and in the midst of the heart-rending sights that surrounded the shattered bodies of the best of men at Nauvoo, you did not turn from the path of duty, but unwavering, like a loadstone to its pole, at the cost of every worldly gain, you continued on your path over land and sea and in 1844 landed with your precious treasure among your fellow countrymen in the land of your birth.

"Your incomparable energy to establish the banner of the angels of peace on the hills of Wales; your fixed purpose, the integrity of your soul, and your success in winning nearly four thousand Britishers to enlist under its banner in the short space of five years, despite all the opposing efforts of the press, the pulpit, and all the combined weapons of the adversary are facts that will make your memory ever beloved, increase your fame, and stimulate every lover of truth to imitate your endeavors to save eternal lives. The enlightening and powerful reasons shown in the half million tracts, etc., you sent through the principality as messengers of light have earned confidence and obedience to their commandments by thousands from every class, and have engraved the name of their author on the tablets of their hearts, that they will not be blotted out while the exhaustless well of light from which they sprang continues to spread its rays on their understanding. . . .

"Your unwearied zeal to serve God in every way possible is truly commendable, your rectitude in ministering justice and mercy even to be a terror to evil-doers and the great success that has crowned your mission are indications of your divine acceptance. . . . With humility of heart we beseech you to accept this index for what our language fails to describe and what every self-denial of yours has proved wealth to be too powerless to bestow. In your family chronicle be it recorded that Brother Jones has served his God, his nation, and his brethren well."

It would not be appropriate to trace the varied changes that occurred after the apostasy had spread its direful influence across the broad Atlantic. Suffice it to say that the abominable heresies introduced by B. Young and his confederates and fully complied with by their dupes did not meet with as much favor in Britain as in the States and no sooner did it become an established fact that polygamy was one of the exalted (?) principles of Zion than entire branches apostatized and left the church.

We have, in a meagre way, traced the history of the English mission from its incipient stages to its zenith and here we will leave it, preferring rather to suppress than publish the history of the church in its dark and benighted condition from this time until the advent of the elders of the Reorganization. And as expressed by Elder Joseph Dewsnap: "From the first introduction of the gospel in July, 1837, until the adoption of polygamy at the close of 1852, the success of the ministry was phenomenal, but after that period decay and disintegration set in, causing a serious loss of influence and power. In the very midst of unexampled prosperity the killing blasts had fallen upon the English churches. What persecution had failed to accomplish, heresy and division soon brought about. Up to the introduction of polygamy the local officers had nobly battled for the truth as it is in Jesus. They were zealous in the promulgation of the restored gospel which had been attested by angels, confirmed by signs, and demonstrated by the Holy Ghost. But, alas! the scene changed; there had been base traitors in high places, who had betrayed the trust reposed in them, exposing the faithful ministry to the cruel taunts and gibes of their bitterest foes.

"The leading elders of the church in England were at the time the nominees of the triumvirate that ruled in Utah, and were received as the servants of the Most High, bearers of glad tidings, bringing joy and peace to the souls of men. The membership looked upon them with perfect trust. To suggest the possibility of guilt was to become a traducer of the brethren. And so confident were the Saints in the supposed purity and honesty of their leaders that they were totally unprepared for the blow when the 'Taber-

nacle epistle,' authorizing polygamy and concubinage was commanded to the church.

"The more than questionable posthumous revelation upon which it was based fell like a bolt from the blue upon the English mission, spreading consternation and dismay upon every hand, shattering and destroying the hopes of thousands who had heretofore found the sweetest joy and consolation of their lives in the latter-day gospel."

Many sacrificed their homes and all their means and started for "Zion" in full expectation that when they reached there, all would be lovely and perfect, only to find when too late that instead of purity, there was corruption, and in place of truth, error. Many came as far as the States, but, ere commencing the weary and long tramp across the plains, had their eyes opened to the corruption of the leaders and did not go farther.

The parents of the writer both went to Utah before the year 1852, only to find out when too late that they had been duped and were unable to help themselves.

But such has been the condition of the work of God in almost every age. Men, once in favor with God, have given way to the subtle pleadings and temptations of the enemy of souls, and thus have been useful instruments in his hands for hindering the work of God.

But God's work is not to be thwarted, and although for a time a heavy cloud rested over the fair name of the church, still we will see ere this history closes, the matchless power of God and how wonderfully he has wrought in bringing the church out of the meshes in which wicked men and devils had labored to bring her and in reinstating her to the exalted plane that she once possessed.

(The next will take up the history of the Reorganization.)

(To be continued.)

There's a hand on the rudder that will not flinch,

There's no fear in the pilot's face
As he guides the worlds, like boats in a storm,
Through the rocking seas of space;
And whether they make the harbor at last
Beyond the shoals and the swell,
Or sail forever a shoreless sea,
I know that all is well.

WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
 When life flows by like a song,
 But the man worth while is one who will smile,
 When everything goes dead wrong.
 For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years,
 And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
 When nothing tempts you to stray,
 When without or within no voice of sin
 Is luring your soul away;
 But it's only a negative virtue
 Until it is tried by fire,
 And the life that is worth the honor of earth
 Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
 Who had no strength for the strife,
 The world's highway is cumbered to-day,
 They make up the sum of life.
 But the virtue that conquers passion,
 And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
 It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
 For we find them but once in a while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XVII.

I HAVE omitted to mention the new arrivals in our family and will here give a short chapter for that purpose.

Baby Albert (or Bert as we always called him) was the fourth little brother that had come to us since moving on the farm. Subsequently, Ida (now Mrs. J. W. Layton of Lee's Summit, Missouri) was born. Mahew Harris was born a few months after our arrival.

There had been no baby boys in our house for so long that he was a great pet with all till more little boys came. He was a bright little lad and quick to learn; and in the development of years, showed that he possessed much natural talent, so that he could readily adapt himself to almost any line of business and has been employed in various branches principally in the rubber making business in both Boston and New Jersey.

He now occupies an editor's chair in Truro, Nova Scotia.

He united with the Baptist Church while a young man. Some years afterwards his understanding was opened in regard to church organization, and it was given him to see that none of the churches of all of the various denominations were organized after the order of the New

Testament, and for a time he was much exercised in his mind about the matter. My husband and I were living in California at the time and had recently embraced the latter-day work. He wrote to me the state of his mind and what he had been led to see. What a joy it was to me that I could then inform him that the Church of Christ was again in very truth established among men, with all its primitive powers, gifts, and blessings.

In answer to the letter he wrote: "If there is such a church on the earth, I feel as if I could walk to California to join it." But, strange to say, when it went to him, he did *not* join, nor has he yet become "obedient to the heavenly vision," nor to the words, "Preach my gospel." May the Lord "feel after him" and bring him into the fold, that he may use the talents that God has given him in a way that will not only bring happiness in this world but honor and glory in the world to come.

Next that came were the twins, Holmes J. and Andrew C. Little Andrew, or Drewie, as we called him, died when three months old. Holmes was fat and good-natured when a baby. I came near being the death of him twice. Once when he had been left to my care so long that he had, no doubt, got tired of being

squeezed and bumped about and became restless. (I was carrying him about from place to place to keep him quiet.) I was only about ten years old and my arms were too short to reach around him. They seemed ready to break, he was so heavy, and he kept slipping down so I was afraid I would drop him and made an extra exertion to boost him way up on my arms so I could hold on to him better and threw the little fellow clear over my shoulder. He fell to the floor behind me nearly breaking his precious little neck. O, how frightened I was, lest I had killed him! And again when I was left one hot summer day to keep the flies off of him while he slept in his cradle, and something (I forget what) was going on out doors that I wanted to see. I intended to be faithful to my charge, and keep the flies from the baby; so I put a thick green veil over his face and then got one of those large colored handkerchiefs that were much used at that time, and put over the top of the veil tucking it down well on all sides so a fly could not possibly get in. No, indeed, nor very much air either, and when mother found him he was so nearly smothered that he could scarcely cry.

When a lad he was full of fun, or of the material that made fun for the rest. And what a merry hour it was when the children were "let loose" awhile before going to bed to get the "act out of them," as they used to say, so they could go to sleep. On such occasions the poor old lounge and sofa pillow were well battered. Holmes was the only one of the four brothers, who remained steadily on the farm.

When he offered himself to the Baptist Church as a candidate for baptism, Rev. D. F. Freeman arose and said, "I am satisfied concerning this young man's experience; . . . moreover I was shown in a dream that he would early seek the Lord, as I saw him acting in a very important capacity in the work of spreading the gospel. He was standing on the walls of Zion alone and in a hard place but was fighting valiantly."

Not long after uniting with the Baptist Church he was induced by ministers who believed his call to the ministry was far more satisfactory than their own to enter Acadia College and go through the regular course of study preparatory to entering the ministry.

He was very reluctant about taking such a step. Several times during the preparations, he was strongly inclined to abandon the thought and remain on the farm; for, putting it in his own words, "I felt at times that it was all a humbug."

He however attributed such reflections to the perverseness of the natural mind, and hoped when he entered upon his studies where he would be daily in the society of many students who were preparing to follow the like sacred calling, he would feel more of the spirit of his position, and by their godly conversation would be drawn into a higher atmosphere of thought, and through their advanced studies in theology, together with the aid of the researches of great and wise men to which he would have access, he would be able to solve the theological problems that sometimes disturbed the smooth surface of, not only his creed, but those of the whole Christian world.

The problems were such as, Why do not the signs follow the believer *now* as well as in the days of the apostles? Were not the words, "and these signs shall follow them that believe," just as much the words of Christ as the commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned?" They were even coupled together with an "and." Have men put asunder what God joined together? They were almost the last words of our risen Lord before he ascended to the right hand of his Father, so they *must be true*. What then! Is the same gospel preached that Christ referred to? If so, do the people to whom it is preached believe it? The signs do not follow. Who is wrong? And, Why was not the doctrine of the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost taught, which was to lead Christians into all truth. Are the Christians of to-day led into all truth without it, or do they receive it in some other way?

It is no wonder with such questions as these turning in his mind that he ran his fingers through the hair on the top of his head and clutched desperately, at it as if he would force the brain to yield to him some reasonable line of argument by which those questions could be adjusted.

He perhaps did not doubt that such existed and that the learned divines (?) could readily point it out, while *his* limited knowledge could not grapple with it. But now his opportunity was coming, and, in view of it, he derived pleasure.

But imagine his disappointment when on asking one of his fellow students what the bona fide arguments were against such scriptures, he was answered, "I do not bother myself with such questions, and I would advise you to let them alone."

To Holmes, that was lesson number one in his theological researches. Some time after, however, he put another question to a student of divinity who was considered one of the rising "stars" in the Acadian world. Very timidly and reverentially was the question put, fearing he should be treading on sacred ground; viz., "Would you mind telling me of your 'call' to the ministry and in what way you received it, or were made sure that it was from God?"

Holmes was having grave doubts about his own call, especially since he had taken up his abode on modern "Mar's Hill" where all that he learned was not exactly in harmony with his expectations. Still he was not prepared for the answer he received which was, "O well, as to a 'call to preach,' I never had one such as you have!" And then the minister proceeded to give what he considered a satisfactory call to the ministry which was, "a feeling of adaptability to the business or profession, endorsed by some of the thinking portion of the church, and a desire for the spread of the gospel with an opening in which to get an education. More would not be necessary though satisfactory."

That, with other things, set Holmes to thinking, which resulted in settling one point conclusively, which was to pack up his effects and return home before he lost all faith in Christianity. Upon this conclusion he acted.

Of course father opened his eyes in surprise at his return. Holmes had this to say for himself; "I have got all the learning I want from there. I believe the whole system is one grand farce. If the Lord has got anything for me to do, I guess he can let me know it; until then I will go about my own business."

So he resumed his work on the farm;

which was doubtless more pleasing in the eyes of the Lord; for, "He who is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Moses was keeping the flocks of Jethro when God called *him*, and he will find those whom he wants to labor for him wherever they may be.

Toil on Holmes! The angel has long since flown "having the everlasting gospel to be preached to them that dwell upon the earth," and the "loud voice" with which he proclaimed his message is being heard in many parts of the earth and ere long will reach you also.

A few years slipped rapidly away. The time came when the Lord desired him to labor in his vineyard. He took not the honor upon himself but was "called of God as was Aaron." He now leaves home and little ones and devotes his time and talent to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. Many have been convinced of the truth of the restored gospel under the preaching of Holmes J. Davison, and, verily, the signs do follow them that believe.

My youngest brother, Albert, followed the sea, usually going on distant voyages. In due time he was granted a master's certificate and sailed in that capacity for some time, yet he was only in the bloom of manhood when smitten down with a deadly fever in the far distant port of Rio Janeiro. He died in the early part of the year 1890 leaving a wife and one child. It was a cruel day when a telegram came to her father saying, "The Lizzie Curry arrived. Captain Davison dead," and all the more blighting cruel, because the very mail that brought the dispatch brought also a letter from him written just before leaving the last port. The telegram was addressed to her father and so was laid upon the shelf till he should come home, a few hours later, and she, all unconscious of the great sorrow that awaited her, joyously read her letter, so full of fond hopes and glad anticipations. He had been away nearly a year and expected to have orders from Rio Janeiro to come to some part of the States and wished her to prepare to meet him when he should send her word to what port he was coming. O, those precious missives that travel so slowly over the waters, what new life they bring to the weary hearts that remain at home and wait! Was it any wonder then that

the blood which had been leaping so joyously in her veins a moment ago suddenly curdled and froze about her heart when the telegram was read, and that she failed for a time to comprehend that heartlessly abrupt sentence? And then, O, the months of torturing suspense that followed, in which nothing farther could be learned, though every effort was made that could be made! The great wall of dark waters rolled between and no voice came over them to soothe one heartache. There was nothing to do but to endure and to wait the weary rounds of time till a letter could reach them.

During this weary waiting a letter came to the sorrowing wife in Bert's own handwriting. Was it a message from the dead, or was he really dead! What a mocking hope must have sprung up in her heart! It was written in Rio Janeiro, and he was well when he wrote. But for two little characters, how suddenly the dark world would have been turned to brightness. The dispatch reached New York the 25th of April and the letter was written earlier.

At length a letter came bringing but a fragment of all that we wished to hear and know.

His wife was not alone in her sorrow. The sad news was a heavy blow to his widowed mother who had recently moved

to Lee's Summit, Missouri. He was her youngest son and had been a strong arm for her to lean upon, and gave liberally to her of his earnings. Besides this, she could be justly proud of him. His high principles and sturdy integrity had won golden opinions from his employers. I, not having seen him since he was about twelve years old, can only remember him as a keen, dark-eyed little boy. Still it makes me feel sad to think of his lonely grave in that far distant land. There is a little comfort, however, in knowing that he had a decent burial, and that he had one relative with him till very near the last, then his own vessel was ready for sea and he had to leave.

If I mistake not, it was only a short time before my brother's death that he united with the Baptist Church. He was the last of my mother's family to join, but two others only of the family, Harris and Lucinda, then remained in that church.

George, Tamzie, Sophia, myself, Eliza, Holmes, and Ida, and mother also, have become identified with the latter-day work, believing, yea, knowing, that it was not brought forth nor established by the wisdom of men, but of God. The glad sound never reached Albert's ears, and the other two have heard very little.

(To be continued.)

GUIDE ME.

BY R. M. ELVIN.

"Understandest thou what thou readest? and he said, How can I except some man should guide me?"—Acts 8:30, 31.

MY text is a question by Philip, the evangelist, to the Ethiopian eunuch, and the answer is in the form of a question. I use these to illustrate the importance of our being guided aright while reading the Holy Scriptures; for when they are read with a proper understanding, great spiritual comfort comes to the soul, but when not understood, confusion is sure to follow, and thereby many turn away to unbelief, darkness, and folly.

When we sit down to read the Scriptures, if we would faithfully observe the following rules, we might escape much of

the misconception and contention found among professed teachers and believers of the "Good Book." First; Be sure who it is that is speaking. Second; Get clearly fixed in your mind, who the person is that is spoken to. Third; Have settled in your mind the subject matter spoken of. With the above rules in memory, we can become as honorable as those of "Berea," who daily "searched the Scriptures," and with the aid of the Holy Spirit, we may in safety, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."—1 Thess. 5:21.

Let us now read the first chapter of "the testimony of St. Luke." Instead of using verses, we will use headlines, and these headlines will represent the several

parties whose words are found in the chapter.

Luke.—"As I am a messenger of Jesus Christ, and knowing that many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us;

"Even as they delivered them unto us, who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee, in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed.

"There was in the days of Herod, king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia; and his wife being of the daughters of Aaron, and her name Elizabeth, were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless; and they had no child. Elizabeth was barren, and they were both well stricken in years. And while he executed the priest's office before God, in the order of his priesthood, according to the law, (his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord,) the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense.

"And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense.

"And when Zacharias saw the angel, he was troubled and fear fell upon him. But the angel said unto him,

The Angel.—"Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

"Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth; for he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God; and he shall go before the Lord in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

Luke.—"And Zacharias said unto the angel,

Zacharias.—"Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife is well stricken in years.

Luke.—"And the angel answering, said unto him,

Angel.—"I am Gabriel, who stand in the presence of God, and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show you these glad tidings.

"And behold, thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season.

Luke.—"And the people waited for Zacharias, and marveled that he tarried so long in the temple. And when he came out, he could not speak unto them; and they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple; for he beckoned unto them, and remained speechless.

"And as soon as the days of his ministration were accomplished, he departed to his own house. And after those days his wife Elizabeth conceived, and hid herself five months, saying:

Elizabeth.—"Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein he looked on me, to take away my reproach from among men.

Luke.—"And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God, unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin, espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said,

Angel.—"Hail, thou virgin, who art highly favored of the Lord. The Lord is with thee, for thou art chosen and blessed among women.

Luke.—"And when she saw the angel, she was troubled at his saying, and pondered in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her,

Angel.—"Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God."

"And behold, thou shalt conceive, and bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus.

"He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Luke.—“Then said Mary unto the angel,

Mary.—“How can this be?

Luke.—“And the angel answered and said unto her,

Angel.—“Of the Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest. Therefore also, that holy child that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

“And behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a son, in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her who is called barren. For with God nothing can be impossible.

Luke.—“And Mary said,

Mary.—“Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.

Luke.—“And the angel departed from her. And in those days, Mary went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Judea, and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elizabeth.

“And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she spake out with a loud voice and said,

Elizabeth.—“Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

“And why is it, that this blessing is upon me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For lo, as soon as the voice of salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy.

“And blessed art thou who believed, for those things which were told thee by the angel of the Lord, shall be fulfilled.

Luke.—“And Mary said,

Mary.—“My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he who is mighty hath done to me great things; and I will magnify his holy name, for his mercy on those who fear him from generation to generation.

“He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

“He hath put down the mighty from their high seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with

good things; but the rich he hath sent empty away.

“He hath helped his servant Israel in remembrance of mercy, as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever.

Luke.—“And Mary abode with Elizabeth about three months, and returned to her own house.

“And now Elizabeth’s full time came that she should be delivered; and she brought forth a son. And her neighbors, and her cousins heard how the Lord had showed great mercy unto her; and they rejoiced with her.

“And it came to pass, that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child; and they called him Zacharias, after the name of his father. And his mother answered and said,

Elizabeth.—“Not so; but he shall be called John.

Luke.—“And they said unto her,

Cousins.—“There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name.

Luke.—“And they made signs to his father, and ask him how he would have him called. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying:

Zacharias.—“His name is John.

Luke.—“And they all marveled. And his mouth was opened immediately, and he spake with his tongue, and praised God.

“And fear came on all who dwelt round about them. And all these sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea. And all they who heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying,

People of Hill Country.—“What manner of child shall this be?

Luke.—“And the hand of the Lord was with it. And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying:

Zacharias.—“Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath raised up a horn of salvation for us, in the house of his servant David, as he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, ever since the world began, that we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all them who hate us; to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant; the oath which he sware to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we, being de-

livered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our lives.

"And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation unto his people, by baptism for the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them who sit in darkness and the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Luke.—"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel."

In the foregoing we have the words of

Luke the historian, of the angel Gabriel, of the priest and prophet Zacharias, of Elizabeth, his wife, of Mary, the mother, of Jesus, of the cousins of Elizabeth, and of the people of the hill country of Judea.

The language of Luke, is that which unites the words of the others into a plain and interesting narrative of the birth of John and Jesus.

I hope that others will take as much pleasure in seeking knowledge, wisdom, and understanding from that which is written in the Holy Scriptures, and seek to comply with all that is directed of the Lord, as the writer of this paper.

Only to do good is the object of my life and membership in the church of the true and living God. In grace, peace, unity, and the bonds of the gospel.

THE RAIN THAT COMES OVER THE HILL.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The musical, mystical rain,
Borne on from the stretch of the temperate skies—
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes,
O the rain!

With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The mighty and measureless rain,
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps
Like an avalanche over the dim, tossing steeps,
O the rain!

That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The gleeful and glittering rain,
That plays hide-and-seek with the sun and the shade,
In showers of jewels that sparkle and fade.
O the rain!

That veils the deep meadow and laughs in the glade—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The gracious and plentiful rain,
Refreshing the sun-fevered spaces accurst,
When the forest is faint and the fields are athirst.
O the rain!

That brings back her soul to the Summer again—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!

The dewy, miraculous rain,

With the comforting clouds that drift close to the breast
Of the transfigured Earth, by the soft mists caressed.

O the rain!—

That disturbs not, nor breaks the enchantment it makes—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—

The tearful and tremulous rain,

That sobs by the wide-open window at dawn

Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.

O the rain!—

Falling softly, like shadows of hopes that are gone—

The rain that comes over the hill.

—Selected.

ONE EVENING.

BY SALOME.

"Heaven is made of love, my child;
To learn to love
Is to climb above.
And so I think an angel would say:
'You have the key,
And heaven is free,
Unlock the door and see.'"

SUCH a quick little pattering of feet
and then a knock. I was all alone,
and opening the door I heard a little
voice say, "Sister Frances said she wanted
a cat and I brought her one," holding up
as she spoke a white kitty.

I took the strange kitty and coaxed
her to be happy in my lap, while the dear
little maiden sat in the arm chair which
I had drawn close to mine. It was so
big for her that she could curl up in it
and go to sleep, just as the new member of
the family did in my lap. Every few
moments she would peep at the little ball
of fur and then she said, "Mamma didn't
want her, and Sister Envil didn't want
her, and I remembered Sister Frances
wanted one and so I brought her over."

Dear heart! To be touched with the
thought that she could take the little
stray to a home. And to remember the
need of her neighbor who said she had a
mouse and wished she had a cat to catch
it.

She came over alone after the lamps
were lit and brought a whole room full
of glee, as well as a heart full of tender
thoughts as we looked at the sweet child
face and wondered if the pure heart
within would always be as thoughtful of
others' needs.

You never saw anyone have a holier,
happier time than we two children in

that little while. I am sure if the angels
were near, our joyousness would not have
sent them away. I said, "Sing some, little
maid!" And she sang of little gray squir-
rels and a cage; of the Christmas bells
until you could almost hear them ring,
and almost wonder, too, if the great
Christ heart did not hear, so pure was the
face of the child uplifted to heaven sing-
ing "Ring on, ring on, oh! Christmas
bells."

And leaning over for another peep at
the kitty she said, "I am glad she has
found such a good home."

"Can you sing any of our Sunday
school songs, little girl?" I asked. "O
yes! little bits of them," she said. Some-
times I know them in the middle and
sometimes at the end, and when I
don't know the rest of the words I
just hum." "God bless your bonnie
heart," thought I, as the honest gray-blue
eyes like search lights sought my own,
"and keep you always pure as now."

I said, "Let us sing again," and slip-
ping from her chair she stood beside it
rocking it slowly to and fro and sang
again of the wind, the gentle, kindly, lov-
ing wind. The wind which made music
in the tree tops as of flute and violin; and
ever as she sang she rocked, and when
the song was done she quaintly said, "I
sang you all of that. My mamma sang it
two or three times to me and I knew it.
Where will the kitty sleep to-night? A
shed is a good place. Have you got any?
And don't forget to put some cloths on
the floor for her bed."

And all the while we talked and sang until she, this little five year old maiden with golden hair, said, "I can play little bits of some of our Sunday school songs." And she climbed upon the chair and played some of the thread of the air while we sang "Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light," until the outer door was opened and the house-mother looked in, smiled, and said, "You have company I see." Ah yes, I thought, angelic company that has brought me loving thoughts,

October 24, 1898.

holy desires, and new courage for the battle of life.

God bless the children everywhere! and may we, all, help and not hinder them in their mission. They seem so far, so far above us, these precious spirits who have not yet become contaminated with the taint of the world. "Ye must become as little children." Ah! Then they shall be our teachers and help us to learn the new commandment, "Love ye one another."

LIFE.

Ah, what is life? so brief at best—
A waking between rest and rest;
An insect's trail along the sand;
A gem's bright flash upon the hand;
A wave line traced on ocean's shore,
Just rippled there, then seen no more;
A breath upon a frosted pane.
A moment warmed, then chilled again;

The shadow of a cloud that stays
Until obscured by passing haze.
Canst think of aught more brief, more fleet,
To image forth Time's flying feet?
Yet in the "shadow," in the "breath,"
Our love awakes which knows no death,
And life, which seems so brief to be,
Is crowned by immortality!

—Selected.

HYMNS THAT HELP.

WHEN Emma Abbott was in Detroit, she visited the newsboys' rooms on Sunday evening, before going to church, and was asked by one of the little fellows for a song.

"A song?" echoed the popular singer, as she looked on the mass of bright, eager faces, and wondered what she could sing that would enter into all those young hearts and do a good work.

They waited, and the hall was as silent as if void and dark. Then the sweet notes of the "song" asked for rang out in melodious tones, and the singer looked at the boyish faces to see if any disappointment was there, but she saw only rapt attention, delight, and appreciation, as the boys drank in every word. This was the song Emma Abbott had chosen from her repertoire:—

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven.
Feed me now and evermore.

Miss Abbott sang every line of the grand old hymn, and when she had

finished, a mighty chorus of applause told her how well her song had been appreciated.

Miss Abbott said afterwards:—

"I could have sung something that would have pleased the boys better, perhaps, but in whatever I do, I aim to make an impression for good, that will be helpful and lasting."

* * * * *

Some years ago, a ship foundered within sight of land, but beyond help. The distracted spectators on the shore listened for the wail of anguish that would be borne to them across the angry billows, as the doomed passengers went down. But it was a different sound that saluted their strained and agonized senses, as the ship slowly settled into the engulfing waves. Every voice was raised in a parting song, and they caught the strains of a music that was almost celestial, as the winds wafted to them these precious words:—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee."

Instantly the peace that passeth under-

standing fell upon those sorrowing listeners, as the help of heaven reached the singers who were already on the portals of release.

* * * *

A great actress left the stage in the zenith of her success, to devote her time and power to a religious life. Her manager pleaded for one last appearance, but she steadfastly refused, until worn out with his importunities, she consented to appear once for a farewell engagement. There was an immense audience of fashionable people, who had assembled to do her honor. The play began and was received indifferently until the scene in which the favorite was to appear. She came on the stage superbly dressed, and

amid the wildest applause stepped to the front, where she stood every night to sing the rollicking songs of the people. At once there was perfect silence. Then the first lines of the song rang out in crystal clearness. These were the words:—

"Depth of mercy, can it be,
Mercy still reserved for me?"

She sung the whole hymn through, and paused only with the last word of the chorus,

"God is love, I do believe,
He is waiting to forgive."

The effect was electrical, men and women sobbed aloud, and she made her farewell appearance an event to be remembered for a lifetime.—*Sel.*

Editor's Corner.

ON THE WING.

ONE of the pleasantest hours spent in the White City was passed at the Iowa State Building, where we were introduced to Mrs. Maxwell, the lady in charge of the press department. The desire had long been in our heart to hear the unbiased opinion of one capable of judging in regard to the only book as yet written which views the Latter Day work from a purely scientific standpoint. But we had not the most remote idea, when entering our State building for the purpose of obtaining information in regard to other matters, that here our wish was to be gratified and that from one whom the State had honored to take charge of her literary department, we should hear the highest encomiums we had ever heard pronounced upon *Ruins Revisited*. And so the gospel wins its way and even those who have passed on to their rest yet speak in its defense.

The morning in which we visited Midway the clouds gathered blackness, and refreshing showers fell at intervals through the day. Escaping one of these, we took shelter in the temple of Luxor, amid the mummies and relics of Egypt representing the civilization of three thousand five hundred years ago. The mummies in this building are reproductions from the originals, but are said to be very correct copies of them. Rameses the II. the oppressor of the Israelites, Hirhor I. the father-in-law of king Solomon and Sethi I. whose daughter found Moses, are among the number

here exhibited. The feelings with which we viewed these relics were peculiar, and we must confess far less interesting than those experienced at witnessing the sacred dance of the ancient Egyptians. The motions of this dance are extremely modest and graceful. The dancer was a beautiful Copt woman, whose husband accompanied her into the temple and quietly waited until the performance was over to accompany her back. In many of the shops in the "Street of Cairo" we saw wares closely resembling those we had noticed among the relics of the Cliff Dwellers. Jars of the same shape and pattern, woven baskets and mats which might have been made from the same model were at least straws pointing to the land where the Cliff Dwellers had first learned the art.

However fondly we may linger the time comes when to all things earthly the good-bye must be said, and all too soon the time came when duty demanded of us to turn homeward. Before leaving the city, however, we visited Lincoln Park, and the Cyclorama of Jerusalem on the Day of Crucifixion. How strangely and fascinatingly real the latter appears, none but those who have viewed it can realize. As we stood there gazing in the tempered light upon the mountains bounding the city, the distant hazy openings where roads lead away from the gates, the smoke rising from the many fires being kindled that the Passover might be prepared, we seemed transported into

another realm, and surrounded by another atmosphere. In silence and with feelings akin to awe we contemplated the scene. Just before us were numberless lambs (white without spot or blemish) ready to be slain for the passover, while upon the other side the pictured form of the "Lamb of God" of which all slain before had been only types. What was most marked in all the view before us was the indifference with which nearly all seemed to regard the tragic scene. Bent only upon their own plans and aims, none seemed to notice, none to pity, except a small group near the cross, but upon some of the faces of this group what concentration of agony the artist has depicted! But of the Fair—

No words so fitting come to us in which to express the aim and object of this grandest of all the exhibitions the world has ever witnessed, as those recently used by John Brisben Walker. In speaking of the buildings he says: "These palaces are not the whim of one man for the pleasure of himself and his courtiers, but the first great creation of a government intended originally to be of the people, for the people, and by the people, a government that perhaps has not yet attained that ideal, but promises in the early future to scientifically solve the problems of distribution—a consummation which will give to the people the riches which they create, just as in this exhibition every bounty of nature, every magnificence of architecture, every creation of art, is brought together and opened for the benefit, not of the rich, not of the great, not of genius, not of the fortunate class, not of the few, but of all, including the humblest citizen. . . . This is the great College of Democracy. It is the school in which the millions are entered for a course of instruction."

If, indeed, this much desired end is to be reached, or to any extent abetted by the World's Fair of 1893, then may God bless the means he is using and hasten the day of consummation.

We feel that in obtaining Bro. McDowell to take charge of the Correspondence Department, we have done that for which the young Saints may well thank us, and we trust that it will be sustained even better than heretofore. We give below a brief extract from a private letter recently received from St. Louis. Such cheering news ought to stimulate every one to renewed effort and increased zeal for the work, especially coming as it does from a city filled with attractions and inducements to lead the young astray.

"If all societies would work in such harmony and prosper as ours has here in St. Louis, it would be one of the most glorious things that had ever taken place in the church. We can hardly appreciate it. The young people are taking hold, not only of society work, but religious work generally, and last Sunday afternoon in the prayer meeting, quite a number of those who had never taken part before, did so. It was one of the grandest meetings I have ever witnessed. Such a spirit prevailed that one could easily have loved the worst enemy he ever had. It really seemed to me to be a sort of foretaste of the hereafter. One aged lady said she often heard people ask why they could not have meetings now as they used to have in England, but she said she never saw a meeting any better than the one we had Sunday afternoon. Of course I do not mean to say the Religio has brought all this about, but it was mostly members of the society that took part, some that had never done so before. It just seems to me that I can hardly do enough for this move now. In almost every place where they have organized they are prospering."

OUR next number closes the sixth volume of AUTUMN LEAVES. We issue our January, or holiday, number about the 20th of December and our patrons will save us both time, trouble, and expense by renewing before their names are dropped from our mailing list. Your name will be retained up to January 1, 1894, but no magazine will be sent until it is paid for, or until you have written us asking us to send it and promising payment. To the friends of the magazine we say, This plan is the better one, and even if it was not, we have been forced to adopt it or to discontinue the magazine.

Heretofore we have been giving our profits to those who did not care enough for the magazine to read it when it reached them: hence did not know when their time expired, and in many cases changed their post office, leaving it uncalled for. Every such number *we have been paying for with the money sent us by our friends*, and which should have gone to our account as profit. Now we propose to stop this arrangement and share our profits with the friends of our magazine. If we were sending to interested readers, we could afford it, but it is too high a price to pay for waste paper.

You have been wanting your magazines bound. Send us before January 1, 1894, \$2 and the volume you wish bound, and we will re-

turn the volume to you bound in roan back and corners, cloth sides, sprinkled edges, and send you AUTUMN LEAVES for 1894.

Send us \$2.20 and the volume you wish bound, and we will return your volume bound in imitation morocco back and corners, sprinkled edges, and send you AUTUMN LEAVES for 1894; or for \$2.40 we will send it bound in morocco back and corners, sprinkled edges, and send you AUTUMN LEAVES for 1894. Should you prefer gilt edges, add 25 cents to above prices in each instance.

Send us \$3 and we will send you the *Herald* and AUTUMN LEAVES for 1894.

When the *Herald* is taken in this way, it will be sent only to those who are not indebted to the Herald Office. If you are indebted to the office and wish to take advantage of this reduction, you must send the amount you are already owing as well as the \$3 for advance payment of *Herald* and AUTUMN LEAVES.

That none may misunderstand our offer we repeat. We will send you:—

AUTUMN LEAVES for 1894, and bind one volume in half roan for \$2.

AUTUMN LEAVES and one volume bound in better binding (half imitation morocco) for \$2.20.

AUTUMN LEAVES and your volume bound in half morocco for \$2.40.

The *Herald* and AUTUMN LEAVES one year for \$3.

In addition to this when you subscribe yourself and wish to send another volume to a friend, or one each to several friends, we will furnish them to you for that purpose for \$1 per volume. This offer is only for our patrons and for the purpose of sending to those who are not subscribers.

Let us here repeat what we have before said, that we desire every one who wants the LEAVES to have them. If you want them and have not the money to send, write us to that effect and they will be sent to you.

PROBABLY the most original and forceful plea for silver that has been made in this exciting campaign, where so much has been said, is advanced in the October *Review of Reviews* by Mr. Edward B. Howell. By means of carefully prepared charts showing the amount of silver and gold, of cereals, and cotton, and other staple products he aims to show that the production of silver keeps approximate pace with the production of cereal crops. Furthermore, his evidence goes to show that while silver does vary about as the goods which we buy with it, gold does *not* keep pace with them. In other words, Mr. Howell's very interesting arguments would lead to the conviction that we should be talking of a \$1.50 gold dollar instead of a \$0.60 silver dollar. While put forward in a very concise and unpretentious manner, the charts which this young Western political economist has prepared form a very valuable addition to the literature of the much-vexed currency question.

In the October *Arena* the editor has a timely discussion on "The Coming Religion," in which he examines the various causes which have operated during recent years in so wonderfully broadening the religious thought of civilization. In the same issue Rev. W. E. Manley, D. D., contributes a scholarly paper entitled "Aionian Punishment Not Eternal."

WHITTIER.

Score one for Death! Another soul
Has passed to that mysterious goal,
That brighter, fairer, gladder clime
Beyond the reach and range of time.

The poet's soul has taken flight
Beyond the stars that gem the night;
But still his verses live to cheer
The heart, when all around is drear.

The Quaker poet, of lowly mien,
Wrote often of the fireside scene,
The want and trouble, care and strife,
And all the homelier joys of life.

And many a heart, bade hope again,
Has paused to bless the poet's pen,
Then turned again, with greater might
To fight anew the old, old fight.

And now, when autumn leaves so brown
In countless swarms are drifting down,
And flowers that once were rich in bloom
Have ceased to shed their bright perfume,

Let us who love the poet's name
Inscribe it on the scroll of fame,
And long may Whittier's poems sublime
Be murmured down the aisles of time.

—James C. Stuart in *Daily News*.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

HELPFUL HINTS.

BY ANNA STEDMAN.

NOVEMBER LESSONS.

WE were approached by a teacher a short time since with the question, "How would you begin to teach the lesson to your class? Would you have them read the lesson text first?"

Replying to the latter question we answered, "No; the concert reading by the school of the lesson text renders it unnecessary to re-read in class before beginning the study of the lesson."

In answer to the first question we would say that it depends greatly upon the class how the lesson should be conducted and greatly upon the teacher how it is conducted.

There is a difference in classes, and in consequence the demands made upon various teachers are of different character. The earnest, interested Bible class capable of deep thought and able quickly to perceive the force of argument may be taught successfully in a way that might fail utterly with, say a class of intermediate boys, whose bright eyes are wandering all over the room and whose alert ears are as apt to hear what is going on in the next class as they are to hear what goes on in their own.

When the opening exercises of the school have finished and the signal is given for class work to begin, the Bible class teacher finds the class ready and often anxious to begin. It is more than probable that the intermediate teacher must make an effort to secure attention which in the other class was given without effort on the part of the teacher. Of course, these two teachers *must* begin to teach in different ways.

The Bible class, in the concert reading of the text have, no doubt, obtained a general idea of the lesson and are ready when the class work begins to take up the important topics upon which they are to exchange thoughts. We believe in this class close attention should be given to the Bible, and in connection with the careful consideration of each verse such information may be appropriated as may be furnished by the *Quarterly* in *The Study of Words and Phrases*, *Sidelights*, and *Introduction*. It frequently happens that the teacher must direct attention to these aids, and how necessary, therefore, that she shall have studied the lesson previously that she may know just what information it contains. The teacher must be

well versed in the Scriptures who would undertake to teach a class without having previously prepared his lesson, and we dare to say that even then he is not ready to do the best that he could.

A teacher needs to have clearly in mind the outline of the lesson. One of the chief duties of a teacher is to awaken the mind of another, to set him to thinking, and the class that leaves the room at the close of the session *thinking* has been benefited even though the teacher did not permit argument upon the side issues to occupy all the lesson hour.

We have known classes to spend all the time allotted in discussion on one or two points of the lesson. We believe this ought not to be. Each lesson should be completed, and in order that it may be the teacher must know where the thread of the lesson leads, and not permit side issues to take too much time.

For example: The lesson for November 5, is divided into two parts, two separate parables, one teaching the necessity of unceasing prayer, the second, humility in prayer. If the class is allowed to use all the time in discussion of the first part they go away with an incomplete idea of the import of the lesson. If, instead, the time allowed for discussion of that portion is limited and the second receives its share of consideration the class receives a benefit that more than compensates for the limited consideration allowed the first.

If we had the supposed class of intermediate boys, we without doubt, should see the necessity of doing something to get and hold the attention of the boys. The Bible Practice Work is calculated to hold attention. In the Lesson Story we might attempt to hold attention by reading with the class something after the manner of the skeleton memory verses on page fifteen of the *Quarterly*. Suppose us now, teacher and class, all giving attention to the lesson. We read: (Teacher) "There was in a certain city"—whom? (Class) "a judge (Teacher) who cared nothing for what men said, or thought of him, and who—(Class) feared not God; (Teacher) and there was also in that city—(Class) a poor widow, (Teacher) who came to—(Class) the judge (Teacher) asking him, as it was—(Class) his duty (Teacher) to compel her enemy to do justly with her, etc."

The teacher should pause at the important words that the class by reading them may be

impressed by them. The class will soon understand when the teacher pauses that they are expected to supply. We like the method because it keeps the attention of all the class as reading round verse by verse would not, or as reading by the teacher could not. As the reading proceeds the teacher can pause to comment or question as she sees fit. The questions on the lessons then serve as a review or examination upon the lesson.

The method of reading suggested is nicely adapted to the reading of the Lesson Story for November 12.

For the primary class we have a suggestion for the lesson for Nov. 5, gleaned from a work on Bible object lessons. "With building blocks make a house for the one in which the judge lived. With objects represent the widow and the judge standing outside." The widow's house may also be built and tell the story of her appeals to the judge. After a little talk upon the love of their parents for them tell of the love of God, the just judge, who is a loving heavenly Father and glad to hear his children's prayers. Now sweep away the structures and begin with, "Now, I'll tell you another story," and with the same blocks represent the temple and tell how the Pharisee and publican went into it to pray. Show by comparison with the Lord's prayer how far the Pharisee's prayer was from being right.

In the lesson for Nov. 12 the young ruler clung to his earthly riches when by becoming a disciple of Jesus he might have gained the true riches of eternal life.

Primary teachers may use as objects to illustrate the lesson paper flowers and real flowers, toy money and real money. Let them imagine a child who will not exchange the paper flowers for the beautiful, living, fragrant ones, or a bag of toy money for a bag of silver money, and from this lead them to understand the folly of clinging to the riches of earth in preference to the true riches of eternal life. We find this illustration in the *Pilgrim Teacher*.

We have but a few words of suggestion to offer upon the quarterly review. The review of texts and verses should be left for the general exercises and not taken up in the class. In taking up the questions, remember they are but a test of the information gained by the study of the quarter. It would not be well to allow discussion of questions during this lesson as every subject has been previously considered.

We wish to suggest to teachers that when possible it is well to have the class seated in

such a way that all can hear. For this purpose it is well to form a circle. Otherwise in large classes those at the ends of the line are unable to hear. And again, unless your class read well it may be better in lesson 13 for the teacher to do the reading, pausing to impress the thought by question or comment. We have seen classes consume one half of the time on the Introduction because of slow reading. We refer here to those of Senior Grade.

TO-DAY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL—TO-MORROW'S CHURCH.

ELBERT A. SMITH.

We have seen the light of Juda
Shine across the desert far,
And have come to worship Jesus
As the bright and morning star.

THE ages of the world have been looking forward to a grand event, the coming of Christ. Once he came and took upon himself the name and nature, wore the garments, and lived the life of his people. Again he is coming, and when he comes his people must be ready to take upon them his name and his nature.

Once he came humble and lowly, again he shall come in infinite glory, to rule over the earth. The taper of time is burned low, and the time is near, we know not how near. The sweet singers have sung of it, and the holy prophets have spoken of it. It has been the hope, the inspiration, the guiding star of his people.

To prepare a people, righteous and full of good works, worthy to meet him, is the charge given to God's children who live in this latter dispensation.

There are gathered here to-day men and women who are earnestly endeavoring to build up, and maintain, a church, a society, a people, that shall be good to-day, but better, infinitely better to-morrow.

We want to consider how this may be best accomplished. We know that to-morrow is largely what to-day makes it. The future is the offspring of the present, the present of the past. If we look into the past and note where decided improvement and advancement has been made, we discover that there was a cause back of it. The mature fruit was the result of seed that was sown, grew, developed. We are led by this to believe that if we sow good seed, and sow it right, it will bear fruit in the church of the future.

If we ask, Where shall we sow this seed? The answer is, manifestly, in the elements that

will compose the church, in the minds of the children that are growing up and into that church.

The mission field is the great upbuilder of the church. As an auxiliary of the mission field, the Sunday school has no equal, reaching directly and directly benefiting, as it does, to-day the mission field and the church of the morrow.

To the Sunday school, then, is delegated this very important work; or we might say to the Sunday school and the home. The home *should* be the great prime factor in the education of a child, but the fact cannot be denied that it does not reach the desired end. As the child develops, its mind ceases to be engrossed and wholly satisfied with the material objects that it sees about it, and begins to reach out and inquire into the world of facts and of spiritual things, to examine into the laws of being, the relation of cause and effect. If the education in the right way is neglected at this point, we may rest assured that the education in the wrong way *will not* be neglected. Right here comes in the work of the Sunday school, to educate it in the things pertaining to its spiritual nature, making this work one of the very greatest importance; a work conferring benefits upon the child in many ways, ways that from our present standpoint, perhaps, we do not properly understand, but some of which we endeavor to enumerate.

By affording a suitable place and occupation for the Sabbath it early trains the child to observe the day set apart for the worship of God, and forms the habit of studying the Scriptures. This is the first great step.

It familiarizes the growing mind with the great promises, blessings, and commandments that God has given to it and to all the world. It instills into the mind a conception of the beauty of the Christian character, of the great goodness and wonderful love of the Redeemer, giving rise to a desire to be more Christlike, thus laying the foundation for an honest, upright character that will stand out against the world, the flesh, and the Devil, and be ready for any duty or calling that may fall to its lot.

It forms habits of study, and so, by storing the mind with information, fits one to defend the true faith against the flings of adverse critics.

Last and greatest, by thus laying the foundation for a noble life, it prepares us to form one of that great throng, to stand among the pure and the good who shall meet their Creator and judge with a clear record.

These are a few of the benefits of a Sunday school education for the children; an education that shall so prepare them that when the great question of their personal salvation comes home to them, there may be something in their hearts for the Spirit to lay hold upon; that having looked upon the subject from all sides, they may be prepared to obey understandingly, knowing that no combination of human creeds will produce the gospel of Christ, that no unity of churches will produce the Church of Christ; but in the extremity of their need, they know where to turn to find one organization that stands undeniably and acknowledged as the kingdom and the church of God; that they may know the one way by which they may enter into that kingdom, the one manner in which they may reach out and pluck the fruit of salvation, of the gospel of love, peace on earth, and good will to all mankind.

Zion's Herald, of Boston, commenting upon a certain book, having for its object the conversion of sinners, says: "The hell of this volume is terrible enough to drive any unforgiven and unsaved man to the Son of man."

Think of that for a moment. Do we desire that kind of recruits? Shall we leave the education of our future members and ministers to the street, the ball room, and the bar, and at the proper time frighten them into an attempt to obey a God whom they could not love nor understand?

This was the old time method and we want nothing of it. The church of the future needs converts who have understandingly obeyed; because they knew it to be their duty and felt it to be their pleasure; because they love to obey God, more than that they feared the punishment that would follow if they disobeyed him.

Our work is a work that reaches the individual,—by raising the character of the individual we know that we shall raise the character of the organization. The merit of an organization can be no greater than the merit of the individuals who compose that organization. Whatever tends in its nature to raise or lower the standard of the individual tends to raise or lower the standard of the organized people.

We remember, during a very solemn and beautiful prayer and testimony meeting on these grounds in years now past, a ragged youth from the country side whispered in our ear, "Are yew a *Mormin*? Why don'tcher rise and tes-ti-fy?"

We venture to predict that in years to come a great many "*Mormins*" will rise and testify that their first start in the great warfare was

given them in the Sunday school. That while their character was yet fresh and plastic, as the clay in the hands of the modeler, it was given shapes that have developed into lines of great beauty, something like unto Christ's perfection. That by keeping the dross out of their gold they have spared half the heat of the fiery ordeal of refining,

Let the work roll on! Many things look dark now, but we know that when we most need help we are most likely to receive it. If this people were not of God they could do nothing. But we know they are of God, and we know that there will come a time—there *must* come a time—when right shall conquer all wrong.

Adversity does not kill a *just* cause. We note in the past as in the present, that where the people of God did his will, and danger and affliction came upon them, that they have been speedily and quietly delivered. Christians everywhere may draw what conclusions they will from this, but to our mind it proves, beyond a doubt, that God hears the cry of his people; that he has not only provided for the salvation of the whole race, but that he sees our need, *our* distress, *our* personal want.

It is not chance that removes the rocks and thorns from before our feet, that lights up our

darkened way, that sets the star of Bethlehem before our eyes to guide us on our way; it is not an accident that friends are suddenly raised up in our hour of need. It is the loving Father who is watching over us. We have his word from the regions of glory: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him;" and when we hear him we hear him say, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or; wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" that he has numbered even the hairs of our head.

We know that just as surely as the full light of day follows the first glimmer of morn, just so surely will the little ray of light that is cast into the darkness, grow and grow into a full flood of light, the light that is called knowledge, the knowledge of the will of God concerning mankind.

We have the assurance that line will be added unto line. But not until we master that which we already have, can we hope to receive more. When we have mastered it then may we rejoice, for the work is onward, and our course is upward. Then may the watchmen upon the towers of Zion cry that all is well.

God speed the Sunday school work!

—Read at Logan Reunion, Oct. 12, 1893.

Zion's Religio-Literary.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

ELDER J. F. M'DOWELL, EDITOR.

SALUTATORY.

IN entering upon this work of the Department of Correspondence we think we can see wherein lie many advantages for those who will properly take hold and assist in the effort of enthusing a life-giving element into this happy feature of the AUTUMN LEAVES. We sincerely hope that a goodly number of our young patrons will aid in opening up "new channels for thought" and make this Department of AUTUMN LEAVES a most attractive one. Too much education in the right direction cannot be had; and all the varied classes springing up with such noble objects in view are indeed inspiring and everybody in the church should lay hold and work with a *will*. It may appear unto some that the Department of Correspondence in our valuable magazine is of only minor consequence, but it dawns upon the writer's mind that it can be made very interest-

ing indeed, and why not try to make it so?

We shall endeavor to write upon *special* topics for the young in short essays for our editorial part, and select items from numerous letters we hold in our possession received from many points throughout the United States and Canada. And we hope they may be read with earnestness because of the intrinsic value they contain. Men and women, whose souls and lives have been burdened in youth, as you now see it, and whose words to us started many a tear to flow from a heart of gratitude unto God for the blessed experiences of full release you found in Christ, write, and give rise to a strong impetus for an advance move in this wholesome and profitable work. The cause of God is beaming forth with beauty, and the church is moving out grandly! You can be engaged in nothing better; and every good word and deed adds new lustre to our enterprise.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—In committing this Department of the magazine, which is devoted exclusively to your interest, to the watchcare and guidance of another, we have only your good in view, and have done so feeling assured that results will fully justify our most sanguine expectations and that in due time this gain will be apparent to all. Do not for a moment suppose that any love of this special work—any heart interest which we feel in each one of you, is transferred. This is not possible. The interest felt for you is too deep and abiding for this, and has so long made its home in our heart that nothing—not death itself—can displace it. We are fully persuaded that Bro. McDowell is better fitted than we are to fill this position, and we can but congratulate you upon the change. It has been years now since the fact was brought to our notice that he was deeply interested in the youth of the church, and in giving this department into his care we believe we are following the leadings of the Spirit which long ago (as he will remember) pointed to the fact that we were in some way to labor together for the young. Let us bespeak for him your cordial and hearty coöperation. Enter and occupy. Send to him news in relation to this work. Let it come from the East, West, North and South, until every hamlet where a Saint dwells shall resound with the echoes of this advance movement. Bear in mind and never forget it, that you do not know, you cannot calculate the power which one encouraging sentence may carry with it. Sentences and words are wonderful things when the power of God's Spirit accompanies them. "Let not your hearts be troubled;" God is moving, his people are responding, and the day is near when his church shall come forth, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

In this work you have a part and a large part. The time past will suffice for the enemy to have made a recruiting ground of Zion's encampment. Enough and far too many of our young people have drifted away from the church because she was not wise enough to hold them. We naturally love that for which we labor and when you learn to labor for Zion, you will love her with a tenderness equaling that of the captives who hung their harps upon the willows and wept when they remembered her.

Never before (we assuredly believe) were the forces of evil so organized, marshalled, and equipped as they are to-day, for the overthrow of all that is good and pure in the world.

Surely it is time that those who have the light of truth unfurl her banner to the breeze and stand by their colors even unto death. Let the hands of God's ministry who "go forth weeping bearing precious seed," be strengthened by the thought that they leave behind them a fully organized and equipped *home guard* who will labor with unceasing vigilance and energy in the *home field*, while they thrust in their sickles abroad.

One thought we wish we had power to stamp so indelibly upon your souls that it would become a part of your very being. It is expressed in this stanza of Charles Kingsley:—

"Be good . . . and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:

And so make life, death and that vast forever.

One grand sweet song."

It is this *doing* for which you are organized, or we do not understand the object. This is a day when infidelity, doubt, and skepticism come boldly to the front and unhesitatingly demand to scrutinize every profession made. This is right. The chains and bondage of superstition have too long been a curse to the world. Truth has nothing to lose, but everything to gain from such treatment, if it be fair and unprejudiced. Cant and hypocrisy have so long worn the garments of religion, that the minds of many—very many—have become confused and they plead that good works are all we need. They do not understand the full meaning of, "This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone." It is yours to convince many of the mistakes they are making by *adding to your faith*, virtue and the good works demanded by the gospel, and which the gospel must and will produce if you let it have its perfect work.

It is a fruitful theme for study that Christ demands of those who would be his disciples to follow him. How far? Will faith, repentance, laying on of hands suffice? After these comes the resurrection of the dead and of the time of resurrection we read: "For the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good in the resurrection of the just, and they that have done evil in the resurrection of the unjust." This is the judgment which follows the resurrection. In the grave we shall not labor. Who then may know, who can tell the wonderful meaning of life! Not mortal man, but this we know, for Christ assures us of it, not only by his words, his teachings, but by his life—that life which means so much to every son and daughter of Adam,—that our works, the works done

here follow us and by them we are judged.

Dear young Saints, study the life of Christ as you would study a picture you wished to transfer to canvas. Open your hearts to his teachings and strive to follow him. Remember that the prize is at the end of the race. "It is finished," were almost the last words of Jesus, as they will be in substance, of everyone who endures to the end and remember it was the work the Father had given him to do that was finished. God grant that when for us this hour shall come—the hour in which we say farewell to all things earthly—we too may say of the work given us to do, "It is finished." M. W.

LAMONI, Iowa, October 15, 1893.

PAPEETE, Tahiti, August, 1893.

To the Autumn Leaves, its Editor and Readers:—Time moves on swiftly, and in its car poor mortals are hustled hither and thither where inclination leads not, and where satisfaction comes not.

A few months since the writer was laboring in one of the Master's fields, where twenty-three years ago he was a traveling herald of the approach of the hastening harvest time. Seeds he sowed then, others reaped the fruits of: but again and again, and yet again, he both sowed fresh seed from the Master's storehouse, and reaped the ripened or ripening fruit that had germinated and sufficiently matured for gathering, fruit whose seed others had sown. But whether it be John, Joseph, William, or Edwin that had planted, or John or Mark that had watered, it was God who had given the increase. The work and the glory both are his.

I loved the dear Saints of St. Joseph, old and young, and it is not merely a niche in memory's walls they occupy; but a compartmental recess which seems to have been planned for in the architectural structure of that little studio I call my mind. Year followed year with them, as with many other branches of God's great vine in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, and Michigan, and followed but to intensify within me my love for them, a love I have received many tangible and convincing evidences was mutual. I am not therefore surprised that I now look back upon those scenes of other days with mixed feelings of love and loving regret.

Nor am I conscience smitten when I introspectively withdraw attention from duty and present surroundings to examine the intensely interesting portraiture of loving and beloved

ones which I find skillfully photographed upon the sensitive pages of memory by its own artist, as he caught their reflection, and as by the lens of truth he impressed them with indelible accuracy on the undying mind,—the luminous rays of human love sanctified by Divine love serving for the mental process as do the bright rays of Mahana for the transfer of the physical likeness. Such Saints, such friends, are fruitful branches of the true Christ-vine, branches from which I have never plucked one sour grape, branches that have never shed one such for me.

Friends not of a year, nor of a day,
But friends whose friendship shineth for aye,
So lustrous, holy, and pure,
Must be remembered on land and on sea;
Remembered in love wherever we be,
Love that will ever endure.

Nor must I, by neglecting to refer to Saints of other States and countries, give jealousy an excuse for speech;—for he, faithful to his work,—though mean that work may be, stands like a sentinel with poised gun and thumb on hammer, ready to fire on the unlucky traveler that chances to cross his beat, and knows not, or has forgotten, his countersign.

Yes, dear Saints of "Joseph's land," dwellers in every part where duty, design, or seeming accident has thrown me, many, very many of you are enshrined in my heart of love, where the deeds of charity you have performed in my behalf are entered on the credit side of your account: and the comforting "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these [of mine], ye have done it unto me," comes sounding down through the ages to me as though it voiced an answer to my petition, "Lord, reward thou them, for I cannot," assuring me that while "every one shall be rewarded according to the things done in the body," not even the seemingly small gift of a "cup of water" given to a disciple in the name of a disciple shall pass without a suitable reward.

Nor forget I those in Christ in "fair Britannia's realms," in the Isles of Wight and Man, in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England—although a published letter in *Herald* names my predecessors and successors in office there as being remembered kindly, and well spoken of but names me not, (leaving some the chance to infer and trouble me with the thought, "You only, Mark, are undeserving and unremembered,") although and notwithstanding this, dear Saints of Europe, I remember with loving gratitude your personal tokens of esteem, and pray to him in whose service we were so happy together twenty years ago, that he will grant to you from out his store-

house, all you need for this life and the life to come.

Not having written for Sister Walker's bright magazine in my summer time, I have decided in my autumn time to write for *Autumn Leaves* if its editor reject not my contributions as being rather bearers of thoughts withered through the senility of age, than of thoughts tinctured with the varieties of autumnal years and experiences, and the glowing fullness of Life's autumn period.

Away in the tropics, there is so much that is new to me, it is possible that even from my poor pen, some tracings may be made that shall while away an evening quarter of an hour, if they accomplish no further good. With this as a preface, I close by stating that my first letter will go by the next mail, and with it a prayer that the Divine Guide may be mine to indite and help, yours and the editor's to sustain and bless, while you read the written thoughts of

Your brother in the Lord Jesus,

MARK H. FORSCUTT.

(UNCLE MARK.)

Address, PAPEETE, Tahiti, Oceanica.

SEATTLE, Washington.

Editor of Autumn Leaves:—I will drop you a line to tell you that I think *Autumn Leaves* is one of the best moral and religious monthlies I know of. I liked the autobiographies of Bro. W. W. Blair and Bro. Joseph Luff, what splendid lessons they teach. I like the stand the *Leaves* takes on Temperance, especially the prohibition of the saloon and the liquor traffic. We live in a liquor state four miles out from Seattle in a suburban town of 350 persons. The liquor men have tried three or four times to get the majority to sign a petition granting them the right to sell liquor but two prohibitionist and a half dozen temperance folks have kept the liquor men out. There is nothing elevating in the business. Moral people should always vote against the traffic and its profits. I think Bro. J. F. McDowell is not afraid to talk or vote against the liquor traffic. Do not forget to read his articles. We should remove every temptation from the young and ignorant. We should deal with the liquor traffic as we would with a nuisance. That is, never license a nuisance. If it is a nuisance educate the people to vote it out of the community and to vote for men who will consider it as a nuisance.

The Saints in and around Seattle are all scattered Saints; that is, we have no branch or organization as yet but hope to organize some-

time this summer and have meetings and Sunday school. Seattle is a large city well built. Population 50,000; no preaching has been done here yet but we will try and get an opening as soon as possible for Bro. John Davis who is now preaching in Eastern Washington. Times here are still very dull but we still try to do our best.

Yours,

W. D. McKNIGHT.

IMPRESSIONS.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints, on the sands of time."

We honor the loved ones of earth not merely because of the position which they have occupied, nor solely on account of the conquests they have gained, but really because of the happiness they have bestowed upon others, and for the degree of life they have lived in the time allotted to them.

There is not in the mind of man a more valuable trait than that of memory, for retrospection will invariably prove the estimate to be placed upon actions, be they good or evil. Rob man of this faculty of mind and you strip him of one of the most important factors conducive to his welfare, for, if the statement be a true one which we have often heard quoted, "Practice makes perfect," if the man is developed by those things with which he comes in contact, if he walk in the quicksands of earth and there be left no trace of his meanderings, not only are the experiences of the past worthless to him, but no trace of anything tangible remains as an evidence to others of his existence.

The history of the nations of the earth, the rise and fall of empires, the reckless and blood-thirsty career of some of their rulers, the true devotion to country and home upon the part of others, reflect upon the retina of our vision scenes such as we have met with in life in miniature form; and as the sunshine follows in the pathway of the storm, while there is then made more apparent the devastation which has been wrought, the green fields smile, the blade of grass lifts its drooping head, the birds warble forth their notes in sweeter accents, and ultimately all that is left to tell of the storm is the blessing which followed it.

The first impressions made upon the mind of the child are such as to make it bold and fearless, or timid and cautious. In the first attempt to repeat the sound which it has heard, conveying to some other mind the intelligence indicated in the expression, there is that smile

of satisfaction upon the countenance which bespeaks the inward emotions and impressions. As the first step taken but strengthens it for the next, even though it fall in the effort, as the first intelligent sound uttered conveys to the mother mind the future possibilities of development; these all but indicate to us the great canvas of the universe, upon which is now being spread the thoughts, the intents, the actions of all.

As this faculty of the mind can but unfold to us our past individual actions, or those of others which may have been recorded upon the pages of history and with which we have become familiar, the recent inventions and discoveries of the age bear witness to the fact that the earth herself shall ultimately reveal the truths written upon the unfolded pages of history.

The phonograph speaks to us a marvelous truth. The mind of man for ages has received the impressions made upon it through the various senses of the body; the hills have echoed back his words; so true has been the impression, also the means of its communication, through the operation of the powers vested in him, that we live to-day not alone in the present, we have with us the sages who have lived in the past.

This instrument to which we have referred conveys to us the wonderful story that the generations of the past have written their history not only by "footprints on the sands of time," but upon the solid rocks. Man has heretofore confined this retentive quality to animal life, and the records which may have been made. But the revealments of the present age declare unto us in unmistakable terms that the very air we breathe, which becomes resonant when set in motion, is but the agency of nature employed to write the pages of her history.

If, through the agency of man there has come to us this revelation, we can then the more readily understand the statement that, "The day cometh when every man's works shall be tried as by fire," and, "That which is heard in the ear in the closet shall be proclaimed upon the housetop."

The fossil remains of animals and plants, hidden far beneath the surface of the earth, unfold to man to some extent the condition of the world in ages past, and each succeeding layer or strata of earth formed upon the surface adds but another page to the great volume of nature.

The first preparation used upon which to make impressions was produced from the bark of trees. Subsequent developments have placed

within our reach a variety of matter for this purpose, and he who calmly meditates may not only behold in nature the means requisite for receiving the accurate impression of every impulse or emotion vibrating in the universe, but beyond this, may find by a careful study of these impressions that which shall make his life more sublime.

There are, however, some individuals who seem to be as slow to receive an impression as is the solid iron. It requires sledge-hammer blows to produce the desired effect. As we grasp the hand of an individual and look into the countenance there is an impression there made that bespeaks volumes, and he who becomes lettered in the school of nature so as to read her alphabetical characters, can, by grouping them, readily produce the volume in which will be found the record of that life, the preface to which he has but glanced over. The effect of these impressions warrants the assertion that in man himself there is that natural scribe at work who is daily penning the actions of the individual, sketching upon the canvas of the mind that image, the outlines of which become apparent to others.

As nature with her electric pen is recording the doings of nations, sketching upon the canvas of yonder arched heavens the scene of each day's battle, accurately noting the downfall of the slain, minutely receiving the groans of the wounded, when these curtains are rolled back as a scroll and mother earth begins to tell in the ears of Jehovah the doings of those whom she has borne, the Father may justly assign to us that which we have merited as children.

R. ARCHIBALD.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

Dear Sister:—I have been longing to tell you about my new book which I mentioned in my last letter. I have been reading it with great pleasure and benefit and wish you could read it too; indeed I would like to put it in the hands of every Christian. It is called "Week-day Religion" and teaches Christian culture, not merely theoretically, but practically, coming right down to the level of our every day lives, so that no one could read it without receiving help and benefit, if the lessons are taken home to the heart; we might read scores of good books, and hear many powerful, appealing sermons, and yet be very little benefited if we refuse to apply to our own hearts and lives the lessons they impart. To give you an idea of the sweet and simple tone of

this book, I will give you a few extracts from the chapter called "As unto the Lord:"—

"A great deal is said in the Scriptures about serving the Lord. But how are we to serve him? First of all, our lives must be truly consecrated to Christ. If they are not, the most magnificent services will not be accepted. Then the work we do must be the work to which he calls us at the time. Something else than our present duty, though requiring more toil and appearing more splendid, will not be pleasing while present duty is left unperformed. Then the work we do must itself be pure and good work in a lawful and proper calling; no formal consecration can make wrong-doing pleasing to the Master.

"Then again we must do our work well. This phase of Christian duty is sometimes overlooked. The principles of religion apply just as well to the carpenter's trade, or to the tailor's, or to the housekeeper's work, as to the business of the banker or the merchant. It is just as really dishonest to sew a seam that will rip, or to put inferior material or bad workmanship into a building as it is to use a short yard-stick, or light weights, or to adulterate coffee or sugar. God is not pleased with any work unless it is the very best that we can render. If we do our secular work thus, it will be acceptable to the Lord as service rendered to Him. If the great underlying motive of all our life be to serve and honor Christ and bless the world, the whole includes all its parts. And thus the dreariest paths of duty become bright ways of joy, the commonest drudgeries of life will be clothed in garments of beauty, and all routine-work, in home and field, in shop and office, in school and study, will appear sacred and holy because done for the Master. But amid these secular duties come countless opportunities of serving in another sense, by active ministries to others. There is not an hour of our waking existence that does not bring us in contact with other lives that need something we have to give. We are not to wait for opportunities to do great things, but are to do always, moment by moment, the thing that comes to our hand. It may be to speak a cheering word to one who is disheartened, to join in a child's play, to mend a broken toy, to send a few flowers made more fragrant by your love, into a sick room, or to write a letter of condolence or sympathy. Such service is always pleasing to Christ; indeed he puts himself behind every one who needs help or comfort, and accepts all deeds of benevolence and true charity as done unto himself.

"Thus we see that serving the Lord is not the

privilege and pleasure of a few rare hours alone, but embraces the whole wide range of life and work and takes in all our relationships to home, to friends, to humanity, to business, to pleasure. If the heart be right, our whole life becomes one unbroken series of services rendered to the Lord. There is no life in the world so sweet as that of one who truly serves Christ. It is always easy to toil for one we love, and when the heart is full of love for the Master, it throws a wondrous warmth and tenderness about all duty. Things that would be very austere or repulsive merely as duties, become very easy when done for him. So we need have but the one care—that we live our one little life truly unto the Lord." I have not copied the author's words consecutively, but simply picked out sentences here and there in that one chapter. It is all alike beautiful, but there are several chapters which I would like to copy for you word for word, particularly those on "Wayside ministries," "Helps for worried week days," and *Glimpses at life's windows.* In *Autumn Leaves* for October you noticed, of course, the little love poem which Jean wrote for me, the sweetly touching sentiment of which called forth from the gifted "Frances" a truly poetic, divinely beautiful, soul-stirring poem, which cannot fail, I think, to answer the author's own earnest prayer that her words might hold the power—

"To awaken such ones from their dream
Of delusion, and lead them most clearly
To know things are not what they seem."

I had the pleasure not long ago of seeing the most beautiful daily summer resort in the vicinity of New York, Glen Island in Long Island Sound. It is an improved Central Park in miniature. We had a most delightful sail of two hours to reach it and passed quite close to North Brother's and Blackwell's Islands, which are entirely taken up with some of New York's penal institutions, insane asylums and hospitals. As we drew near Glen Island, we were charmed with its appearance, as Jeanie said to me, it looked like a real, wonderful, fairy land. It is owned by Mr. Starin, a wealthy citizen of New York, and is kept in perfect order. They have a large menagerie, and a splendid aquarium which I enjoyed as it contains many new and wonderful specimens of the finny tribe. They have a genuine clam bake on the Island and a first class *café*, as fine as any in the city, also a place called the Dairy where we had a nice lunch. And last but not least I must tell you of the lovely semi-tropical garden, in which beds of rich flowers were arranged in the most tasteful and artistic manner, and where great palms

and beautiful ferns were growing luxuriantly, besides many other tropical plants in full bloom, whose rich perfumes filled the air with fragrance. But I have allowed this letter to become very much overgrown, and must now say good-bye for this time, with love and best wishes from your affectionate sister,

AGNES MOORE.

. NORTH PLATTE, Neb., August.

Dear Readers:—I have been a silent but very much interested reader of the *Leaves* for four months only, and fear words cannot express the gratefulness I feel towards those who have done so much to make this periodical one which I think has no equal. It is both interesting and instructive to all who read it.

I feel that we are greatly blessed by having this means of communication through the silent language of the pen, and I also think we should not merely regard the writing to the Correspondence Department a duty, but a great privilege, which all should seek to avail themselves of. Success in life does not depend upon how far we rise above our fellow workers; but in the good use we make of the talents we possess; so let us not be afraid to write for fear of being criticised; but all try

and furnish food to keep up the Correspondence Department, for if it should be discontinued, I fear much of the good that can be accomplished by this means will be lost.

The old maxim, "If we would be happy, try to make others happy," is indeed true, and I think we may help to make others happy by writing a letter to the readers, telling of our surroundings, homes, engagements of different kinds of employment. If we are in any way trying to aid in the work of the latter days, we ought to be willing to impart it to the *Leaves*; for we cannot tell the good they may do some one who is one of the "scattered ones" who has not the privilege of enjoying much pleasure in knowing of the work except by this means.

I am very sorry I have not written before this, but as this is my first attempt I will not make my letter too lengthy, but promising to write again, I close hoping if there be any thought or words in my letter that are worthy of notice, they will be appreciated by some one. A young sister in the faith,

JENNIE NEWBERRY.

Address all letters intended for this department to Elder J. F. McDowell, Magnolia, Iowa.

Daughters of Zion.

MRS. C. B. KELLEY, EDITOR.

"Unity of work is the hope of our cause."

TO MY SISTERS.

O woman hearts that keep the days of old
In living memory, can you stand back
When Christ calls? Shall the heavenly Master
lack
The serving love, which is your life's fine gold?
Do you forget the Hand which placed the crown
Of happy freedom on the woman's head,
And took her from the dying and the dead,
Lifting the wounded soul long trodden down?
Do you forget Who bade the morning break,
And snapped the fetters of the iron years?
The Savior calls for service, from your fears
Rise girt with faith, and work for his dear sake.
And He will touch the trembling lips with fire—
O let us hasten lest we come too late!
And all shall work; if some must "stand and
wait,"
Be theirs that wrestling prayer that will not tire.

—From the *Presbyterian*.

At this time of the year the evenings are growing longer, and instead of gathering the little ones around us after the sun has gone down, and musing with them outside in the cool and refreshing eventide breeze, watching for, and counting the stars as they one by one peep forth from their hiding places, we must move indoors and see how we can spend a pleasant and profitable time before retiring for the night.

Here is where lies one of the secrets of the mother's influence.

It will be well for all to stop and inquire: Have we thrown around our children that watchful love and tender sympathy that is so attractive to the weary little ones? Can we now light up the place so dear to us all and see all the faces aglow that are so familiar to the family fireside?

It may be perchance some one of the number has been sent out on some errand, and has thoughtlessly stopped to play with chance companions; but notice the little fellow when he comes in, how he seems to glance around as if to draw a comparison between the scene in this home place and the one he has just left. Here he sees the circle of loving brothers and sisters—happy and interested in each other's work and experiences. Or, it may be, that since similar gatherings on former occasions one of the number has been called to the new and brighter home beyond, there to dwell in the presence of our heavenly Father and to go no more out forever.

We have these incidents with which to enshrine our memory of the loved ones gone before and that "blessed hope" of reunion in heaven which bears us up in the dark and trying hours. How comforting then, even in the dark hour of home separation and bereavement, is the thought which ever comes, after all, "It is well with the child."

Mothers! how then ought we not to strive to make the home one of love and harmony; let it too be a religious home; and then we may be sure that God will delight to dwell therein, and let his blessings descend upon it like the showers of rain, or dews of heaven.

THIS month we have the pleasure of laying before our readers the suggestive letter of Sr. M. Walker, touching the work of the "United Daughters of Zion."

The reminiscences introduced from the testimony of that valiant soldier for the faith, on the Pacific coast, the late Elder D. S. Mills, will be interesting and give thought for study, and we feel assured that the wide awake Daughters, and workers in the cause of Zion, will give the entire letter a critical reading.

Dear Sister Kelley:—To-day I am in receipt of a letter from Sr. Joseph Burton in which she says, "Bro. Mills died on Sunday morning, September 11, so we learn by telegram. 'A mighty man of valor' has passed from earth, but not until he saw the things which had been shown him in vision concerning woman's work in the church beginning to come to pass. Do you remember the items I wrote you from Australia of a vision he had concerning the work among the sisters or the mothers in Zion, for the instructing of the younger mothers and daughters of Zion, how it was shown him that the work would first begin through the *Herald*, but that ultimately they would have a separate periodical and a real organization? The Daughters

of Zion is probably the organization which he saw."

The poet has said,—

"There are great truths that pitch their shining tents

Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest

When the light widens into perfect day."

As I read the letter from which I have quoted, memory struggled slowly backward to the mis-sive from Australia, and then I recalled the fact that at the time of its receipt I had written to Bro. Mills asking him if he felt like telling me the vision. This was a short time before the first number of the *AUTUMN LEAVES* was issued, and I knew only too well that if the magazine ever appeared it would be the outgrowth of the effort I had made in the Home Column of the *Herald*.

In due time I received an answer to my letter, and I take occasion to say just here that to the heartily encouraging words and the unbounded zeal and faith of Bro. D. S. Mills the *AUTUMN LEAVES* is largely indebted for its existence, because there were many obstacles to be overcome and the undertaking was for many reasons one demanding much care; hence, but for timely encouragement, it would never have had birth.

In reply to my letter Bro. Mills related parts of his vision. Not all of it, however, but mostly that which related to woman's work.

Time moved along and like many other things which create a vivid impression at the time, they paled in the "gray dawn" of memory and were crowded out by the needs and duties of the hour. Not so, however, with the facts shown in the vision; for the Spirit which knows the mind and will of the Father, the Spirit which had shown these things in vision to Bro. Mills, kept pressing home upon one heart at least (and we believe upon many others also) the great need of the work, and from time to time as works touching upon the various subjects needing reform came under my observation, I obtained them and also obtained permission from the publishers to extract from them as largely as the needs of the work contemplated should demand.

Upon one occasion I talked quite freely with Bro. Joseph in reference to the subject and expressed the burden resting upon my soul in these words: "Bro. Joseph, I shall never die in peace until I have at least attempted this work"

"Why don't you do it, then," was his instant response.

I do not now recall the answer I made to

this, but I know that the great truth had pitched its shining tent just outside the gate of my soul and was ever dimly felt and realized though *how* it was to become a living reality in the widening light of the coming day, as yet I knew not. But God was moving and, in time, I found that sometimes we need to wait until the times are ripe.

Yesterday I hunted up the letter written by the hand now cold in death, and although it came back to my memory as I read I can safely say that I had not once thought of it in the past four or five years, though the work of the Home Column will bear witness to the fact that I have been working as steadily towards it as though all this time I had borne it in mind. In addition to this fact there are those who know that I have also been working to the end of obtaining illustrated lectures upon the subject mentioned—but I am anticipating. The letter bears date, Santa Ana, California, March 13, 1887, and from it I quote the following: "I was shown, as Sr. Burton told you, a paper or magazine, devoted to the sisters to educate them for life work. Now pardon me, dear sister, for the plain things I write, but I saw our civilization is a curse to womankind to-day by far greater than God ever pronounced upon Eve, when he said, 'in sorrow' etc. But I saw the remedy for Zion's daughters and mothers. As they became robust, strong and lovely, present fashions were finally abandoned, the hair was not done up tightly as now but quite loosely and the clothing was loose, comfortable, and tasty. It was suspended from the shoulders, corsets were abolished, and the extremities were clothed more warmly, more suitably in something like pants but not quite. Tight laced shoes and cold feet were abolished. A neat shoe boot was worn, without lacings or buttons. It was different from any I ever saw before. Then I saw the wise and most excellent instruction given in the magazine referred to and in some books published by wise mothers for the study of females both old and young in regard to life work, diet, and physiology as it should be, stripped of all that is so objectionable in the various works extant upon it. In fact, it became so complete an instructor that the common ills of woman, such as headaches, neuralgia, dyspepsia, weaknesses, and pains ceased among the good sainted mothers and their daughters. In the progress of this work I saw classes of old and young taught and well instructed on life powers, especially in physiology, and these classes were qualified and became in turn teachers. They seemed organized and met often in council and sent out teachers

among the Saints as systematically as quorums of elders do their work. They were ladylike and womanly in it all not being like the masculine, Amazonian female lecturers now floating around in the world. And O what a change was seen as presented before me! It was delightful to contemplate!

"I may have wearied you with this long statement, and still some I may not tell, but rest assured, my sister, God is moving for the good of his people and this church is his."

The letter contains other parts of this remarkable vision which I can but hope Bro. Mills has written down and left behind him. But, as they do not relate to the above subject, I will not quote them at this time. And now it may be asked why I have referred to this vision?

I answer, for two purposes. First, because I firmly believe that the Lord showed to this faithful and oft inspired servant of his, the work he was about to move upon the sisters of the church to do. Second, because the question is asked time and again, "What work do the Daughters of Zion contemplate doing?" and we hope that the work shown in the vision may answer for us better than we have been able to answer for ourselves.

In the Home Column I have frequently said to the sisters, "Are you ready for the work God is surely sending to your hands to be done?" The work is inaugurated and again I ask, "Are you, am I, ready? Through this department, through the Home Column and shortly, by the means of leaflets, we hope to reach the people and impart such instruction as will, if followed, lead to results such as the most sanguine of us at this time but faintly realize. The column which you are editing, itself has its history. When Sr. Stebbins, because of poor health, gave it up, there was no thought in my mind of changing its character, but I made arrangements with another sister for editing it: and received from her manuscripts for two issues.

During this time, however, the work began to take definite shape in my mind and yourself with others will recall the conversations we had in reference to it. For this reason I held the column back and finally decided that its character should be entirely changed and after consulting with the sister who had sent me the manuscripts in regard to the matter, she agreed with me that it would be better and so it was devoted to this work and started upon its mission months before the vision was recalled.

I have elsewhere said to your readers, "Be patient" and let the work contemplated have time to develop. There are no sisters engaged

in it, whose hands are not filled with many labors, whose lives are not one active round of duties, but God is moving with them, inspiring their hearts and strengthening their hands for the work to be done. Not this only but the ministry are coming nobly to the rescue, and, if from their peaceful home the spirits of the departed are permitted to know the things transpiring on earth, Bro. Mills will see e'er long the vision, which God gave him as he journeyed here in weariness of body and oftentimes cast down in spirit, fulfilled, and many will be brought to realize that when God has a work to do it is not always his plan to announce that work with the sound of trumpets, but, like the temple of Solomon there may be heard neither sound of hammer nor ax for the material was "made ready before it was brought" to the building.

If time permitted, I could tell you some strange things in relation to this preparation which has been going on, but for the present must refrain.

Your sister in gospel bonds,
M. WALKER.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—No. 1.

OBJECT.

NO PROGRESS can be made in any undertaking until an understanding of the end to be attained is had. Efforts put forth, in any line, at random are often worse than wasted, but well-directed labor toward an intelligible end cannot fail to produce satisfactory results. The object, then, of family government should be well considered by the ruling power of each household.

Believers in a future state of man beyond the "dark valley" should learn the transitory character of time and time's conditions, and should ever keep in view the great end to be reached in the "sweet bye and bye."

The first evil that came upon man (and indeed all that have followed) came by reason of violation of divine law. By transgression man has sold himself to the enemy of souls, by divine grace he has been redeemed, but by his own act must he give his allegiance to the better power. By disobedience he has alienated himself from the kingdom of God and its blessings. To regain what was lost he must retrace his steps and become obedient. Jesus the mediator, "made in all things like unto his brethren" (Heb. 2:17), has shown us the way. A careful reading of Phil. 2:4-12, in connection with Rev. 3:21 demonstrates these things: That Jesus "learned obedience by the things

which he suffered" (Heb. 5:8-9), that exaltation followed his humiliation, that he became a *governor* because of having submitted and surrendered himself entirely to be *governed*, that the pursuit of the same means will bring the same results to ourselves.

The aim of the kind Father in heaven in governing us is to develop a capability of self-government in us, and ultimately, a capacity to rule in a broader field. Since we are in the "image of God," it would be well for earthly parents to follow a similar plan in training their children.

The infant enters this world the most helpless of all animate creatures, but ere long comes a condition of comparative independence and a consciousness of self-reliance, and by and by comes a time when he must rely almost wholly on himself, physically, morally, and mentally.

It is this time that the parent should have in mind in ruling his house that the child in submitting to the government of another's wisdom may acquire wisdom to direct self aright. So, as a child gradually grows from dependence to independence, the overruling will of the parent, absolute at first, should be slowly relaxed and replaced by that of the child.

The ends to be attained in the government of a family are in detail too numerous for this article to note, and are so interwoven with the means to be used that they will be treated in the articles that will follow this.

There is one grievous error however, that this paper is directed against. It appears to the writer that in most houses, whether the rule be rigid or lax, the object is to secure present peace (though it often fails signally) rather than to secure permanent results.

If parents would use their brains, would bestow one-half the thought upon this matter that is given to a hundred other things of minor importance, this land would be full of happy homes and we would have much less cause to waste our breath in pronouncing anathemas upon the liquor evil, the social evil, or any other evil.

O. ORIGINAL.

SUGAR GROVE, ILL., June 9, 1893.

A MOMENT.

When the lightning flashes by night,
The raindrops seem
A million jewels of light
In the moment's gleam.

And often in gathering fears,
A moment of love
To jewels will turn the tears
That it cannot remove.—Sel.

RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. VI.

LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 12.

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING "QUESTIONS OF LIFE" AND OTHER POEMS OF J. G. WHITTIER.

BY "FRANCES."

When night with her mantle of darkness hung
low
Over Judea's plains and tall Lebanon's snow,
There arose from the East in its glory afar,
The true lamp of life's beacon, Redeemer, thy
star.

Through the gates of Jerusalem came they and
went,
On traffic, on priestcraft, on friendship still
bent;
They saw not the herald in heaven's blue
dome,
And knew not to the world a Redeemer had
come.

But hark! what is this? heard you not the de-
mand
Of those wayfaring pilgrims from far Eastern
Land?
Proud Herod has heard it, and shakes on his
throne,
To worship the King of the Jews they have
come.

Blind Israel! blind Herod! you saw not the
star,
And knew not the Savior, though wise men
from far
Found the babe they had sought; laid their
gifts at his feet,
Of spices and gold, and of frankincense sweet.

But what is this wailing from Ramah's fair
plain?
Rachel weeping her children who come not
again;
While Egypt once more has her bosom spread
wide,
The chosen Redeemer of Israel to hide.

Time moves on apace, and in Jordan's pure
wave,
Of the prophet demands the Redeemer a
grave. (a)
When lo! from the heavens the Spirit comes
down
With true confirmation from Father to Son.

As he passed by the fishers of blue Galilee
They heard the low mandate, "Come you after
me."
Unthinking, undoubting they leap to the shore,
With joy to be fishers of men evermore.

Then cried he, "Repent for the time is fulfilled"
And the kingdom of God like the dew is dis-
tilled;
Like the leaves and the flowers your hearts
must receive
The dew of the gospel; 'Repent and believe.'

What must we believe? O, Redeemer, they
cried.
Not mine is the doctrine the Savior replied. (b)
But the Father's who sent me; obey then his
will;
You shall *know* of the doctrine, each doubt
shall be still.

"If any man here my disciple will be,
He himself must deny; take his cross, follow
me;"
And this his reward when his life's toil is o'er,
Where I am shall he be, from henceforth ever-
more.

Then came there to Jesus, avoiding the light, (c)
A ruler of Israel, in the darkness of night,

(a) Col. 2:12.

(b) John 7:17.

(c) John 3:2.

Confessing the Savior for the works he had wrought,
Demanding still more of the gospel he taught.

"Rabbi," said the Pharisee, "we know thou art sent
From God, for his truth with thy teaching is blent;
No man can the works thou hast done, ever do
Except God be with him; thy teaching is true:

"Yet strange is the problem thou hast uttered to me,
Must be born again, if the kingdom I see?"
"Of water and Spirit and not flesh and blood,
Must be born he who enters the kingdom of God.

"Thou, a master in Israel and these things know not!
That that which is Spirit, is of Spirit begot;
Thou hearest the sound of the wind, dost thou know
From whence it has come, or where it will go?

"So also the birth of the Spirit shall be;"
Thou shalt know when it comes like soft breeze from the sea,
Gently fanning thy cheek with its mist-laden spray,
Or in winds mighty rushing which sweep on their way.

* * * * *

"A bending staff I would not break;
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt.
And yet, at times, when over all
A darker mystery seems to fall,
May God forgive the child of dust,
Who seeks to *know*, where faith should trust!"

—Questions of Life.

When Simeon of old took the babe to his breast
Was not thus the infant by Simeon blessed?
"A light to the Gentiles," (d) we hear him declare,
"But of Israel the glory," the ingrafted may share.

What must I believe then, my Savior, I cried,
Oh! let me draw near thee, thou one crucified.

Make known unto me thy salvation so great,
Like Simeon of old upon thee would I wait.

O, what is his will, thou beloved of God?
Show me yet once again the true path thou hast trod.

Lol a voice from my soul, "Why ask you the way;
Go listen to Peter on Pentecost day."

"Depart not from Jerusalem," (e) Jesus had said,
"But wait till the promise of the Father be shed

From heaven upon you, no man upon earth
Has power to bestow it, 'till God gives it birth.

"But when you are blessed with this power from on high,
You shall *know* of the doctrine and for me testify;

For you are my witnesses now and alway,
And so is the SPIRIT (f) to all such as obey."

Then with that great multitude, stood I as one,
And demanded of Peter, poor fisherman's son,
While standing around him the humble eleven
"Men and brethren what must we, to inherit heaven?" (g)

"Repent," was the answer, "be baptized, every one,
And this for remission of the sin you have done,
In the name of Christ Jesus, and to you shall be given
The gift of the Spirit, sent this day from heaven.

"For the promise, oh! hear it, ye dwellers on earth,
Is to you and the children to whom you give birth
And to all afar off; yes, to every one
Whom the Father shall call in the name of the Son."

"The promise," I answer, "oh! what promise?"
I cry.

"Do his will you shall know," comes again the reply.

"Faith leads to obey, but obedience demands,
To *know* the foundation upon which your faith stands.

"Whom the Father shall call" thus I question again,
How many are called O, blessed Lamb, in thy name?"

(d) Luke 2:32.

(e) Acts 1:4. (f) Acts 5:32. (g) Acts 2:38.

"Look to me and be saved, all ye ends of the earth"

"Good will unto man," sang heaven's choir at his birth.

"Oh! the outward hath gone, but in glory and power

The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour."

"Go forth" said the Savior, "my gospel proclaim,

And these signs shall follow who believe on my name."

Sought I then for a sign? nay; I read in his word,

"No sign shall be given but a crucified Lord,"

A risen Redeemer thy love must receive

Yet still it is written "follow them that believe."

And thou, O blessed poet of freedom and God,
 How few have ascended the heights thou hast trod!

But the poor and unlearned bear witness to-day,

"The outward" survives and can n'er pass away.

To-day through the length and breadth of our land,

Living witnesses for him shall tremblingly stand,

Who from the same Spirit diverse gifts shall receive,

As the Savior declared, "follow them that believe." (h)

But from Patmos' lone isle, what is this that I hear?

What writes the disciple beloved and dear,—
 One who leaned on the bosom of Jesus the last,
 Concerning those things which must yet come to pass?

"I saw," said the prophet "through the heaven's blue space

Fly another angel with the gospel of peace; (i)
 Not to preach to the angels, but here upon earth,

The unsearchable riches, Christ brought at his birth.

"Fear God and give glory unto him." was the cry,

"For, behold ye! the hour of his judgments draws nigh;

And worship the God whom the Savior obeyed,

Whom the earth and the fountains of water hath made."

Thus spake the evangel, long decades gone by,
 Of a gospel restored from the heavens on high;

"But was not the gospel still here among men,
 Then why should an angel declare it again?"

The gospel, ah! yes, of its glory all shorn,
 Like a bride unadorned save with glittering stone,

No power, no oil in the lamp by her side.

The bridegroom is coming; can this be his bride?

Then I heard as the voice of a multitude great,
 "She hath made herself ready; his wife doth await

His coming, rejoice, and be glad evermore;
 Praise unto our God; let his servants adore.

"Unto her it is granted pure linen to wear;
 Clean and white her adorning, the righteousness fair

Of the Saints of our God; write O, blessed the one

Called unto the supper of Jesus the Son.

"Then I fell at his feet to worship him there,
 The angel of God, who these things did declare,

'See thou do it not, fellow servant,' he cried
 'On earth I have labored; on earth prophesied.

"Worship God, for the Spirit of prophecy given (j)

Is the sure testimony, from God out of heaven;
 By all who possess it is the Savior adored,
 And without it can no man say, He is the Lord.'"

Dost thou seek to know where thy strong faith should trust,

God has so ordained it, O, child of the dust;
 And the Spirit which gives you his doctrine to know,

In the hearts of the prophets of old lit the glow.

Now the gifts are diverse; but the Spirit the same,

Whether prophecy, tongues, or wisdom, we name;

And though all imperfect, they still must abide

Till the perfect shall come, as handmaids of the bride.

Yes; the outward had vanished; the gospel was shorn

(A) Mark 16: 17. (i) Having the everlasting gospel; Rev. 14: 6.

(j) Rev. 19: 10.

Of the gifts he bestowed, his fair bride to
adorn;
The authority, power, and glory once given,
Through transgression lost, was caught up to
heaven.

O, Daniel, thou man well beloved of God!
In the far distant past, by Hiddekel's flood,
What was it the angel declared unto thee
Concerning thy people; of things yet to be?

"In the days of these kings shall the Ruler of
heaven

A kingdom establish, never more to be
given

To others; but shall by its power consume,
Break in pieces all others; for such is their
doom."

The kingdom of heaven is not of this earth,
In its laws, in its precepts; nor yet in its birth,
The Iron prevailed when the Savior of men,
Came with power from on high and not the
kings ten.

They are crumbling, all; one by one see them
die;

But where is the kingdom which should come
from on high?

The gospel of peace everlasting and pure,
The kingdom which hence to the end *must*
endure?

Cumorah, we come to thy rock-crested hill
Where God did the vision of Patmos fulfill;
And there to a youth, an illiterate boy,
Hear the angel declaring glad tidings of joy;

Glad tidings of peace, and good will unto man,
The gospel, unchanged since the world first be-
gan.

"Go ye and declare it; the power receive;
Confirm, with signs following, them that be-
lieve."

Just pause for one moment, O, man, and in-
quire,

If but to deceive was his aim and desire,
How dare he affirm, "*You shall know*, shall
receive;"

Thus pledging God's power, follow them that
believe!

Everlasting the gospel, unchanged in its power;
"The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;"
The Father intended both joining in one
Should reveal unto man Jesus Christ as his
Son.

The bride her adorning of gifts must possess (k)

Nor value the fruits of the Spirit the less;
The hand cannot say, I have no need of thee
To the foot; nor the eye to the ear, Canst thou
see?

But now hath God set in the body each one,
For the work by the militant church, to be
done;

When the perfect is come, then shall vanish
away

The things known in part; but not until that
day.

Alas! that man ever should prove false to his
trust;

That the pure robes of truth should be trailed
in the dust;

But the Spirit expressly to Paul did foretell,
The work of seducers—the doctrines of hell.

As the Jews by the river of Babylon wept,
Their harps on the willows hung, silent, un-
swept;

So the people of God wept their fate in that
hour,

When iniquity came like a flood in its power.

To the salt land and barren they went but not
all,

The sheep would not follow a shepherd whose
call

They knew not, but like the disciples who fled
Back again to their nets, when the Savior was
dead,

So fled the remainder, outnumbering far,
Those following westward, of empire the star.
Though heart-sore and weary, they knew they
had seen,

The kingdom, nor followed the fables of men.

Communed they together on their way and
were sad,

"Till they found walking with them, their
hearts to make glad

The Master, demanding why idle they stood,
Unchecking the surging, iniquitous flood?

"Lift thou up the standard of truth and pro-
claim

Against these false shepherds who teach in my
name

The doctrine of devils; and one I will send,
Strong and mighty the truth of the Lord to
defend."

Then gladly they hastened his words to obey,
And sowed the good seed as they went by the
way;

God sent them a prophet in Joseph, the son

(k) 1 Cor. 12.

And successor of him who the work had begun.

And now when the government's death-dealing blow,
 That stupendous fabric of vice has laid low,
 The world in amazement will turn to behold
 The true church in their midst, refined like as gold,

Tried seven times seven in a furnace of flame,
 Yet spreading her banners, inscribed with the name
 Of Jehovah and truth, to the free breeze of heaven—
 Thou hast marked the upheaving, behold here the heaven!

The light of the morning in grayness appears,
 The wheels of His chariot the battlefield nears,
 The angels come with him, *the dead in Christ first*;
 The fetters of death and the grave quickly burst.

Watch thou when the Jews shall begin to return,
 From the bondage of sin and their wanderings brought home;
 At that time the Gentiles their cup shall have filled,
 And grace upon Israel like dew be distilled.

Ah! this is the coming they looked for in vain,
 When the angels sang glory on Bethlehem's plain.
 Be not thou with those who this coming reject,
 And who his appearing to judgment expect.

LAMONI, IOWA, March 6, 1886.

There still lives one witness, (1) who the angels beheld

When this last dispensation of grace was revealed;
 But the reaper is waiting to gather him home;
 Soon the Master will say, "Tis enough, higher come."

Yet was he but one of a multitude great
 Who the sure coming forth of God's work did await;
 In visions, in dreams and in voice speaking clear,
 The command came from heaven, "Awake ye; prepare!"

"The creeds and pretensions of men I despise,
 In glory and truth shall my kingdom arise.
 The Gentiles my word for the last time receive,
 When they shall reject it, the Jews will believe.

Ah! then shall the work of the Father begin.
 To his kingdom the pure in heart gather in,
 From the byways and hedges compel them to come,
 The supper is waiting, and still there is room.

"My beloved shall come, and the Saints shall arise,
 And those who remain be caught up to the skies
 To return with that host of witnesses bold,
 Through millennial age my truth to unfold.

"No 'separate tables of law' have I given;
 My truth is eternal, the gospel of heaven
 Is now; was of old, and forever shall be
 Glad tidings of joy. 'Take thy cross, follow me.'"

(1) David Whitmer, Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, was living at the time this was written, but is now dead.

THOUGHTS ON SUBSTANCES AND THEIR PROPERTIES.

BY R. ETZENHOUSER.

OUR world is made up of a vast variety of substances, which are as varied as they are numerous. Who knows that the properties and agencies of any of them are developed and known to the fullest extent? That the soil still yields new products, after man's long contact with it, is verified in the new metal called aluminium, which is said to be lighter than wood yet stronger than iron. This being an extraction from the earth, not a ledge of mineral ore, coming days may

unfold the discovery of other extractions from the soil. The texture of soil being varied, so may the extractions be, and, therefore, possibly very numerous. Man's long contact with the soil has not exhausted its resources, upon which to ply his intelligence, neither is he yet denied satisfactory returns. Had contact with the soil been as brief as with electricity (since Franklin's day) we need not wonder at new discoveries; but when from the soil new substances and agencies

spring forth, what of the vast amount of substances that exist in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, not so long and well known to man as the soil is supposed to have been.

The infinitude of God is proclaimed in the inexhaustible substances and products of the soil, seemingly so simple, yet so complex and grand. The same fact is borne out by the products and properties of other substances. The uses to which some substances are applied are rather anomalous and seem to work a contradiction in terms; an example of which is had in reducing wood to paper. The term reducing is used in the sense implied in the accepted gradation common to solids, for, commonly speaking, wood is supposed to be more solid than paper, but when we remember that car wheels are made in part of paper, there is accorded to paper solidity in excess of wood.

Solids and fluids are the terms characterizing the two general divisions of substances. To write of the properties of each in their vast array would be to produce an encyclopedia; in this article very few are but very briefly referred to. Solids are those substances that will retain size and shape without being confined, as wood, stone, iron, etc. Fluids are those that are not so, but flow unless confined. They are also subject to evaporation or absorption. While solids and fluids are opposites, it is also true that solids are convertible into fluids and vice versa. Not being versed in chemistry, problems in that line are avoided. Fluids seem far more expansive than compressible, as is verified in all gas and steam explosions. Both heat and cold as agencies expand water. To what degree it may be compressible under confinement and free from absorption or evaporation the writer is not informed or whether water containing various substances as salt, sulphur, iron, etc., all of which differ as to weight, is more compressible in one case than in another.

While water expands when subjected to either heat or cold, iron expands only when heated, its expansion being so great even under the sun's rays, that railway trains have been wrecked by expansion of the rails causing the difficulty known as "spreading of track." Cold contracts iron. This quality served a good purpose

in the construction of the great bridge at St. Louis, Missouri; for when the connecting span was being adjusted and was found to be one fourth of an inch too long, large quantities of ice were placed upon it and the necessary contraction was thus secured. What other metal or metals than iron in its various forms, are acted upon as it is by expansion and contraction and to what extent is not attempted; all probably are more or less.

One of the most peculiar properties related to iron is that of magnetism. Chambers states in his encyclopedia, that, "The ore richest in metal is the magnetic." All species of iron can be charged with it in varied degree, and to one piece so charged another of proper size will readily adhere, while other metals and materials in general are repelled: see term, *diamagnetic*—Chambers. Magnetism under its three forms, mineral, atmospheric, and animal, affords a vast field of interesting study, of which a sample can be seen in Chambers' Encyclopedia, article magnet. An exhibition which the writer supposes to have been wrought by animal magnetism is here presented:—

In 1880 at Edenville, Iowa, in the employ of White Bro's, there was a clerk by the name of Geo. Hidy, whose duty included the care of a number of ordinary coal-oil lamps. It was soon observed that an unusual amount of lamp chimneys were being used, and what was still more strange, at any hour in the day, a crash might be heard, and on looking up a lamp chimney might be seen flattened, as if an unseen pair of hands had crushed it, while reduced to numerous pieces remaining in a compact mass. When others attended the lamps, this phenomena did not occur, even though exactly the same method was employed by them in cleaning the chimneys. This peculiar demonstration is made the more peculiar when it is remembered that glass is a nonconductor, when used in contact with atmospheric magnetism or electricity. Something of the principle demonstrated in Mr. Hidy's experience with the lamp chimneys can be experienced by sticking with mucilage, three or four inches of common wrapping cord to the under side of a large pane of glass in a horizontal position and then having different persons in turn rub their fingers over the suspended cord, when it will be found that

some produce no motion others more or less, and occasionally one will be found whose friction will raise the suspended cord to the glass. It is believed neither metallic or atmospheric magnetism would perform such feat.

The purpose of reviewing in this article substances, their properties, etc., man's experience and demonstrations with them, is to show the attitude man sustains by the use of his intelligence in accepting and appropriating to his good existing facts, agreeable to the laws governing them, and on the other hand to show how absurd it is for a man to deny facts, the laws of which he has not properly investigated and tested.

By one of these lines of procedure man uses his powers and demonstrates that he is an intelligent being; by the other he demonstrates that he can make a noise as a Scotchman's bagpipe can. It is one of man's most prominent characteristics to challenge at once that which is not common to his own experience, the smaller his experience, the larger being the realm in which he has to practice unbelief. It is also a little strange, but true as strange, that he is likely to adopt a disadvantageous method if not a wrong one in ascertaining knowledge concerning that challenged, as seen in the following:—

When traveling in Iowa, the writer met at Cedar Rapids an old gentleman, resident at Omaha, but whose name, unfortunately, is not retained, who said he was present with judges, lawyers and others at New York, when some of the early tests of telegraphy were made. A line of some length having been erected with the necessary battery at either end, a message was sent over the line, and a man dispatched on horse back to see if it had got through, instead of the message being returned as was done later and the folly of sending the man demonstrated.

In portions of the earth where snow is never had, its existence elsewhere has been challenged, as well as its being a product of water. Twenty-five or fifty years ago for a man to have said he could make ice at New Orleans in July, would have advertised him as being insane.

With the ever widening realm of man's knowledge of substances and their properties, the numberless demonstrations and undeniable deductions, as also the worldwide admission that those alone

who have experimented within the scope of the laws governing each, are competent witnesses, the various schools of skepticism stand upon their old perch, and dole out to us, "We do not believe," "It has not penetrated our consciousness," when God, Christ, the Bible, a future life are urged as worthy of belief. That divine agency, the Holy Ghost, and its mission, the spiritual reconstruction of man, above all other things is doubted, because in the exercise of any of the five senses furnished man, it is not expressed to the skeptic as realized by the disciples of Christ. It was once asked of a skeptic if he could see, hear, smell, taste, or feel a pain in another person? He could only answer no. Suppose, therefore, it be declared there are no pains! (and behold!! the Christian Scientist has so affirmed, but verily, disciples to that faith are *scarce* even among *skeptics* though it is *based* on their *creed unbelief!!!*) Suppose all the various kinds of iron ore, which do not contain magnetism, should challenge its existence in the species that is known as the magnetic, would that prove that it did not exist there or wipe it out of existence? We believe all mankind would say no. Suppose the magnetic ore should say to the other species, "If you subject yourselves to the refining process, magnetism can then be imparted to you;" would that not be a fair proposition? Do not the properties and the demonstrations possible from them of the silent substances of earth, furnish parallels that call upon the creature man to at least try the divine plan, "He that doeth the will of God shall *know* of the doctrine," before condemning it? And in so considering and applying the substances of earth and their properties, is it not consoling to know that outside of the printed word of truth and the scope of their experience the people of God have resources in reserve to call as witnesses in defence of their cause? Is not this consolation enlarged when it is remembered that these argumentative parallels are gleaned from earth's strata where the skeptic has tried to read "There is no God," "Revelation is false"?

Christ said "They shall go in and out and find pasture." So his people are not confined to any book or books alone in the realm of religion; but the broad universe of God is open to them from which

to glean supportive truths to Holy Writ. David, the psalmist and sweet singer of Israel, wrote, "How manifold are thy works, oh Lord, in wisdom thou hast made them all." How beautiful, sublime, and true is this statement, there being divine harmony between the truths proclaimed in so many ways in the vast handiwork of God, and the revelation of his will to man in his sacred word.

May the day soon dawn when man shall be as eager to believe as he now is to doubt. What man along the march of the ages would think the product of his

inventive genius or mechanical skill had been fairly dealt with by one who would say, "I do not believe it will do what you say; I will not try it; however, I confess I know nothing of the machine or the laws governing it, but, you will please to demonstrate its utility by the rule I give you!" Such is the philosophy of the position of unbelief. Who is so blind as not to see the folly of such procedure? When it is reversed, then, and not till then, will those who have shared it be consistent.

A PRAYER.

BY JANE.

O Father, before thee I humbly bow
In such helplessness as thou canst understand
Who hast created me, leaning on thee now
And on thy promised word, feeling thy hand
Must ever lead me on, or I am lost,
As a frail bark by tempest tossed.

As o'er my life, that now is past, I only see
A little good, that which alone I most abhor
And my soul loathes looms up before me
In all its hatefulness. Yet, more and more,
Thy holy law my soul inspires
And kindles in my heart sweet, fresh desires.

O thou my Savior, who, though sorely tried,
While on this earth thy mission did'st fulfill,
Endured all things, was crucified,
Passed through the fiery crucible, until
Thou wast perfected, intercede for me

OMAHA, Neb., July 31, 1893.

That I may overcome and strengthened be.

O, who am I that have been fed on food divine,
Have bowed the knee with those whom thou
hast blest

With light and truth, received the bread and
wine,

That life might dwell within me, that I from
rest

Might resurrected be, and with my Lord,
Meet yet again with those around the festal
board?

My Father, raise me up once more to be
Encouraged still to battle for the prize
Of life eternal, the highest gift from thee
Bestowed. My trials then, an angel's guise
To perfect me. Yet, in the darkness, let me
feel

The cover of thy wings, thy peace; thy seal.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELLA J. GREEN.

THE family of which I write consisted of the father, mother and six children, and the subjects in particular are the two eldest children. The girl, at the time our story begins, was about seventeen and the boy three years her junior. Their parents were in moderate circumstances living in the county seat of one of the eastern counties of Iowa. The town possessed an excellent school and the children were given every advantage

possible to obtain a good education. They were ambitious to learn and improved their opportunities so that they were well advanced in their studies and were liked by their teachers. The girl, whom I will call Helen, was dark-eyed and dark-haired, rather quiet and dignified, or I ought perhaps to say, reserved in manner, too often showing a superiority of manner over her brother, who was small of his age, that he did not like

and resented. Being the oldest she was expected to help with the care of the younger children, and to watch over them. Williard (I will call him) being so near her own age, would not submit to be governed by her, and she, when his rebellious spells would come would try the "wilting process," which was to stand and look steadily and scornfully at him until he could endure no more and would break out with, "I don't *have* to mind you!" in such passion that often they would not get over such breaks for a day.

Of course there were times when they enjoyed each other's society, when they would talk over some subject that was mutually interesting, and harmony would prevail, but they were growing out of childish ways and the habits they were forming were fast becoming a part of their *characters*, and they began to regard each other, not with actual dislike, for in their inmost heart the bond of love was yet strong, as you will see, but with a feeling of, "If you let me alone, I'll let you alone."

Helen was desirous of teaching and obtained a situation as teacher in a country school a few miles from home. Her school was a hard one and she missed her home. Homesickness sometimes almost overcame her, and when her brother would come after her and bring her again to her boarding place, she stored the kindness in the *depths* of her heart, but strange as it may seem she never intimated to him that it was a pleasure to her or that she was grateful. But when she received her pay for that term she paid a year's subscription to the public library for Williard so that he could obtain the useful reading he needed and delighted in, he being a great reader of history and biography.

She kept on teaching and during her vacations they seemed to get along better, she having learned more of self control and his studies occupying his time almost entirely, and, besides, among the acquaintances she had formed was that of a young man who seemed very nice and anxious to show her every kindness, and her mind dwelt on the little acts of solicitude on his part for her comfort more than it did on the differences between her and Williard.

This friendship continued to grow un-

til it ripened into a warmer feeling than mere friendship and finally, in the course of a year or so, culminated in their marriage. Her home was now about fifty miles distant from her parents, and as Williard had now entered college she did not often meet him on her frequent trips home, and now she began to yearn with a more sisterly love for her brother who, when at home on her visits there was kind but seemed engaged in his studies.

After about a year had passed a little daughter came to gladden the hearts of this young couple and was a joy not only to them, but, being the first grandchild on the maternal side, she was petted by aunts and uncles as well as grandpa and grandma, and Williard seemed to love her dearly and would say, "Helen, take good care of baby."

She was indeed such a frail, delicate little brown-eyed baby and they all thought her so interesting. Williard's health had not been very good for some time and Helen told him she thought he was studying too hard and said he had better come and make them a visit and play with baby who was now about eight or nine months old. He could rest up and it would do him good. So he came.

I do not think he or, in fact, any of them realized how shattered his health was at that time. I know if his parents had they never would have parted from him even for that visit of two short weeks.

Helen saw that he was worse than she had had any idea of before and to her and Williard those two weeks were precious times. How they talked and talked over old times, and she cared for and petted him and looked after him as every day she could see him failing but could not make him understand *her* fears, until she at last told him she thought he ought to do something more than he was then doing, and he, feeling a strange failure of strength, said he would return home.

The journey was short but his strength was gone, and it was *too* long a journey for him. He had not sent word that he was coming home, but something urged the father to go to the depot that evening and when he saw Williard he understood why. He procured a carriage to take him home, and when they got there Williard went right to bed *so* tired. His

mother sat beside him all night, and as he could not sleep he *would* talk. He told her all about his visit, everything that had happened, and said at last, when his mother expressed sorrow that he had gone having come back so feeble, "You must not feel so mother. I am glad I went; *for I never knew how much I loved Helen until now!*"

This was the mother's drop of comfort in her ocean of sorrow that was to overwhelm her, that a perfect understanding and reconciliation had come to her two children.

The next morning not apprehending any danger the father went to his work and about eight o'clock Williard said, "O mother, I feel so strange, I believe I'm dying! She hurriedly sent for a neighbor and his father. While bending over him doing what she could for him, he said, "O mother, pray for me!" But O the agony in that mother's soul! She could not say "Thy will be done." She *could* not give him up!

But that neighbor woman, although a Catholic, knelt at the bedside of that dying boy and poured out her soul in prayer, and such prayer that it brought comfort to the torn heart of the mother, and Williard calmly folded his hands on his breast saying with his dying breath, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

These were his last words and his father came too late to hear them. O the sad scene, coming so suddenly! Let us draw a curtain over their grief.

After a little while they thought of Helen. A telegram was sent, and a couple

of friends took it to her to break the sad news gently, but kindly as they tried, the shock was awful. She staggered to a seat and bowing her head she cried from her very heart, "O Lord, my God, what shall I do? O *help* me!" The thought that the day before she had parted from him and clasped his hand and now that hand was cold in death! It was almost more than she could realize in the first moments of her sorrow.

Too late to go that day, little sleep came to her aching eyes through the long hours of darkness. And what a sad meeting for them all the next day, but Helen's heart was soothed when she heard from the lips of her mother how glad Williard had felt that he had been permitted to know that their love was so strong that through all their misunderstandings of the past the comfort of knowing that peace and harmony existed between them was his at last. Let the lesson be learned from this, to show the feeling of love in our hearts towards those who are our daily associates; and although the temperaments may be unlike, yet good must and will result.

Dear reader, this story is true and though years have gone since Williard's body was laid in the grave, still his memory lives and Helen, who has since learned more of life, loves his memory tenderly. And his life though short was not in vain, for as time mellows and softens our griefs, so it has been with those who mourned his early death and they can realize now that all is well.

WINTER.

BY MINA A. PERKINS.

The lovely autumn days are past;
Once more doth winter chill;
His coverlet of swansdown cast,
Alike o'er vale and hill.

Each tree a dainty robe he lends,
Bestrewn with diamonds bright;
The humblest object he befriends,
"Arrays in spotless white."

He leaves the roofs a splendid dower,
His mantle there outspread.
And gives to ev'ry sleeping flower
A downy feather bed.

The merry rill within the dale
He clasps in his embrace;
And with a silver bridal veil
He hides her laughing face,

His lamps are hung from eave and tower,
From bush, and twig, and vine;
And like a meteoric shower
His million jewels shine.

The world in slumber most profound,
Sleeps at this king's behest,
Who's wrapped his ermine cloak around,
And laid it down to rest.

TWO DAYS IN NEW YORK.

BY AGNES MOORE.

SO much to be seen and so short a time to spend in sight-seeing! Of course many places of beauty and note must be left entirely out of our plans, but I was most anxious that during my cousins' brief visit with me, they should see as many as possible of the places of interest which every stranger, however brief their stay, is always eager to see.

Our first visit was to the Stock Exchanges on Wall Street. It was Monday morning and there was a panic in the Exchange that day, so the scene was most exciting to the uninitiated. Visitors are allowed on the galleries, and as we went in a porter gave us checks for any parcel or umbrella we had with us, as no one is allowed to take in any such articles since the office of Russel Sage was blown up.

We had been in but a few minutes and were looking down at the groups of well-dressed brokers moving about and talking quietly together, when the moment arrived for the formal opening of the Stock Exchange, which was done by the president tapping with a small mallet on his desk. In an instant such a shout went up; such crowding and confusion! All over the vast hall the men jostled each other in groups, flinging up their arms and each one trying to make himself heard. It was like a veritable bedlam, yet no doubt there was some "method in their madness," for at short intervals, here and there, the noise would subside a little for a few minutes and through it all several of those cool-headed men held high their note books in which they recorded all the different orders or bids on their particular stocks.

When we left, the excitement was still as intense as when the Exchange opened, and would continue so, we were told, until the hour for closing had arrived. We visited the Produce Exchange also, which comes next in importance and was very much the same as regards noise and excitement. The Produce Exchange building is a massive and most beautiful structure, situated near the spot where the boats of the adventurous Hollanders first touched the shores of Manhattan Island.

After leaving the Exchanges we went through the magnificent Equitable Life Insurance building. We peeped through

the iron bars in the vestibule of the safe deposit vaults where no one can enter save those who can give the correct password. On coming out we saw a load of silver bricks which were to be deposited in the vaults.

The United States Treasury building is on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, and right before it is a statue in bronze of George Washington, marking the exact spot where he took his first oath as president of the United States.

As we walked along Broadway my pretty little cousin said to me in a low, indignant tone, "Well, the people in New York know how to stare, anyway!" "Certainly," said I, smiling, "few men are so engrossed in business that they cannot notice and admire a sweet, fresh face."

We visited Trinity Church on Broadway, which is an exceedingly "high-toned," wealthy church. From there we went directly to Brooklyn Bridge, walked over it, and came back on the cable cars. We enjoyed our trip across the big bridge very much. The scenery in all directions quite baffles my poor descriptive powers, and the marvelous and magnificent structure of the bridge itself makes it surely worthy to be called the eighth wonder of the world. Arriving again in New York, we had less than a block to walk to reach the City Hall which we all wished to see. It is a handsome white marble building, with broad steps and a balcony in front, supported by great marble pillars. We went into the Governor's room, a handsomely furnished apartment, whose walls are covered with life-size paintings of all the governors of New York for over one hundred years.

From there we took a Broadway cable car, which was very crowded and hot and and rode for many blocks until we came to Denning's great store, corner of Broadway and ninth streets. We walked through and admired this wonderful store, whose sixth floor is as well filled with fine merchandise as the first and second. The only possible rival which this magnificent store has in this country is ex-postmaster-general Wanamaker's big store in Philadelphia.

We then walked to Fourteenth Street,

and went through several stores in that great shopping district, particularly Macy's and Hearn's. Both of these stores have first-class restaurants, and ladies parlors elegantly fitted up with sofas, chairs, and neat writing tables, where fine paper, envelopes, pens, and ink are supplied free of charge, until one is inclined to feel surprised that free stamps are not furnished also. We had a very nice lunch in Hearn's, and Anna wrote a letter there, but we got no stamp for it until we were on the fourth floor in Macy's where one was procured, and when the elevator had taken us again to the ground floor, the letter was mailed.

We all made some trifling purchases. I forget now what I bought. O yes, it was some marshmallows in Macy's, and Emily bought a book and some note-paper and a fan in Hearn's, and Annie bought some pretty china silk and fringe to match, for a lambrequin. We had some delicious soda water in Macy's too, and I think that was the sum-total of our "shopping."

By that we were satisfied with our days' work and were glad to come home to rest and talk over the varied events of the day. Next morning we started early for Central Park, and spent several hours there very enjoyably. The menagerie was very interesting, particularly the monkey's cage, whose quaint little occupants were exceedingly frisky that day.

How lovely the park looked that bright summer day! And how faint an idea can those who have never seen it, have of the magnitude and perfection of New York's great park, where the beauties of nature and the ingenuity of man are combined to such advantage.

We walked leisurely through the broad, shady paths, and in a quiet, secluded spot we rested and ate our lunch which we had brought with us. We found our way to the lake and admired its placid beauty, with its lovely surrounding scenery of natural wild-wood. And the immense fountain, too, was a perfect picture with great water lilies growing in it and looking very sweet and fresh with the spray falling continually on them.

One thing that interested us very much was the Obelisk (Cleopatra's Needle) covered with strange marks and hieroglyphics. It was given to the city of New York, by the Khedive of Egypt and was brought to that city and set up in

Central Park with appropriate ceremonies and addresses in 1881. The expense of removal and erection was defrayed by William H. Vanderbilt of New York.

We then took a walk on Fifth Avenue which was quiet and deserted, as at that season all the wealthy people are away. We visited St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, the most magnificent church in this country. The building is of white marble with a ground-base of granite. The architecture is in the thirteenth century style, the ground plan being in the form of a Latin cross. The two beautiful white spires reach the great height of 330 feet. Inside everything is extremely rich and presents a most gorgeous appearance. The roof is supported by massive white marble pillars, five feet in diameter. This is one of the most noted buildings in New York, and the cost of erection amounted to about two million five hundred thousand dollars.

From Fifth Avenue there was but a block to walk to the nearest station of the Sixth Avenue elevated, on which we had a very long ride down town, in fact to the extreme end of the line at Battery Park, in which Castle Garden is situated. There we went on board the "Liberty" boat and crossed the Bay to Bedloe's Island.

The air was unusually clear and the view far out on the bay and of all the surrounding cities was very fine indeed, and Emily was delighted with the smell of the sea air which the strong breeze brought so plainly to us.

After we had inspected the great Statue of Liberty, even to the crown of her head, and had descended again we were very warm and weary, so we refreshed ourselves with some hot coffee at an exorbitant price in a restaurant or *café* there on the island. By that time the day was far advanced and we decided to go home with all speed; but it took a good while after all, and we were a very tired trio when we reached Jersey City Heights. But my cousins said that night when I was regretting their great fatigue, they had not expected to visit New York without being tired, and they had enjoyed everything so much it really did not matter about being tired. And to know they were happy and satisfied, fully compensated me for my own weariness.

TO THE WEARY ONE UNDER ORDERS.

A PARAPHRASE.

BY SR. EMMA.

If you but considered what you surely know
 That all the things that tire you so
 Were noticed by your Lord,
 The pang that cuts you like a knife,
 The cares, the weariness, the strife,
 What strength it would afford.

Considered that he really shares
 In all these little human cares
 This mighty King of kings,
 That he who guides through boundless space
 Each blazing planet in its place
Does have the condescending grace
 To mind these petty things,

It seems to me, when sure of this,
 Blent with each ill, should come such bliss
 You might e'en covet pain
 And deem whatever brings to thee
 The watchcare love of deity,
 And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
 Not loss but richest gain.

Dear sister, can'st thou ever doubt
 The Lord doth compass thee about
 With sympathy divine?
 For thee *his* love, the crucified,
 Is not the love to leave thy side,
 But waiteth ever to divide
 Each smallest care of thine.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF MATHEMATICS.

BY SAMUEL A. MOORE.

THE study of mathematics has long been relegated to an inferior position in the curricula of schools and colleges so far as anything except utility is concerned. It has been regarded as the subject which would appeal especially to the "Mr. Gradgrinds" among educators, inasmuch as it has been supposed to deal with facts alone. But, though the study of mathematics is based upon facts and deals almost exclusively with facts, yet to declare that it is subversive or unfavorable to the imaginative powers is to make an assertion which even a short study of the subject will prove to be false in every particular.

The first system of notation is believed to have originated with the Hebrews, but both this system and that of the Romans were awkward and complicated, on account of which they never advanced farther than the most elementary branches. The so-called Arabic numerals were supposed to have been derived from India through the agency of the Arabs, but are now agreed to have come from that ancient land of learning, Egypt.

The magnificent examples of architecture which still exist in that country are illustrations of the use of geometry, a study which the Egyptians are said to have first cultivated. The Greeks espe-

cially made great advances in this science. Plato founded the celebrated Platonic school over whose entrance he had inscribed, "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." Of all sciences he considered mathematics the head. The works of Euclid were so near perfect that they are used as text books at the present day.

The ancient mathematicians, however, considered it in the present sense as a mental exercise and thought it unworthy of their dignity to apply their knowledge to anything of practical advantage. Archimedes, a philosopher who made several important discoveries in this study, invented many ponderous machines, merely as a relaxation for his mind, which were the means of preserving the city of Syracuse for a long time, from the besieging Romans.

From this period until about the fifteenth century, mathematics, and in fact, all studies languished, but the discoveries and inventions of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and others, have so enlarged the capabilities of the science that it has attained things which were considered in former ages, as beyond the pale of human understanding. It is a fact worthy of notice that the great majority of men who have become famous, have at some time of their lives studied the mathematics. In

the teaching of mathematics there are two objects which are always kept in view, first, that of disciplining the reasoning powers, and second, that of instilling into the mind that which will be of practical advantage in after life.

The attainment of happiness is the great object of all philosophy; therefore is not that study the best which, by improving the reason, improves the heart and at last secures that end?

The mathematical method of reasoning arrives at its conclusion rapidly and correctly. By no other plan can a problem be so easily explained as by the mathematical demonstration. Although generally applied to physical objects, it is not incapable of being used in any mental employment. Indeed, Locke, the great English philosopher, maintained that it was possible to reduce even moral science to a demonstration.

Nearly every study is pursued with a certain definite end in view, either with reference to the student's own pleasure, or concerning the occupation which he

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

has chosen. But this study not only is the best, but also partakes of nearly every other; for there is yet to be found a vocation in life in which a well-developed mind and powerful thinking faculties, may not be used to advantage.

In the physical world all mechanical works are controlled by mathematics. Mathematics furnish almost all the substance in navigation, surveying, engineering, and optics. All works of art are constructed according to the rules which geometry involves, and we find the same laws observed in the works of nature. All plant life is based on geometric forms. Dressmaking, millinery, and the working of tin, iron, and copper, are all founded on geometry. In short, geometry is the basis of all constructive arts.

If, then, by the aid of mathematics the mind is improved, the heart will be improved, and if every individual is improved, the nation will be improved, and the nation susceptible of the highest improvement will be the nation which will be greatest.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

IN conducting the dear young readers of *Autumn Leaves* over this magnificent edifice, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, England's greatest architect, I think I can promise them an intellectual treat; but could they be present in reality their enjoyment of the treat would be vastly greater. The first thing we inhabitants of the city feel jubilant about is the fact that, owing to the bitterly sarcastic comments of the press on the one hand and the open threats of demolition by the people on the other, the hideous and disastrously gloomy group of statues which used to adorn (?) the front aspect of the churchyard, has been broken up and carried away, and some slightly more presentable statues have been erected instead.

Multifarious and mirth-provoking were the observations and interrogations which used constantly to be heard about the old ugly group, especially on a Lord Mayor's day or a bank holiday; when thousands of persons from all parts of the country came up to visit London. The effigy of

her most gracious majesty used, I am sorry to say, to be by far the most mystifying and incomprehensible of all, to the worthy country people; and it was common to hear questions such as this,—“I say,—who be that there old lady with a broken nose and a stick in her hand with a basin atop of it?”

“What's that old black woman got a crutchstick in her hand for?”

“Who's this old gentleman with the best part of his head knocked off?”—Cetewayo. Or is it the Duke of York? Which? Needless to say, the “old lady with the broken nose and a stick in her hand with a basin atop of it” was no other than her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, with the globe and sword (the symbol of empire) in her hand.

The “old black woman with a crutchstick in her hand” was the same, the epithet “black” being bestowed upon her Majesty because of the dirty and neglected condition of the effigy or statue.

This latter circumstance caused the “*Pall Mall Gazette*” (I think) to allude

in a scathing and bitterly satirical article upon the statues, to "Her Most Grimy Majesty of the mutilated nose," and to say that "you couldn't tell the Duke of York from Robinson Crusoe" or the "Duke of Cambridge" (the third figure in the group) "from his man Friday." These and other caustic remarks, added to certain thinly-veiled threats of demolition on the part of the inhabitants near there, who considered it nothing less than an insult to them and an eyesore, soon caused, as I before said, the authorities to remove this structure and to erect a handsome and ornamental group, consisting of statues representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: the entire group forming a grand and imposing spectacle. An impetuous London citizen once said that if he had his way he would have all the houses within a radius of two miles round St. Paul's levelled to the ground. His remedy seems drastic, certainly, but one cannot help sympathizing with the speaker when it is once realized how the buildings crowded around St. Paul's churchyard tend to dwarf and obscure the dimensions of this truly magnificent edifice.

The London County Council, however, becoming alive to this defect, have at great expense demolished many of the buildings on the west of the Cathedral, so that a tolerably good view of its west front and colonnade may be obtained from Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill. The height of the structure to the cross on the Dome, is four hundred and two feet, just twice the altitude of the monument and on a fine spring or summer day the dome can be easily seen from places miles distant from London, the cross glittering in a most attractive and beautiful manner like beaten gold. Surmounting the fifty or sixty stone steps, we enter the building under the western portico, and, commencing our tour in the left or northern aisle, we come soon to the Lady chapel where divine service is performed from one till two p. m., daily except on Sundays. At intervals the visitor is confronted with a notice bearing the following inscription:—

"Visitors are requested to avoid walking about and engaging in conversation during the times of divine service. It is hoped that they will remember who has

said: 'My house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.'"

Nothing is more satisfactory than to notice the quiet and reverent demeanor of both rich and poor among the daily visitors to the cathedral, so very different, I am told, to the demeanor of visitors to continental cathedrals, especially the native inhabitants of the countries themselves.

In no edifice in all England, and probably in the whole world, can it be said more appropriately and truthfully than of St. Paul's Cathedral, "Rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Some of the prominent millionaires and many of the merchant princes of London may here be seen continually and under the same roof are perhaps hundreds of poor creatures without either food or the remotest prospect of getting any, and, moreover, "without any certain dwelling place."

But if I begin to stop and moralize after this fashion, I shall have some of my young friends saying, "Bro. Tubb, when are you going to show us the "whispering gallery," that great attraction to the young?"

Here, on our way, is a marble slab, bearing a well-designed inscription in brass or copper, to the memory of the officers, men, and boys who perished in the ill-fated "Captain," man of war, off the coast of Cape Finisterre the night of September 7, 1870. A mournful and melancholy total of 478 souls were drowned within sight of land. Here also is a magnificent tomb inclosed in large iron railings to the memory of 355 non-commissioned officers and men who were killed or died of wounds or plague in the dreaded Crimea. It bears in gold letters across the top, "Through the gate of death, we pass to our joyful resurrection." Next to this is a sculptured memorial of "General Gordon born at Woolwich 28th January, 1833. Slain at Khartoum 26th January, 1885." At one time I recollect there used to be a number of old tattered flags hung at various points in the main and side aisles; but the inconsistency and anomaly of displaying the trophies of war in the temple dedicated to the Prince of Peace, was so very apparent and glaring, that the authorities have since removed them all but two. They were old

bullet-ridden and tattered banners captured by the British in wars against the French, Dutch, Spaniards, Belgians, etc. The visitor, gazing upon the old, old, architectural emblems of bygone years, and records of long forgotten conflicts by sea and land, feels the mind insensibly impressed with the vanity and evanescence of all human hopes and fears; feeling as he does the abstract truthfulness and relevancy of the Psalmist's words, "Surely every man walketh in a vain shew. He disquieteth himself in vain."

Thousands and tens of thousands have invoked the aid of both science and art in the mad frenzy of each other's destruction!

The paltry and puerile cause of the quarrel has, centuries ago, faded into a well-merited obscurity and oblivion.

The names even of the leaders in the conflict are as men "forgotten, long out of mind." Yet a marble slab, or even a piece of torn rag remains to taunt humanity with the humiliating thought that, though men come and go, kingdoms rise and fall, monarchies may perish, yet a paltry piece of colored rag, made by nobody either knows or cares whom, survives them all, and triumphs to-day in the fact that it has for centuries outlived and survived them, armies and kingdoms.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" May there be something at least a little more beneficial to humanity and more acceptable to God, which shall mark the place of our departure.

May we each so "make our lives sublime," that we, departing, "leave behind us footprints on the sands of time." We have now reached the north Transept, and after pointing my young friends to the vast height, massive structure, and imposing form of the edifice, I show them the Royal Box, (so to speak,) or place occupied by her majesty, or any of the royal family, upon any grand ceremonial or state occasion. Of course upon such days the cathedral is magnificently draped in orange and gold, crimson and purple, while the apparel and equipments of the horse guards, the Queen's own body guard, and the magnificent military band of the Coldstream guards creates a beautiful, dazzling, and imposing impression. The splendid group of statuary on our left by Flaxman, R. A., indicating the dying

warrior (Admiral Lord Howe, R. N.) and placing upon his brow the laurel wreath, is beautiful and impressive in the extreme.

The time is now happily past when poor Charles Dickens, alluding to the dirty and grimy condition of all the monuments and work of sculpture in the cathedral, spoke with keen and bitter but humorous satire, of the "black angels conducting grimy warriors to their rest" and the "messengers of such a color that the visitor had to pay his money and take his choice" whether they were of God or of Beelzebub, conducting Ethiopian-English heroes to a place where he (Dickens) hoped and trusted there was a "little more light and cleanliness than there was here, at any rate, and a little less dirt and destitution."

No! the statuary is now all kept scrupulously clean; so much so, in fact, that the visitor would scarcely credit the length of time many if not most of the sculptures, have been standing. Now we have got to the North door; but we are not going out yet unless, indeed, we are turned out; for I have a great deal more to show you, but there are most excellent facilities for a nice cup of tea, or ices, or Swiss truffles, or buns, if any of my visitors feel hungry; but of course the shops are outside the Cathedral. But those who have either no food for their appetite or no appetite for their food can stop here a minute with me and we will feast our eyes upon this weatherbeaten old door, while the others of our party are feasting upon more appetizing dainties over the way.

Notice the old iron nails and screws of a long bygone century, the enormous thickness and strength of the door itself made of the oak timbers of one of the "wooden walls of old England," as the battleships of the line were then called.

Bound every six inches with strong iron clamps, the door looks as though it would stand a siege, and indeed, at the time of its construction, it looked not at all improbable that it would have to do so.

But ho! here come back our young friends from their fierce onslaught upon the tea and cake, smiling, and quite ready for a further exploration into the "histories and mysteries" of the old cathedral. We will walk round to the choir, or

eastern dome of the building. The organ, you see, is duplex, one half on the Cantori, and the other half on the Decani side of the choir, and connected throughout by electricity. The sides are named Cantori and Decani because on this side the cantor (or chorister as you would call him) sits; while the dean of the diocese occupies the chief seat on the Decani side.

At the moment of our entrance Dr. Stainer, the organist, is pealing forth the magnificent strains of Sebastian Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in G minor." The organ, a very large and powerful instrument, used to be situated on the organ loft, over the West Entrance, but it was there found that ready communication between the organist and the choir-master was next to impossible; hence the doubling of the organ, and its erection, as at present, in the choir. The great advantage of the Cantori and Decani style of choral singing is that it very greatly relieves the choir by reducing the total amount of their exertions by exactly one half.

For instance: Under the old method, every member of the choir joined in singing each verse of the psalms, hymns, anthems, etc., which especially in such long Psalms as the 78th, 89th, 103d, 104th, 106th, 107th, 119th, etc., was found to be no small tax upon the vocal organs and energies.

The idea was consequently formed of dividing the choir into two halves and placing each half upon opposite sides of the main or central aisle. The Psalms, magnificat, Te Deum Laudamus, and other choral portions of divine service were then ordered to be sung antiphonally; that is to say the first verse by one side (the Cantori); second verse by the Decani side of the choir; third by the Cantori alone; fourth by the Decani alone; and so on, alternately, throughout the entire service. Thus, instead of both sides singing a long psalm of, say eighty verses, no one singer sang more than forty, and so on throughout.

The two halves of the organ being connected throughout by electricity, the organist, sitting in the organ loft on the Cantori side, can play, if he so desires, on the Decani part of the organ or partly upon one and partly upon the other; or he can have the full power of both com-

bined; which gives a very imposing and majestic effect.

Organist and musicians alike, however, complain bitterly of the repetitions and reverberations caused by the sound striking against the many pillars and columns of the immense building; the consequence being that one note, or set of notes, is being played before the echo of the previous chord has completely died away. This is especially the case with the thirty-two foot double diapason, and sixteen foot Bourdon stops of the instrument.

Turning away reluctantly from the study of the organ, we notice on the left-hand side of the transept, under the dome, a magnificent marble statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and upon the corresponding portion of the aisle on the right-hand side a similar marble effigy of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the celebrated writer and historiographer.

On our left is a most elegant stained glass window; and immediately in front, under the beautiful stained glass window, emblematical of the ascension, at the east end of the choir, is the marble Reredos which has caused such a flutter in the dovescots of the establishment, on the charge that the erection of a Reredos surmounted by a figure of Christ on the cross, and especially as the altar bore six large wax candles, was a distinct infraction of the Protestant religion, as by law established, and a distinct departure in the direction of Rome.

An injunction was applied for before Lord Justice Esper, as Master of the Rolls, praying that as the Reredos represented doctrines inimical and obnoxious to the Protestant religion, it might be ordered to be destroyed and removed from the cathedral.

As the Reredos cost something like £2,000, the injunction was most stoutly contested against, and it consequently remains to this day, bearing in gold letters under the crucifix the Latin sentence,—

* SIC DEUS DILEXIT MUNDUM. *

"So God loved the world;" or, as in the generally received version in John 3: 16, "God so loved the world."

Owing to the recent memorable decision by the Lord Chief Justice of all Eng-

land, I think it highly improbable that any such works of art will be removed from the greater or smaller cathedral and other churches of our land; for the decision is looked upon as a strong impetus to the Ritualistic, or High Church party, and a correspondingly deadly blow at the hopes and aspirations of the Low, or Broad Church party in the Church of England.

Even now it is well nigh next to an impossibility to distinguish between a service held in a so-called Church of England, belonging to the Ritualistic section and a mass held in a Roman Catholic church. What with the incense, high altar, lights, candles, crucifixes, and gorgeous vestments assumed, we may well tremble to contemplate the rapid advance of Rome from without, welcomed and aided by Rome from within the pale of the national church.

We of the true fold, however, need hardly be overwhelmed with surprise, for is it not after all, but the daughter stretching forth the hand of welcome and invitation to her mother.

Truly in the latter days, has it been well said that "perilous times shall come." Returning to our peregrinations in the cathedral, we pause for a moment to admire the well-sculptured presentment of

Admiral Rodney, and further down a group composed of the first bishop of Calcutta celebrating a marriage between his first two Hindoo converts or communicants.

We have now reached the foot of the many stairs leading to the notorious Whispering Gallery, at which our young friends are unfeignedly delighted, admiring its superb proportions and giving practical demonstration of the fact that the smallest whisper at one side of the dome is heard with extraordinary distinctness and fidelity all round the walls of this vast building. To launch forth into the merits and mysteries of this marvelous whispering gallery, would be to hover dangerously near to the vortex of a whirlpool which would land me and my fair young company into the mazes of the science of acoustics; so I resolutely break off short here, refusing to say more lest one word leading to another should unconsciously betray me unto inflicting upon them some of the rudimentary axioms of that science.

Now that we have reached the main or Western Exit, and emerged into the fresh, cool atmosphere of Ludgate Hill, my task is ended, and I have only to hope that you have enjoyed your pilgrimage to and through St Paul's.

WHEN THE CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

You may take the world as it comes and goes
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the accounts she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balance struck some night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced,
You'll view your life in another light,
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;

And then as you wait for death to come
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? You will lie there dumb,
While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face,
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God;
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced,
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping "tab,"
And that chickens come home to roost.—*Scl.*

THE LATTER DAY MARVEL.

History of the English Mission of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, during the period between October 6, 1860, to June, 1864, embodying the labors and travels of Elder Charles Derry.

AT a semi-annual conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, held near Sandwich, Illinois, October 6 to 9, 1860, it was resolved, "that Bro. Jason W. Briggs be requested to go to England on a mission."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 1, page 237.

That request not being complied with, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles met April 8, 1861, at Amboy, Illinois, and on motion resolved that Brethren Jason W. Briggs and Samuel Powers are hereby requested and authorized to go to England on a mission, accompanied by Brethren Henry Green, Jeremiah Jeremiah and George Rosser, who are requested to go on a mission to Wales."—*Herald*, 1862, page 68.

Neither of these appointments *was then fulfilled*, and at a semi-annual conference held in Galland's Grove, October 6 to 9, 1862, it was resolved, "that the English mission, consisting of Jason W. Briggs and Samuel Powers, as before appointed, be sustained, and that Charles Derry be associated with them in the same."—*Herald*, 1862, page 133. (The last named left for England on the sixth of December following.)

At the Annual Conference held at Amboy, Illinois, commencing April 6, 1863, it was resolved "that Elder J. W. Briggs preside over the British Isles (meaning the churches of the Latter Day Saints therein). "Resolved that Bro. J. W. Briggs, in the prosecution of the English mission, be empowered and directed to print and reprint such matter for circulation as he in his discretion may deem best for the advancement of the work." "Resolved, that Elder Jeremiah Jeremiah be associated with Elder J. W. Briggs in the mission in the British Isles." "Resolved, that Bro. J. W. Briggs be supplied with funds from the treasury of the church to publish whatever he may deem advisable for the prosecution of his mission in the British Isles."—*Herald* for 1863, page 197.

Sickness prevented Elder Charles Derry from starting on his mission to England until the sixth day of December

1862, two months after his appointment. I now quote from my journal.

On the sixth day of December 1862, though not fully recovered from more than two months sickness, (for I had been very sick before I received my appointment) I bade farewell to my wife and children and started on my mission to England. "But O, my God! it was hard to tear myself from that woman thou hadst given to be my companion and those children thou hadst blessed me with. It wrung the grief drops from my heart. It was hard to see her fold up my clothing and cook the last meal we should eat together, perhaps for years, but now to say the last farewell, to gaze for the last time into those blue eyes brilliant with tears, which told how deeply she loved, and how faithful was her heart, yet while her bosom heaved with silent anguish that words could not utter, as her mind would fill with dark forebodings that we might not live to meet again in this world, not one obstacle would she lay in my path, nor utter one word, or give one look that would say 'Do not go;' but her heart sought comfort in thy promises.

"She consecrated me to thy service by her tears and prayers, and I ask thee O, my Father, to accept the sacrifice she has made upon thy holy altar and let the oil of comfort and consolation be poured into her stricken heart and into those of my beloved children. May they all be preserved from disease and death, from poverty and woe and above all may they be preserved from the snares of sin and Satan and kept spotless and pure ready to enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb. And may we have the privilege of enjoying each other's society here on earth, and afterwards in unfading and eternal joys where the pang of separation should be no more felt. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen, and Amen."

My steps were slow that bore me from them, but duty called and I have no fears that God will not restore us to each other's society again in this life if we are true to him.

Some little means had been given me by Saints to help me on my mission, but I felt it to be my duty to leave it with my wife, and to start as Christ told his disciples to go, and as I had always gone on my mission. I felt so more especially as I knew the Saints around my family were poor, and that the church treasury was very low. (At that day elders' families were not provided for out of the treasury.)

Through the kindness of Mr. William Brittain (since a noble brother) and his wife, my family was permitted to occupy a log house twelve feet square, and I must here say that the following brethren had kindly pledged their word to me, that, so far as they were able to prevent, my family should not suffer for the necessities of life: Jairus M. Putney, William Brittain, Rufus Pack, John Leeka, Elijah Gaylord, and, I think, Daniel Harrington and Joseph Craven. Right nobly did they fill their pledge as wife testified to me, on my return.

I shall never forget that first day's journey of ten miles, feeble as I was. My feet were sore and my body was weary, but I found rest and comfort with Brother Edwin R. Briggs and wife at the Nephi branch, where I was kindly entertained that night. I preached to the Saints there on Sunday, and was kindly treated, but received no pecuniary assistance for my journey, but Father Rufus Pack took me in his carriage the next day to Brother Noah Green's, near Tabor.

Mrs. Green wife of Brother Noah Green, was not numbered with the Reorganized Church, though she had been a member of the old church. She, seeing my weak state of body, proposed to her husband and Father Pack that my passage should be paid by stage to the Mississippi River. Father Pack responded that he would give two dollars and also take me on to Manti in his carriage. She said she would give two, and her husband, who had already given me five, promised two more, making altogether eleven dollars.

Thus the Lord was providing me with means for my journey without any solicitation from anyone except at his throne who had called me to the work. I am happy to state that Mrs. Green soon afterwards became identified with the

Reorganized Church and has proved herself a noble mother in Israel.

I preached that night in Father E. Gaylord's house and received more aid. An "Old Mormon," Dr. A. Young, had come over from Nebraska to be baptized. I baptized and confirmed him, and ordained him an elder. It was a cold bath but a beautiful night. We had to cut the ice, but I felt well in spirit and he greatly rejoiced in the privilege of renewing his covenant with God. He is a tall man, about fifty-eight years old, of good appearance, fair talents, quite talkative, given to egotism a little, but I believe he loves the truth and will do good. I preached again on the 10th.

I left Bro. Green's on the 11th for Manti in Father Pack's carriage. I was well received by the Saints there who kindly ministered to my necessities and forwarded me on by team to Eddyville, the nearest railroad point. They also contributed means to enable me to take the train to the Mississippi River. I believe Bro. Wm. Matthews took me to that point. I visited the Saints at Montrose and was kindly aided there. I visited Nauvoo and shared the kind and generous hospitality of President Joseph Smith, his wife and mother, whom I found to be plain, unassuming people, given to hospitality without display. I could see no visible evidence of pretensions to holiness, none of the "Stand by, I am holier than thou" spirit, but they seemed to move among their fellows as though the equals of any, and their deportment made it plain that they considered all men their equals who lived an honest, upright life.

Sister Emma, the mother of Joseph, expressed her great pleasure at my going on the English mission, saying also, "I always loved the English people." The words were uttered with such deep earnestness that I felt their truth. She stood before me as a noble specimen of true womanhood and I was glad to have formed her acquaintance.

In conversation with Joseph I remarked, "Brother Joseph, how shall I meet the charge of the Brighamites when they declare, as their leaders teach them, that your father practiced polygamy?" His answer was about as follows:—

"Brother Derry, I was but about twelve years of age when my father was killed, and I am not supposed to know all the

privacies of my father's family, but this I do know, that there were other females in father's family besides my mother. I knew them before my father's death, I knew them two years afterwards, and I do know that during those years they never bore children. Now the whole world knows that my father was a proper man. My mother, of course, bore him children, and if these other women had stood in the relation of wives to him, or had been used as such, it is reasonable to suppose they too would have borne children."

To my mind the answer was decisive, especially when I remembered that the pretended claim of polygamy was that it was for the purpose of "raising up a righteous seed."

I had not personally known the Martyr, and hence could not speak from personal knowledge, but this was, to my mind, a clincher for the Brighamites. The facts were that the Martyr's home was an asylum for the homeless who had come from England, having no friends or kindred that they could find shelter with; hence they were invited to enjoy the hospitalities of his home and family until provision could be made for them, and slander found this a grand opportunity to connect his name with the evil practice that obtained, after his death, an ascendancy in the church.

After spending a few days with Joseph, he took me with his team to Colchester, Illinois, to the home of a brother who was his uncle by marriage, where I was treated kindly. From there I went to Bishop Rogers', near Sandwich, enjoyed his hospitality and that of his wife and with him I visited Batavia.

Brother Joseph Smith gave me the following letter of recommendation:—

"NAUVOO, Dec. 27, 1862.

"*To all whom this may interest:*—Know that our worthy brother, Charles Derry, has been duly called and appointed unto a mission to England, and that he has full authority to do and perform all acts towards the upbuilding of the church of Christ, consistent with the calling of a seventy in said church; and the faithful everywhere upon whom he may call are hereby enjoined to aid and assist him forward in the accomplishment of his mission to the full extent of their willingness and ability. Know this, that the

Lord loveth a free offering, and that he rewardeth those who diligently and earnestly serve him, and also, knowing the worthiness of this our brother, we have given him this our letter of commendation unto all the scattered Latter Day Saints throughout the length and breadth of his said mission. Witness our hand, the day and year above written. Joseph Smith, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints."

President Smith also gave me the following:—

"NAUVOO, Dec. 28, 1862.

"*Mr. Hugh Hemingshaw, Sing Sing, New York:*—Permit me to introduce to you the bearer of this, Bro. Charles Derry, who is now on a mission to England. I can safely recommend Bro. Derry to you as an upright and honorable man and one who is deeply interested in the latter-day work in its truthfulness and greatness. Any attention you may choose to show him for my sake at his coming, you will, I feel assured, be willing to continue for his own, after you shall become acquainted with him. All are well, I believe, in whom you are interested here. I subscribe myself,

"Yours most respectfully,

"Joseph Smith, Nauvoo, Ill."

I did not visit the above named gentleman because I wanted to prosecute my journey to England, but I truly appreciated the letters of recommendation and hope I may ever prove worthy of them. And none can tell, but those under like circumstances, the good that those letters of recommendation did me. The realization that I had the confidence and esteem of God's acknowledged servants was better than gold.

The first day of January, 1863, found me at Bishop I. L. Rogers', near Sandwich, Illinois, where I met George Rarick for the first time. On the 4th I preached in the schoolhouse near the Bishop's. I asked an interest in the prayers of the Saints. One brother arose and prophesied that I should be preserved, and that the angels of God should be on my right hand and on my left, if I would keep the commandments of God. Another brother testified to the truth of the prophecy."

On the 6th I went with Bishop Rogers to Batavia. I was kindly received by the Saints there. On the 7th of January

Bishop Rogers gave me seventy dollars to carry me across the sea to Liverpool, and, after a season of prayer in Sr. Mead's house, he bade me farewell, imploring God's blessing upon me and returned to his home.

On the 8th Mr. Mead and Sr. Mead took me to Bro. Philo Howard's, six miles west of Batavia, where I was kindly received. I was invited to preach there and did so. Two old people, named Franklin, acknowledged the truth, and on the 9th I baptized and confirmed one of them, Mrs. Abigail Franklin. I was greatly blessed in administering in word and ordinance. A sister came up to me in the prayer meeting and laid her hands upon my head and delivered the following prophecy, that I should be a means of establishing the work of God among the nations of the earth, and that my wife and children should be preserved until my return, and that I should return and meet them face to face, that I should be buoyed up in all my trials and tribulations, and that I should be like Abraham of old, the friend of God.

Bro. Philo Howard and his brother, Dimmick, also Bro. John Earnshaw, aided me liberally on my journey. I returned to Batavia and found that a boy had opened my valise and stolen twenty dollars which I had put there thinking it would be safer there than in my pocket, especially in the house of a Saint, as I was going to leave my valise there. I recovered from the boy all but two dollars and fifty cents. I talked kindly to him and tried to show him what evils such a course of conduct would lead to. I felt that kindness would be better than punishment.

On the 10th I left Batavia for Galien, Michigan, passing for the first time through Chicago, the great emporium of the West. But as it was night I saw but little of the city.

I arrived at Bro. George Blakeslee's about twenty minutes past ten a. m., where I was kindly received by himself and wife. Most of the family were sick with the measles. On the 11th I preached at Galien. Elder Blakeslee and others of the Saints helped me on my way. I left Galien at ten p. m. I arrived at Detroit about seven a. m., on the morning of the 12th and went directly by ferry boat to Windsor, Canada.

I went by train to Suspension Bridge, and thence to Rochester. Here I had to stay all night and not having had any sleep for the last thirty-six hours, I overslept myself.

At the Rochester depot I met a man who told me he had been a very wicked man, but about thirty years before the Lord had held him over the pit of hell, and he had seen the blue flames and heard the wailings of the damned and heard them call for a gill of water. At sight of this he became converted and the Lord forgave him his sins, "and now," said he, "I am a Christian."

I told him it appeared that he served the Lord through fear and asked him which he thought would make the best soldier, a volunteer or one that was pressed. He replied, "A volunteer." I thought so too. I told him that, if it had caused him to quit his drunkenness, swearing, and lying, it had done him good. Here he interrupted me and told me he had never lied. This brought down the house in a roar of laughter. I ask him if he believed the Bible. He said yes, and then hammered at me as though I did not believe it. I inquired if he got his forgiveness in the Bible way. "Yes!" he answered. "Were you baptized for the remission of your sins?" I asked. Here his Christianity gave way. He grew wild and raged at me for being a Baptist; for he now supposed I was of that sect. He said he could get to heaven without being baptized and quoted Dr. Adam Clark and his own Methodist minister. I told him my authority for believing that he could not was a person who lived a long time ago, named Jesus Christ, and I left him to decide which was the best authority.

I arrived at Canandaigua, New York, on the 13th and had to wait until seven p. m. for the next train. I got to Horseheads about twelve p. m. From thence I walked to Breeseport, Chemung county, New York. On my way I had a narrow escape from a serious accident.

A man with a running gear and a board on it overtook and gave me the privilege of riding. The horses were running very lively, and chuck went the wheels into a deep hole, and snap went the board. I came down on my feet. The horses never slackened their speed. The ground was very icy. I snatched my valise and

ran between the wheels. It was all I could do to keep on my feet, but I escaped without injury. I thanked God for his preserving care and arrived at Breeseport on foot about eleven a. m.

I was kindly received by a family of Saints, named Devoe. After dining with them I went to Bro. Henry Wheaton's, several miles from Bro. Devoe's. It was night when I arrived there. They were just about starting to meeting in the woods. I did not make myself known, but told them I was a Scripture reader and requested to stay all night. They hesitated. I pleaded that I was a stranger. The wife said, "Let him stay." They then invited me to go with them to meeting. (It was a Campbellite meeting.) I inquired what church they belonged to. The man replied, "The Latter Day Saints." He had with him his mother, wife, and a grown daughter. I inquired if all those ladies were his wives, since the Mormons practiced polygamy. He quickly and emphatically assured me that they did not believe in polygamy and told me that the elder lady was his mother, the next his wife and the young woman, his daughter. I begged their pardon for the "soft impeachment," but of course I understood it all the time.

The minister did not arrive till some time after we got to the meeting. Bro. Wheaton inquired if I ever preached. I told him I exhorted sometimes. He said, if the preacher did not come, they would like me to occupy the pulpit, but the preacher came soon after. At the close, I asked permission to say a few words. It was granted. The Latter Day Saints quickly discerned my faith and the smile of surprise lighted up with deep satisfaction, shone upon their faces, and hearty were the shakes of the hand that they gave me. The Disciple preacher said if he had known there was an old hand at the bellows present, they would not have heard from him that night.

I was very welcome at Bro. Wheaton's. There were three or four families of Saints there. They did not believe in polygamy, and they were at a loss to know what to do. I visited among them, explained the position of the Reorganized Church, and tarried with them preaching and visiting until the 17th, when I returned to Devoe's at Breeseport. I had a severe cold. The Saints desired an elder sent to preach to them. Travis Devoe offered to give one a home while there. They treated me kindly.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

PART III.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS FATHER.

I VISITED Mr. Stern frequently, and when my Jewish friends found that I did so they began to persecute me. They tried to make me promise I would never see him again, but since I admired his ways and his goodness I could but reply that there was certainly no harm to be found in so doing. My friends then became very severe with me, and this led me to tell Mr. Stern all about my difficulties. He was most kind and tender with me, offered to obtain apartments for me, and sent a young man to find me quarters.

Upon this I went to my lodgings, and told my Jewish friends I purposed changing my residence, but, when I looked into my box before leaving the place, my

clothes were not there, and it proved that my landlady had pawned them to raise money in order to pay a bill! She saw they were new and good, and behaved thus cruelly to me, though she said when she could get the money she would redeem them.

When Mr. Stern heard of this new trouble, he said, "Never mind; the Lord will give you all that you need."

I visited Mr. Stern daily to read the Bible with him for an hour; yet, while I was deeply interested in his instruction, I could not go with him in such practices as that of keeping the Sunday instead of the Sabbath, neither could I forego attending the synagogue daily, nor praying with my phylacteries on. My mind was confused, for I did not accept Christianity as the truth; indeed, I was fully per-

suaed that Judaism was the only true religion, but I felt that something extraordinary would happen. Thus several days passed by, and I was greatly perplexed, and in very low spirits. My distress and uncertainty led to a great deal of correspondence with my father, which I now give to the reader, in the sincere hope of its proving a blessing to him; and if my reader should be blessed thereby, I shall ever rejoice that I took up my pen to write my strange experiences. Here it may be a fitting opportunity for mentioning that, though I was so often robbed of almost all I possessed, still my letters were never taken, for I preserved them in a place in my hat, where they remained secure through all my adventures:—

"Beloved Father,—Since I last wrote I have extraordinary news to tell. You know how I long to do good, and merit salvation for my soul, and be saved from *Gehenna* (hell). I feel that I would do anything in my power, and suffer even as Job, if I could thereby find salvation. You often used to tell me, beloved father, that if I observed the law, oral and written, with all the *Taryag Mizvess*," (the 613 precepts,) "I should gain salvation, and go to heaven. Now the thought enters my mind, if God requires of us to observe all these things, why did he not require them of our nation of old? They had the magnificent temple and the holy articles therein, and when a brother of our nation sinned, he was commanded to bring a sin-offering, which was killed, and its blood shed. Hence I cannot understand, my dear father, what all this meant, if the 613 precepts are necessary. Certainly our nation, since the Babylonian captivity, has fallen very much; things that had been revealed unto our fathers have been taken away from us, and we are left in the dark; but I suppose our Jehovah-God is a Sovereign, and does according to his own pleasure.

"Dear father, I must now inform you of something which will surprise you. The other day, as I went for a walk, I saw a church where Christians worship God. I peeped in, and saw that the church had no pictures, and no graven images; indeed, it put me in mind of our synagogue—it looked nearly the same, with the exception that the building had a different shape and style from our synagogues. I

could not see any ark nor veil, but the simplicity of the worshipers much interested me. I met there a man who knows the holy language (Hebrew), and who spoke to me in it, and also in the German language.

"He spoke about the Bible and the expectation of Israel, and my heart was almost melted as he told me of these holy things. He also spoke about the sacrifices of our ancestors, and informed me very plainly that the sacrifices were only shadows of good things to come.

"But I am perfectly satisfied with our good old Bible, although most things are obscure to my mind; but I suppose as we are finite, and God is infinite, it is not meet that we should understand his ways; and besides we read, 'My ways are not your ways; neither my thoughts your thoughts.'

"One thing I wish to ask you—in the twenty-second chapter of the first book of Moses (Genesis) Abraham said to Isaac, 'My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering!' Now to me this seems a mystery, and I should very much like you to give me a little light upon it."

My father's reply is now given:—

"To my well-beloved son, Isaac; may he live in peace and happiness.

"My beloved Son,—It gave me very much pleasure when I read your letters. I am very thankful to our God for his mercies and goodness. Praise his name and bless him for his loving kindness, which is much better than life. I am sure, my beloved son, since you left us we continually pray for you, and now I am persuaded that our God, who never slumbers nor sleeps, but who is long-suffering and most merciful, has heard our continual prayers, and brought you to a land of freedom. I am also very thankful, my dear child, that you have observed the ceremonies of the services in connection with the Great Day of Atonement, and may your transgressions be pardoned through the blood of the atonement you made. I would also express my gratitude to find you still in an enquiring state. Surely, my son, we cannot do better than enquire continually concerning the truths of the most Holy Book.

"I would earnestly caution you, my beloved son, against false teaching. Remember the sweet Psalmist, who beauti-

fully says, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.' Be careful not to be in the company of any such. There may be some people who may call themselves religious. I hear that in England are to be found people who call themselves *real Jews*, but, alas! they are real *meshumadim*" (apostates or impostors). "They profess to believe in the same Bible we have; but, oh! how can they believe in the Bible and not be *Jews* like ourselves! My dear Isaac, I need not ask you much to keep away from such people. I know you will be too glad to have nothing to do with them. I pray that you may be continually in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom and knowledge. 'My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.'

"My beloved son, 'If *sinners*, or *meshumadim*, entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause; let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit: we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil; cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse.' My beloved son, 'walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path; for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.' (Prov. 1.) I sincerely trust, my beloved child, that you will pray continually for me and your beloved mother, sisters, brothers. All our friends send their best and warmest love, hoping you may soon return home; and if not, you may become very great in England.

"Every blessing and peace be with you."

My response was as follows:—

"To my dearest Father.

"My beloved Father,—As I read your last letter my heart was overwhelmed with joy, for I am certain, that, by God's help, I will practice and fully exercise the fatherly advice you have given me. You may depend upon this, my beloved father, that however far I may be away from you, yet you are always in my heart and mind. The advice you gave me is more precious than gold; and,

whenever I write asking Bible questions, I am sure you will answer me as you did when I was at home; for I do not care to ask strangers, in case they may misinform me.

"I have many things of which to inform you, and my mind and heart are so full that it is difficult to rightly express my thoughts on paper—yet I must try.

"I have made the acquaintance of a gentleman who is a Jew by birth. He is called among the people in London the Rev. H. A. Stern, which I suppose means *Rabbi* H. A. Stern. The conversations I have had with him have been very instructive; for he knows the Bible almost by heart, and is well learned in the holy Talmud. If I quote the name of any of our great Rabbis in the Gemara, he knows all about them. He is an earnest, God-fearing man; in fact, I do not think that our Jewish nation has many such good and pious men as Rabbi Stern. If you only saw him you could not help liking him, especially if you had spoken to him. I must also say that whatever he teaches seems to be very simple and sound; but, at the same, I feel anxious about him, since he does not go to the synagogue to pray, nor does he wear phylacteries, nor does he observe the *Taryag Mizvess*.

"So far as I can learn, he believes that the great Messiah of Israel has already come, and that this was in the time when our fatherland, the most holy city Jerusalem, possessed its grandeur, the second temple; and that the Messiah obeyed the whole of the holy law of Moses, and glorified the law, and through him men are saved. He believes that the Messiah was murdered, and that his blood which was shed is efficacious to cleanse from sin, and that his death is the atonement for sin. And now Rabbi Stern says that man has nothing to do but believe on him and be saved.

"If you will permit me to express my humble opinion, I would say, that, comparing this Rabbi's teaching with the Bible, I find it to correspond; but, dear father, I wait for your opinion, as I would not enjoy mine, lest I be wrong.

"One thing more. I would inform you of the kindness of Rabbi Stern. When he found that I resided among very poor people—which I was not used to at home—he offered to help me, and to pay my rent at another place, of which kindness

I gladly availed myself. I have put a *mezuzah* upon the door-post of my new abode, which is in a Christian's house, and always wear my phylacteries. I also attend the synagogue, and always endeavor to observe the 613 precepts."

While keeping up my correspondence with my father, I continued my visits to Mr. Stern. One morning I was in a very melancholy spirit, and, while I was engaged in reading the Bible, Mr. Stern asked me this simple question, "What is the hope of a Jew?" and then he explained what is the hope of the Christian. Those words of his entered my heart. I tried to forget them, but could not.

On leaving home that morning, I went to the Victoria Park, and sat down in a very quiet place, when my heart was overwhelmed with anxiety as to what to do to be saved; and, quite unconscious of

what I was doing, I fell down and prayed to God to give me true light, praying him that I might understand the Bible. At that time deeper darkness entered my soul, and, although it was in the bright day, it was night to me. To express the state of my mind is impossible, but my readers who have likewise sought after God will surely trace in their own soul's experience that of mine, although their path has been different to mine in some respects.

I thought having to do with Mr. Stern was, perhaps, the cause of my wretchedness, and went and told him of my true state, saying I felt inclined to go away again to my Jewish brethren. But Mr. Stern advised me to continue studying the Bible, and said that God would be merciful unto me at last.

THE FIDDLER.

Sometimes if you listen—listen
When the sunlight fades to gray,
You will hear a strange musician
At the quiet close of day;
Hear a strange and quaint musician
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle
On his coat of shiny black,
And draws the bow across the string
In crevice and in crack;
Till the sun climbs up the mountain
And floods the earth with light.
You will hear this strange musician
Playing—playing all the night!

Sometimes underneath the hearthstone,
Sometimes underneath the floor,

He plays the same shrill music,—
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;
And sometimes in the pasture,
Beneath a cool, gray stone,
He tightens up the sinews,
And fiddles all alone!

It may be, in the autumn,
From the corner of your room
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle
Sounding out upon the gloom;
If you wish to see the player,
Softly follow up the sound,
And you'll find a dark-backed cricket
Fiddling out a merry round.

—Youth's Companion.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHO WAS THE STRANGER?

NOW I was confronted with what I regarded as a fresh perplexity. I had been baptized and was a church member without receiving the benefits of it; for in a few days I felt just the same as I had before, but I resolved to try much harder to be gentle and quiet. I had no

knowledge or idea of the question of authority. How should I, since I had never heard it spoken of? Yet there must have been an intuitive sense of baptism being valid or invalid, for I thought that by destroying the solemnity of the act, I had destroyed its virtue, that it was not really baptism. I never wanted to hear that day spoken of, lest reference should be made to me and my conduct.

Not long after the translation I asked mother how long it must be after a person's baptism, before he could be baptized again. When I was told that a person never could be baptized but once, for it would be putting Christ to an open shame, I was sad, indeed, to think I must always live under that broken baptism (for such it seemed to me) and especially when Priscilla, in the grave talks we used to have, would speak of the peace of mind she enjoyed since her baptism and how, at a certain time, she had felt herself to be a *Christian* and had never doubted it since.

I knew I could not say or feel the same, and sometimes I would get discouraged and wish I was not a church member at all, so I could be free and not have to keep such a restraint on myself all the time or else feel that I was in disgrace.

The meetings were kept up every evening and sometimes in the afternoons till away in the spring months. The spring being a very backward one, even the coming of May found much snow on the ground.

At one time, before the meetings ceased, I obeyed my own inclinations for the time being and suffered myself to be led into a snare. It seemed that the tension of feeling that, from various causes, had been upon me the most of the winter, entirely gave way, and the current of reaction that swept over me was too strong for me to resist. I was tired of sorrowing and sighing. I did not want to hear anything about religion, so, instead of walking to meeting with Sophia or Priscilla, I started a little earlier and went in company with one of my schoolmates who was several years older than I, and one on whom the revival had not had the slightest effect.

She did not array herself against religion or treat any who did profess it in a sneering way, but she was ready to laugh at and to make light of everything, and, notwithstanding the reverence I naturally felt for religious people, I liked this girl, and on the evening to which I refer, I just felt in a mood for fun and nonsense. I may add without any credit to myself that the quickest sense I possessed was for the ludicrous, and her speeches, as we walked along the road together, stirred up all the merri-

ment I had been trying so hard to keep in subjection.

Reader, I dare say you have been young once, if you are not now, and have even gone to meeting in a laughing mood when almost any trifling incident will make you laugh. Well, that was just the way I felt.

When we got to the place for meeting, it was a little, old-fashioned schoolhouse with the writing desks the whole length of each side of the house against the walls. I still kept with Esther. We were quite early and took a seat with our backs against the writing desk, as all did who came early, for the rest of the benches were without anything to rest the back against.

We were just bubbling over with laughter when we went in, and as we sat there Esther in a whisper made several, to me, very amusing remarks. Very silly they would sound no doubt if now repeated, but at that time they sounded richly comical, and I would have to press my handkerchief against my mouth and nose in double quick time to keep the laugh from escaping.

When my sisters came in they saw the situation and probably calculated the results. They motioned me to come and sit by them, but I was in a reckless mood and remained where I was. At length the house got so crowded that those on the seats next the desk were invited to sit upon the desk and thereby make much more room for those still coming. This gave us more excuse for laughing. Meeting was opened, but still the people came, till the house was packed.

It was not the custom among the Baptists to kneel at prayertime. They rose to their feet and remained standing, but everybody turned and faced the other way. Why this was deemed more reverential than to remain standing in the same position as when singing, I do not know. It seemed proper enough till that occasion, and then it looked so ludicrous to see everybody turn and stare at those who were on the desks and could not turn or even stand up.

The laughing spirit had really got the upper hand, and if they looked at us, we laughed, and if they didn't look at us, we laughed. I knew I was behaving in a very unbecoming manner and should be duly corrected when I was reported to

my parents, but that knowledge had not power to break the spell.

I caught Sophia's disapproving glance, and felt ashamed of myself and resolved not to let my eyes wander in that direction again. In fact, I scarcely dared to raise my eyes to look in any direction, but it needed only a nudge or a few quick words from Esther to start up those inward convulsions.

After recovering from one of those and thinking I had banished its traces from my face, I ventured to look across at Priscie. She gave me one of her most intensely sanctimonious looks, got up expressly for the occasion, and so much overdrawn that it excited rather than suppressed our merriment.

However, we did not make any noise, or, at least not enough to be called to order. My position on the desk was cramped and uncomfortable, and before the meeting was much more than half over the demon of mischief had played itself out, and I got sleepy and went to sleep.

I felt guilty enough when meeting was out and not one bit like walking home with Esther. Neither did I care to be alone with Sophia for fear she would say something to me about it, for I felt her gentle words of reproof more keenly than harsh words of reproach.

I began to think as we walked along that she was not going to say anything to me, but as we neared home and one by one our companions had said "Good night" and turned into their own little gate paths and we were left by ourselves, she said, "What do you think mother will say when she hears of the way you acted in meeting to-night?" I was feeling miserable enough already and was conning in my mind what the result would be, but, instead of saying I was very sorry and should confess my fault to mother myself, I tried to justify myself, by saying, "I could not help it, and you need not tell her!" "I do not intend to," said Sophia, "but she is sure to hear." Yes, I knew she was sure to hear it. How I wished it was all in the past, for I was a veritable coward of words.

It all came to light by some one (not my sisters) asking me what was so funny that Esther and I were talking about that kept us laughing so much. Of course that was only a starting to unravel the

whole. It was deeply mortifying to mother for her children to be guilty of any misdemeanor in public, and she was more hurt than annoyed. I knew I deserved her rebuke and went to bed feeling as miserable as a condemned criminal. The current of feeling that had borne me on in the fore part of the evening was now turned into the opposite channel, but was just as irresistible. I had slept during the meeting and now was not sleepy, and, as I lay there, how all my natural naughtiness loomed up before me, the darkness serving as a gloomy mirage making mole hills look like mountains. My conscientious bumps swelled high and swayed their relentless scepter and I cowered beneath their assertions and accusation.

I lay there crying and sobbing long after my better behaved sisters were fast asleep. I felt that I never could be a Christian and would go to that dreadful place of burning when I died. So you see, my young reader, that it was fear of future punishment more than the love of God and Christ that was prompting my religion. This was only the beginning of many such conflicts. Sometimes I would, in thought, be humble and penitent and sometimes stubborn and rebellious. Spring weather came at last. The warm sun dried up the pools of water and the mud. The meetings were ended, and the farmers commenced their work. I was to attend school during that summer. Priscilla, in her endeavors to help me, urged that we should not neglect prayer now that the meetings were over, lest we should go back into the world again. So we agreed with each other that we would have a little prayer meeting all to ourselves each morning. It was very easy for her, since all she had to do to be by herself was to close her bedroom door, and there was only herself to get ready for school in the morning. But with me it was different. I had no room by myself. There were three children younger than I who slept there also, so I was never alone, either in going to bed or in getting up. And again I never took the liberty(?) to wake in the morning till I was called upon, and then it would be time to help to dress the younger ones and hurry down.

So I made my altar in the horse stable where our swing was. I had told my

schoolmate when we were first consulting about it, of the difficulties that I should probably encounter, but she very eagerly said, "We must be willing to sacrifice," which stimulated me to greater effort, but I fear it was the work on which the sacrifice was bestowed. I had a certain portion to do each morning before going to school, and how I would have to hurry sometimes and often slight my work, too, by leaving pots and pans, and run to the barn as fast as I could go, to have my prayer meeting. Sometimes I would sing a verse softly and then kneel to the swing and pray, and, if there was any spare time afterwards, take two or three lively turns on the swing.

I was often chidden for leaving my work in such an unfinished condition and going up to swing and was told that, if such continued, the swing should be taken down, but I did not tell what I went for nor why I hurried through with my task. Priscilla had a good laugh when I told her of the unhallowed spot where I had "chosen to pray."

Our schoolhouse was an old one that had been moved from the upper district, and, for the want of a better place, had been lodged on the side of the road. Consequently, we had no playground, except a few feet of green on each side, with the zigzag corners formed by the pole fence. Even this was not level, the green being about two feet higher than the road on one side, and sloping suddenly down on the other. For this reason, our teacher, Miss Sanford, permitted us to play our games such as "Dixie Land" in the road on the positive conditions that we were to keep a sharp lookout for teams of any kind, and to take the surplus fence poles which we used for laying our land off out of the way in time, so as not to put anyone to the trouble of stopping to remove them, or to give cause for complaint in any way. This we all agreed to do. One day we were in the midst of a lively game, in which I was "Dixie," trying to keep my neighbors from trespassing on my land. I distinctly remember keeping a sharp lookout both up and down the road, as I turned each way to drive off my intruders. We could see a good distance both ways, but we were surprised by the sudden appearance of an old and very peculiar looking man walking towards us in the middle of the road, and

nearly up to where we were. All seemed to see him at once, and with a little scream of, "O, mercy!" every one except myself sprang upon the green and running to one of the corners dropped together in a bunch as close to the fence as they could get, some even hiding their faces. We all saw at a glance that he was a stranger whom we had never seen before.

The girls called to me as they ran to "come quick," but two motives prompted me to remain.* One was the reverence I had for old people, and the other was to please my teacher, for, although it was not binding upon us to clear the road for those walking, I knew she would be all the more pleased if I did well beyond what I was commanded. This all passed my mind like a flash and, as quickly as possible, I threw the poles out of the road and stood on one side with my hands hanging straight down prepared to make a respectful courtesy as he passed. I had time to see him distinctly as he took the last few steps toward me. Instead of passing by, as I had expected, he came up to me smiling and said as he raised his hand and placed it upon my head, "Good little girl," and I also heard the word "bless" but cannot remember or did not then catch the connecting words, and the rest I did not understand. It was what I know now to be an unknown tongue. My heart beat rapidly. I felt much the same as now when the gift of tongues is resting on me.

As he passed on, my heart gave one exulting bound. "Now," came the thought, "I, too, have been blessed."

Priscilla had, in giving me fragments of her religious history, as we sat by ourselves in the little clump of spruce bushes that grew on the sloping side below the road, told me how well she could remember (though she was only a little child) of old Father Manning putting his hand on her head and blessing her once while he was at her father's house. She always lowered her voice and spoke in a measured tone when relating this incident, and I would really think she was going to cry before she got through with it, and tried to listen with becoming seriousness. Because of this blessing she had always maintained a religious superiority over me, which I willingly accorded her, but I regretted much that I

had not lived there in the days of "Father Manning," and perhaps he would have blessed me too.

And now let me describe the man, for although that was thirty-six years ago, I have not forgotten a feature. He was a little below the medium height, with shoulders stooping and head bowed, such as one would have who walked a great deal looking on the ground. He was dressed in gray clothes that looked dusty and timeworn. On his feet were coarse shoes, very gray and dusty also. I did not notice the hat when he came up, but at the first glimpse of him, it had a gray timeworn appearance like the rest of his apparel. His eyes were small and black, with deep lines from the corners of his eyes to his temples and a heavy black and white brow. He had a short square face with high cheek bones, and dished in a little at the mouth. His beard was not long but very peculiar as well as his hair and brow. It was those that gave the children the sudden fright. A strip in the center, about the width of his chin, was as black as a coal, while on each side was a strip of white and black again. His hair hung about a finger length below his hat in eight tight smooth ringlets, two of black and two of white.

As he walked on, the girls came around me, saying, "O my! wasn't you afraid of that old man? I wouldn't like to have his hands on me, jabbering that way, ugh!"

While we were thus talking, I gave one glance in the direction in which he had gone and saw him, or his head, disappearing over the brow of the hill, and at the same time I saw Priscilla, who had been home to dinner, come out of their little gate and start toward the school. It was only a few steps across to her father's house, down one slight hill, at the foot of which a clear mountain stream ran, bridged over with three planks, and up another. I judged she would meet the stranger at the foot of the hill and intended to watch them to see if he spoke to her, but by some means our attention was turned in another direction and I thought no more about her till she made her appearance among us, when the following conversation took place:—

"O Priscie, wasn't that a funny looking old man? Did he speak to you?"

"What old man?"

"Why, the one you met just now in the hollow!"

"I didn't meet any old man nor see any."

"You did too; you could not help it; for he was going down the hill on this side, as I saw you start to come down the other and you could not help seeing him, and," I continued in the same breath, "he put his hands on my head and blessed me." No doubt that last sentence was said in rather an exulting tone, for Priscie's manners changed as she said, "I saw you as I came out of the gate, and there has been no one on the road, or I should have seen him; so what is the use of you telling such a story! I tell you again there was no old man there."

"I am not telling a story, Miss Priscilla, and you can just ask all the girls."

Without waiting to be asked, however, they commenced telling her how scared they were when he "jabbered so," and that he had just passed down the hill and could not be much farther than her father's house now, and if she had not met him, he must have climbed the fence and gone through the field. So saying we proceeded nearer the brow of the hill and took a good look across the smooth dyke lands and up the road, but no traveler was to be seen. Priscilla was still incredulous, and giving her head a little toss, she turned and walked towards the schoolroom saying, "Now where is your old man?"

We knew she was going into the schoolroom, and being anxious to let the teacher know of the event, we all followed. My face was still burning and my frame was in a tremor of excitement. From one and another our teacher learned of all that had happened, and I was duly commended. Priscilla said, "She need not have taken the poles out of the road when there was only a man walking."

"No," said the teacher, "but still I am pleased to know my scholars will do better even than they are commanded and more especially because it was an aged person. I want all my scholars to not forget to reverence old age, even if it was only a poor wanderer."

Again the conversation turned to the stranger and his mysterious disappearance. But his disappearance was no more strange than his sudden appearance; for each one of us was sure we had

kept an almost continual watch on the road in the direction from which he came, and he should have been in sight at least eight or ten minutes before he reached us at the ordinary pace of walking.

The more I thought about it the more mysterious it became. I did not think of it at the time, but I remembered afterwards that the hill was not long enough or steep enough for him to go out of sight in the manner that I saw him go, and I felt rather shy of telling it when I went home at night, for who would believe such a strange account, that a man, who was old enough to have gray (or white) hair and beard would also have some that was raven black unmixed with white. And that he had appeared almost in our midst and had as suddenly disappeared without naturally going?

I had not forgotten how my account of Cousin Woodbury's "playhouse" had been received because it was so marvelous, and I had a fear that this would meet the same fate. Still I was so anxious to let them know about it that I could not keep quiet nor put my mind on anything else, but kept asking first one and then another if they had seen a strange man go past about noon, a man "pretty old, dressed in gray," adding that one had gone past the schoolhouse and I did not know who he was.

I hoped to interest them so they would ask something about him, but they only answered no, and went on with their work till my eldest sister became weary with my fidgeting about and asking each member of the family as soon as I saw them. She said, "Suppose an old man *did* go past that you did not know, why need you make such a fuss about it?" Then she added in a playful tone of indifference to my eagerness, "Very likely it was old Davis Weaver."

I accepted that as an insult to my

sense of recognition, at least not inviting confidence; so I said no more about it.

It was prayer meeting night in the upper schoolhouse, and I was very anxious to go and obtained permission. It was not the meeting though that I was so anxious about that night as to see if any of the school children had seen or heard of him passing that way. (There was only the one road through the neighborhood.) Or possibly he may have stopped at Mr. James Sentford's, who lived near the meetinghouse, where nearly every passer stopped. If so, perhaps he would attend meeting. But upon inquiry no such person had been seen.

In these days of "running to and fro," a stranger would have to be peculiar indeed to attract attention, but at that time and especially in that secluded place, it was very different. Railroads were not known in Nova Scotia then; no stage coaches or passenger conveyances of any kind ever passed through the place. In fact, the road terminated at the foot of Cape Blomidon, about three and a half miles below our place, and the faces of all who lived on that road were familiar to us. So I continually wondered who he was, where he came from and where he went to. He was going up the road when he passed by where we were, but if he came from below he must have gone down there first, and how was it that none of the school children from below knew anything about him.

The strange feeling I experienced while he spoke, produced awe and reverence concerning the matter, and I never felt any inclination to speak of it to anyone for many years, so I locked it in my own heart till the future threw more light on it.

*NOTE.—When I was writing this incident to the *Hope* a few years ago, I made it too brief to give a full account because of the limited space in the paper.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

I have no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me, like a stone,
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief,
No everlasting hills I see:
My heart is in the falling leaf;
O Jesus, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief,
And tedious in the barren dusk.
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud or greenness can I see.
Yet rise it shall—the sap of spring;
O Jesus, rise in me!

—Christina Rossetti.

IN THE MORNING WATCH.

O, may I, Lord, this day, rest quietly in thee,
Who art alone the source of all tranquillity!

In serving others find my truest happiness,
That through me thou mayst shine, to comfort and to bless.

Lord, empty me of self, then with thine own self fill,
That perfectly I love, and do thy holy will.

Teach me such songs of praise, such thanks for mercies given,
That here I raise the strain, heard glorious in heaven.

So shall the day's small round grow to a wider scope,
And earthly doubt and fear change to divinest hope.—*Sel.*

THE TRULY NOBLE.

NOILITY has become such a general term that I find myself somewhat perplexed to know how best to define it. We may analyze it but who will attempt to define it? It is absolutely necessary to have true conceptions of nobility, that we may mark out a path of rectitude in the world. Every person has ambition in some direction. When he finds out that whatever he is to accomplish must be in one direction and applies his energies directly in that line he has laid the foundation of a useful and a happy life.

It is not merely that the division of labor has created the need, but that human nature must have some definite end in view if its best powers are to be put forth.

When this is wanting, when life is suffered to swing from one thing to another, without distinct purpose; when aims are so many that they result in aimlessness, and the path so broad that the goal is forgotten, the character becomes weak, the work imperfect, and life of but little value. This duty of self-knowledge and self-culture along some definite line should be impressed on every young mind. I think it not selfish; on the contrary, it is what makes us of any real good to others, for when anyone is doing his own true work in the best way, he is always benefiting his fellow men, whether he is conscious of it or not.

The great English satirist in his remarkable production on man gives as his opinion, "Whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where

only one grew before better serves mankind and will do more essential good for his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

Many of the noblest of our men have sprung from a lowly birth and by industry and power of will have risen by degrees out of that menial life into a happier and higher sphere. Noble is he, I say, who has that indescribable something in his nature which acts upon the dejected and the despised like a spring shower upon the dying field, purifying a fountain which shall henceforth give out pure, sparkling water instead of impure, tuning a harp whose strings when struck move chords of harmony where once were produced discordant sounds.

The ordinary act springing from his good will kindles a spark of generous fire within miserable hearts making secret joys of their melancholy.

No quality of mind or intellect is so enviable as the power to create new hopes where all seems decay. Genius, wit, or strategy cannot make the renovation.

How long have false glories been held up before us. How often have we been told that fame and greatness go hand in hand. What is greatness? What is nobility? Is a strong man noble simply because he can oppress the weak?

It is better to erect a humble cottage than to pull down palaces. We sometimes allow ourselves to think that landable deeds or wonderful achievements are the agencies of nobility, but not so, neither are they the results, for many a deed

has been prompted by a selfish motive, and there is no selfishness in a truly noble deed.

There are those who are keen, intelligent, energetic, having a distinct aim in life and following it closely, but wrapped up in themselves and regardless of others except as they can use them for their own benefit.

Their experience seems to afford them no opening into the lives of others, their struggles do not teach them how to help others; their joys and sorrows do not enable them to sympathize with others. This whole devotion of self, however intense, misses its aim, for we cannot truly help others while neglecting our own proper business, neither can we perfect our own if we neglect others.

The experiences we gain through sympathy tend to make our lives richer and our labors more effective. The intercourse is beneficial on both sides.

Youth and age, riches and poverty, learning and ignorance, sickness and health each has its special lesson, and it is that which comes to us direct that will be most vivid and striking. We may partake of all the rest through that wonderful power of sympathy by which we reach out into the lives of others to help and comfort them.

Truly noble must be one who would act as promptly for the right where none would know as in the presence of thousands.

"Truly shape and fashioned these,
Leave no yearning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

"In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Lord sees everywhere.

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the seen and the unseen;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

Editor's Corner.

"Make the truth thine own for truth's own sake."—Whittier.

Soon the great event of the nineteenth century, the World's Columbian Exposition, will be a thing of the past, for already the dismantlement of the White City has commenced, and will be pressed forward to completion much more rapidly, even than was its erection. Its palaces will disappear, but their images will hang upon the memory walls of the millions, and the work wrought out by their silent influence will never die, never cease to hold a potent spell over those who visited them. But to us the material part of this great exhibition, grand as its results will be, pales beside the gathering together of the mighty forces of intellect and the bringing thither from the remotest bounds of the habitable earth her wise men to stand together in peace, each to present the claims of his faith, his people, while beneath the stars and stripes of liberty none desired to molest or make afraid.

Grand almost beyond conception were some of these utterances. Among them, "A VOICE FROM THE YOUNG MEN OF THE ORIENT" should be studied by our young men, and, if all prejudice be laid aside, how their hearts must thrill and every nerve within them quiver as they drink

in this foretaste of that time which is surely coming when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, and all honor, glory, power, and dominion shall be given to the Lamb of God. How the blush of shame should mantle the cheek of infidelity as they read, and not of infidelity alone, but of every one who denies the mighty forces for good which God is using in the world to prepare the way for the coming of his Son, as well as the forces of evil whose legions besiege and block up the way to victory! The light of the morning is breaking and soon the entire earth will be rosetate with its glow.

Young men of the kingdom, God is calling upon you to come up higher, to take your stand upon the mountain top and look forth upon the world. "God is light and in him is no darkness at all." We read that, "the light shineth in darkness but the darkness comprehendeth it not." Not so with the light, for, "intelligence cleaveth to intelligence." Study the history of the world, especially of this present time. Throw off the bondage of ignorance. Free yourselves from the debasing fetters of prejudice. Consider how often the Master broke these fetters from the minds of

his followers. Truth is one, and all truth belongs to you. It is your birthright and do not, like Esau, barter it for a mess of pottage.

Even in the church the Jacobs are not all dead, but it is your privilege to reject their offers, their counsel, to get the truth and sell it not, to find it and feed upon it, whether it is found in the church or in the world. It is truth that will make you free. Truth and only truth will stand the final test at the last great day.

"For as the light of the morning," said Jesus, "that shineth out of the one part under heaven and lighteneth to the other part under heaven; so shall also the Son of Man be in his day."

His day! Get you up to your watch towers, young men, and look forth upon the world. Here upon the Western Hemisphere more than sixty years ago, the pure gospel of Christ with its power and authority was restored to the earth. What was to be the extent of its mission? Broad as the habitable earth, limited only by the dwelling places, the needs of man. Shall we be the first to fetter the wings of this angel which John saw flying through the midst of heaven? This cannot be done. The light is spreading, and while error and darkness are marshalling their forces for a last desperate struggle, truth quietly awaits the onslaught, strong in her own inherent power and knowing that, "the countless ages of God are hers."

Read again and carefully consider the noble sentiments expressed in the address to which we referred, especially its concluding paragraphs which we append below, and it will surely come to you with a clearness never felt before that

"Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun.
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity."

"So far we come," continued the speaker, "with the young men of the gentlemen class, hand to hand, upon the common of humanity. But here is a corner where we part and take widely diverging paths. We cry, 'Let us alone, and we will expand and rise up to the height of our destiny;' and, behold, we find an invisible power that will not let us alone. We find that we can do almost everything in the ways of science and art. But when it comes to following our conception of that which is high and noble, that which is right and necessary for our development, that we are wanting in strength and power to advance toward it. I put this in the simplest form, for I cannot enlarge upon it here. But the fact for us is as

real as that of the dignity of man. That there is a power which diverts men and women from the path of rectitude and honor, in which they know they must walk. You cannot say it is inherent in man, for we feel that it does not belong to us. And if it did belong to us, and it was the right conception of man to go down into degradation and misery, rapacity, and the desire of crushing down his fellow man, we would say, 'Let him alone and let him do that which God meant that he should do.'

"So, briefly, I say to anyone here who is preparing to boil down his creed, put this in it before you reach the boiling point: 'And I believe in the devil, the arch-enemy of God: the accuser of God to man.' One devil for the whole universe? We care not. A legion of demons besieging each soul? It matters not to us. We know this; that there is a power outside of man which draws him aside mightily. And there is no power on earth that can resist it.

"And so, here comes our religion. If you have a religion to bring to the young men of the Orient, it must come with a power that will balance yea, counterbalance the power of evil in the world. Then will man be free to grow up and be that which God intended he should be. We want God. We want the Spirit of God. And the religion that comes to us in any name or form, must bring that or else, for us, it is no religion. And we believe in God, not the God of protoplasm, that hides between molecules of matter, but God whose children we are.

"So we place as the third item of our philosophy and protest the dignity of God. Is chivalry dead? Has all conception of a high and noble life, of sterling integrity, departed from the hearts of men that we cannot aspire to knight-hood and princesship in the courts of our God? We know we are his children, for we are doing his works and thinking his thoughts. What we want to do is to be like him. Oh! is it true that I can cross land and sea and reach the heart of my mother, and feel her arms clasping me, but that I, a child of God, standing helpless in the universe, against a power that I cannot overcome, cannot lift up my hands to him, and cry to him, that I may have his Spirit in my soul and feel his everlasting arms supporting me in my weakness?

"And here comes the preacher from ancient days, and the modern church and tells us of one who did overcome the world. And that he came down from above. We need not to be told that he came from above, for no man born of woman did any such thing. But we are

persuaded that by the means of grace and the path which he shows us to walk in, the Spirit of God does come into the hearts of men, and that I can feel it in my heart fighting with me against sin and strengthening my heart to hold resolutely to that which I know to be right by the divine in me. We do not know whether the Spirit of God proceedeth from the Father or from the Son, but we know that it proceedeth into the heart of man and that sufficeth unto us.

"And so with a trembling hand but firm conviction, with much sadness with humanity, but joy of eternal triumph I come with you all to the golden gates of the twentieth century, where the elders of the coming commonwealth of humanity are sitting to pass judgment upon the religion that shall enter those gates to the support of the human heart. I place there by the side of ancient Oriental Confucianism and modern theosophy, ancient Oriental Buddhism and modern spiritualism, and every faith of ancient days and modern materialism, rationalism and idealism—there I place ancient Oriental Christianity with its Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God, and its cross still radiant in the love of God

"Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

Young men of the Reorganized Church of Christ, can you fail while reading this to recognize the fact that the light which was restored in the West, is shining clearly in the Orient? Can you fail to comprehend that Christ "is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world?" Can you fail to know that if God has given us, as a people, greater light, he has only given it to us in trust and calls upon us to *impart*.

Listen! Do you hear the battle hymn as it rings among the hills and echoes from the plains:—

"God is marshaling his army
For the rescue of his truth.
He is calling now to battle,
Both the aged and the youth.
You can hear his mighty summons
In the thunder of his word—
Let us then be valiant soldiers,
In the army of the Lord!"

That each one who has named his name and received the testimony of this work many respond to the summons is our prayer.

THIS number closes Volume VI. of AUTUMN LEAVES and with this issue most of your subscriptions expire. From the first many of you have not only supported us with your substance, but have cheered us with words of en-

couragement. For both we thank you most sincerely. We do not believe the days of usefulness of our magazine is past, but on the contrary we feel that a broader field of usefulness than ever is opening before it, and while as yet we are not prepared to make any special announcements for the coming year in the way of contents, we are safe in promising our readers that it will not fall below the standard of any previous year, and we have good reasons to believe that it will average higher.

By renewing promptly, you will both confer a favor upon us and save us unnecessary trouble. Notice the liberal offer we are making to all who renew, and avail yourselves of the opportunity of obtaining cheap binding on your magazines.

Don't forget that all magazines not paid for in advance will be discontinued, unless by special arrangement.

Our holiday number will be mailed by the 20th of December and we hope that if you have not the money to send before that time, you will write us and ask for its continuance.

OUR patrons and friends will please notice that we have withdrawn our offer of reduced rates when sending the *Herald* and AUTUMN LEAVES together.

WHEN sending volumes of AUTUMN LEAVES for binding, always be sure that your name and address is on them plainly, and write to the Herald Office at the same time, saying you have sent them, otherwise they are in danger of being lost, as well as causing annoyance and loss of time to the Herald Office management.

PLEASE notice the advertisement on our cover, "See the point?" Brethren John and Albert Hoxie compose the firm, and are manufacturing an excellent ice cream freezer which does all they claim for it. They want agents to get territory in time for the coming summer. Correspond with them, you who are interested.

JUST from the press, *The Religions of the World*. Greatest selling book on earth. Sales in Chicago last week over 150,000. A condensed report of the important speeches and papers read at the World's Fair Parliament of Religions, by their greatest living exponents. The introductory, by Dwight Baldwin, is free from sectarian comment, and is worth many times the price of this book. It reads more like a beautiful romance than a reality. Send 25 cents in coin or postage stamps to Latin His-

torical Society, Room 501 Owings Building, Chicago, Illinois. Refer by permission to N. W. Harris & Co., Bankers, 163 and 165 Dearborn St., Chicago; Blair & Co., Bankers, 33 Wall St., New York.

THE November issue of *The Household*, published at 110 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts, comes to our table replete with useful hints and helps for (as its name indicates) the household. Its page of "Health Talks" cannot

fail to be of value; the "Children's Page" will please the little folks, and "Mother's Page," "Home Gardening," "Holiday gifts for young and old," etc., suggest at once the field of usefulness which it well occupies. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year, monthly. Address as above. Sample copies free on application.

UNAVOIDABLE delays have been met with in issuing the Autobiography of Bro. Luff, but we shall reach it in time and trust it will be the more appreciated because delayed.

Sunday School Workers.

LUCY L. LYONS.

"Clear thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent, and effective."

"Laborers wanted." The ripening grain

Waits to welcome the reaper's cry;
The Lord of the harvest calls again;
Who among us shall first reply?
Who is wanted, Lord, is it I?

The Master calls, but the servants wait;
Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky;
Will none seize sickle before too late,
Ere the winter's winds come sweeping by?
Who is delaying? Lord, is it I?

—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

Our district superintendent suggested the giving of a programme now and then, in this Department. In consonance with this thought we have arranged the following. It may be pleasantly suggestive to the Christmas workers, and we hope that any good or new entertainment that would be useful in Sabbath school work will be noted down and sent in as a help to the workers next year. We have always thought that the Christmas entertainment should partake largely of a religious nature and that the gift of God's dear Son to save the world should be the theme rather than that of Santa Claus and gift making, although the loving and giving spirit is a part of the gospel at all times, and the Yuletide can in such way be made one of pleasant memory to old and young.

The music mentioned can be found in "Bethlehem's Star," published by W. H. Bonar and Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Christmas Selections for 1883 published by the John Church Co., of the same place. Each one five cents.

The "Hallelujah" will be found in this num-

ber of the LEAVES. It is taken from a cantata published by Hamilton S. Gordon, New York.

Organ Voluntary.

The sound of chiming bells, coming from the next room or through an open window.

Song, "Ring, Ring, ye Bells." (School joining in chorus.)

Prayer.

Song, Christmas Chimes, without any accompaniment except low-toned chiming bells.

Scripture responses:—

Supt.—O, Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain;

First class.—O, Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;

Supt.—Lift it up; be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Second class.—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

Supt.—For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given:

Third class.—And the government shall be upon his shoulder.

Supt.—And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor.

Fourth class.—The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Have a hidden chorus here sing promptly these words: "Glory to God in the highest, Glory to God on high," found on page 10 Christmas Selections.

Scripture responses:—

Supt.—And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

Fifth class.—And lo, the angel of the Lord

came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

Supt.—And the angel said unto them, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Sixth class.—"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

Supt.—"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Seventh class.—And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

(Hidden chorus again sing promptly) "Glory to God in the highest," "Glory to God on high."

Recitation.

Out in the fields near Bethlehem,
By night the Jewish shepherd
Watched o'er his flock, lest upon them
Might lion come, or leopard.
There came no beast, but in the east,
Amid the starlight slender,
All in surprise he saw arise
A star of radiant splendor.

It could not be the evening star,
That in the west was blazing;
This in the east o'er Jordan far
Shone with a light amazing.

Their eyes so oft had seen aloft
Each flame-clad heavenly ranger,
That each they knew by token true,
But no one knew this stranger.

And while they looked with bated breath,
And at the marvel wondered,
And were it sign of life or death
With growing terror pondered.
Lo, suddenly, there seemed to be
A door set open o'er them,
And robed in white an angel bright
Came down, and stood before them.

"Fear not; behold, I bring," said he,
"Good news of greatest wonder
To you, and people all that be
This heaven of glory under.
For word I bring that Christ your King
In heavenly love and pity,
This day on earth has had his birth
In David's ancient city."

Then instantly it seemed as though
The heavens were all on fire,
And down there marched in rank and row,
A glory-mantled choir,
Who stood and sang till echo rang—
So runs the ancient story,—
That peace again had come to men,
And unto God all glory.

—Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, D. D.

Hidden chorus sing, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah."

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Let all voices loudly ring.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the new-born King!

Tableaux, "The Shepherds," or Stereopticon picture of the same, thrown upon a screen on the stage.

While this is on, a quartet sing very softly but distinctly, song: "Softly the night is sleeping."

Recitation (by two girls and two boys), "Good Tidings of Great Joy."

"Good tidings!" Wake, O men, and hear
What blessing to the world draws near.
The messengers of love,
Sent from their home above,
A glimpse of heaven's glory bring.
While to their golden harps they sing,—
"Good tidings!"

"Great joy!" The sorrowing sons of earth
Who sat in darkness from their birth,
Shall see this radiant light
Pierce through their gloomy night,
And shall rejoice that angels bore
The heavenly message to earth's shore,—
"Great joy!"

"To all!" To all of every land
This message brings the angel band.
Not the loved Jews alone,
But all—yes, every one
Shall hear this news, shall share this joy,
Shall have this gift without alloy,—
"All! all!"

"A Savior!" Yea, from all their sin
His people shall be save, and win
Peace for his servants true—
His peace, forever new,
Give us thy peace, O Christ, our King,
That we for aye with angels sing,—
"Our Savior!"

The children should carry white banners with "Good Tidings!" "Great Joy!" "To all" "A Savior," printed upon them, and the letters made bright with evergreens. The staffs of the two center banners should each be in the center with the banners turned to the outside. The other two correspond. Have the staffs reaching to the floor so that they can be easily steadied. After this recitation the hidden chorus sing "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Scripture responses:—

Supt.—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Teachers.—Saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

Tableaux, King Herod and the Wise men; or Stereopticon picture of the same, thrown upon a screen on the stage. While this is on, have a quartet sing, song, "Following the Star."

Recitation (by two young girls), On Christmas Day.

First girl.

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
In the low manger 'mid the hay
Was Christ, the infant Savior, laid,
While, half amazed and half afraid,
His sweet Maid-mother watched the star
Which blazed in the high heaven afar,
And wondered did she wake or dream,
And what these marvels all might mean.
She saw the startled shepherd throng
Obedient to the angel song;
She saw the wise men from afar—
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar—
Bearing their urns of costly spice,
And gold, and myrrh for sacrifice,
Ride from the desert in, star-led,
And kneel beside her Baby's bed,
And at his feet their offerings lay,
On Christmas Day! on Christmas Day.

Second girl.

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Dear Lord, who once an infant lay
To wondering human eyes displayed
Beside the blessed Mother-maid,
Let us, too, come as once these came,
Our worship and our love the same.
For us let the bright star o'erhead,
The star of Faith, be witnessed;
For us arise the chorus still
Of peace and heavenly good-will;

Both girls.

Be ours the simple trust which heard
And went without a questioning word,
And as they journeyed from afar—
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar—
Bearing their gifts, so let us bring
The gold of truth unto our King.
The frankincense of prayers that rise,
The myrrh of loving sacrifice,
And at thy feet our offerings lay,
On Christmas Day! on Christmas Day!

—Susan Coolidge.

Song, Bethlehem, by the school (from *Winnowed songs*, page 166).

Ten of the very little ones and ten a little older are grouped upon the stage for the following—each one reciting one line.

Little ones:—

First.—The Lord is my rock.

Second.—The Lord is my salvation.

Third.—The Lord is my deliverer.

Fourth.—The Lord is my God.

Fifth.—The Lord is my strength in whom I will trust.

Sixth.—The Lord is my buckler.

Seventh.—The Lord is my high tower.

Eighth.—The Lord is my strength and my shield.

Ninth.—The Lord is my hiding place.

Tenth.—The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want.

Hidden chorus sing promptly the "Hallelujah."

Older ones:—

First.—Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Second.—And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

Third.—And the King of Glory shall come in.

Fourth.—Who is this King of Glory?

Fifth.—The Lord strong and mighty.

Sixth.—Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Seventh.—Even lift them up ye everlasting doors;

Eighth.—And the King of Glory shall come in.

Ninth.—Who is this King of Glory?

Tenth.—The Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory.

While the children are grouped on the stage they and the remainder of the school sing the "Hallelujah!"

This scene could be made very pretty by having the children dress in white, each one carrying a branch of evergreen. At the back of the stage have festoons of evergreens leading from the floor or held by wee boys and leading up to a large star. It has been suggested to us that if this star were made of bright tin and reflectors turned upon it at the proper time, it would shine brilliantly.

For help in the tableaux we take this description of the "Wise men," from "Ben Hur:"—

EGYPTIAN—Almost negro in color, aquiline nose, straight harsh hair falling to the shoulders in plaits. Dress, a soft white cotton "kamis" or shirt, tight-sleeved, open in front, extending to the ankles and embroidered down the collar and breast, over which was thrown a brown woolen cloak, called the "aba" and made with long skirt and short sleeves, lined inside and

edged around outside with margin of clouded yellow. Sandals tied on feet with strings of soft leather and sash tied around the kamis.

HINDOSTANI.—Tall and gaunt. Lean face, white hair and beard, complexion between cinnamon and bronze. Dress, an "aba" like the Egyptian's except that it must be shorter, exposing wide flowing trousers gathered at the ankles. Feet clad in half slippers of red leather pointed at the toe. Kamis and trousers of white. On his head a skull cap wound with oriental shawl to form a turban.

GREEK.—White. Slightly built, with waving light hair. Dress, a white tunic short-sleeved and low-necked, gathered to the waist by a band, and reaching nearly to the knee. A many-colored blanket, in which purple should be the dominant color, thrown over his shoulders. Neck, arms, and legs bare, sandals upon his feet.

Any illustrated Bible story will give a good idea of the dress of King Herod, also his throne, and the courtiers around him. For the setting of the shepherd tableaux, the walls of a sheepfold may be made of building paper. Represent the door and have a shepherd standing guard while one or two others may be lying on the ground outside.

Dress of Shepherds: Loose coarse robe banded at the neck and falling just below the knees. Rope or sash around waist. Loose sleeves. Black and red stockings and sandals which can be made of pasteboard. Handkerchief loosely knotted on head and crooks in hand.

For the chiming bells you may get several sets of sleigh bells which chime well together by simply shaking, or about one dozen large-sized bells tuned to the scale, and any musician could play a simple accompaniment by striking with round-headed sticks.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl,

(Or so they say to me,)

She never used to romp and run,

Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,

Nor climb an apple tree.

She always kept her hair in curl—

When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl,

(It seems to her, you see,)

She never used to tumble down,

Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,

Nor drink her papa's tea.

She learned to knit "plain," "seam," and "purl,"

When mamma was a little girl.

But gran'ma says—it must be true—

"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!

Your mamma, dear, was just like you,

When she was grandma's little girl!"

Zion's Religio-Literary.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

ELDER J. F. M'DOWELL, EDITOR.

GOODNESS.

AN interest in that which is USEFULLY good is an "investment" from which large dividends may be derived. There are forms of negative goodness. Some people are possessed therewith, and the observation made relating to them is: "No one ever knew them to do a wrong. They *stay* at home, go nowhere, and meddle in nobody's business." Another: "They never mix up with the world and always go to church."

About these folk is an "air of goodness," but the value of it is small from the fact that its radiations are extremely limited and confined to self alone. Genuine goodness is manifold in its operations and is not of a "stay at home" nor "gad about" sort. Its quality is unassuming but distributive and by its reaching out propensely it embraces others than self alone and benefits all with whom it may come into contact.

The goodness of the Mosiac order was much on the negative line, "Thou shalt not."

That of the Christian dispensation was, "Thou shalt," "Blessed are they that do."

To do no wrong is good so far as it goes, but there can be an abstinence from wrong yet no performance of absolute good. The real essence of goodness is found only in doing the things that profit some one. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." "The liberal hand shall prosper." One species of goodness is found in benevolence. What an angel of mercy! And how blessings are scattered around touching upon the threshold of many homes, comforting sad hearts, relieving burdened minds!

Another form is found in speaking kindly of all, even of your enemies if you have any. It may be difficult to do at times, but it has its own reward and graces the soul that yields thereto.

"Be given to hospitality," is an excellent trait and enlarges the soul in its conceptions of kindness, in goodness. Open door to friends and strangers so far as temporal ability permits.

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown
I set upon thy head,—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love."—*Browning.*

The better part of every nature is drawn out by kindness. By it angry passion is dissipated, resistance disarmed, the hard heart melted. Goodness rises in all its splendor under such happy provocations. Where feuds exist, malice casts its blurring shadows, enmity plays its unhallowed role, and goodness is difficult to find, for its quality is defiled. All seeming is but sham, *being* is that which alone creates the stability of all goodness.

Of Jesus it has been written: "He went about *doing* good," and naught in his rich life detracted from its intrinsic value. What a picture! How filled with power of beauty for study and imitation! It was not confined to one day in seven, nor made up of verbal testimony alone. It was a force in character that gave increased vitality to the words of his heart.

It is a part of goodness to be able to recognize good in others than self; for breadth of vision is necessary unto a proper conception of others' worth and capacity for well-doing. No one holds a monopoly thereon, and to concede that others "made" unlike yourself can execute goodness is essential to *true* happiness. It has been well observed that, "The infinite may be said to sleep in the mineral, dream in the vegetable, awake in the animal, but think and reason and act in man," and man, being created in the *likeness* of God, should let reason enlightened by gospel contact rule in his nature; and goodness, being a trait of the Almighty, should be found blossoming in our lives so grandly as to yield a favorable impression. Self must be surrendered for the development of larger usefulness—and not to have the Infinite sleeping or dreaming within us.

Goodness is a product of intelligence and not of its reverse. A person may be an intellectual iceberg, pompous because of what he claims to know, but reserved in selfishness, and failure of social or benevolent expression. True intellectuality adorns itself by positive goodness!

TOPICAL TALKS.

THERE are some topical talks we shall present in this department, which we hope may be of general, if not special, interest to the young.

"Be not weary of exhorting.
Heed the lesson of each day."

To grow weary in well-doing evidences a lack of courage, and to feel disinclined to canvass questions once discussed might evince a lack of interest, although of vital importance. In General Conferences we may not be disposed to enact rules of an apparently arbitrary nature, nor seek to bind conscience, yet the fact exists that conscience is to be educated and is liable to think in the line after which it has been taught; hence the importance of correct teaching.

If the lines are not to be drawn too closely, they should be drawn *straight*, for the injunction is: "Make straight paths for your feet."

The real value of the gospel is discoverable only in the *spirit* thereof; and those who obey in *word only* the outer forms of religion's stipulations cannot well appreciate the genius thereof. The careful student will learn that there are heights and depths to the gospel life worth more than tongue can tell which can never be reached by indifference. A whole-souled course is required, and all who think that religious living is a "dry life" devoid of pleasure are of a class who judge from the demeanor of some who place self-righteous restrictions about their lives and are only "happy" when vainly criticising some one else and who "make long prayers, and are of a sad countenance," who believe in groans rather than praise, in snarling rather than giving, who think it an act of holiness to parade their "gifts," and who believe the Spirit loves gloom and shadow, and disapprobation of everybody's ways save their own, who see more harm in a laugh than in tattling about their neighbors, and who indulge in divers things that pertain not unto a life of *spiritual* devotion.

All this and more has reflected to a large degree upon gospel profession in the minds of many of the young.

Notwithstanding all this, liberty and not license must be observed and what may be reasonably defined as being within the limits of gospel liberty. Anything we may do that will lessen our interest in spiritual concerns is an act of license and not of liberty. That the gospel has its limitable prescriptions no one will dispute, but said limits may be determined by the word, observation, and experience, these may form the

"schoolmaster" by which we may be brought unto Christ.

"From the time I was eight years old I have danced. My own mother taught me to dance in her own parlor. . . . I have attended dances at nice homes where select company was had, and have come home, knelt down by the bed and prayed with just as clear a conscience as I would upon retiring from a prayer meeting. . . . I have never engaged in dancing since I joined the church, [September, 1889,] not because I thought it was a sin, but because others did, and I did not wish to be a stumbling-block in anyone else's way, *but* as to feeling any better spiritually, that's all nonsense. I feel as if I had made a *very* great sacrifice that is very hard to persevere in," (up to January 1891, when letter was written) The cause of this person's abstinence is commendable. We wish there were others equally considerate.

Among the many letters received upon this and other questions none read like it does, the gist of which is found in this extract. The party admits that "harm may be made out of dances by indecent crowds and quarrelling." They admit they have never attended dances since uniting with the church, and that spirituality is no better therefore; how do they thus determine? The "spirituality" out of Christ is not to be compared with spirituality in Christ.

What about the dance of a *select company* on board the ship of Lehi? What did it lead to, and how much spiritual approbation did it receive from God? Are we not in a figurative sense on the "ship Zion" and aiming toward the consummation of God's promises, and is it any more a time fit for such indulgence than at that time? I personally know of people whose consciences have been trained in the "no harm" channel, and who have obeyed the gospel, received of the Spirit and relapsed into their "no harm" practice and lost power with God and over their own lives, and their spirituality absolutely declined to their after regret and repentance. Show me a dancer that is spiritually alive in church work and religious service, and I'll see *the first* in my time! This question may not be considered in an abstract sense; or it might be said: "There's no harm in dancing *per se*." But the philosophy of a Christian life is "conformity to type." The degree of effort is not to be determined by individual conceptions, but rather by rule itself. "Except a man deny himself [of carnalities] and take up his cross [crucifying the old man with all his deeds] and follow me he cannot be my disciple."

If Christ be the central figure of Christianity,

the objective point toward which we are to be found tending, then he is the ideal of our expectations, and *whatsoever* retards progress in *that* direction is the thing we are not to do. We do not propose to make a "hobby" of this "pleasure," nor any one other for the purpose of selfish attack; but if to learn to know "what is that good and perfect will of God" be *hobbyism*, then every child of God should in some goodly sense be a hobbyist. Any person who enters this church from any other motive than to "love God and keep his commandments" makes the sad mistake of his life.

THE SOUTH SEA MISSION.—LETTER 1.

On the first day of June, 1893, three missionaries who were appointed to the South Sea Islands at the April conference of that year, bade farewell to a group of loving, warm-hearted Saints, among whom were Bishop E. L. Kelley and our eloquent apostle, Joseph Luff. There were some, too, in life's meridian now, whom the writer had led by the hand with tender solicitude when they were the "wee tots" of innocent childhood's time. The tear of genuine, saintly affection glistened on the verge of "the soul's window" as the final "good-bye's" were said, and reciprocal affection was in a measure tinged with the thought, "It is pleasant to reflect that those who have known one longest and most intimately love one the most fondly, and their esteem is the most faithful and unchanging of that in which one seems to be held."

The shrill whistle of warning, and the conductor's cheery "All aboard" cut short the colloquies of the friends of each, and as the long train "for the Pacific Coast" pulled out from the Union Depot at Kansas City, the last glimpse we had of our dear friends was one in which handkerchiefs unfurled and waving, and handkerchiefs applied to the eyes, were strangely blended. Then darkness came, relieved by an occasional glimpse of some suburban home-light where friends were assembled around the cheerful lamp, and we mused, "How long, O Lord, how long" before we shall again thus meet with our beloved and loving ones!

Less than an hour's reflections were interrupted by one of our number making an exploration of the baskets our friends we had just left behind had so thoughtfully and generously provided for our physical needs. A few hours ride, a few short naps, and a light dawned behind us in the far distant firmament.

We were traveling rapidly in man's chariot; but He who had sent that light in the east caused it to overtake us, and pass us with a velocity immeasurably great. Our hearts turned reverently towards Him, and to the writer, at least, occurred the beautiful, and yet but imperfectly apprehended, although a rich philosophical truth found in paragraph 2 of section 85, eleventh hour revelations, leading me to a higher reverence for Him who "is in the sun," and "the light thereof," as well as "the power by which it was made;" and in whose service the hurrying train was then carrying me far away from family and friends, that, his grace supporting me, I might win souls to him, and thus assist in swelling the glad number of the host from every tongue, nation, and people, that shall sing the great hallelujah anthem to him who shall then sit in glory on his throne.

Evening of that day, about six p. m., witnessed our exit from the cars at the depot of Denver, the beautiful city of Colorado, where our sedate young appointee to Australia met us with the genuine saintly welcome, and quickly conveyed us by street car to the genteel and pretty residence of Brother and Sister Joseph Schmutz, by whom the welcome of Brother Kaler was more than confirmed, as also by their intellectual and interesting children. Brother Newton and I were domiciled at their home; Bro. Gilbert elsewhere. We remained at Denver over Sunday, and until Thursday, when we took cars for the mountain "city of Saints." We, at least, found some warm-hearted Saints there. I should have written that we took cars for Ogden, rather than Salt Lake City, as thus we did. The Rev. Samuel Unsworth met us at Ogden, and took us to the Rectory of the Good Shepherd, where we dined at his hospitable board. The Rev. gentleman is my brother-in-law. I remained with him; the brethren, although invited by him to tarry, thought they would look up some of the Saints there. Dinner over, however, my old friend, Elder Eli T. Dobson, drove up with a spirited team and suitable conveyance, and took us for a pleasant ride around the suburbs of that very pretty and flourishing city.

On Saturday we went to the great emporium of what the world calls Mormonism, where, after a few minutes' search, the brethren found some members of "our church." I too found the presiding elder's place of business, where very soon my companions also arrived, and there, bringing joy and gladness to my heart, dear Brother R. J. Anthony, and his son-in-law.

A trip to Saltair was arranged and greatly

enjoyed. Saltair is a new bathing place on Salt Lake, said to be the finest and largest bathing house in the world that is built out on the water. It but reflects the paucity of my language to write that it is a *magnificent building*, surpassing anything of the kind I have ever seen, than, in any sense, to describe the building. Brother Newton's statement is, "It is the most magnificent building of the kind that I have ever seen. I never saw anything beginning to be like it." If such be the testimony of one who has lived in India, and who has visited other parts of the old world, surely my statement may be accepted as one of verity.

On Sunday morning Brother Anthony preached in the Saint's church, and your correspondent in the evening. The audience seemed to be better pleased with the preacher than I was, but he so seldom pleases me with his efforts that I was not surprised. The morning sermon by Brother Anthony was liberal, broad, and comprehensive, like his own dear self. Among the congregation in the evening I saw some whom I knew more than thirty years ago; one of them was Samuel H Smith, a cousin of Joseph's. His commendations were very hearty, and his sympathy with us was manifested in his utterances, his manners, and his inquiries.

In the afternoon, we all attended the service in the tabernacle. Elder Angus M. Cannon presided. The preacher, (Bro. Newton thinks his name was Roberts, and I am uncertain,) Brother Anthony thinks is the most eloquent man they have. The effort was a good one. Of one thing I can write confidently, viz., the music. A very large and well-trained choir, accompanied by their magnificent organ, at which no amateur presided that day, sang some beautiful anthems, and sang them in such a manner as to lift our thoughts on high.

On Monday we returned to Ogden, and on the evening of that day, we started for San Francisco. The ride through Nevada was one of continual change from rock to sand, and from sand to rock. A few blades of grass here and there struggled into a life that gave no hope nor promise of continuance. Our good and earnest young brother, Gomer Wells, has so ably, and so recently written a description of this journey, which he and Brother Kaler took a few days after we took it, that it would be a waste of your paper and a tax on your readers' patience to read a description from my less facile pen. There is the old Adam, you see, blaming the poor pen for what my brain lacks.

After two nights on this desolate journey we

reached California, the beautiful and fruitful land of bounteous supplies and in a few hours, San Francisco. Leaving my two comrades to guard the baggage, I started on a tour of exploration, and succeeded in finding the store of Brother Parkin to learn that he had gone to the wharf to try to find us. I returned. The brethren had been approached by no one except the inevitable cabman whose repeated vociferations of "Cab, gentlemen, want a cab?" etc., had disgusted them. I escorted them to the store where we met the president who appointed us our homes in which to tarry till we left for our southern home.

My home, and thank God for so cheerful and so good a one, was at Brother and Sister Anthony's—the latter formerly Sister Andrews. The brethren were located at The Livingston House, a sixty dollar a month hotel kept by Sister Livingston. We were all treated like gentlemen, something every male follower of the *gentle* and loving Jesus ought to be, whether we have proved ourselves to be such, or whether we shall be in the future, others, not we, must declare.

We remained in San Francisco and its suburbs until the first of July, when we embarked on board the brigantine *Tropic Bird*, Captain Burns, bound for Tahiti, which we reached on the 23d, though the pilot did not come on board until the 24th, when we steered into the beautiful Bay of Papeete, where, long before we landed, we saw and recognized our predecessor and his wife, Brother and Sister Devore, with a number of native brethren and sisters, waiting to give the hearty and confidence-inspiring greeting welcome which Saints, it seems to me, exceed all others in giving. Our reception, its manner, the customs here, the natives, scenery etc., etc., I reserve for my next.

Only this will I say here, the welcome given here, was an almost exact response to the good-bye given us at the pier in San Francisco, in leaving. Ever will the dear Saints of San Francisco and Oakland live in my memory because their images are enshrined in my heart. They became very dear to me in a short space of time; some of them are among the most affectionately remembered of my acquaintances. But we have *found loving* ones whom we *left beloved* ones at every place on our trip. May the Lord bless them evermore.

Yours in the one hope,

M. H. FORSCUTT.

No man can please God who does not love his own soul.

"Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

DEAR READERS:—"If any man will be my disciple," said the Master, "Let him follow me." This following; to the reflective mind, embraces much. It does not stop at the water's edge, nor end with the forty days and nights of fasting and prayer. Neither can we say good-bye and part company with him when the tempter leaves him. Baptism, fasting, temptation, and prayer, all have their place in fitting us for the conflict of life, for the Christian warfare, but if we stop here, we part company with the Savior just at the threshold of his ministry, that ministry which brought him in contact with the people.

We have lately been much impressed with the actual necessity of this feature of gospel work, gospel following of him who came to seek and save the lost. The prophet speaks of the power of God as being hidden in the horns of the hand. Jesus came in actual contact not only with his followers but with all classes of the people. He "lived in touch" with them, laying his hands upon them in his healing ministries, and sharing with them not only the food provided by his disciples, but the food from their own tables as well. "He held no class at arms' length, that he might preach at them. From the self-righteous Pharisee to the despairing harlot, he came into the life of each and all."

"I have learned," says a recent writer and worker, "that you can get access to the people of the slums only by living among them. They will not come to you, but Jew and Gentile will make you welcome if you come to them. Our meetings for them have been a failure. Our personal intercourse with them has been productive of great good. . . . You must live in touch with them if you would do anything for them."

It is not likely that as yet, the young people of Zion's Religio-Literary Society are ready for this kind of work, but the underlying principle is the same, and we are firmly persuaded that the one who governs his life most strictly by the example of Jesus in this respect, all other things being equal, is the one who will accomplish the most good in the world.

The virtue of the Christian religion is not negative, but is both positive and active. We

can never win our way to the hearts of the people by standing aloof from them, but must meet them as though we had faith and confidence in them as capable of being reformed, and unlimited faith in the gospel of Christ as possessing the power to work the marvelous transformation. How much magnetism there is in personal contact, a cheerful good morning, a cordial clasp of the hand, is understood by every one who has at different times experienced its power.

Jesus admonished his disciples that the children of this world were wiser in their generation than the children of light. That it is so is true, but that it ought to be so, is not true. Truth is stronger than error, virtue is stronger than vice. Why is it then that unrighteousness is sweeping the earth as with the besom of destruction? It follows that the fault lies chiefly with Christian soldiers. They have not on the whole armor and are not following out the Master's instructions. God never intended his servants to fall behind the servants of his adversary in wisdom, yet they do fall behind in many ways and perhaps in no way more noticeably than in this one of putting themselves in contact with the people. Let us ask the young Saints of Zion's Religio-Literary Society how much of this kind of work are you doing? Do you make a point of exchanging a few pleasant, cheerful words with those whom you meet casually, and a few earnest words with those better known to you? In short, do you constantly bear in mind that from your acts, your conversation, your very presence, an influence is constantly emanating which is telling for the cause of truth or for its opposite,—for Christ or for the prince of darkness?

Do you know,—yes, you must know,—that upon this very line the enemy is wide awake. Not an opportunity is lost of strengthening his power and extending the influence of his kingdom in this way. Every demoralizing influence which the devil or wicked human beings can invent, is eagerly seized upon and circulated by his followers. Have you ever thought to wonder how active and full of energy the children of his kingdom are? If you have not, then think seriously upon this for a few moments and you will realize, as perhaps you never did before, how it is that they excel in wisdom.

In this last dispensation God has said to all who are willing to hear, "Verily I say men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the

power is in them wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with a doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned."

The above are basic principles, underlying the gospel of Christ and are applicable to each individual in his own sphere, whether it be the prophet at the head of the church or the humblest lay member in it.

Young Saints, let no one rob you of your reward. You have organized for good, and if

you carry out the object of your organization, the blessing of God will rest upon you and his peace will be in your souls. Organizations in the church formed in the same manner as yours, have been acknowledged of God through direct revelation to the Reorganized Church, and nothing but failure upon your part to carry out the object for which you are associated together, can deprive you of your reward.

M. WALKER. 1

✉ Address all letters intended for this department to Elder J. F. McDowell, Magnolia, Iowa.

Daughters of Zion.

MRS. C. B. KELLEY, EDITOR.

"Unity of work is the hope of our cause."

THE possibilities for work and usefulness by the members of the Daughters of Zion is superbly reflected in the life and character of Phebe of Cenchrea, and, considering the short account we have of the many gifted men who worked for the church in the first century, how noble and worthy this Phebe must have been to have claimed by her work in the church the notice given in the Bible.

The history is brief, but it is as great and much more direct than we have of the work of some of the apostles.

Phebe was an ideal daughter of Zion of the first century. She saw there was much to be done; saw clearly that the apostles and elders could not possibly do it all; She understood from the teaching of the gospel, that it was the duty of the sisters as well as of the brothers, to labor and sacrifice for the Master if they expected commendation and salvation from him, and hence, she found ways and instituted means in aid of the work at Cenchrea and wherever she could go.

That this early daughter of Zion had as much to contend with in her work, as the daughters of to-day have, is evident from the strong appeal the apostle makes in her behalf in writing to the Saints at Rome:—

"That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh Saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you."

There is no doubtful or uncertain sound in this exhortation of the apostle. She was clearly a worthy helper in the Christian cause, and had her way of performing her work, the results of

which were so commendable in the mind of the great apostle that he gives to her unreserved indorsement: "Assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you."

We trust that the Daughters of Zion of to-day, will meet with as ready and hearty commendation from apostles and elders as did Phebe, and to do this, these brothers will expect of us like zealous works.

In our ranks as in the church, there is no place for *ornamental* members. Work is embodied in our motto, and every member should put into practice, not theorize simply upon this idea, and leave the results to the blessing of the Lord.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—No. 2.

THE FOUNDATION.

THE first essential in the government of a household without which no permanent good can be accomplished by the exercise of parental authority is the establishment and maintenance of a confidence in the parent that is nearly or quite absolute.

Hope of reward, fear of punishment, or other reasons of policy may cause a child to yield to the will of the parent in whose wisdom and integrity he has no confidence, but that child is not benefited in such submission. On the contrary, like the abject subjects of a despotic sovereign, he sinks into a sullen condition wherein ambition is dead, or more probably cherishes those feelings of rebelliousness that are best expressed in the boy's language, "Just wait till I grow up."

No question need ever be asked as to the means of obtaining that implicit faith so desirable that the child should possess. That is just as natural and as much of "instinct" as is the desire for food. The little one will believe anything papa or mamma says, because God has wisely ordained it so. The question, then, is, *How shall we retain the faith of the child?*

In this, as in all the various parts of character formation, the education of the child or the preparation for it should begin long before he has an existence in this world.

You can in no wise be secure in your child's confidence unless you are worthy of it. We have observed hundreds of families, Christian families, wherein the parents were unworthy of the confidence of their offspring. We have seen comparatively few parents (and our observation covers a number of years among all classes, and over much territory) who had any right to expect the reverence, or even respect, of their children.

We note three of the worst confidence-destroyers that we have had the displeasure of observing. How often do we hear father or mother utter the threat, "If you do that again, I will punish you," and when the offense recurs, it but calls forth a similar threat that is never executed, until some day in a fit of passion the offender is severely chastised, as much for the satisfaction of the punisher as for the benefit of the punished.

Again, time after time some much coveted pleasure is promised and as many times the expectant one is disappointed, until the child concludes (in a sense correctly) that the parent does not mean what he says. Oh! sad day when the conclusion is forced into the young mind, "My mother is insincere. My father is a liar!" But this *logical* conclusion, though never expressed, is often arrived at by the young thinker.

Parents may enter various pleas against the charges implied in the above, the best of them being "thoughtlessness." Shame upon that person who brings children into this world to trifle thoughtlessly with immortal souls.

A yet worse practice is quite common, that of using some kind of "bugaboo" to frighten the child into obedience. (To the present hour I suffer from fright oft experienced in the dark for the *amusement* of others when I was a child.) We fail to see how anyone possessed of common sense can stoop so low as to tell downright lies to accomplish something more easily done by other and legitimate means, or how they can be blind to the disastrous effects essentially following such a course.

The practical application of the foregoing is this: It is the duty of parents to studiously form characters worthy of the esteem of the child and never to sacrifice the natural faith of childhood by the manifestation of anything savoring of falsehood. O. RIGINAL.

"THINKEST THOU THAT I CANNOT PRAY TO MY FATHER?"

THIS interrogation is found in Matthew 26:53.

I have been thinking somewhat of late upon the subject of prayer, thinking how blessed the privilege of asking One who is able to help when we are in need of his assistance and love.

I was desirous of writing to the Daughters of Zion, but knew not what to write about until my eyes rested on this interrogative which was impressed forcibly upon my mind.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father?" It seems that some think they can in no way but in secret. They seem to be afraid to let others hear them pray.

My dear readers, is it not an evidence to you that something is wrong if we are afraid to let our voices arise in thanksgiving and praise in the different assemblages and especially in the home circle?

Even though our prayers are short, if they are from the heart, they are more effectual before God than a long, eloquent one.

If we are called upon to pray, let us respond, thanking God for the privilege of humbling ourselves before such a just King.

To the *mothers* in Zion let me say: Does not your heart thro' with joy when you see the young men and young women earnestly working in this latter-day work? Do you not thrill with admiration when you hear their voices appealing to God at the opening of services, and pronouncing the benediction at the close?

Think seriously now. Are you not proud of that son or daughter who is not ashamed thus to tell the world that they have a God in whom they can trust?

It grieves me when I think of the fact that some, old as well as young, are kept from our instructive societies because they are afraid the leader will call upon them to pray.

Mothers, how can you expect your children to do that which you are afraid to do?

Parents should set the example they would have their children follow. "Train the child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Thinkest

thou that I cannot pray to my Father?" Parents, ask your child this question.

I fear and am sorry that it is so, that some child will answer, "I have no evidence that you can; I never hear you pray." On the other hand I hear the answer, "My parents, you are praying people. You set me a good example."

It will be well for us to ponder seriously and to ask, "Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father?"

STELLA GUNSOLLEY.

Dear Readers:—I am one of those much interested in the society, Daughters of Zion. I feel that it may become a power for good, and as I look around I cannot help feeling that the work is needed. Difficulties must needs be overcome but in what work will we not find them?

I feel that the Lord is moving upon the hearts of his people to work more for the little ones and to endeavor to make them purer and better than many who have lived in the past or who are now living. Surely parents should be willing, yes, anxious, that their children should be better than they are and accomplish more good than they ever have. Let there be no limit to the good they may do. We must come up higher and I believe that these various organizations are but means to that end.

Some are opposed to the work because they say, "We have always got along all right without it and so we can now." Let those who say this, apply that rule to other things and then see where the world would be. What advancement would have been made through the centuries past? The progress would indeed have been but small.

In advancing any new ideas to the world the ones who have endeavored to do the work have always had to meet some opposition, but "if God be for us who can be against us," and we firmly believe that God is for us in this work, and if we but trust in him and seek his guidance in doing the work, he will give his people the wisdom for which they seek. If our time and talents be used in working for the little ones who are in our charge the Lord will surely bless our labors and these same children will in years to come look back with loving remembrance to their youth and to the teachings they then received.

O do not leave the little ones to the evils and temptations of the world! While teaching them to look to the Lord for guidance and strength, do not forget that *you* should ever be their *earthly counselor and guide*. Keep them

near to you, give them the best of your time and thoughts.

A letter from a dear sister lies on the table near me. In speaking of the work contemplated by the Daughter's of Zion she says, "Parents, keep the confidence of your children." Words full of meaning and worthy of careful and prayerful consideration by every mother and father in the land.

I have heard parents complain because their children did not confide in them. Have you done all you could to gain their confidence? Be sure before you blame your children that the blame does not rest upon your heads. Sad, indeed, for both parents and child when the child does not feel free to confide in mother or father. How great the privilege of going to mother with your trials and troubles and tell her all. I know some claim that we ought always to go to God and so we ought; but I believe that he uses human agents to accomplish his divine purposes. Who is there that has not felt the need and value of sympathy. To know that others share in our sorrows takes half the burden away. To know that others share in our joy increases our joy many fold, and the child who has been taught to confide in his parents will be less likely to yield to the sins and temptations of the world than those who have not.

Let those who deal with children whether in the home, schoolroom, or elsewhere be careful that we do not drive the children away from us. Talk with them, play with them, be interested in their joys and sorrows, their work and their play. Talk with them and know what their thoughts are. Give the bad thoughts no chance to enter but try to have their thoughts pure and holy. Find what their plans of future life are and help them in forming their plans and in their execution. Make home pleasant. Give them plenty of good reading and talk with them about their reading. If inclined to spend evenings away from home more than you think best, determine that you will spend your evenings with and for them, and in this way I believe they can be kept in the home nest longer. If you do not give them amusements at home they will seek them elsewhere. There are children that reminded me of a bird in a cage with no food being given to it and, like the bird, if they ever succeed in escaping from the cage they will be likely to fly far away and not come back. If we expect the children to be satisfied at home we must give them plenty of food for thought. One can be starved mentally as well as any other

way. I believe if we would talk *with* the children instead of *to* them so much more good could be accomplished.

Sisters, let us press on in this work and work for the little ones and endeavor to have them lead pure and righteous lives and "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

IRENE

September 9, 1898.

WISE WITHHOLDING JUST AS IMPORTANT AS GENEROUS GIVING IN THE CARE OF A CHILD.

SR. CLARA FRICK.

IF we followed our own natural inclinations in the matter of giving to our children, there would be very little of withholding, that is, supposing we were not endowed with that strong desire for their future welfare which prompts us to look forward and consider what the effects of any course will be, before entering upon it.

If we give a little serious thought to the subject before us, we will, I think, become convinced that it is not wise always to yield to our own feelings and give without restraint. It is perfectly natural to wish our dear ones to receive all the pleasure possible in life, to see them free and happy. We also hope to see them,—as they grow to years of judgment for themselves,—choosing the right, and to gain this end, which is the object of all our efforts, we must lay the foundation for wise training while the child is young and build carefully upon it, not only by restraining when necessary, but also by giving encouragement when we see the child trying to do right, and sympathy if he sometimes fails in those efforts.

When we have learned to withhold wisely, (a great deal is embodied in those two words,) we shall have learned that which will greatly help us in the child's training.

When we have found it best to deny our child some pleasure, we begin to think how we can do so, to make it as little unpleasant as we can. Of course he will want to know "why," as children always do, and it may be well to explain the reason for the denial, keeping the fact of its being right, and for his own good plainly before his mind. Let him find out by experience that mother knows best, and then if she cannot always give him her reason for withholding something from him, he will be willing to trust to her wisdom.

I have heard some say that a parent's wishes should never be questioned by a child,

but I am of the opinion that under such circumstances, when a child is denied something which perhaps he has set his heart upon having, he is apt to feel that he is treated unjustly, and to resent the authority which deprives him of a coveted pleasure, and refuses him the satisfaction of knowing the reason of it. Certainly such feeling will do much toward undermining that parent's influence for good over the child, and what is more desirable to possess and more necessary to proper training, than the child's full confidence and love? Training does not mean *making* a child good, it is *helping* him to overcome the evil in his disposition, and cultivating the good. By careful watching, and withholding those things whose effects will be harmful, we endeavor to teach him to restrain his inclinations and wishes—or at least refrain from gratifying them when they tend in a wrong direction. Self-control is one of the most important elements of character, and wisdom in withholding is necessary to its cultivation.

And it is not only the right training of the moral nature that we must attend to, but the physical as well, for health is a grand thing to possess, and in order to preserve this blessing to our children, careful regard must be paid to the laws of health. Proper food should be given, that which will nourish and strengthen the little growing bodies; stimulating food or drink is injurious to young children and should most certainly be withheld. This is pretty hard for mother to do sometimes. She wants baby to have "something good" and so gives it to him, and not noticing any immediate bad effects, concludes that it is all nonsense about such things hurting him, but I am afraid that if she continues such unwise indulgence, the baby cannot grow up to be as healthful as he would otherwise have been.

A good rule to follow is to give the children plenty of good nutritious food adapted to their needs, and teach them to eat it properly.

We should also see that the children have a sufficient amount of sleep at proper hours. There are a great many points regarding health which might be given, in the observance of all of which this principle of withholding is necessary, but perhaps what I have said is sufficient to show my meaning.

I do not by any means think that we should follow a lot of iron laws, but I do believe that what is necessary, reasonable, and right for us to do, that we should do, as considerably and lovingly as possible.

11822 2. 10. 1893

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Lonisa Gault 1893

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Vol. 6.

JANUARY, 1893.

No. 1.

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FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 2.

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Vol. 6.

MARCH, 1893.

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Vol. 6.

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Julia Moore

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

**The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.**

Vol. 6.

JULY, 1893.

No. 7.

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OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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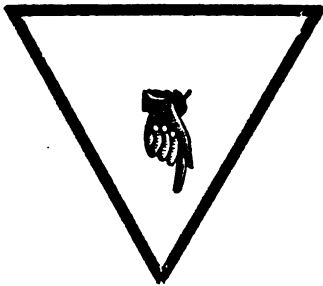
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